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Attorney-General could boast of in the late session. But legal reform has long ceased to be a question of politics; and we do not know that there is any other important matter connected with the administration of our domestic affairs which has either caused in the past, or promises to create in the present year, any considerable excitement in the country, unless it be the question of church rates, which, however, we have but small hope of seeing finally settled for some time to come. Those who are opposed to any rate whatever are too confident of their strength, and those who are in favour of the Church are too divided in their views as to the wisdom of any concession, and what that concession should be, to permit of our entertaining the expectation that, in spite of the more healthy feeling which now prevails with regard to this vexed question, it is very near to a final solution. In a political point of view, everything, as far as we can now see it, must be regarded as subordinate to the one vast question of finance which is hanging over our heads. Last year was confessedly a year of experiment, of transition, and of patient waiting. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has been waiting for a good many things, but, above all, for the pacification of Europe, and the reduction of our enormous military and naval expenses, of which at present there seems to be no prospect. The great difficulty of our finances depends upon considerations of foreign policy; and before we can satisfactorily deal with it, we have to form some definite opinion on the state of our foreign relations.

In foreign affairs there are at this moment not a few topics of great interest, on which we might dwell at considerable length, if we did not desire to confine our attention to questions that directly bear upon the state of parties and the welfare of the nation. We may, accordingly, pass by for the moment all reference to the remarkable success obtained by the Republican party in the United States, through the elec-

tion of their candidate, Mr. Lincoln, involving though it does the most important issues. Nor can we pretend, in a few sentences, to dispose of the vast financial problems which our present position in India forces not very pleasantly into the light. Happily, also, we are saved the necessity of troubling the reader with a disquisition on our Chinese policy. Now that peace has been concluded, the treaty ratified, and Peking evacuated, it is to be hoped that for some time to come we are at last quit of this difficulty. Of one thing, however, we are not quit, and that is the payment of the expedition. Even if we succeed in obtaining from the Chinese a considerable indemnity for the expenses of the war, still, as this must be divided between the allied forces, it is not to be supposed that it can go very far to putting the balance of the account upon the right side. By the end of last session there was close upon six millions of money voted for this Chinese expedition; and it was stated again and again, without contradiction, that the money was all expended before it was voted. Thus even with the pleasant assurance of peace in that quarter of the world, and with the prospect of an indemnity, amounting, as we infer from the latest reports, to a million and a half for our share, we must still calculate on a considerable expenditure, as entailed upon us in the current year in consequence of the war. The mere cost of transport involved in the return of the troops is a heavy sum, to defray which the Chancellor of the Exchequer might be glad to have back again some of the duties on butter, on tallow, or on silk manufactures, which he last year threw away in his recklessness.

The expenses of the Chinese war, however, are a small matter when compared with the disbursements to which we are compelled by the troubled state of the European continent. The condition of affairs is such that, so far from being able to disarm, the question may well be

raised—Whether we are arming fast enough? Suppose that we do arm ourselves to the teeth, and that there is no war, the men of Manchester will no doubt rub us down for our folly, strut about with a sense of superior wisdom, and tell us to be guided by their pusillanimous counsels another time. It is, indeed, very possible that by a firm attitude we may be able to avert the dangers with which Europe is now threatened. It has of old been said that, if we wish to preserve peace, we must prepare for war; and anybody who has studied his character must know, that the maxim is peculiarly applicable to our relations with the Emperor of the French, in whose power it chiefly lies to determine whether we are to have the one or the other. We desire to speak of the French Emperor with all the respect due to a sovereign of great sagacity, whose aims (in spite of the invective which is so often hurled against him) are not adequately described by the sole epithet of *selfish*. That he is selfish we do not doubt, but his selfishness has now taken the justifiable form of a desire to do the best he can for France—to aggrandise her power, to extend her territory, to increase her commerce, to enlarge her public works, to enrich and beautify her towns, and to make every citizen content under an enlightened though somewhat severe despotism. Some of these objects are scarcely consistent with others, and cannot be very pleasing to the neighbours and rivals of France. The state of war, for example, through which alone the extension of French territory is possible, is of necessity opposed to the interests of other nations, and is not well adapted to divest French commerce of its habitual timidity. But we have seen enough of the French Emperor to know that, having these various aims constantly before him, not only do they cross and check one another, each thus imparting moderation to each, but the man himself, apart from the fact that he has many ideas at once in the fire, and many objects to serve, is, in his manner of working, tremblingly alive to

circumstances. It is always his way to carry, or at least to appear to carry, his point, rather by the force of circumstances than by the force of an invincible, and it may be irrational, will. He described himself truly in the Milan manifesto, as thoroughly understanding his epoch, and as most ambitious of moral influence. He takes advantage of circumstances, follows the current of events, and works by the help of natural causes. Perhaps of all the statesmen that ever lived, he is the one least likely to knock his head against a wall. He is one of the few men who know how to bend before the blast. It is beautiful to see how he accepts a defeat; how he smiles over a disappointment; how he leaps aside like an accomplished matador when he sees the bull coming with his head to the ground. Other men of equal power would have their vanity aroused, would boastfully take the bull by the horns, and would attempt to push him back by main force. The Emperor nimbly turns aside, and bides his time. He believes in fate, and he defers to circumstance, which is the child of fate. Therefore it is that he, more than any man, if he sees a display of power and signs of resistance on this side of the Channel, will be inclined to reconsider his resolves and to alter his plans. Therefore it is that, in our relations with him, the maxim more than ever applies, that the best pledge of peace is preparation for war.

The question of peace or war in Europe hangs, we repeat, on the decision of the French Emperor. War evidently does not enter into the designs of any of the other first-rate powers. Russia, great military nation as she is, has been too exhausted by the Crimean struggle, and is too intent on the development of her internal resources, to be anxious for a renewal of the contest. Austria, tottering under a load of debt, suffering from a chronic deficiency of revenue, and hazarding the constitutional reform of the empire, desires nothing so much as repose. Prussia has become almost

a by-word for her aversion to any activity in her foreign policy. And it is superfluous to add that the great nation of shopkeepers, despite the fact of its not only spending in the current financial year fully £30,000,000 in armaments, but also raising and organising a vast army of volunteers without charge to the public treasury, has an intense horror of war, and is ready to make the greatest sacrifices in order to avert it. It is France alone that sets the example of preparing for a general war, and that cherishes a political programme of which war appears to be the only issue. For we may treat of the pretensions of Italy to excite a general conflict as of very small importance. We know, indeed, that the Italian patriots are eager for the fray, but we know also that they derive their power of exciting general apprehension from the supposed complicity of France. Italy, in this matter, acts the part of jackal to the lion; and when we hear the howling of the jackal over its prey, we await the advent and listen for the roar of the more lordly beast. Now any one who will regard this lordly beast will find that he is preparing for war with immense vigour. Under the name of creating a reserve, the French army is being increased enormously, and in all the arsenals and dockyards of the country there is unusual activity. Rifled cannon are forged as fast as possible, and steel-plated vessels without number are ordered to be in readiness by the spring. We are assured by those who place implicit confidence in the French Emperor, and who, if they saw such preparations in this country, would tell ministers in very eloquent phrases that they were raising the spirit of discord, since it is impossible to have an overgrown army without cutting out work for that army—we are assured by those persons that all we see now going on in France means nothing. But the fact is, that not only do we see great preparations in France for the work of fighting, we can also see that France is in a

position from which she may not be able to escape without coming to blows. The conduct of the Emperor with regard to Italy has appeared very ambiguous to those who look at it superficially, and do not understand why his displeasure with the Sardinian Government should be anything more than a pretence. We must therefore beg the attention of our readers for a few moments, while we examine candidly the position of the new Italian kingdom, and the changes which it either has effected or is likely to effect in the balance of power.

And we begin by stating frankly, that few things would give us greater pleasure than to see the whole of Italy united under one sceptre. It will be observed that this is very different from stating that we should be glad to see this result accomplished by any means whatever. It is a detestable doctrine, whether applied to private conduct or to public affairs, that the end sanctions the means; and surely Lord John Russell—who went out of his way to justify, in the strongest terms, all the steps by which the Italians have accomplished their independence, and whose expressions have been quite logically turned against him, so as to form the watchwords of Irish rebellion—has not yet heard the last of that most unfortunate despatch, which was composed with more than his usual infelicity as a letter-writer. But a politician who cannot give his unqualified approval to all the methods adopted by Victor Emmanuel and his government may with perfect consistency welcome cordially the new state of things, and desire its permanency. Our sympathy with nationality, and with the aspirations of a refined people, cannot but fill our hearts with a strong desire to see Italy independent, united, and risen from the dead. But, over and above this desire, we have a special interest in the prosperity of Italy. Constitutional government is rather scarce in Europe, and we have some hope

of seeing the government of the new Italian kingdom constructed upon that basis of freedom and popular representation which we admire above all others. As exemplars of constitutional government, Great Britain, Belgium, and Piedmont have stood alone amid the debris of 1848; and it would be a triumph to our principles if we could see those constitutional forms which, upon a small scale, have succeeded well in Piedmont, adapted to such a first-class power as the kingdom of Italy ought to be. And, yet more than this, the kingdom of Italy, as we conceive it, ought not simply to be a first-class power; it ought, unless the Italians have been rendered unfit to govern by ages of oppression, to be a first-class naval power, reviving some of those traditions which rendered the navies of Venice and of Genoa famous in the history of the world. With her immense seaboard, her splendid harbours and bays and ports, the maritime influence of Italy, if properly developed, ought to be very great in those midland waters which the French have been inclined to regard almost as their sole property. It would not only counterbalance the preponderance of French influence, stretching as it does along the shores of Africa as well as of Europe; it would also by anticipation check or counterpoise the influence which the Russian Government desire to extend from the Black Sea (where its fleets are shut up) into the same tempting waters.

With these views, the people of this country would naturally rejoice to see Italy free, powerful, and united, if that end could be attained by fair means. But does it follow that France can entertain any such views? Does it not rather follow that in proportion to our satisfaction in the greatness of Italy must be the dissatisfaction of the French people? To the French Emperor it is true that Italy owes her freedom. But let us not be deceived by words. Napoleon set the ball rolling, but it has gone much farther than he ever dreamt it would roll. We

must distinguish between what he really intended, in meddling with the Italian difficulty, and what has been accomplished over and above his intention. We shall then see the false position in which he has placed himself, and be able to comprehend much that is ambiguous in his conduct. We shall see how it is that he cannot openly resist and put down with the high hand a movement to which he himself gave the first impetus; while, on the other side, he cannot abet and openly sanction a policy which every French statesman must regard with extreme jealousy.

Now we know quite well what was the original programme of Napoleon. It was to set Italy free from the Alps to the Adriatic—from west to east, not from north to south; and to obtain as a recompense the annexation of Savoy and Nice to France. It was to reproduce to some extent the programme of his uncle, who had erected Northern Italy into a separate kingdom, with Milan for its capital. It was understood that Victor Emmanuel was to be king of this Northern Italy, including under that name, Piedmont, Liguria, Lombardy, and Venetia. We know, further, that the French Emperor stopped short of his design, and that he gave, as the reason of this shortcoming, not only the fact that Europe was arming against him and he feared a general war, but also this other fact, that the revolutionary element in Italy itself was extending, and was becoming too strong for him. This reference to revolution had a double meaning. It was written in one sense—in this country, at least, it was understood in quite another. It was understood as applying to the democratic principles of certain Italian and Hungarian republicans, whose subversive influence Napoleon had associated with his own; and he was supposed to have discovered, just in time, that it would not do for a despotism such as his to make common cause with revolution in this the ordinary sense of the word. But Napoleon

really used it, in the strict and natural sense, as implying the subversion of an existing government with whatever object—whether to substitute for it another monarchy, or a more popular form of administration. To overturn any Italian government, with the object of substituting for it that of Victor Emmanuel, was, in the proper sense of the word, a revolution; and the French Emperor defended himself for consenting to the Peace of Villafranca by declaring that the elements of revolution seemed to him to be acquiring a strength which was not safe. The Emperor chooses his words—chooses them nicely; and he indicated plainly enough that Victor Emmanuel was about to acquire, in this Italian campaign, more than he had bargained for. Already Tuscany, Parma, and Modena had banished their princes, and were at the feet of the Piedmontese monarch. Napoleon stopped betimes, declined to undertake the toils of conquering Venetia, and stipulated for the return of the dukes. He was willing to raise Italy into a federal unity, in which French should preponderate over Austrian influence, and in which the grateful government of Victor Emmanuel would exercise the principal authority. But he had not calculated on Italy being, through his instrumentality, rendered perfectly free, and united into a strong kingdom under a single sceptre. He had scarcely set foot in Italy, and come into very close contact with the Italian leaders, when he discovered how the current ran: he withdrew as soon as possible from the contest; and he constantly set his face, in so far as he could with a tolerable grace do so, against the extension of Victor Emmanuel's sovereignty. He strove sincerely for the return of the dukes. When his efforts here were unavailing—when events became too strong for him, and when it was certain that Piedmont was to absorb the duchies as well as Lombardy—he sought for a counterpoise in the annexation of Savoy and Nice to

the map of France, which he had consented to forego when at Villafranca he had stopped short in his designs. Onward rolled the tide of revolution, still in favour of the Piedmontese Crown. Garibaldi invaded Sicily, and the Roman States declared for Victor Emmanuel. Napoleon became more and more dissatisfied, and withdrew his ambassador from Turin. But it was signified that this rather decisive act did not signify a positive rupture; and as privately relations were still maintained between the two courts, it soon oozed out that the displeasure of the Emperor was capable of being appeased, and might at any time be turned into approbation by the cession of Liguria and of Sardinia to the French Government. There were serious thoughts, as Count Cavour confessed, of surrendering these portions of the Italian soil to France, in exchange for French protection in the ulterior designs of the Cabinet at Turin. But the revolution was waxing strong: Italy was becoming unmanageable in the sense of subserviency to the French monarch, and Europe began to express, in no hesitating terms, its indignation at the idea of such a bargain. Still, the Emperor had another card. If he could not obtain Sardinia and Genoa as a compensation for the extension of the new Italian kingdom, he would retain possession of Rome, and his troops there, indefinitely multiplied, could form the nucleus of reaction in Southern Italy. He could throw his shield over the King of Naples, and, biding his time, could work in secret, either for the re-establishment of King Francis or for the introduction of Prince Murat—in any case, for the ultimate rejection of Victor Emmanuel. Accordingly, every day now brings us reports of anarchy, distress, and reaction. Will that reaction be successful? We think not, and we hope not. We believe that the idea of the Italians has now acquired so much momentum as must carry everything before it, if the statesmen of Turin

act with ordinary prudence and moderation. It is impossible to predict what the chapter of accidents may bring forth, but at the present moment there is every prospect that the Emperor of the French will find himself baffled at all points.

But will Napoleon submit? Is he the man to accept such a crushing defeat as this, while there still remains an arrow in his quiver? Accustomed as he has been in his many-coloured life to defeat upon defeat—adept as he is in the art of bending to the storm and accepting what the French call “accomplished facts”—he is not the man to accept a defeat which is more than personal to himself—which may indeed be, if the Italians should ever be strong enough to turn it to account, the defeat and deposition of French influence in the Mediterranean. He could consent to see his own cherished schemes baffled—can he consent to see the balance of power in the Mediterranean disturbed to the disadvantage of France? Assuredly not, if he can in any way prevent it. He must feel that if, in the interest of Europe, he has done a great good by the creation of a first-class power in the Italian peninsula, yet, in the interest of France, he has committed a mistake which it is his business to rectify. It is a mistake for which, although we do not hear much about it now, he will hereafter be held accountable; and we learn without surprise that he is doing all he can to counteract it, in so far as this is possible, without stultifying himself as the prime mover of the Italian Revolution.

See, then, his position as he finds arising upon the confines of France a free great power which owes its origin to his impulse. In the first place, the mere fact of its freedom suggests important considerations. What would France say if she saw her Emperor endow with freedom a great nation on her confines, while she herself was deemed worthy only of chains and slavery? Sooner or later, it became evident that it would be necessary for him to re-

lax the fetters by which French society was bound. The time has at last come for the fulfilment of these expectations; and on the transfer of the portfolio of the Interior to Count Persigny, we have seen considerable changes authorised in the administration of the French Government. Especially we have seen the right of freely criticising the acts of the Government accorded to the Legislative body, the most ample liberty of discussion promised to the newspapers; and the system of passports abolished at a stroke, in so far, at least, as intercourse with Great Britain is concerned. These changes look well upon paper, and we would fain hope that they are intended to be effective in reality. No one understands better than Napoleon the immense force of public opinion—a force greater than armies, and more terrible than the prison-house. It has been his practice to appeal to this force, and to direct it on every possible occasion. By pamphlets, by speeches, by manifestoes, by demonstrations, by hosts of little newspaper paragraphs, he has ever throughout his career attempted to carry his objects, wherever this was feasible, rather by directing the current of opinion than by rudely insisting on his demands. He has studied to some purpose the fable of the sun and the wind, and knows that by fine words and radiant theories a nation may be induced to do what no amount of bluster and brute force would have availed to accomplish. Therefore, so soon as, by the success of his Italian campaign, it became clear that his authority in France was established, and he could trust to public opinion as in the main favourable to his power, it became also clear that he would one day, when it suited his purpose, set that public opinion free, and thus give it all the greater power as an instrument in his hands. It so happens that he now requires all the weight of public opinion in France to be on his side, and the result is, that he has given an instalment of liberty to his people.

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In saying thus much, however, we have trenched upon the second consideration involved in the erection of a free first-rate power in the Mediterranean. The fact of its freedom rendered at least an instalment of freedom to the French people a probability. The fact of its greatness has rendered an appeal to free public opinion a necessity. In consequence of having commenced the Italian war, and set the ball rolling of his own accord, until it has now assumed the dimensions of an avalanche over the Mediterranean, Napoleon cannot, without being accused of caprice, make a decisive change in his Italian policy, unless he can at the same time get up the appearance of being compelled to do so by the expression of a free public opinion to which he is bound to submit. For the moment he can only vacillate in his foreign policy; and especially as in the new Italian kingdom he sees before him a growing power which, do what he can, it may never be within his means to diminish, and which it may therefore be his interest to propitiate. But if he is ever to resist it at all, it can only be when armed with the full authority to be derived from a free expression of public opinion in France compelling him to take the course which he desires. It is not difficult to prognosticate what that course must be, and to see that it involves war as one of its possible issues. It is not probable, indeed, that Napoleon will venture on a war with Victor Emmanuel, though the position of the French army in Rome is the next thing to war. The most which it now seems within the power of the French Emperor to attempt in Italy is to stir up and protect such a reaction in the south as may lead either to the recall of Francis or to the introduction of Murat. The Neapolitans are a fickle people: they have no true appreciation of the blessings of freedom; they are extremely jealous of the domination of other Italians; and the policy of reaction, if it has a chance anywhere,

has that chance most evidently in Southern Italy. But it is only a chance. It may well be doubted whether, since events have gone thus far, they will not go still farther, complete the submission of the Sicilies to the new order of things, secure even the cession of Venetia from Austria, obtain Rome as a capital from the French, and end in the organisation of Italy as a strong independent kingdom under Victor Emmanuel. In that case—and everything points that way—what remains to be done? It remains for the French people, as soon as they are made to feel that their power has been diminished by the reconstitution of Italy, to cast about for the means of redressing the balance, either by an extension of territory in the West or by an increase of power in the East.

In the West an extension of territory is possible, through the contingency of an Austrian war. The Italians have vowed to obtain Venetia in the spring; and a party in Hungary desire the separation of their country from the Austrian Empire, meaning to offer the Hungarian crown to Prince Napoleon. We do not doubt that Austria could easily encounter either of the difficulties which are thus prepared for her in the spring; but her enemies count upon her inability to cope single-handed with both together. The result may be a general war; for we cannot suppose that Prussia, Russia, or England could witness unmoved the dismemberment of the Austrian Empire. Much will depend upon the course which the French Emperor pursues. Should Prussia fly to the rescue of Austria, he may back the Sardinian Government by creating a diversion on the Rhine with a view to the extension of the Rhenish frontier; or, what is more likely, he may so play his game of fast and loose, that the Piedmontese Government in extremity will fly to him for assistance, and consent to cede the island of Sardinia as the price of that help. The situation is most perplexing. No one can see to

what length the Hungarians, intoxicated with the wildest hopes, and urged on by a set of shallow so-called liberals in this country, may venture. All we can say is, that here, in the united claims of Italy and Hungary, lies the most imminent chance of war—a chance so imminent that it would be madness in our statesmen to neglect it.

Again in the East we have at this moment all the elements of a prodigious revolution, which may at any time be precipitated. The Ottoman Empire is tottering to its fall, and the eagles are gathering to the carcass. Whether the Syrian massacres were or were not due to French intrigues, there is the great fact upon which we have to go, that a French army is in occupation of the Turkish soil, and that the Turkish Government, in great straits for money, have just borrowed it at a usurious rate of interest from French capitalists, surrendering into their hands the customs revenue of that province in which the French bayonets are now intrenched. We may be told by those who are in the habit of crying "Peace, peace," when there is no peace, that all this means nothing. Nothing! It is a great deal—it is everything. The financial exposition of M. Mirés, into whose hands the project of the loan was intrusted, is no doubt a very pretty document, proving, if round assertions can prove, that Turkey is the most flourishing state in Europe, that its debts are a mere song, and that there are no limits to the undeveloped revenues at its command. English capitalists could tell a different story. Turkey is on the point of bankruptcy; and the loan which the Porte has just contracted in Paris is the last act of a spendthrift, who does not care what he pays provided his immediate and more pressing wants are satisfied. But having contracted such a loan, the poor debtor is completely at the mercy of his creditor. There is nothing which France, armed with such an instrument, may not be able to extort from the unfortunate prodigal who is unable

to pay up. With such a power in her hands, there is no reason why she should ever withdraw her eagles from Syria. On one pretext or another she might remain there for ever, as she remains at Rome. It is always easy for her to prevail upon Turkey to beg that she will continue to hold Syria. And it is because events are thus tending to a reopening of the great Oriental difficulty, as a set-off to the settlement of Italy in a sense adverse to French interests, that our alarms are awakened. We have good reason to know how susceptible the French are. We see the French Government arming as fast as it can, and it requires no great penetration to see that they have a definite object in thus arming—an object, too, in the attainment of which we can to some extent sympathise. They have been caught in their own trap, and worsted by their own weapons. They are bent on retrieving their losses. Here is not merely a policy of aggression. For a long time past the French Emperor has been accused of aggressive designs; and doubtless, if he could find any reasonable pretext for their achievement and saw any likely prospect of their success, he would attempt to carry them out. But, over and above that cause of suspicion, we find him now in a position in which he is called upon to act, not only by the promptings of personal ambition, but by a regard for the interests of France. He cannot, if he would, consent to the diminution of French influence; and if he cannot recover the balance by means of his diplomacy, he will do so by throwing his sword into the scale.

We are thus brought back, with a great burden on our minds, to a consideration of that financial difficulty which is the most pressing question of our home politics. It is evident that we cannot look forward to a reduction of expenditure. We are saved, indeed, from any large drain upon our resources by the necessities of a continued war in China. But bad as the actual position of the Chancellor of the Exchequer is—and

it is dreary enough to make any financier less intrepid and self-confident than Mr. Gladstone quake in his shoes—it is painful to contemplate what it would have been but for the peace that has been concluded unexpectedly in China. Including the entire expenditure for the Chinese war and the sum voted for the fortifications of the coast, the national outlay in the current financial year, which comes to a close next Ladyday, is £75,400,000. We may, however, treat the charge for fortifications and the additional Chinese vote as extraordinary items of cost; and, supposing that in the current year we should have no extraordinary demand upon the public purse—a supposition which, however, we have no business to make—still there seems to be no possibility of our expenditure being one penny less than the enormous sum which Mr. Gladstone had to provide for in his celebrated budget of February last—£70,100,000. With our diminished resources, how are we to make good so large a sum? We ask it betimes, for this must be the question of questions in the ensuing parliament. To meet that enormous expenditure of £75,400,000, Mr. Gladstone had at his command resources which must fail him in the present year. He was able to draw upon a round surplus of £1,600,000 belonging to the previous year; he had called in the malt and hop credits; he had laid his hands on an unexpected sum of money sent in payment of Spanish debt; he had the duties on wine and other articles, which are not to be reduced to the last degree until April next; he had, through Lord Palmerston's asking, a loan of £2,000,000; and, in case all these extraordinary sources of revenue might not be sufficient, he had, for his own asking, the right of raising £1,000,000 more in Exchequer bills or bonds, over and above the right of renewing the £1,000,000 of Exchequer bonds which were due in November last. We say nothing of the facts that he had a tenpenny income-tax, which the country had every reason to ex-

pect would by this time have been abolished; and that he had the paper duties, which his confederates of the Manchester school have vowed to deprive him of in the forthcoming session. We may well ask how, with these diminished resources, we are to meet the undiminished expenditure of another year? We may well ask, what are the new financial experiments with which our fertile Chancellor of the Exchequer proposes to tide over the difficulty? It is in the coming year that the decisive step must be taken. The last budget was confessedly a preface to a complete overhauling and remodelling of our financial system. What Mr. Gladstone means to do, it is out of any man's power to foretell. Least of all can we say what is to be done with that income-tax which was voted for but a single year, with an express view to its being thoroughly considered and improved in the forthcoming session, though it is much to be feared that the only improvement will be to increase this odious tax. If we cannot predict, however, we can record; and it may be well, in view of the changes which we shall hereafter have to consider, to inquire now what manner of Chancellor it is that we have to deal with, in so far as that can be ascertained from an examination of his conduct in the past year.

In the first place, we can conceive of nothing more reckless than his policy as displayed in the commercial treaty with France, and in the throwing away of valuable revenue derived from the customs; and we would here call upon a witness to speak for us, whom our opponents are likely to respect. No man is more intimately acquainted with commercial affairs than Mr. McCulloch. No one has studied more profoundly or explained more clearly those doctrines of political economy which are at present triumphant in this country. His *Commercial Dictionary* is a standard work of reference to all who are in search either of details or principles that bear upon any question connected with trade; and in a supplement to the last edition

of it, which may be had separately, and which we commend to the notice of every member of parliament, he states, in no mincing terms, his opinion of the financial legislation of last session. That financial policy receives his unqualified condemnation. He regards it as disastrous. He of course objects to the treaty, as unnecessary in point of form; but that is a small affair. What is much more important is his condemnation of the immense sacrifice of revenue to which we have consented. "The revenue sacrificed under this treaty," he says, "by the repeal and reduction of duties, may be moderately estimated at from £2,000,000 to £3,000,000 a-year. And it is to be observed that the duties so repealed and reduced *were, without a single instance to the contrary, of the most unexceptionable description.*" In another article he goes still further. After pointing out that Sir Robert Peel had abolished, during the progress of his commercial reforms, a great many customs duties imposed on articles, the revenue derived from which was in most instances *of small amount*, he goes on to say that, "during the present year, the process of abolition has been greatly extended, and made to comprise vast numbers of articles, many of which contributed *considerable* sums to the revenue. The policy in question has in truth been pushed to an injurious extreme; and it were much better had a good many articles which may now be imported duty-free continued to be charged with moderate duties. In the aggregate, they would have produced a large sum, while their greater number would have added to the breadth and stability of our customs system. It also often happens, owing to the fluctuations of trade and fashion, that articles which at one time are but little in demand are much sought after at another and no very distant period; and in such cases they furnish, when they are subjected to duties, a proportional increase of revenue. But it is difficult, after a duty has been repealed, to procure its re-imposition;

and therefore, unless there be otherwise something objectionable about them, or the amount they produce be very trifling indeed, the greater the number of articles subject to customs duties the better. When such duties apply to a great variety of articles, it is seen that they directly affect, in one way or other, every class of the community. But when they are confined to a few leading articles, and especially to those which enter largely into the consumption of the lower classes, a belief is pretty certain to grow up that they are unfair and partial in their operation. And what else can be said of a system such as ours has been rendered?" Mr. M'Culloch then illustrates his position by showing that the removal of taxes from the rich man's luxuries, and their retention on the poor man's necessities, is a policy which cannot fail to be considered by the mass of the people as alike unfair and offensive. "Though the defects and inequalities of the existing system were less obvious than they really are, yet when heavy duties are heaped on a few leading articles in universal demand, and the public attention is, in consequence, fixed steadily on them, there is every reason to apprehend that these duties will, in no long time, come to be regarded as highly objectionable and oppressive." Their repeal will be demanded, and our financiers will be called upon to substitute direct for indirect taxation, although it appears to be impossible to place a system of direct taxation on such a broad basis, that through it the great mass of the people shall bear their proper share of the public burdens. "There cannot be a doubt that attempts of this sort will be made, and vigorously prosecuted; and we regret that they should have been provoked and facilitated by the late abolition of so many *unexceptionable* duties. We have narrowed the area of indirect taxation when we should have widened it as much as possible, and have made it comprise various articles of export, as well as the great bulk of those of

import. . . . Instead of shortening the list of articles subject to excise and custom duties, we should have taken every opportunity of lengthening it. This, at all events, should have been our policy, *if we wish the system of indirect taxation to be maintained; and unless it be maintained, and to a very great extent too, a financial convulsion, involving the most serious consequences, cannot be very far distant.*

The entire duties repealed under the treaty with France yielded in 1859 no less a sum than £573,447, while the duties reduced under the same improvident arrangement involve a much greater loss of revenue. Mr. McCulloch reminds us that the duty on butter produced £104,000; on cheese, £49,000; on eggs, £23,000; on tallow, £85,000; on oranges and lemons, £33,000; on silk manufactures, £295,000; on leather gloves, £53,000; on artificial flowers, £20,000; on musical instruments, £10,000; on watches, £15,000; and so with a good many other articles in proportion. And he pronounces this emphatic opinion: "We are clear that not one of these articles should have been exempted from duty. The duties on butter, cheese, eggs, and tallow, were so very moderate, that their influence over the prices of the articles was practically imperceptible; and we have yet to learn that there are any articles better fitted to be taxed than silks, gloves, platting, toys, and so forth." To the objection that the duties on silks, watches, gloves, &c., were protective, he replies by a distinct denial; for if we take silk as an example, it will be found that the exports have of late years very greatly exceeded the imports, showing that, as a protective engine, the duty must have been in great measure inoperative. It is idle to call a duty of ten or twelve per cent. protective; and Mr. McCulloch winds up this part of his subject by laying down the general rule, that in a country like this, "no article, unless it be the raw material of a manufacture, should be allowed to be imported, except under a duty of

ten, twelve, or fifteen per cent. This would not only be a much safer but also a much sounder policy than the accumulation of oppressive duties on a few leading articles or on income." If it be said that this is not free-trade but protection, Mr. McCulloch has a ready answer, and no one has a better right than he to define what free-trade really means. He declares point-blank, that those who raise the cuckoo-cry of free-trade in this way "know extremely little of the principles they are so ready to invoke. All who know anything of the matter know that neither free-trade nor protection is in itself good or bad. Everything depends on circumstances, or on the influence of each over those by whom it is enforced. Speaking generally, freedom of trade is found to be most advantageous, and therefore it should on the first blink of the matter be preferred. But when it can be shown, as in the case of the exportation of coal, that it is injurious"—(and we may remark, in a parenthesis, that Mr. McCulloch's observations on the advantages of an export duty on coal, which might be yielding us now a revenue of some £2,000,000, and which, by the French treaty, we have debarred ourselves from imposing for a period of ten years to come, are of the greatest value, and should be well considered)—"when it can be shown," he says, "as in the case of the exportation of coal, that it is injurious, then free-trade should be suspended, and prohibition or restriction substituted in its stead. It is on what conduces to the *salus populi*, and not on abstract doctrines, that the attention of a prudent statesman should be fixed. And it is further to be borne in mind, that the imposition of reasonable duties on imports, and (in some cases) exports, is in no degree inconsistent with the freedom of trade. It is important," here Mr. McCulloch quotes Lord Overstone, "that the country should clearly understand what is the true meaning of free-trade. It means trade freed, not from those necessary duties which are

raised only for purposes of revenue, but trade freed from all charges or duties which arise either from an ignorant jealousy of other countries, or from an equally foolish impression that it is our interest to foster unnatural productions in our own country, rather than to receive them from other countries, whence, being produced under more favourable circumstances, they can be obtained in larger quantities, of better quality, and at a lower price. This I apprehend to be the true meaning of free-trade." But Mr. McCulloch is not only able to make this triumphant defence of the policy which he recommends; he is able to invade the enemy and retort the charge. He is able to show that these boasted advocates of free-trade have been guilty of a most injurious act of protection in the equalisation of the duties on home and foreign spirits. The equalisation of these duties he regards as not only injurious to British distillers and unproductive to the Exchequer, but as also most unjust in principle. "Duties on commodities should in all cases be proportioned to the value of the articles on which they are laid. What would be thought of a proposal for imposing the same duty per gallon on small beer and strong ale? The injustice would strike every one. And yet it is doubtful whether it would be greater than the injustice of charging Scotch or Irish whisky with the same amount of duty that is laid on the finest cognac. *What is this but a revival of the old system of protection, with this wide difference, however, that it is the foreigner who is protected or favoured, and not the home producer?*"

It would be an easy matter to enlarge on the folly and blunders of which those who negotiated this unfortunate treaty have been guilty. It is enough to say that they made a very bad bargain for us; that they procured little or nothing in return for the immense sacrifices which they called upon us to make; and that these sacrifices are so immense and ill-advised, so fraught with danger in the disturbance of the balance be-

tween direct and indirect taxation, that, in consequence of them, we are threatened, at no distant date, with a prodigious financial convulsion. The commercial treaty, however, together with the repeal and reduction of a large customs revenue, formed but a small part of Mr. Gladstone's exploits in the last session. There probably never has been a financier known to have committed such an array of blunders, or to have contradicted himself more absurdly. The history of this wonderful financial year—of this year which, through seven sessions, had been proclaimed as the year of jubilee for tax-payers—is the history of Mr. Gladstone's contradictions and blunders; and as the whole of the last session of Parliament was lost in helping him into these absurdities and then helping him out of them, it might not inappropriately be termed—Gladstone's Folly. As we are anxious that the session of 1861 shall not be entitled to the same inglorious epithet, we would, by way of warning, present our readers with a short catalogue of Mr. Gladstone's mistakes, caprices, and contradictions.

1. In the first place, he undertook, it will be remembered, that, as far as he was concerned, the income-tax should cease in 1860, and when 1860 came he doubled it. There is no getting out of this contradiction, by laying the blame on the Russian war. In the year 1857, when that war was concluded, Mr. Gladstone distinctly stated that he saw his way to the fulfilment of his pledge; and again, in 1858, with reference to Mr. Disraeli's budget, he said, in a curious passage which Lord Derby read on the occasion of his great speech on the paper duties—"It is perfectly true that the war has made a permanent addition to your burdens of about £1,250,000 per annum; but no one will say that a change in the circumstances of the country to that extent is of itself sufficient to cause an abandonment of the expectations which the country has been taught to entertain with regard to the income-tax."

2. He distinctly stated that the falling in of the Long Annuities was one of the special means for securing the extinction of the income-tax in 1860. This passage also is quoted in Lord Derby's speech. And as a set-off to it, we know that now it is Mr. Gladstone's habit to assert that the falling in of the Long Annuities is, and has always been, considered a special providence for the benefit of trade and the relief of indirect taxation.

3. When, in 1857, it was proposed by Mr. Headlam that the income-tax should be voted from year to year, Mr. Gladstone refused to entertain such a proposition, on the ground that "the transition from voting it for a term of years to that of voting it from year to year is the sign of another transition which we should endeavour by all means to shun—namely, a transition from a solid and steady system of finance to a vacillating and merely provisional system of finance." When the year 1860 had arrived, which was to witness the extinction of the income-tax and the remodelling of our whole system of public burdens, who but Mr. Gladstone proposed to double the income-tax, and to keep everybody in a state of uncertainty by imposing it for only one year—and this, too, when, in the same speech in which he made this proposition, he remarked that the public expenditure has attained a very high level, and that we must expect it to remain at this high level for some time to come? One could understand his imposing the income-tax for but one year if he had the slightest hope of its being remitted in his next budget. He had no such hope; and he quietly resorted to that vacillating and merely provisional system of finance which none criticised more sharply than he when it was proposed by another.

4. In this fourth particular we are not aware that he explicitly contradicts himself, but he contradicts what he admits to be the universal opinion of prudent financiers, and what, we do not doubt, has been his own opinion, and

would be again if he were not the Chancellor but the critic. It is the common doctrine that financial experiments are suited less to periods of pressure and alarm than to fine weather. It is in the midst of prosperity and peace that we can best afford to make financial alterations. On the contrary, Mr. Gladstone is convinced that nothing can be more false. It is in the midst of adversity, and in peril of we know not what evils—war, famine, or glut—that we can most safely interfere with our financial arrangements. If the change we make is for the better, well and good, we retrieve our luck; if for the worse, we cannot be much worse than before. Well might Lord Derby say that this is not statesmanship, but the scheming of an improvident gambler who is ready to throw "double or quits."

5. In the budget of February Mr. Gladstone calculated on a surplus of £464,000, the greater part of which was the result of miscalculation. By various vexatious imposts on numberless trading operations he expected to obtain a sum of £180,900; but his scheme met with so much opposition that he was forced to withdraw it, and consent to the loss of nearly half his surplus. It was perhaps a pardonable error, but he lost the other half of his surplus by a blunder which deserves less consideration. He had calculated that the increase of the income-tax would not involve any increase in the cost of collection. He forgot that poundage is allowed to the collectors of income-tax. It must be remembered that these miscalculations are thoroughly characteristic of the man who invented the succession duty with the expectation of its yielding double the amount of revenue which we actually derive from it, and who, when he proposed, in 1853, if not to pay off the national debt, at least to reduce the interest paid on it by the conversion of stock, forgot or did not know that it was necessary, as Mr. Disraeli pointed out, to give a

notice of six months to the holders of £500,000,000 of stock before they could be paid off. Mr. Disraeli has also informed us that this part of the scheme of 1853 cost us the whole of the balance in the Exchequer, so that when we entered on the Russian war the whole of the balances in the treasury was less than a million.

6. Not only did Mr. Gladstone's surplus prove to be a delusion, he was indebted for a considerable portion of his income to the reduction of the malt and hop credits. In 1852 he objected very strongly to Mr. Disraeli reducing the malt credit; in 1860 he turned round to do the very thing which was intolerable in an opponent. We will do him the justice to say that, in his opposition to Mr. Disraeli's scheme, he seemed to have been taken somewhat aback, to have been doubtful as to the meaning of it, and to have left a door of escape for himself in the assertion that circumstances might possibly occur under which it might be capable of justification. But to another part of Mr. Disraeli's budget he was still more opposed. He denounced it as unsound, immoral, and almost a swindle. Mr. Disraeli proposed to abolish a certain office known as the Public Works Loan Office, which had in the course of years been the means of wasting many hundreds of thousands of the public money in loans to unsuccessful schemes—such as the Thames Tunnel—the money being hopelessly sunk in them. He further proposed to credit to the service of the year the sum of £350,000 which he found in that office. It was a crime to do so. It was a crime to call in the credit and appropriate to the service of the year, so as to eke out a surplus, the money that had been intended for loans; but it is no crime, it is a financial improvement, it is the reform of a rotten system, to call in the malt and hop credits, which are loans of the public money to the maltsters and others, and to fill up the chasm of a monstrous deficit by the proceeds.

7. We come to that famous China

vote of £500,000, which the Chancellor of the Exchequer deemed to be sufficient for the expedition, because he did not know that there was to be war. In criticising Sir G. C. Lewis's budget of 1857, Mr. Gladstone observed—"He has not asked one farthing for the Chinese war. As to the Persian war, he confines himself to covering the expenses of last year, and does not call upon us to vote any money for its charge in 1857-8. If there be any life in the House of Commons, any sense of its constitutional duty, it will not allow the war to be conducted on those principles. I do not understand it to be the function of the representatives of the people to allow wars to be begun and carried on by the Government, without any explanation or estimate of the charges being submitted to us until after the conclusion of the war. If the Government form such an estimate of our duties, I tell them that I for one will never conform to that estimate. If the House of Commons shall be of the same determination as myself, we shall invite the Government to give us a distinct explanation of the character and expenses of those wars. If they decline our invitation, we shall urge them to do so; and if they still refuse, we must coerce them by our votes to give us an estimate of the expenses of the Persian war, that we may know precisely what it is before the war goes further, and not allow ourselves to be kept in ignorance of it until the war is over." Any one who will for a moment consider the difference between the Persian war in the commencement of 1857, and the Chinese war of 1860, remembering also how our accounts were complicated with those of the East India Company, must see that there was far more excuse in 1857 for professing ignorance of the Persian expenditure, than in 1860 for affecting to doubt the possibility of war, seeing that long before we had struck a blow the whole of that vote of £500,000, and much more, had been exhausted. If such strong language was called

for in 1857, much more is it requisite in the last session; and we prove this out of Mr. Gladstone's own mouth, for there is no end to the contradictions in which this statesman involved himself in his attempts at originality. It will be remembered that, in the first instance, he proposed only a sum of half-a-million to defray the expenses of the war, and this estimate was defended, both by himself in the House of Commons and by Lord Granville in the House of Lords, on the special ground that the Government did not and could not know whether there really was to be a war with China or not. So late as the end of May, in reply to an insulting cheer from Earl Grey, Lord Granville pointed out that, in addition to the half-million above mentioned, there was a further sum of £1,150,000 appropriated to the Chinese war in the ordinary army and navy estimates, and that no Government would have been justified in providing a larger sum of money for a war which was by no means certain. When, however, on Thursday, July 12, Mr. Sidney Herbert, in laying his estimates for the Chinese war before the House of Commons, announced that the £500,000 of extraordinary expenses had mounted up to £3,800,000, so that the committee would have to provide £3,300,000 more than had been reckoned on in the original budget of February, Mr. Gladstone, in defending himself and his colleague, made a most curious admission. He said, "It was *obvious*, ever since our proposals had been rejected by the Chinese, that war would *in all likelihood* ensue." He gave up the profession of ignorance as to the expectation of war, and admitted that all the probabilities were in favour of it. Why then did he not provide for an "obvious" probability? Because the Chinese expedition was "to bear in the first instance a peaceful remonstrance,"—that is to say, because before fighting the Celestials we were to request them to yield. Can anything be more absurd? We are told

that all the probabilities obviously indicated the necessity of fighting, and then we are told that it was not necessary to prepare for fighting, because there was a remote chance of the Chinaman yielding to a polite remonstrance. It is characteristic of a gambling financier, playing, as Lord Derby described, for double or quits, that he should neglect all the obvious probabilities, and stake his expectations on the one remote chance that was most improbable, and this, too, in contradiction of the principle laid down by himself three years before when dealing with Sir Cornewall Lewis's budget, in which no provision was made for the contemplated charges of the Persian and the Chinese wars.

8. Once more with regard to this first budget of the year 1860—we have to point out that it is usual, before launching into extra expenses, to see that ordinary debts are paid. Mr. Gladstone not only found a deficit—he enormously increased it; and knowing that a million of Exchequer bonds would fall due in November, he proposed to renew, instead of paying them.

9. We were told that this wonderful budget was to produce universal peace, and to consolidate the French alliance. No sooner were the principal provisions of it sanctioned by the Legislature, than we heard of the annexation of Savoy, and Lord John Russell got up in the House of Commons to proclaim that the French alliance is at an end.

10. The financial arrangements of the year were so bad, that on the 16th of July Mr. Gladstone had to propound a *second budget* to obtain an additional sum of £3,000,000. And the first money upon which he was glad to lay his hands for the purpose of filling the void which had been created, was that yielded by the paper duties which he had proposed to remove in February, and which, but a few nights before, he had regarded as an unclean thing. If, as he stated, the House of Lords had violated the constitution of the country in refusing to repeal those duties,

surely he, in accepting the fruit of their gigantic innovation and nefarious dealing, put himself very much in the position of a receiver of stolen goods.

11. Still further to get a revenue, he increased the duty on brandy and other spirits, after having lowered the brandy duty in February. And not ashamed of his vacillation, he described the last adjustment of the duties as the best—as not only expedient under the circumstances, but as absolutely the best, and as imperatively required by every consideration of public morality.

12. In spite of all, he could not get rid of a deficit. A sum of £1,300,000 was still unprovided for. The original sum which he required to provide was £3,300,000—namely, the additional vote for the Chinese war. To meet this he obtained a million from the retention of the paper duties, and he hoped to get another million from the increase of the spirit duties. But £1,300,000 was still outstanding, and he proposed to provide for this out of the balances in the Exchequer—that is, by trusting in providence. When he dealt with Mr. Disraeli's budget of 1852, he refused to give that gentleman credit for the £350,000 which he had described as accruing from the abolition of a worse than useless public office; and declared that the budget was the first which he could remember that proposed the immorality of a deficit to the House of Commons. Yet here he had the huge deficit of £1,300,000 which he undertook to pay out of the balance in the Exchequer, in spite of the confessed stagnation of trade and anticipated badness of the crops. He not only undertook, in spite of these difficulties, to get through the year with his deficit, but he held out hopes of being able to pay, if not all, at least some part of the Exchequer bonds falling due in November next. Not to misrepresent the nature of this transaction, however, let us state more in detail, that whereas Mr. Gladstone in his budget-speech of February, had an-

ticipated that, for the financial year 1859–60, ending on the 31st of March, we should have but a surplus of £65,000—one of the smallest surpluses on record, but still a surplus—the balance in our favour was actually £1,600,000. Now, of any surplus in the revenue, the Commissioners for the reduction of the National Debt always get a fourth part. By a self-working system, which is quite independent of ministerial interference, £400,000 of the above sum would be seized by Sir Alexander Spearman and his colleagues, leaving to the Chancellor of the Exchequer but £1,200,000 as an addition to the balances of the year. But supposing that Mr. Gladstone had a right to make use of this increased balance in his favour towards the liquidation of that £1,300,000 of deficit staring him in the face, there would still be £100,000 of deficit outstanding, which he proposed to cover by drawing upon the ordinary balances at the bank, and at the worst by postponing it till next year. Now, it would be possible to draw upon these balances on one of two conditions—either that the expenditure would be less than was anticipated, or that the income would be more abundant than his estimates took for granted. It was impossible to anticipate a diminished expenditure; and with regard to the prospects of the revenue, it was stated distinctly by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, that he could not improve upon the estimates of February. He pointed out that business was stagnant, that there was every probability of a bad harvest, and that in these circumstances he could not expect a larger revenue than had been calculated in the original budget. In the face of this calculation, he not only ventured to trust for the payment of the above-mentioned £1,300,000 to the favourable state of the balances, but he held out the hope of being able in November to redeem, instead of renewing, some part at least of £1,000,000 of Exchequer bonds which would then fall due.

13. Before another month had elapsed, he found that he was in the wrong box, and he came to the House of Commons on the 17th August to propound a THIRD BUDGET. Not only did he discover that he would not be able to pay off the Exchequer bonds, or any part of them, in February, but he was in fears that the balances of the Exchequer, swelled as they were by the surplus of last year, would not meet the deficiencies which he had schemed. And he begged the House of Commons to give him power to borrow on Exchequer bills or bonds, not more than a million of money, in order to meet the deficit of revenue. To those who are interested in parliamentary manœuvring, the manner in which this third budget was introduced to the House of Commons is a perfect study. The necessity of a third budget was so disgraceful that the thing had to be done as quietly as possible. A few days before the end of the session, when the grass was beginning to grow in the West End streets, when there were scarcely forty members of the House of Commons in London so as to make up a House; when, if we remember rightly, Mr. Disraeli had gone to the country; and when it was supposed that nobody would be sharp-sighted enough to perceive the dodge, the Government, at very short notice, announced that they were going to provide for the *Exchequer bonds* which would fall due in November next. Everybody knew that a million of *Exchequer bonds* had to be provided for in November, was prepared for that announcement, and took it as a matter of course. It was not observed that in the notice paper the Government had announced their intention to deal with £2,000,000 of Exchequer bonds *or bills*, and if it had been observed, probably nobody would have imagined that the second million there spoken of meant, not a further manipulation of old debt, but the creation of an entirely new loan. We have heard so much of Exchequer bonds in the

last few years, and our obligations of that kind have been so frequently postponed, that probably most men would be puzzled to say what is the extent of our obligations of that description, and especially if the reference to Exchequer bonds were complicated with mention of Exchequer bills as an alternative. Who was to suppose, without being told it explicitly, that the proposal of the Government implied an addition of a million to the floating debt of the country? Now, observe the art with which the Chancellor of the Exchequer jockeyed the House of Commons. The house broke up on Friday morning at about four o'clock, and it had to meet again at mid-day, with only eight hours allowed for the night's rest and for breakfast. At mid-day Mr. Gladstone was in his place, surrounded by a thin attendance of members, half of them yawning. The first business of the day had reference to these Exchequer bonds or bills, and Mr. Gladstone coolly announced, that one of the millions which he asked for power to raise was intended to liquidate the bonds falling due in November, and that the other million was intended to cover any deficiencies that might be produced in the revenue through the badness of the harvest. He made no speech. He simply proposed the resolution in half-a-dozen sentences, and then sat down. Sir Henry Willoughby rose to ask if this were in reality adding a million to the debt of the country; Mr. Henley rose to complain of the shortness of the notice that had been given with regard to this important proposition, and of the hurry with which it was being forced through the House; Mr. Gladstone uttered a few words of explanation, and the whole affair was transacted. The resolution was passed, and the third budget of the year escaped without criticism, all in less than half-an-hour. Depend upon it, however, this third budget will not be forgotten. It will be remembered as the crowning act of a year of financial folly. It was the

Chancellor of the Exchequer eating his leek a second time, the pocketing of the paper duties being his first performance of that savoury feat. The country had at last the tardy confession of Mr. Gladstone's errors.

14. The three budgets of Mr. Gladstone, together, were insufficient for the service of the year. He had a holy horror of war, which prevented his asking for £2,000,000 to meet the expenses of the fortifications, and Lord Palmerston had to propose a supplementary budget, for the purpose of raising the necessary funds, making the number of the budgets of the year not less than four.

As we run over this wonderful series of blunders, we cannot help wishing that Mr. Gladstone were the critic and not the Chancellor, the judge and not the offender. What a torrent of indignant eloquence we should have heard! What wisdom would have been dispensed to our willing ears! What solemn warnings would have startled us from our slumbers! Gladstone is the offender, and he all but escapes. The House of Commons passes his budgets, one after the other, with the faintest criticisms. We are befooled and disgraced, we know not how. Wonderful is eloquence, but almost equally wonderful is a reputation for eloquence. With an actor who has a reputation for comic talent, an audience will laugh when he is not in the least funny. A preacher who is supposed to be pathetic will set his congregation weeping if he merely blows his nose. A Chancellor of the Exchequer, who has the finest voice of any speaker living, and who has the name of being our greatest House of Commons orator, silences opposition by a wave

of his hand, and carries his hearers along with him, before the first sentence is out of his mouth. It is a reputation of this kind that has converted 1860, to which we had been looking forward as the year of financial grace, into a year of unimaginable financial folly—such folly as we hope never to see repeated in this country. We doubt whether it would be possible to point to anything more remarkable than the forbearance of the country, in witnessing the blunders of two such men as the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Foreign Secretary. The last news from America announces that, Lord John Russell having complained of the inactivity of the American cruisers in the suppression of the slave trade, Mr. Dallas informed his lordship, in October last, that the British Foreign Office had better mind its own business. He wound up by stating that the Government of Washington did not require to be continually lectured as to its duty by our Foreign Secretary. Can anything be more absurd? We have a Foreign Secretary who writes letters and gives good advice to all the world, and who at one time cannot get his effusions answered, at another time gets snubbed for them, yet again finds them quoted as authorising rebellion, and always finds himself doing more harm than good. We have a Finance Minister the most reckless and the most dangerous that we have ever known—uncertain, headstrong, blundering, contradictory, utterly unreliable. The one makes us ridiculous abroad—the other makes us uncomfortable at home. We cannot help wondering how long this very tragic farce is to last? Surely it cannot last long; surely the end is near at hand.

THE PURIST PRAYER-BOOK.

No man was ever yet written down, it has been said, but by his own pen. The printing-press and the publisher's office are tremendous engines in party warfare, but they have a trick of recoil which is dangerous in unskilful hands. The united protests of the whole bench of bishops and of both houses of Convocation could hardly have damaged Lord Ebury's scheme of liturgical reform more than the publication of the "Remodelled Prayer-Book." With the doctrinal questions involved we have nothing here to do. But there are certain canons of good sense and good taste which are of no theological colour—which are certainly not to be put in comparison with Scriptural truth and sound doctrine—but which are of no little importance in the adoption of a national ritual, and which come within the legitimate province of secular criticism. The English Prayer-Book has always been admitted, even by those who have questioned some parts of its teaching, to be an invaluable model of pure English diction. Even its present "Remodelers" acknowledge in their Preface that "it comes nearer to an inspired composition than any work of the kind, perhaps, that was ever written by uninspired man." It is a national possession in other points of view besides the theological one; and we must not have it reformed, even with the most pious intentions, into the phraseology of Little Bethel or of a newspaper paragraph. If the difficult task of revision is ever undertaken, it must be done with great judgment and caution: it will not do to intrust it simply to "pious and learned" men, as these editors suggest; it is difficult to gauge a man's piety, and neither piety nor learning are always guarantees for

common sense; but a reverent appreciation of the English language, and a fair degree of English manliness, are what we have also a right to look for in those who claim to lay their hand to the great work of our old reformers.

When, therefore, those who put forth *The Prayer-Book Remodelled, and adapted to the Men and Circumstances of the Present Times*, propose to themselves not only "the thorough expurgation of the leaven of Rome from all our authorised formularies and documents," but also the bringing their language into accordance with "our present modes of thinking and expression—our different feelings and altered circumstances," and the omission of everything "superfluous or offensive to modern delicacy," the issue at once assumes a wider range than polemical theology. The Absolution, the Athanasian Creed, the Saints' Days, and other little matters which it is proposed to throw overboard as tubs to the Dissenters, will find their defenders, we may presume, though not in our pages; but indeed, if these gentlemen's theological amendments are no sounder than their principles of taste, the threatened attack upon the orthodoxy of the Church of England is not a very formidable one.

It is quite true, of course, that there are archaisms in a liturgy which has existed more than three hundred years. Yet, if we except a very few words here and there, there is surely nothing which is not readily understood to this day. To the most ordinary English scholar even the words in question present no real difficulty; and no conceivable phraseology can make every single expression reach the depths of an ignorant congregation. To a large

proportion of English worshippers the leader in the *Times* of yesterday would speak a language far less intelligible than the most ancient of the Church's prayers. It is the greatest mistake in the world to suppose that a modern word is always easier to an uneducated comprehension than its older equivalent. Terms which have fallen out of use in general writing and conversation often retain their original force in some provincial dialect. Of those in the Prayer-Book which it would be proposed to alter, many are pretty well understood on the whole, either from the context or from occasional explanation; and after all, let the language of these public services be what they will, all those who know anything of our rustic congregations know that to many among them—and those not the least earnest and devout—much of it must always be something like the unknown tongues of an earlier worship—a reverend and mysterious language, of which they understand rather the object and the spirit than the actual words. They must often content themselves, like the good villagers in *Adam Bede*, with “following the service, without any very clear comprehension indeed, but with a simple faith in its efficacy to ward off harm and bring blessing.” We are sorry to observe that the Bishop of Oxford, in his recent charge, gives in to this theory of “obsoleteness,” and talks of a little “newer English” as being perhaps desirable. All we can say is, that good English is by no means so common in these days as to make us anxious to give up a word merely because it has lost its place in modern literature and conversation; and fashion is too fond just now of resuscitating even vulgarisms to make one feel sure that the archaism which a liturgical reformer banishes to-day may not be largely in

vogue to-morrow. Besides, a modernised Common Prayer implies, if consistency is to be any guide, a modernised Bible. Why should we continue to use, in our form of public worship, a version of the Psalms which is full of archaisms, while we reject an obsolete expression without mercy from every other part of the book? Yet for this further step we doubt whether any body of Christians which has any reverence for antiquity—certainly not the Church of England or of Scotland—is at all prepared, or sees its way safely even to the most desirable alterations. At any rate, we confess we are not prepared to submit to any improvements in this direction from writers who, in their new rubrics, speak of a brother Christian as a “party,” or even as “that individual.”* We are aware that the former term is a great favourite with low attorneys, and gentlemen who ask sporting questions in *Bell's Life*; but really, when it is professed to bring the Prayer-Book down to vulgar comprehensions, it should have been remembered that an illiterate “party” has been known to object in the strongest manner to be called an “individual” — considering such a polysyllable rather aggravating than otherwise. But all such attempts in this new Prayer-Book are almost invariably in the wrong direction. Can any one but themselves imagine that it is any improvement to substitute “wandered” for “erred and strayed” in the first words of the General Confession, or that “the leadings of our own wills” is more intelligible or more expressive than “the devices and desires of our own hearts?” Is it a concession to the ignorance of the many or to the elegance of the few which imports into the liturgy such phrases as “social relations,” “benevolent consideration,”

* See the new “Order for the Administration of the Lord's Supper,” p. 44. “Every parishioner who intends, &c. &c., shall signify his intention to the minister, who shall enter the name of the party in a book kept for the purpose.” In the present rubric, it is true, the word *party* occurs; but in its legitimate use—“*parties at variance*” with each other—very different from the abuse of the word in the sentence quoted above.

"fascinations," and "impartiality?" or which interprets the "Ten Commandments" into the "Decalogue?" The Catechism as it stands is a sore trial, we admit, to many a rustic scholar; but will he thank his new pastors and masters for such terms as "responsibility," "operations," and "influences?" Her Majesty's school-inspectors may rejoice, perhaps, at such an addition to the subject-matter of etymology; but it is hard upon the village mistresses to be the victims of this simplifying process. And it is surely easier—let us hope not less true—to teach the little one that he has been made the "child of God" than that he was "dedicated" to His service at the "baptismal font." As a mere matter of taste, again, would any one mar the grave simplicity of the exhortation to intending communicants by such a slipshod colloquialism as "in the course of to-day or to-morrow?"* Then, while we find such substitutions as "many" for "manifold," and "truth" for "troth"—very questionable improvements—the words "let" and "prevent" in the Collects, which would afford an infinitely more reasonable excuse for alteration, are suffered to pass without notice. Again, in the Marriage Service, whose quaint old formulas have a pathetic depth and earnestness which might have pleaded their cause, one would have hoped, with the sourest old maid that ever set up for a ritual reformer—"For better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, till death us do part"—will it be believed that these revisionists, as the arbiters of public taste, dismiss this time-honoured vow as a barbarism, and recommend instead, to save breath, we suppose, that A. should "take B. to be his true and lawful wife?" To say nothing of certain other omissions in deference to "modern delicacy," the officiating priest is no longer to speak of the pair as "this man and this woman," but as "these our

friends." We must remind the editors, however, that some very refined congregations in America have carried out these kind of improvements much more liberally. Mr. Oliver Holmes informs us that his very agreeable friend, "the Professor," was startled one day, being accidentally present at a wedding in an Episcopal Chapel (it was a congregation of "niggers," who are great sticklers for the genteel thing), by hearing a question put in this form—"Who giveth this *gentleman* to be married to this *lady*?" Nay, some English parish clerks of more than usual delicacy and discrimination have already, *proprio motu*, in some similar cases anticipated our present reformers. Not to mention such slight emendations as "our Queen and governess," a correction which we have ourselves seen made by a grammatical hand in the margin of the official copy in the clerk's desk, there is a certain occasional Service in which "Save this *lady*, Thy servant," has been adopted (when the "party" was of that class), as the obviously more respectful reading, and been followed by the response, "who putteth her ladyship's trust in Thee." We shall hope to see these modern improvements, which have thus already presented themselves to advanced minds, and received a sort of demi-official sanction, incorporated by our revisionists in a future edition. But we beg their pardon with regard to this last: we observe that in their opinion it "admits of question" whether, out of regard to "modern delicacy," the Thanksgiving Service, to which we have ventured no more than to allude, should not rather be omitted altogether.†

The length of the public services, which was one of the grievances most commonly alleged, and certainly with most show of reason, would seem to be very little affected by this present "remodelling." Lord Ebury's "boys at home for the holidays" will be rather disap-

* P. 51.

† P. 93.

pointed, we fear, if the governor presents them with a copy of this present *brochure* as a Christmas-box. There does not even appear to have been due provision made for the abolition of that grievous "Ash-Wednesday" which all readers of the *Times* remember—unless, indeed (which is highly probable), the revisers thought it was a Saint's Day, and that they had got rid of it under that category. A creed and collect seems nearly the sum of the retrenchment offered; and those enthusiastic young critics will probably object quite as much to the modern as the antique phraseology, and will hardly be appeased by the liberty offered them, in the New Evening Service, of inserting an "Amen" twice in the middle of a very long prayer. There is, indeed, one other notable omission, and a most extraordinary one it is. We have heard the question of shortening these services discussed by men of very different theological views, and various alterations have been suggested; but we put it honestly to our readers, whether they would have thought it possible that any committee of revisionists who wished to preserve even a scrap of the English Prayer-Book at all—no matter whether high or low church, broad or narrow—could have selected for total omission the words of "humble confession" before the reception of the Holy Communion? Yet this is what these anonymous reformers propose to expunge as "superfluous!"

Other superfluities there are also, it appears, in the Common Prayer, which have not hitherto been viewed in that light by simple Christians. There is a superfluity of humility, in the first place. They who have used this time-honoured manual have been fain, in their ignorance, to confess themselves "miserable offenders" and "miserable sinners." Sinners! not at all—say our present instructors. Other people are sinners, if you please; *we*—"British

Christians," with our "modern delicacy" besides—we don't sin. We leave that to the Pope, and other people who don't agree with us. We are "sinful beings," we admit—in a parliamentary sense; but not "miserable sinners" like our forefathers. So we strike these words out to begin with; and then, instead of praying in the Litany for grace to "*amend* our lives," we will say "*order* our lives," if you please. Amendment in our case would be simply "superfluous." And by these alterations we think we shall "render this portion of the service" (for we can write first-rate English) "of a less servile character, and more in accordance with that spirit of adoption and freedom which is the peculiar," &c., &c.* We have no space to reprint cant. But the plain English is this: if you, gentle reader, wish to enter into one of our new "revised" congregations, and enjoy the privileges of our improved Common Prayer, you will be good enough to bring with you a certificate that you are one of the elect. No sinners need apply. The old Church of England, it is true, held her doors wide open; man or woman, publican or harlot, heavy-laden with the sins of a lifetime, might enter if they would; and the first words which in all likelihood would fall upon their ears offered a welcome as well as a warning—"When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness that he hath committed, he shall save his soul alive"—but no, say the revisionists, we have *struck those words* out of our new Prayer-Book—we don't sit down in such company.

If there was one grand and noble idea which the Church of England claimed to represent, and which has always been conceded to her in theory by some of the most honest of her opponents, it was this, that whether as a Catholic Church or as a National Establishment—in the higher theological or the lower civil view of her position—she was

* P. 85.

the Church of *all*. All who had been baptized in the One Name, no matter what they called themselves, she was willing to call hers; and when they entered her doors, she did not catechise them as to their past belief or their past life; it was enough for her that they knelt and confessed themselves miserable sinners—the best of her sons, weighed in one balance, were no more—and she was ready with a comprehensive charity to assume the sincerity of their confession and repentance, to speak words of forgiveness not her own, and even to invite the penitent to “be joyful.” And in this she was but a humble copy of the Great Exemplar.

But the same narrow spirit marks this new ritual throughout. Why has the address to attending communicants been “remodelled?” It was brief enough, and plain enough; was it too comprehensive? Instead of that full and free invitation to all “that do truly and earnestly repent you of your sins, and are in love and charity with your neighbours, and intend to lead a new life”—we have the following: “who being justified by faith, have peace with God—who being made free from sin, have become the servants of righteousness, and walk not after the flesh, but after the spirit.” There can be no possible objection to such words, except when we are thus invited to apply them to ourselves in a manner which seems to imply the exclusion of others. The same characters may well answer to the one description as to the other; but it is impossible not to see the *animus* which dictates the substitution. We are bold to confess that we had rather “sit down to meat,” whether in the church or in the world, with the publicans who can bear to be included as sinners under the first invitation, than with the Pharisees who would prefer to appropriate to themselves the second.

It is unpleasant to treat such a subject with even seeming levity, but it is difficult to deal with such

pretenders as the writer or writers of this “vindication” in any other spirit than that of ridicule. It might be unfair to denounce them as hypocrites; they are probably well-meaning men of shallow comprehensions and narrow minds, with a zeal greater than their knowledge. In their advertisement they submit their work “to the judgment of British Christians.” We think we have heard of a society bearing that name, of very limited numbers and very remarkable views; but if by “British Christians” is to be understood any large proportion of sensible religious people, we think we can tell what their judgment is likely to be. They appeal also, towards the end of their book, to all “thoughtful and sober-minded men;” but what can any thoughtful and sober-minded man think of that anomalous piety of this generation which performs special services in theatres for the benefit of the “working-classes,” invites “social evils” to tea and cake and a sermon, and then shuts the doors of the church against all “miserable sinners?” It is another illustration of this parti-coloured charity—and an instance, we suppose, of the freedom from “sectarian antipathies,” which they make their boast—that the single alteration which has actually been made in the Prayer-Book, with the unanimous concurrence of all sensible people, does not meet with their approval—they regret the service for the 5th of November!

It would be unfair not to lay before our readers the proposal which is to be found near the end of the preface:—

“If you approve of the proposed alterations and additions, the reasons for which you will find fully stated in the latter portion of the book, join with others in petitioning the Queen to appoint a Commission for the purpose of examining the revised Prayer-Book now published, and of considering how far it may be desirable to adopt all or any of the alterations, corrections, and additions therein proposed. It is not to be expected that the Sovereign should take

the initiative in this matter. That would neither be becoming her dignity nor in any way expedient.”*

Certainly, we trust that august lady may be better employed. And since Royal Commissions, active as they are in these days, can hardly be expected to sit upon such a queer little egg as this—and since in any case the process of incubation by such important bodies is usually a long one—we trust our services as volunteer commissioners may help to satisfy an impatient public.

“Some persons may be disposed to ask, in the words of them of old (if we may without irreverence thus accommodate the language of Scripture), ‘By what authority doest thou those things? and who gave thee this authority?’ But we have already intimated that this is a question which cannot at present be answered. And, after all, it is practically one of little importance.”

Very little indeed. We will make no charge of irreverence where none is intended; only, looking at the original context of the words quoted, we may doubt the good taste of the “accommodation.” Unfortunately, it requires very little authority to publish a foolish book. The question most people will ask will not be about authority, but as we said before, about common sense. Nor would it make the slightest difference in our estimate of the publication before us, if we had been assured it was the joint production of the Archbishop of Canterbury and Mr. Spurgeon.

But there are other and even more objectionable passages which have now been discovered—we believe for the first time—in the pages of the Prayer-book. There are individual constitutions in which some one of the finer faculties has been so unusually developed that it becomes a burden to its possessor. The sense of smell is so acute in some persons that all their lives long they suffer from odours which blunter perceptions never heed. Music affects some natures so in-

tensely as to become absolutely painful. We have all heard of individuals of peculiar organism, who know by intuition when a cat is in the room, or go off into hysterics at the suspicion of a spider. We are not aware that these accomplishments add in any material degree to their own happiness, and they certainly give a good deal of annoyance to their friends. The apocryphal gift of second-sight is reported to make the seer intensely miserable. The preternatural sense of delicacy with which these editors are endowed must be a gift of the same unhappy character. Next to the Pope, their horror is an impropriety. And they are painfully alive to its existence in cases where the world in general is happily unconscious. Their sufferings from a casual glance at a newspaper—even the immaculate *Record*—must be intense. One wonders whether they permit themselves to glance at the births and marriages, or pass on at once, with averted eyes, to the deaths, as the more profitable study. Even their Bibles and Prayer-Books (which most people consider innocent reading) must be full of little index-marks, such as old Fuller tells us were printed against certain epigrams of Martial in an old edition—a moral humane society’s notice-boards signifying “dangerous”—and not always, Fuller thinks, producing quite the effect intended. It must, indeed, have required a peculiarly constituted mind to detect indecencies in the Litany and the *Te Deum*; and we shall leave them to the unchallenged honour of the discovery. It need not be said that such rigid censors propose to omit from the course of Sunday lessons the story of Dinah (Gen. xxxiv.), and of Cozbi (Numb. xxv.) They will be horrified to learn that there are honest clergymen whose zeal for purity is certainly of a very different complexion, who are so far from wishing to suppress these portions of Scripture, that they have

been known to seize the occasion of their occurrence in the regular order of the service to preach from them against certain sins and temptations which were not peculiar to the Israelites. Undoubtedly this opens a very important and a very difficult question. But it is, at least, worthy of remark, how different these modern Puritans are in spirit from those whom they would claim as their fathers in the Gospel. Old Latimer, and Bunyan, and Baxter, and John Knox, whatever their faults might be, were not afraid of the plain speaking of the Word. They knew that neither the language of the Bible nor that of public worship were intended solely, or even principally, for the edification of the delicate and refined. There were others to be instructed and warned besides those who wore soft clothing. There was a message also to "those that sit on the wall"—to those whose passions are strong, whose perceptions are blunt, whose language is not of the drawing-room, and whose delicacy is an unknown quantity. Such natures will often need the plain lessons and homely warnings which a more polished audience may dislike, or for whom they may even be less necessary. Weak minds, as well as wicked minds, always shrink from this plain dealing. The American Dr. Griffin used to quote, as the peroration of a preacher's discourse in a fashionable chapel—"My dear hearers—unless, therefore, you repent of your sins and amend your ways, you will go to a place—which it would be indelicate to name before so refined an assembly." But a national church cannot afford to be exclusively the church of the upper ten thousand. It has been said already of the Church of England—possibly with some truth—that she was in danger of dying of gentility. She cannot afford to take a step backwards in that direction. If the ears of a generation which reads French novels, patronises the *Traviata*, and "sits under" Sir Creswell Creswell, are become too nice to endure the

Prayer-Book and the Bible, the objectors must stay at home upon occasions when they are likely to be shocked, and conduct their devotions in private from an expurgated edition. There is one point which may have been an oversight—Zoilus nods occasionally as well as Homer,—or it may be that there are some things which, ancient as they are, will scarcely bear remodelling; but it may be a satisfaction to our readers to learn that the Seventh Commandment still stands unaltered.

But it is impossible for such miserable prudery to be consistent. While portions of the Old Testament are thus tabooed, the New is still to be read through in its integrity. At this point the courage of the moralists failed them. Yet they must encounter some rather shocking passages, it is to be feared, in St. Paul; for that Apostle of the Gentiles found some things going on (in very refined society too), which made him fancy it his duty to speak plainly. He says, indeed, that it was "a shame to speak" of them. St. Paul was a gentleman, if ever man was; but he was possessed with an idea that he who had a divine message to utter to a Christian church spoke in a higher Presence and under a higher law than that of "delicacy." He therefore, we fear, was scarcely "adapted to the men and circumstances of the present times," or they are not adapted to him, which may make some difference.

"It is obvious," say the revisionists, "that such passages are not expedient to read aloud to a mixed congregation." But if not to a mixed congregation, guarded by all solemn accessories of time and place, to whom, or when, or where, are they to be read? to private audiences of young men only? or young women only? or are they to be pointed out to such persons as fitting subjects for private study? If they are to be read at all—if they were not inserted where they stand out of mere wantonness, but with some great moral object—what time

or circumstances can be more fitting than when all consideration of sex and personality is merged in the solemnity of the office, and when, if ever, the human voice speaks "as the oracles of God?" And will any one really venture to assert that, read then and there, such matters give offence to real purity? They are not pleasant, certainly; but are they less innocent or less necessary than the grave but searching questions of the physician of the body, when he has to deal with physical infirmities? There is far more that is repugnant to the ear of genuine modesty in the polished innuendo, whose unexceptionable language veils a guilty thought, than in the plainest words in all the Bible. To

the pure all things are pure. For the impure, it is well that Scripture, at least, should lift up its voice of unfaltering reprobation. These are they for whom such lessons are meant, and upon whose ears they jar most unpleasantly. There they find the veil stripped from decent vice, and the euphemisms of indulgent society give place to the broad terms of truth. There are subjects very difficult to handle, yet on which men must be warned—warned publicly, and warned plainly. It can never be done so well or with so little offence as in the words of a Book which long custom has hal- lowed even to the careless, and of a service which even libertines respect.

UNCIVILISED MAN.

ROUSSEAU's ideal of man, in a state of nature, untainted by civilisation, moved only by the natural impulses, and not yet depraved by meditation (*l'homme qui médite est un animal dépravé*), would doubtless be a very valuable "specimen" for philosophers and ethnologists, if one could be found. Unhappily he cannot be found. Nor can any authentic records of him be discovered. The golden age was doubtless very golden, but it is somewhat remote. In our imperfect knowledge of that age, it is easy to say that men had virtues which have shrivelled up and almost vanished before the baneful influences of our commercial age, with its sophistications, prejudices, rivalries, luxuries, and over-stimulated egotism. But it is quite as easy to say exactly the reverse of this. We know nothing authentic about the golden age or its morals. It is easy, on paper, to reconstruct society—to create character free from all the bias impressed on it by social influences; but these paper-creations have a lamentable want of vitality, and we address their author in Lafontaine's playful sarcasm—

"C'est dommage, Garo, que tu n'es point entré
Aux conseils de Celui que prêche ton curé:
Tout aurait été mieux."

Man was made social. From his earliest period he was therefore subjected to the influences of other natures besides his own. He had affections, he had wants; he had friends, followers, and enemies. He could not escape the influence of customs, of prejudices founded on those customs, and of opinions founded on his own imperfect knowledge, and controlled by the imperfect knowledge of others. He had a soul, and could not help meditating. False or true, his meditations would impress a direction on his tendencies.

It has often been debated whether Civilisation is good or evil. In like manner it has been debated whether Science is good or evil. Difficult as it may be to define Civilisation, there can be little doubt that it bears somewhat the same relation to the condition of Barbarism as Science bears to ordinary Knowledge. The fragmentary familiar knowledge of the facts which daily

come under our notice, when systematically arranged, and by that very means made the instrument for detecting new facts, and bringing more knowledge together under the same group, is what we call Science. If, therefore, the fragmentary, imperfect, unsystematised knowledge of facts is good for man, the coherent, systematised, and extended knowledge, called Science, must be still better. In like manner our Civilisation is but a higher development of the social phenomena which arise from the very fact of contact of man with man, and from the necessities of his ignorance acting in alliance with the impulses of his intellectual nature. These must exist in every village, in every tribe, in every nation. Everywhere there will be some rude form of government, some rude mastery over the arts of life, some social laws, some body of religious doctrine, some traditional customs. As the nation advances in civilisation, these elements become more systematised. With greater knowledge comes greater mastery over the arts of life; with greater mastery comes greater luxury and leisure. If these things bring with them some new vices which may seem to throw discredit upon civilised life, a calm investigation will detect that the new vices are only new forms of the same self-indulgence which is observable in all states of society; while, as a net result, it is certain that the tendency of high civilisation is more and more to develop the sympathetic and lessen the selfish tendencies.

Be that as it may, the distinction between civilised men and barbarians is the distinction between men who have systematised knowledge and men who have fragmentary imperfect knowledge. If the Englishman of the nineteenth century has the original tendencies of his nature biassed by the opinions, prejudices, customs, and competitions of English civilisation, the ancient Briton was not less biassed by the opinions, prejudices, cus-

toms, and rivalries of society in his day. In consequence of the increase of knowledge, there has come an increase of mastery over nature; this has brought increased leisure; with the increase of leisure and the increase of knowledge there has been brought about a greater intellectual development; and this increase of the intellectual element in society has naturally made Reason a more determining power in shaping the lives of men; so that one of the marked characteristics of the civilised man is, that he is less subject than the savage is to the impulses of sense, instinct, and passion. His life becomes disciplined by forethought. He can enjoy a sensual gratification as much as the savage; but his "large discourse of reason, looking before and after," instructs him that to-day's enjoyment may be paid for by to-morrow's greater pain. He is as fond of self as the savage, but he knows that happiness is not always best secured by exclusive attention to self; and not only does his reason tell him this, but in the course of the education of the race, there has been developed a sympathetic sensibility which renders the joy of others an exquisite joy to himself.

Looking at savages as men imperfectly civilised, it would seem, at first, that they ought to afford the psychologist the readiest means of discovering the primitive and universal tendencies of our nature. And much of the interest with which we read books of travel is doubtless derived from this expectation. But in truth there is as great a difficulty with the savage as with the philosopher; perhaps the difficulty is even greater. For, as we just hinted, the lowest savage is very far from being in a primitive condition. He has been as much biassed by his ignorance as the philosopher by his science. He is the slave of superstition. Custom rules him tyrannically. Instinct is modified by the dominant opinion. Moreover, as each nation is in a different stage of civilisation, so

that what is true of the Papuan is not true of the Negro, and what is true of the Negro is not true of the Indian, we are unable to fix upon any one condition fit for our purpose.

These reflexions have arisen during the perusal of four recent works of travel,* works of a kind daily multiplying, and only serving to shake our previous confidence in the generalisations current about savage life. We propose to select some details from these works, grouping them together by way of contrast and illumination.

The maternal instinct, which we see acting so energetically in almost all animals, must, one would think, be all the more energetic among savages, from the simple fact of their affections having so few other channels. A mother who did not love her offspring would in Europe be thought a monster; and yet such is the influence of opinion, that infanticide not only becomes frequent in certain states of society, but is even defended as right and proper. In Europe a misshapen child is its mother's darling: all the fountains of womanly pity mingle with maternal tenderness; but in parts of Africa such an emotion is unknown. Good Dr. Krapf, bringing his Christian horror at child-murder before the minds of the Wanika, was met by derision. In Kijembeni, when he discoursed feelingly on this topic, a woman set up a great shout of laughter; but another showed more sensibility, and said, "It is true, the strangling of misshapen children is a bad practice." Another rejoined, "We will adhere to our custom." Captain Burton thinks that "love of offspring can have but little power amongst a people who have no preventive for illegitimacy, and whose progeny may be sold at any time;" but this is a position which the reader, remembering the devoted affection of the Negro slaves for their offspring, will hardly accept.

Some other cause must exist for the want of such a feeling among the Eastern Africans, if Burton is correct in his picture. Husband, wife, and children, he says, have through life divided interests, and live together with scant appearance of affection. Few children appear as undemonstrative and unaffectionate as those of the Somal. Some attachment to their mothers breaks out, not in outward indications, but by surprise, as it were. "Mother! mother!" is a common exclamation in fear or wonder. When childhood is passed, the father and son become natural enemies after the manner of wild beasts. We cannot help suspecting the accuracy of Captain Burton's observation on this point; the more so, as in general we find him harsh and ungenerous in his judgments. We note, moreover, that these very people, said to be thus deficient in the most universal and energetic affections, are said by him to be so affected by the sudden loss of relatives, that it sometimes leads to hypochondria and insanity. Surely to be indifferent to children and parents, yet to be so attached to aunts and cousins, is a moral condition somewhat difficult of belief. The aunt and cousin are as liable to be sold for slaves as the children are—why, then, this excess of collateral sensibility? Moreover, we learn from Captain Burton, in another place, that these savages have the power of sale over their nephews and nieces. The voice of society justifies this abomination: "What!" exclaim the people, "is a man to want when his brothers and sisters have children?" A sentiment which does not speak much for the strength of nepotism in these men.

It is pleasant to turn now to the Indians of Lake Superior, who, like most other tribes, are passionately fond of their children. Hear how the excellent observer, Kohl, describes the mothers and the cradles:—

* J. G. KOHL: *Kitchi-Gami. Wanderings round Lake Superior*. Chapman & Hall.
R. F. BURTON: *The Lake-Regions of Central Africa*. 2 vols. Longman & Co.
The Rev. Dr. KRAPF: *Travels, Researches, and Missionary Labours in Eastern Africa*. Trübner & Co.

F. L. OLMSTED: *A Journey into the Back Country*. Sampson Low & Co.

"Besides building, they had many other matters to attend to: at times the old woman's pipe would go out, and she ran into the nearest hut to relight it. Then a small boy came up, whose shirt was unfastened, and his clothes had to be tied up with a bit of the same bast employed on my mansion. Then they must look tenderly at their children, whom they had propped up against the trees, run up and kiss them, put their hands, ribbons, or caps, straight, or sit down for a minute on the grass, lost in admiration of the little one.

"Indeed mothers are devotedly attached to their children, although they may possess no attraction for Europeans. They prepare them in their wooden cradles (although they seem to us a rack) such an exquisitely soft and well-arranged bed, that it is plain they must have thought most attentively on the subject.

"One of the squaws was kind enough to untie her pappoose, and explain to me the Indian system of managing infants. I may be permitted to inlet here a slight episode in my wigwam building, for the 'tikinagan' (the name of the Indian cradle among the Ojibbeways) is a little house within a house. Indeed, it is almost more carefully decorated and prepared than the dwelling of grown-up people.

"The principal factor in this infant's house is a flat board. For this purpose poplar wood is selected; in the first place, because it is light; and, secondly, because it does not crack and splinter. On this board a small frame of thin peeled wood is fastened, much after the shape of the child's body, and stands up from the board, like the sides of a violin from the sounding board. It is fastened on with bast, because the Indians never use nails, screws, or glue.

"The cavity is filled and stuffed with very soft substances for the reception of the child. They prepare for this purpose a mixture composed of very fine dry moss, rotted cedar wood, and a species of tender wool found in the seed-vessels of a species of reed. This wool was recommended to me as a most useful ingredient in the stuffing, for it sucks up all moisture as greedily as a sponge; and hence, then, there is no need to inspect the baby continually. In those houses where infants are an annual necessity, I saw casks filled with this soft stuff, so that I presume the mothers frequently relined the nest.

"In this bed the little beings nestle

up to the arm-pits: so far they are wrapped up tightly with bandages and coverings, but the head and arms are free. At a convenient distance above the head is a stiff circle of wood, also fastened to the cradle with bast. It serves as a protection to the head; and if the cradle happen to fall over, it rests on this arch. In fact, you may roll an Indian *tikinagan* over as much as you please, but the child cannot be injured.

"There is a special name for every part, however small, of the cradle: thus, for instance, the bow over the head is called *agwin-gweon*. It also serves as a receptacle for all the playthings and presents, which hang down from it, and are within reach of the infant's hands. I could write an entire chapter about the countless articles to be seen on the cradles of Indian papooses; among them are a multitude which no European child would know what to do with. One can understand a rattle or bells, but what is an infant to do with carefully worked little mocassins hanging down over its nose; or a miniature imitation of a bow and arrows; or a wooden ring, over which leathern thongs are drawn; or a round piece of cariboo leather, from which small pieces of stag's horn are suspended! But I suspect that all these things are placed there more for a good omen than as playthings: the mocassins, that the boy may be a good runner; the bow, arrows, and bones, that he may become a famous hunter; that strange ring, with the network of leather, I am told, is good against illness. 'Yes, very good! oh, excellent!' my women said. But how so, I never rightly comprehended.

"The squaws at times display extraordinary luxury in the gaily embroidered coverlid which they throw over the whole cradle. I saw one woman use as a covering a wide sky-blue cloth, on which glistened at least a couple of pounds of pearl beads. She told me she had paid her neighbour ten dollars for it (half her yearly income). The *apikan*, or band, on which the mother carries infant and cradle, is also often richly ornamented."

Elsewhere he says, not very kindly, that the Indians have an ape-like affection for their children (are apes the fittest types?), and that even fathers are very kind to their sons, and never treat them with severity. Unhappily the sons

do not always return this gratefully. "It never happens that an infant is exposed, as is the case among our urban population, who deny the impulses of nature. On the other hand, you may often hear—at least of the very savage tribes—that they expose their old people in the desert, and leave them to their own resources." But Kohl elsewhere denies that this exposure of the old and feeble is universal: "Lately I saw great affection displayed towards a very aged woman, who was lame, blind, and half dead, who longed for the sunshine. The way in which her daughters and daughters-in-law prepared her bed in the warm sunshine, and then led her carefully out—to notice all this did one good. They told me they had brought their grandmother one hundred and thirty miles in a canoe because there was no one at home to take care of her."

These Indians of Lake Superior—the Ojibbeways—seem, however, to be in many points more morally developed than is usual among tribes so backward in other respects; and it affords a fine problem for the philosopher to discover how it is that the moral sentiments become thus cherished and strengthened. The ignorance of these Indians is as great, or nearly so, as that of the Africans. Their social arrangements are as rude, their poverty as great, their lives as laborious; yet, in most of the moral qualities, these Indians are not only immeasurably above the Africans—they are quite on a par with Europeans.

Kohl gives many illustrations of the lively sympathy of which these Indians are capable:—

"If two Indians go on a journey, they ask each other a multitude of questions as to the state of health of their respective families. Each relative is mentioned separately, and his present condition described. 'How is your wife? What are your children doing—are they all well and fat? Is your old mother in good health?' 'No! she is rather unwell.' 'What is the matter with her?' 'She has caught a bad cold, and is down with a fever.' 'Have you a powerful medi-

cine for that? if not, will you try this? Take some of it.' 'Well, how is your uncle? and are your aunt's bad feet better?' 'Her feet are better, but she has begun to suffer in her eyes.' With such questions and answers the whole family is passed in review, and all their sufferings and illnesses closely investigated."

Let us turn to another page, describing the arrival of a canoe:—

"Very quietly and steadily did they glide into the little inlet. The wife, with her other children, two boys and two girls, was buried beneath a pile of parcels and boxes. Among them lay a dog, with three pups, and on the top of all the plunder was a large cage, with two tamed falcons in it. The gunwale of the boat was only a few inches above the water, and in this way all these beings, and animals, and lumber, had made a seven days' voyage.

"When they stepped on land, where Gendron's brother-in-law, his wife's sister, and his old grandmother, several other persons, and an infinity of children, were awaiting them, their behaviour was remarkably quiet. There was no waving of handkerchiefs, no shouts of greeting, no laughing and gesticulation. They quietly stepped out of the boat one after the other, and the relatives stood there just as quietly, and waited till their guests had crawled out of their nests. Still the welcome was not the less hearty: the women kissed, and asked each other all sorts of questions. The children were all kissed, and kissed each other. The dogs, especially the young ones, were also taken great care of by the children. Idem, the cage with the falcons. The Indians frequently tame wild animals, and I have seen various instances of it. I was told that they also tamed eagles, mews, ravens, and magpies, sometimes as playthings, but also to fatten, and then eat them. In the same way they are said to treat deer, foxes, and even bears, and they lug the latter along after them by a rope or chain. A voyageur told me that he once met an Indian carrying his bear on his back, because the brute was very tired, and its whining had moved his tender heart."

And yet these Indians are also very cruel to animals; to the dogs they seem especially so; but that is most probably owing to the fact of the dog being a constant companion, and therefore more constantly subject to the caprices and bad temper

of their masters. Kohl thinks it may also be because the dog is unclean; an explanation which hardly tallies with what he says elsewhere respecting the dog as a religious offering: "The dog is our domestic companion, our dearest and most useful animal," an Indian said to him. This is true of Europeans—yet they also can be cruel to their dogs:—

"In truth the Indians seem not merely unloving, but even cruel to their dogs. A short time back I witnessed the following scene: An Indian shot one of his dogs, a handsome black animal, in order to offer it as a sacrifice at a coming festival. The dog was lying half dead in the grass, in a pool of its own blood, and howling most pitifully; but the Indians stood round it quite callous, and watched its death-struggle. The little cannibal boys, however, came up and shot their blunted arrows at the poor brute, which was suffering enough already, and thrust their feet into the gaping wounds. The dog could no longer bite them, as they most richly observed. 'Thou wretched brute,' one yelled, 'why dost thou howl so?' as if meaning to say to it, as they do to their martyred prisoners, 'Shame on thee! die like a brave!' They are, at times, equally merciless and barbarous to their horses; and, indeed, the sight of wounds, suffering, and blood, seems to render them more hard-hearted than usual."

Now if, instead of Indians, we substitute British schoolboys—or British "roughs"—will the scene be a whit less credible? Yet no one doubts the fondness of schoolboys for animals, though they also share Tom Tulliver's views,* when their sympathy is less active than their love of power. There is one phrase by which Kohl correctly indicates the truth in this case, where he says the sight of blood renders them more hard-hearted than usual. It is known that the sight of suffering, when it does not excite the sympathy, excites the ferocity of the beholder. It fires the combative, destructive nature, by its sugges-

tions. A wounded animal is certain to be attacked by his fellows.

Although these Indians have plenty of kindness, they have also plenty of fierceness and bloodthirstiness. Here are two samples:—

"(Once we Ojibbeways set out against the Sioux. We were one hundred. One of ours, a courageous man, a man of the right stamp, impatient for distinction, separated from the others, and crept onward into the enemy's country. The man discovered a party of the foe, two men, two women, and three children. He crept round them like a wolf, he crawled up to them like a snake, he fell upon them like lightning, cut down the two men, and scalped them. The screaming women and children he seized by the arm, and threw them as prisoners to his friends, who had hastened up at his war yell; and this lightning, this snake, this wolf, this man, my friends, that was—I. I have spoken!"

"In most of the stories told us, however, I could trace very little that was heroic. Many of them, in fact, appeared a description of the way in which a cunning wolf attacked and murdered a lamb. One of the fellows—with one eye painted white, the other coal-black—was not ashamed to tell loudly, and with a beaming face, how he once fell upon a poor solitary Sioux girl and scalped her. He gave us the minutest details of this atrocity; and yet, at the end of his harangue, he was applauded, or at least behowled, like the other orators—that is to say, all the Indians stamped and uttered their war yell as a sign of applause, by holding their hands to their mouths, trumpet-fashion. At the moment the man appeared to me a blood-dripping tiger, and yet, when I formed his acquaintance at a later date, he talked most reasonably and calmly, like any honest farmer's lad. Such are what are called the contradictions in human nature."

It is the Indian maxim that "boys should be seen and not heard"—a maxim we remember to have thought eminently absurd, but which we have learned to view with more tolerance, since it has ceased to be applied to ourselves, and only applied to our youngsters. Once when an Indian orator was improperly interrupted by an impudent youngster, the old

* "A young gentleman fond of animals—that is, fond of throwing stones at them."—*The Mill on the Floss*.

warrior was so incensed that he drew his tomahawk, split the young man's skull open, and then quietly resumed his harangue, as if nothing had happened.

Kohl has another fine story, enough to make the flesh creep:—

"A poor woman lived a miserable life with her children and her sickly husband. Her only hope was in her eldest son, who had already begun to go hunting for his mother and relatives, and was becoming the head of the family and bread-gainer.

"Hence it was a crushing blow to these poor people when this hopeful youth was attacked on a distant hunting expedition by treacherous Sioux, murdered, and scalped. The whole family fell into a state of melancholy, and blackened their faces: they were utterly helpless, but, before all, thirsted for revenge. The poor sickly father sang, the life-long day, mourning songs for his murdered son, and complained of his own impotent condition, which prevented him from going on the war-trail, and taking vengeance on the enemies of his tribe and family. He was nearly alone in the world, and had but few relations who would take compassion on him. There was nought in his house but mourning, grief, and a vain cry for vengeance.

"At length the grown-up daughter, a girl of seventeen, began to beat the war-drum, mutter wild songs, and question destiny, or, as they term it, 'dream.' She had a dream, in which it was revealed to her that the only method by which to obtain consolation and cheerfulness—that is, revenge—for her family, was by sacrificing her own lover.

"This beloved of her heart was a youth of the Sioux tribe, whose acquaintance she had formed in happier and more peaceful times, and whom she loved fervently, in spite of the blood-feud between the two tribes. They had often met in secret, and were enabled to do so with ease as their villages lay on the frontier of the two hunting-grounds. He belonged to the band which had murdered her brother, and as the revengeful girl did not know how to get hold of any other warrior, she determined to act in obedience to her dream, and choose her beloved as the victim. These Indians regard their enemies as responsible *en masse* for the excesses committed, and their revenge is hence satiated when it falls on one of the relatives of the culprit.

"The girl marched across mountain and forest to the neighbouring territory of the Sioux. In the night she made her way into their encampment, and crept up noiselessly and unnoticed to her lover's lodge. She gave him a love-signal, whispered to him through the cracks of the airy branch-hut, and invited him to come out. The young man, filled with longing, went into the forest with the maiden of his heart to spend an hour in converse sweet. While in her embraces, she was suddenly converted into the angel of death; she thrust a knife through his heart, scalped him, and hurried home, where she was regarded as a benefactress of her family and a great heroine."

In a nation of warriors ferocity is of course a virtue; we must not therefore apply our European standards to such stories. We have received another bias. Ferocity with us has lost all heroism. Even strength, though still greatly and deservedly prized, has become less of a supreme quality, now that warfare is conducted on scientific principles; but in the Indian warrior, or the Canadian voyageur, it is of first importance. Kohl says that the voyageurs habitually carry one hundred and fifty pounds weight when on the journey, and often a much heavier weight, along roads where the European would have difficulty in dragging himself along. Endurance is another virtue—the Indians reckon that man a hero who can go ten days without food and not complain.

One of the rarest virtues among savages is truthfulness. Some children and ill-educated Europeans, lie for the mere pleasure of lying, and not simply to shield themselves from punishment. Lying arises from cowardice or cunning: the fear of punishment, or the desire of momentary superiority which deceit seems to give. The habit of lying renders men almost indifferent to any object which the lie may be supposed to gain. As Captain Burton says of the Africans, they "lie objectlessly, needlessly, when sure of speedy detection, when fact would be more profitable than falsehood. . . . With them the lie is no mental

exertion, no exercise of ingenuity, no concealment, no mere perversion of the truth: it is apparently [here the Captain's psychology becomes feeble] a local instinctive peculiarity in the complicated madness of poor human nature. The most solemn and religious oaths are with them empty words; they breathe an atmosphere of falsehood, manœuvre, and contrivance: wasting about the mere nothings of life—upon a pound of grain, or a yard of cloth—ingenuity of iniquity enough to win and keep a crown." The reports of other travellers among other savages tell a similar tale. Yet Kohl, whose sagacity and whose means of judging give his statements weight, represents the Ojibbeways as peculiarly truthful, having, in short, the real moral sense of noble natures:—

"Never promise them anything you are not quite certain of fulfilling. Never deceive, delude, or lead them astray; and, as far as is possible, make sure you are never mistaken. Breaking a promise is regarded by the Indians in the same light as a lie. And if you once appear to them a liar, mutual confidence is irrevocably lost.

"They most esteem truth and kindness of heart. But just as they cannot comprehend the latter quality unless allied with generosity, so truth cannot exist without a decided and sure judgment.

"If you say to one of them, 'I love thee,' have a present ready to hand, to prove your love clearly. You will lose in their sight if a present, or some tangible politeness, does not follow on such an assurance. But it is often sufficient to hand them the plate from which you have been eating, and on which you have left a fragment for them."

The resemblance traceable here to the mental condition of children gives even greater evidence to the testimony it affords of the sense of truthfulness in these Indians; and we see a similar evidence in the fact of the boastful tendency, which they have in common with children, never leading them, as it so easily leads the untruthful, into perversion of the facts. They swagger about the deeds they will do, and the deeds they have done, but they do not pretend to have done what

they have not done. At their meetings the orators have no scruple in blowing lustily their own trumpets. Every speaker considers his deed the greatest, and the most useful for the whole nation. Each commences his harangue by remarking that what his predecessors had said was very fine, but it cannot for a moment be compared with what he has to tell them of himself. They must prepare to be astonished. His tribe is the greatest in the land, and had achieved the greatest deeds. He, the youngest of the Spotted Weasels, not wishing to be inferior to his forefathers, had gone forth and performed deeds which would make their hairs stand on end—and so forth. To all this *fanfaronade*, as we would deem it, the warriors listen with delight and yells of applause. It is understood that each man is to make himself as big as he can. Just as he puts on his war-paint to make himself look formidable, so does he paint his narrative. No one thinks of contradicting him. If, however—and this is the point, which shows the moral nature of the Indians—if the orator is guilty of deception as regards the facts, and this deception is not mere exaggeration, but perversion of the truth, any one may get up and contradict him. "But this," says Kohl, "is a rare case, and becomes a very serious matter; for any man convicted of falsehood at the solemnity of a war-dance is ruined for life. A liar can hardly ever regain the confidence of his countrymen."

Next to the liar, no man is so despised by these Indians as the narrow-hearted egotist and greedy miser. Charity and liberality, as regards the goods given by God, are carried to such a pitch among them, that Kohl thinks it is one of the chief obstacles to their conversion. As long as a man has anything, he must, according to the moral law of the Indians, share it with those who want; and no one can attain any degree of respect who does not do so most liberally. There are other nations we have read of among whom this "sharing with

those who want" is also a moral law; but with the Indians it is practice, and not precept only. In those other nations referred to, the precept is so little practised, that the man who would share his goods with the poor would be in danger of Hanwell. It is thought eminently virtuous to give away a small part of superfluity.

The consequence of this law is, that there are no rich among the Indians. Frequently, when a chief receives handsome goods, either in exchange for his peltry or as a recognition of his high position, he will throw them all in a heap, call his followers, and divide all among them. If he grow very zealous, he will put off his shirt, give it away, and say, "So, you see, I have now nothing to give, I am poorer than any one of you, and commend myself to your charity." How little cupidity animates them may be seen in their wars. The forays of wild Beduin tribes are nearly all for plunder; but the Indian goes to war for vengeance. When he prepares an expedition, he never thinks of the booty, but only of the relatives he can avenge, and the foes he can punish. On the battlefield his first and most important business is to take the scalp of the enemy he has killed. Having this, he is satisfied, and leaves the ornaments on the corpse, which an Arab or an Afghan would fall upon first. Although there are no police and soldiers to protect the trader, it very rarely happens that a trader is attacked for the sake of booty:—

"It seems to me that I may quote our own unusual situation on this small island as a proof that love of plunder and avarice are not the prominent or dangerous passions of the Indians. We are here a handful of Europeans, surrounded by more than a thousand Indians armed with tomahawks, knives, and guns, and yet not one of us feels the slightest alarm. Hardly one of us Europeans possesses a weapon; only the Indians are armed. There is not a trace of any precautionary measure, as in the towns of Austrian Illyria, where the Montenegrins and other mountaineers are compelled to deposit their arms at

the gate before being allowed to enter the town, nor is there a single soldier or armed policeman on the whole island. And yet, for miles round, every bush conceals an Indian, and the wooden booths of the Europeans are filled with the most handsome and desired articles. A whole ship-load of wares has just arrived, and the blockhouses in which they are packed could be broken open with a hatchet. The sum of ready money on the island, in handsome new coinage, amounts to several thousand dollars, and yet we sleep with open windows and doors, and not one of us thinks of locking a door or bolting a window."

In admiring this absence of cupidity, we must not forget to notice one result fatal to the social development of the Indian—namely, the communistic state, which is inevitable:—

"As a natural consequence, this generosity among the Indians has grown into a species of communism, and has a very prejudicial effect on their civilisation. As the hunter—no matter how clever and successful he may be—is forced to give all his spoil away, industry is never rewarded, and the hard-working man toils for the lazy. The indefatigable hunter is always accompanied by a couple of idle fellows, who live upon him. If he do not give abundantly, he runs the risk of being branded a miser. The whole tribe will set to work, annoying and injuring him. They tear his nets, pull down his hut, and kill his horse. In this way, then, no one is able to retain the fruits of his toil, and no rich and prosperous families can spring up among the Indians."

One evidence of the beautiful moral nature of these savages, and their refined sense of justice, is given in the following story: A young man accidentally shot his brother, and fled into the forest. When the death of the warrior was found to be certain, a general yell of lament was raised, and the burial was prepared. Women, men, and children gave way to grief. The women shrieked and moaned through the night, loosening their hair, and covering their heads with ashes. The men blackened their faces, and stuck knives, needles, and thorns into their flesh. At the burial an

old Indian stepped forth and addressed the weeping crowd. A tall graceful fir, he said, had stood upright before him. Suddenly, by command of the Great Spirit, the lightning struck the fir-tree and levelled it to the ground. Not the slightest allusion was made to the brother—the innocent cause of the calamity. Indeed, his relatives hurried after him into the forest, and spoke kindly to him, so that he returned with them. Not a word of reproach was ever addressed to him, nor was the affair ever mentioned again in the family.

How much of this moral excellence is due to a finely organized disposition, and how much to education, it would be difficult to mark out. Certain it is that the Indians bring up their children in the way they should go with a vigilant care unsurpassed in Europe:—

"Many Indians, I can assure you from my own experience, bring up their children as strictly as the Presbyterian families in the East, allow them no sort of extravagances, and keep them—sometimes too severely—to fasting, privation, and self-denial. Nor is there any want of warnings and lessons of every description, and it is frequently quite edifying to listen at evening to the speeches which an old Indian will make to his children and children's children. I knew an Indian hunter who was a most exemplary and amiable father of a family. When he returned home in the evening from the chase, his squaw had a warm dish in readiness for him. She wrung out his wet clothes and mocassins, and hung them round the fire to dry. After he had supped he would lie down on his bed, and the children would nestle round him. He would joke and play with the little ones, called the elder children to him, questioned them as to their conduct, gave them good lessons and rules of life, and told them stories."

Respecting the religion of savages it is not easy to gain any very precise idea. They have not a doctrine; they have not a distinct priesthood; they are unaccustomed to logical statement of opinions; and even when they seem to have

something like a doctrine, there is so great a mixture of traditional superstitions that no consistency can be expected. According to Burton, the Eastern Africans are as little troubled with ceremonies as with belief. "In things spiritual, as in things temporal, they listen to but one voice, that of 'Ada,' or custom. The most offensive scoffer or sceptic in Europe is not regarded with more abomination than the man in these land who would attempt to touch a jot or tittle of 'Ada.'"

Superstition, the child of terror and ignorance, is continually fostered by the terrible and inexplicable phenomena, incessantly forced on the attention of the savage; and notably in regions such as those of Eastern Africa, where nature, rarely sublime or beautiful, has spectators incapable of feeling her beauty, but quite capable of feeling the gloom and desolation of her forests and jungles, her rugged hills, and dread uniform wastes and swamps, inhabited by dangerous animals. "Deepened by the dread of destruction, ever strong in the barbarian breast, his terror," says Burton, "causes him to look with suspicion on all around him." "How," inquires the dying African, "can I alone be ill when others are well, unless I have been bewitched?" This belief in witchcraft, which is universal, *explains* to the ignorant mind phenomena which would otherwise be inexplicable to it; and how greedily the ignorant accept any explanation is painfully exhibited in the spirit-rapping *séances* of our own day. When men and cattle fall sick, we do not now imagine that some enemy or some malicious old woman has thrown a spell upon them; but our scepticism arises from a little more knowledge of the human body and its maladies, together with a little less belief in the superior powers of old women. To the savage there is no reason conceivable why an old woman should not exercise supernatural powers. The Africans, like other people, not only believe in witchcraft and put witches to death, but the accused

witches boastfully acknowledge their crime.

The "rain doctor" and the "medicine man" are the two nearest approaches to a priest known by the savages. These drones, as Burton calls them, are of both sexes—the women generally confining themselves to the medical part of the profession. Rain-making is a hereditary calling. The rain-maker is addressed by a kingly title, and wears a chieftain's badge. "He is known by a number of small, greasy, and blackened gourds, filled with physic and magic, hanging round his waist, and by a little more of the usual grime—sanctity and dirt being connected in Africa as elsewhere." Although medicine men are liberally paid for their services, they have to bear the peril of the exaggerated belief in their powers, and therefore seldom die a natural death, disappointed patients wreaking summary vengeance on them. In civilised Europe the "medicine man" is permitted to kill with great freedom, if he kills according to the rules of art. *Un homme mort est un homme mort, mais la science, Monsieur!* It is only quacks, without licence to kill, who are called to account for their failures. Savages treat their medicine men as quacks. Huc, in his delightful travels, tells us that the Lama physician, if he happen to have no medicine by him, is not disconcerted. He writes the names of the remedies upon little scraps of paper, moistens the paper with his saliva, and rolls them up into pills, which the patient tosses down with perfect confidence. To swallow the name of a remedy or the remedy itself, say the Tartars, is the same thing.

It is extremely interesting to observe the entire ignorance of the relations between cause and effect which savages, like children (and to a great extent, also, like many educated adults), manifest in their interpretations of quite ordinary phenomena. That tying a mutton bone to the bed-post should cure a man of rheumatism; that a child's caul should save a sailor from shipwreck;

that the sight of a piebald horse should so alter the concurrence of external events as to make whatever the seer wishes come to pass; that setting off on a journey on Fridays should be unlucky;—these are beliefs which display the most lofty disregard for causal relations; and they are remnants of the old superstitions which once gained the assent of all classes. Why, then, can we wonder at savages, wholly unaccustomed to trace effects to causes, except in the most superficial manner, believing that they can exercise spells over their neighbours? Kohl tells us that the Ojibbeways adopt some such plan as this when they want to bring calamity or death upon a neighbour: they make a small image of wood, representing their victim, and pierce holes with a needle in the region of the head or heart—wherever, in fact, they wish their foe to suffer. If he is to die, they bury the image with certain magic spells, and place four red pegs in the grave. At times they burn the effigy. If the victim really die, which of course sometimes happens, they boast that it was their spells which killed him. A similar process is supposed to cure the sick. They make a figure of clothes stuffed with straw, intended to represent the illness or evil spirit which torments the sick man. This figure they carry to a medicine lodge, and shoot arrows at it, in the presence of the sick man, till it is reduced to tatters.

Schoolboys will carry about with them a "lucky stone," and many people still believe in amulets. Kohl tells us that one of his Indians having heard a remarkable rustling in a larch tree, henceforward believed it was his protector. He took his friends to see it, and would say, "Voilà l'arbec en qui j'ai confiance." Another Indian on his travels, sat down opposite a rock which seemed to him to make a step towards him, bow, and return to its old position. This, which was probably nothing but the effect of transient giddiness, could not but impress the unreasoning savage, who henceforth regarded the rock as his protecting god,

to whom he made offerings of tobacco.

Kohl gives some interesting details of the symbols by which the Indians express certain abstract ideas:—

"When speaking, for instance, of the Great Spirit, they usually direct a reverential or timid glance upwards, or point the forefinger perpendicularly but gently to the sky.

"When alluding to the sun or to the time, which is much the same thing, as the sun is their clock, and indicating the spot at which the sun stood, when the event to which they are alluding occurred, they point fixedly to that point, and hold their arm in that position for several moments.

"When speaking of a day, they pass the finger slowly along the entire vault of heaven, commencing at the east, and terminating in the west. This is the sign for 'one-day.'

"If a shot has to be mentioned in the story, they usually strike the palm of the left hand with the back of the right, so as to produce a slight sound.

"If describing a journey on horseback, the two first fingers of the right are placed astride of the forefinger of the left hand, and both represent the galloping movements of a horse. If it is a foot journey, they wave the two fingers several times through the air.

"In counting, the ten fingers are naturally used, and the number is not only held up, but mentioned.

"In this manner, and by many hundred similar gestures, they supplement and support their oral remarks. And it will be seen, from the gestures I have described, that the tongue can be frequently allowed a rest, and the meaning perfectly conveyed by the signs.

"Suppose an Indian wished to tell another that he had ridden for three days over the prairie, he first points to his own worthy person—that will indicate 'I.' Then he sets his fingers a galloping as I have described. This perfects the idea: 'I travelled on horseback.' Next he passes his hand once athwart the sky, which furnishes the notion of 'day,' and finally holds up three fingers before his friend's eyes, to show he spent 'three' days.

"It is a curious fact that, though Indian dialects differ so greatly, this language of signs is the same for enormous distances. All travellers who have cross-

ed the prairies told me that there was only *one* sign-language, which all the Indians comprehended, and any one who had learned it could travel with it from one end of America to the other.

"For such signs as those of which I have given specimens, such as the sun, a day, a number, a horseman, &c., when nothing better or more natural could be chosen, this is easily to be understood. But the sign-language developed itself to a fuller extent, and undertook a visible representation of abstract ideas. Hence much must naturally become conventional. Thus, for instance, if desirous to express the idea of 'beauty,' this could not be imitated like the explosion of a gun. Still, some sign to express this idea could be agreed on. Most curiously, the Indian races were unanimous in accepting the same sign. When they wish to explain that they saw a 'beautiful' woman, they pass the flat hand gently and slowly through the air, as if imitating the wave-line. Even the sex is described unanimously. When speaking of a woman, the Indians pass the palm once down the face and the whole body, as if wishing to indicate the long waving dresses or the graceful contour of the female body. This smoothing of the face universally means 'a member of the fair sex.'

"A copious grammar of this language of signs could be written. How rich it would be, may be drawn from the fact that Indians of two different tribes, who do not understand a word of each other's spoken language, will sit for half a day on one spot, talking and chattering, and telling each other all sorts of stories, with movements of their fingers, heads, and feet."

"A hollow hand, with the motion of drawing water, signifies water. When the finger traces serpentine lines on the ground, it is a river. A hand moved up and down in the air signifies a mountain.

"The several beasts have naturally their special signs. Usually only some characteristic portion of the animal is imitated—for instance, the horns. The horns of the buffalo differ from those of the elk, and thus the entire animal is indicated.

"The idea of a large number, or 'many,' is described by clutching at the air several times with both hands. The motion greatly resembles that of danseuses playing the castagnettes.

"'Little,' or 'nothing,' is signified by passing one hand over the other.

"Very curious, but quite universal, is the sign for admiration among the American Indians. They hold the hollow hand for some time before the mouth. This is, however, I suspect, a species of quiproquo, and the real sign—namely, the mouth widely opened in amazement—is concealed behind it. They carry the hand to the mouth and conceal the face behind it, because it is improper to display emotion or admiration."

The mention of this desire to conceal emotion reminds us that the civilised Englishman, whose ambition seems to be never to allow any strong expression of emotion to escape him, is only imitating a characteristic of most savage tribes. Lessing, in his splendid fragment, "Laokoon," draws attention to the way in which Homer makes the Trojans suppress, and the Greeks express, emotion; so far from the Greek being anxious to have it believed he did not feel pain, he made his very gods howl when wounded.

"The stoic of the woods—a man without a tear,"

may be very admirable to savages, but it is a higher ideal of humanity to feel keenly and yet act steadfastly. Macduff is ready enough to bear his anguish like a man, but he must also feel it like a man. And the same is true of all feeling. The gaping clown, who marvels at every novelty, is on a higher moral level than the obtuse exquisite who sees "nothing in it."

"We live by admiration, love, and hope;"

and the man who *pretends* to feel none of these is simply a coxcomb: the man who does not feel them is the savage.

It has already been hinted, that underneath the grave diversity of forms may be found considerable similarities of tendency in the savage and in the civilised nature. Many of the things noticeable as characteristic of the savage are found lingering amongst ourselves, either in remote provinces, in uncultivated classes, or in children. The fatiguing and universal mendicancy of Africa,

where kings and chieftains demand *baksheesh* on all sorts of pretexts, and where no one will even direct you on your way without a "present," is little less than what the traveller meets with throughout the Neapolitan dominions. It is not only the beggars who beg,—every one knows the impudent mendicancy of the police, customhouse officers, and functionaries of various kinds. We have been asked *per la botiglia* by a man wearing the Government uniform upon no better pretext than that urged by the laziest lazzarone. He stood on the quay to see us depart, and held out his hand, as if there was some tariff of supervision. Nay, we have seen a carpenter actually quit his work to run after the carriage, holding out his hat for alms. In like manner the delight in bargaining which the Africans display is much the same as that exhibited by the Italians generally. Of course, the African being less pressed for time, and less subject to competition, can afford to indulge this task to an excess not permissible in Europe. "A lot of two hundred tusks," Burton says, "is rarely sold under four months. Each article is laid upon the ground, and the purchaser begins by placing some handsome cloths under the point and bamboo of the tusk, and by covering its whole length with a third; these form the first perquisites of the seller. After a few days, during which rice and ghee, sugar and sweetmeats, must be freely supplied, commences the chaffering for the price. The Banyan becomes excited at the ridiculous demands of his client, screams like a woman, pushes him out of doors, and receives a return of similar treatment with interest. He takes advantage of his knowledge that the African is never satisfied with the first offer, however liberal; he begins with a quarter of the worth, then he raises it to one half, and when the barbarian still hesitates, he throws in some flashy article which turns the scale."

The position of woman is commonly held to be a test of the civil-

isation reached by any nation. In savage tribes that position is certainly not elevated. Woman is held to be wholly inferior to man, and has inferior labours to perform. This shocks the susceptibilities of a European, who nevertheless is rarely very consistent in his own treatment of women. He is ready with the most splendid rhetoric in praise of woman, but this chivalry is not unmingled with contempt. He talks as if women were angels, and treats them as if they were frivolous fools. He has the loudest voice to proclaim their inherent purity and delicacy, and has the least possible confidence in it. The savage has no such sophistications. He despises woman as an inferior animal. War and hunting he reserves for himself—all other labour is thrown upon her shoulders. Kohl tells us that an unlucky half-lame Indian who was of no use either to hunt or paddle, and hence remained at home with the squaws, would sometimes lend a hand to the women as they felled the trees and carried away logs; but no other man would have moved a finger, not even when making love to his wood-cutting charmer.

"The women are also obliged to procure and cut up the firewood in the forest. This is one of their chief daily tasks; and in the neighbourhood of the Indian encampments round me I always hear, at a certain hour in the evening, the axes of the women and girls sounding, as they prepare the logs for the next day, and emerge heavily laden from the scrub. Usually, too, I notice several young fellows idling about under the trees, serenely watching the toiling women, and conversing affably with them. As I am told, this wood-cutting hour is the grand love-making time for the young men."

The girls begin their labours as early as six years old, while their haughty brothers walk by their side, disdaining to carry anything but bow and arrow. Of course, as they perform the work of carpenter, joiner, mason, and porter, their hands and arms are hardened and developed in a way which would surprise their European sisters.

Having their time thus occupied, and their bodies thus put to rough usage, they cannot imitate their European sisters in their devotion to dress and fashion. That falls to the men.

"It is to a European a most comical sight to notice a savage before a looking-glass. Vanity and self-admiration are as visible in him as in a Parisian coquette. He even outvies her; for while she changes the fashion of her bonnet and the colour of her dress three or four times a-year, the Indian alters the colour on his face—for his attention is confined to this portion of his person—daily.

"I have watched three or four handsome young Indians here, and saw them every day wearing a different pattern on their faces. They belonged to the aristocracy of their band, and were evidently dandies. I saw them lounging along very seriously and with great dignity, with green or yellow stripes on their noses, their long pipes under their arms, and wrapped up in their wide blanket-cloaks. They were always together, and evidently formed a clique.

"Daily, when I had the opportunity, I drew the pattern their faces displayed, and at length obtained a collection, whose variety even astonished myself. The strange combinations produced in the kaleidoscope may be termed weak when compared to what an Indian's imagination produces on his forehead, nose, and cheeks. I will try to give some account of them, as far as words will reach.

"Two things struck me most in their arrangement of colours: first, the fact that they did not trouble themselves at all about the natural divisions of the face; and, secondly, the extraordinary mixture of the graceful and the grotesque."

Wild as these ornaments seem to the stranger, they have a significance to the Indian eye not less great than the proper shape of a bonnet or sleeve has for us. If a lady wished to create a general impression of her insanity, she need only wear the bonnet and dress worn by every one a few years ago, and then considered quite proper. In like manner Kohl, on hearing some Indians speak of one of their tribe who had gone mad, asked how he had shown his insanity. "Oh!" they said, "he dresses himself up

so funnily with feathers and shells, and paints his face so comically, that it is enough to make one die with laughing." As the speakers were themselves overladen with feathers, shells, green, vermilion, Prussian blue, and chrome yellow, Kohl could hardly keep his countenance.

Kohl gives it not only as his own opinion, but as that of many Europeans, that after having lived some time with these gaily painted Indians, the paint is really felt to be an ornament. Whenever the Indians washed themselves they seemed insignificant and uglier. Everything is habit; and to eyes accustomed to behold the dazzling warriors in their war-paint, the pale faces must appear very mean.

The few points we have touched upon will suffice to show, that while savage life presents many details of great interest to the philosopher, it does not and cannot present him with the scientific data for any conclusions as to man in a state of nature, uncorrupted by civilisation. It can only show how man is variously biassed by the various tendencies of the society in which he lives. We can no more get at human nature unaffected by social conditions than we can get at the human mind freed from all erroneous conception and all traditional bias. The ignorant man is not nearer to the state of ideal purity than is the professor of a false philosophy. Rousseau's notion that meditation means corruption, and that men "untainted by philosophy" are necessarily of a

purser moral nature, is one at variance with all that psychology and experience reveal. No man having a soul can be without a theory of life—a philosophy of some sort; he must think; he is compelled to speculate, and attempt an *explanation* of the mysteries around him; and the question, therefore, is not whether man must have a philosophy or not, but *what* philosophy he shall adopt. The same may be said of luxury, and all the arts and appliances of civilisation. In the rudest possible condition man will and must invent some appliances for the securing of food, the tillage of the earth, the shelter of his family from cold, rain, and wild beasts; and the question is, Are these appliances to be effectual? Is he better off with good than with bad instruments? So likewise with social laws: under some form of government he must live, if he live with his fellow-men; is he more likely to develop his moral nature when living in the light of well-defined laws, framed for the purpose of securing justice for all, than when living in a society where superstition, caprice, and individual might determine everything? The aim of civilisation is conquest over the material world in order to the freer development of the intellectual and moral life. The uncivilised man is moved towards the same end, but he is further off from its attainment. In other words, uncivilised man is not man in a state of nature, but man in a state of imperfect civilisation.

ENGLISH EMBASSIES TO CHINA.

THE army in China has been singularly fortunate in the time at which its victories were achieved. All actors, whether on the stage or in real life, are naturally anxious that their deeds should be made manifest; while soldiers and sailors especially, to whom glory is the breath of their nostrils, are by no means satisfied if they only deserve and command success. They require that a due share of public attention should be directed towards them; and wherever an English army has fought and conquered, the first thought of the General, amid his anxious cares, of the light-hearted soldiers who have come safely through the dangers of battle, and even of the wounded heroes who are stretched on the hospital-pallets, is, What will they say of this in England? and great, indeed, must be the interest of any measure of internal reform or foreign negotiation which can sensibly affect the amount of attention and sympathy which the nation has to bestow upon its army in the field. The only rival in this respect which an army need fear is another army. If a struggle is going on in different parts of the globe, then, indeed, the mightier efforts of a large army may be the bushel which extinguishes the light of some smaller but not less heroic band. It was so in the last China war. There have been few more gallant actions than that in which Keppel destroyed the Chinese fleet at Fatshan Creek. But while our attention was engrossed with cities and kingdoms being lost and won in India, we could hardly trouble ourselves about the fact that a few sailors and marines were burning junks and cutting off Chinamen's tails in the Canton river. In 1861 we have no such excuse. At home there is absolutely no topic of especial interest to read or talk about. Reform bills can neither get a

speech, a hearing, nor a leading article. The Volunteer movement has become a permanent institution, which has lost its novelty without losing its force. Abroad, there is France, which always presents points of interest; but our late friendly visit from the Empress may surely be accepted as a token that the long-talked of unfriendly visit from the Emperor has been postponed *sine die*. The fervent enthusiasm in favour of the Italian Liberator has assumed a much more sober character since Garibaldi retired from the scene. The siege of Gaeta promises to be as tedious as sieges generally are. The issue, sooner or later, is certain, so the charm of uncertainty is gone; and we cannot deny that those who now support the falling dynasty within the walls of Gaeta have shown a devotion that must command our admiration. From across the Atlantic we receive stirring news, but our American cousins are so fond of creating a sensation, and so many of their journals announce that they are now only getting up a little stronger sensation than usual, that we must wait to see whether they are in earnest before looking seriously into the present discussions between Democrats and Republicans. Our army in China has, therefore, had a clear stage upon which to act; and if bright eyes did not behold their deeds, the brightest eyes might become dim by reading about them. We have despatches in French, and despatches in English, despatches from generals, admirals, and ambassadors. We have letters written expressly for the newspapers, and letters which find their way to newspaper-columns, although addressed, in the first instance, to private friends.

It is not, however, so much of our present as of our past endeavours to establish free intercourse

with that singular country that we propose to treat; and the first attempt of the kind has been so well described by an officer who was present on the occasion, that we shall give the account in his own words. It was in 1634 that the East India Company first despatched several vessels to China, under command of Captain Weddell. The Portuguese had long preceded them, so it was thought prudent to take letters of introduction from the Viceroy of Goa to the Governor of the Portuguese settlement of Macao, at the mouth of the Canton river. On arriving there,

"The Procurador of Macow soon repaired aboard the principal ship, and said that for the matter of refreshing, he would provide them; but that there was a main obstacle to their trading, which was the non-consent of the Chinese, who, he pretended, held his people (the Portuguese) in miserable subjection. The English, however, determined to discover the river of Canton, and fitted out a barge and pinnace with above fifty men, which, after two days, came in sight of the mouth of the river, being a very goodly inlet, and utterly prohibited to the Portugals by the Chinese, who do not willingly admit any strangers to the view of it, being the passage and secure harbour for their best jounckes, both of war and merchandise; so that the Portuguese traffic to Canton was only in small vessels, through divers narrow-shoaled straits, amongst many broken islands, to the main. The barge anchoring for a wind and tide to carry them in, a jouncke; of those that accustom to fish, was descried early in the morning, whom Thomas Robinson followed (a tedious chase, by reason of their many oars), hoping to have some aboard that might have stood either of a pilot or interpreter; but finding neither, having used them with all courtesy, dismissed them, contrary to their timorous expectation; and afterwards, for the same causes and with the same success, spake with another; but after a delay of several days, a small boat made towards the pinnace; and having sold some refreshing, signs were made to carry some of the English to Canton, and bring them to the speech of the mandarins, which the boatmen accepted of; but the next day, the pinnace, under sail with a fair wind and tide, after having passed by a certain desolate castle, a fleet of about twenty sail of tall

jounckes, commanded by the Admiral of the Sea's deputies, passing down from Canton, encountered the English, and in courteous terms desired them to anchor, which, accordingly, they did, and presently John Mounteney and Thomas Robinson went aboard the chief mandarin, where were certain negroes, fugitives of the Portugals, that interpreted. At first the Chinese began somewhat roughly to expostulate, what moved them to come thither, and discover the prohibited goods and concealed parts and passages of so great a prince's dominions? also, who were their pilots? Thomas Robinson replied that they were come from Europe to treat of such capitulations as might conduce to the good of both princes and subjects, hoping it might be lawful for them, as well as for the inhabitants of Macow, to exercise a free commerce; and as for pilots, they had none; but every one was able by his art to discover more difficult passages than they had found. The Chinese hereafter began to be more affable, and in conclusion appointed a small jouncke to carry up Captain Carter, John Mounteney, and Thomas Robinson, or whom else they pleased, to the town of Canton, if the English would promise that the pinnace should proceed no further; for though each of these vessels was well furnished with ordnance, and treble-manned, yet durst they not all to oppose her in any hostile way. The same night Captain Carter, Thomas Robinson, and John Mounteney, left the pinnace, with orders to expect their return; and being embarked in a small jouncke of thirty tons, proceeded towards Canton, with intent to deliver a petition to the Viceroy for obtaining of license to settle a trade in those parts. The next day they arrived within five leagues of Canton, where it seems the rumour of their coming, and fear of them, was already arrived; so that they were required, in a friendly manner, to proceed no further, but to repair to their own ships, with promise of assistance in the procuring of license for trade, if they would seek it at Macow, by the solicitation of some they should find there, and would instantly abandon the river: the which, having satisfied themselves with this discovery, and willing to remove the anxiety which their long absence might breed in the rest of the fleet, they readily performed. In a little time the Portugals fleet of six small vessels set sail for Japan; upon whose departure it was expected that license of trade would have been permitted, according as they

still had borne in hand the English; but being thus freed of their conceived fear lest Captain Weddell and his men should have surprised their vessels, they instantly flouted the simple credulity (the inseparable badge of folly) of the nation; and at last, having assembled a council of purpose, sent the English a flat denial. The same day, at a consultation called aboard the Admiral (Weddell) to that purpose, Captain Carter, John Mounteney, and Thomas Robinson, delivered to the whole council, together with a draught of the river, the sum of their attempts, success, and hopes; which being well pondered, it was generally consented that the whole fleet should sail for the river of Canton. They arrived in a few days before the forementioned desolate castle, and being now furnished with some slender interpreters, they soon had speech with divers mandarines in the king's jounkes, to whom the cause of their arrival was declared—viz., to entertain peace and amity with them, to traffic freely as the Portugalls did, and to be forthwith supplied for their monies with provisions for their ships: all which those mandarines promised to solicit with the prime men resident at Canton; and in the mean time desire an expectation of six days, which were granted; and the English ships rode with white ensigns on the poop. But their perfidious friends the Portugalls had in all that time, since the return of the pinace, so beslandered them to the Chinese, reporting them to be rogues, thieves, beggars, and what not, that they became very jealous of the good meaning of the English—inso much that at night time they put forty-six of iron cast ordnance into the fort lying close to the brink of the river, each piece between six and seven hundred weight, and well proportioned; and after the end of four days, having, as they thought, sufficiently fortified themselves, they discharged divers shots, though without hurt, upon one of the barges passing by them to find out a convenient watering-place. Herewith the whole fleet, being instantly incensed, did on the sudden display their bloody ensigns, and, weighing their anchors, fell up with the flood, and birthed themselves before the castle, from whence came many shot, yet not any that touched hull or rope. Whereupon, not being able to endure their bravadoes any longer, each ship began to play furiously upon them with their broadsides; and after two or three hours, perceiving their cowardly fainting, the boats were landed

with about one hundred men, which sight occasioned them, with great distractions, instantly to abandon the castle and fly; the boats' crews, in the mean time, without let entering the same, and displaying his Majesty's colours of Great Britain upon the walls, having the same night put aboard all their ordnance, fired the council-house, and demolished what they could. The boats of the fleet also seized a jouncke laden with boards and timber, and another with salt; another vessel of small moment was surprised, by whose boat a letter was sent to the mandarines at Canton, expostulating their breach of truce, excusing the assailing of the castle, and withal, in fair terms, requiring the liberty of trade. This letter, it seems, was delivered; for the next day a mandarine of no great note, sometime a Portugal Christian, called Paulo Noretty, came towards the ships in a small boat with a white flag, to whom the English, having laid open the injuries received, and the sincere intent they had to establish fair trade and commerce, and were no way willing (but in their own defence) to oppose the China nation, presented certain gifts, and dismissed him to his masters, who were some of the chief mandarines, riding about a point of land not far from the ships, who being by him duly informed thereof, returned him again the same night, with a small jouncke, taking up authority to carry up such as should be appointed to Canton, there to tender a petition, and to conclude further upon the manner of their future proceedings. John Mounteney and Thomas Robinson passed up the river, and the next evening arrived at the city, anchoring close under the walls, in sight of the palace of Champin, the Admiral-General; and on the morrow, having procured a petition to be formally drawn up, by means of the said Noretty, they were called ashore, and, passing through a treble guard, and at length coming in sight of the chiefs assembled, they were willed, according to the custom of the country, to kneel; and Thomas Robinson, holding the petition at large, extended upon his head, delivered it to Noretty to carry up to Champin: the contents whereof being so reasonable, as before specified, he presently consented unto, and promised his utmost assistance, blanning the treachery of the Portugalls, whom he taxed as authors, by their slanders, of all the precedent inconveniences. They returned from Canton fully satisfied;

and hereupon the Chinese guns were landed, and delivered into their hands, their jounckes freely dismissed, and a seeming peace on all sides ensued."

Such was the characteristic commencement of our intercourse with China; and, considering the little ceremony with which the English presented themselves, their reception augured that a trade would be established with less difficulty than afterwards intervened. The interruption of the Mantchow Tartars subsequently took place, and the Tartars have always shown a greater jealousy of foreigners than the Chinese themselves. But the trade increased during the last century, in spite of the constant interruptions to which it was exposed by the conduct of the native officials. Both parties were too much benefited for it ever to be long suspended; and the history of the rise of our commerce at Canton shows to what vexations and indignities men will submit in the hopes of gain. The only port open to foreigners was Canton, and as the East India Company possessed a monopoly up to the year 1834, the English community was represented by a "select committee of the Company's supercargoes," whose president must have generally led a wretched life. The Chinese viceroys, on their part, would have no direct intercourse with a set of merchants: they appointed a limited number of their countrymen to carry on the traffic, as well as to be the medium of communication—all letters from the English being sent through these traders, and treated as petitions. In no other part of the world have Englishmen (to use an Oriental expression) consented to eat so much dirt as at Canton; and the only excuse for Chinese insolence seems to be the tameness with which it was submitted to by Europeans of all nations. On one occasion, in 1760, a Mr. Flint succeeded in reaching Peking, and having a petition laid before the Emperor regarding the extortions and injustice of the local officials at Canton. This appeared at first to

have some effect, for the chief commissioner of customs was degraded; but on Mr. Flint's return to the factory, when he and the council attended on the viceroy to hear an order on the subject read, they were knocked down because they would not kneel in his presence. Flint was kept two years in prison, and the Chinaman who had drawn up his petition to the Emperor beheaded. It is probable that the Emperor knew nothing of these transactions, which were intended to prevent any appeals to Peking for the future. But the most serious causes of disturbance and interruption of commerce were occasions when a Chinaman was killed either accidentally or in drunken brawls with the sailors. The mandarins always showed a most laudable desire to protect the lives of their countrymen, but a shameless disregard of justice in the punishments with which they avenged them. In 1784 a Chinese boatman was accidentally killed by the discharge of one of the guns on board an English vessel whilst firing a salute. According to Chinese law, the crime of homicide, whether accidental or not, is punishable by death, although this punishment can generally be commuted for a fine. The mandarins demanded that the innocent gunner, who had only obeyed his captain's orders, should be given up, and the English community ignominiously consented. He was immediately tried, found guilty, and executed. Other nations, however, were not one whit behind the English in the extent to which they were willing to comply with the demands of the mandarins, so long as the trade was not stopped. In 1773 a Chinese lost his life at Macao, and an Englishman called Francis Scot was arrested by the Portuguese on some trivial suspicion of the mandarins that he was the guilty party. He was tried by the Portuguese courts, and no evidence could be produced to sustain the accusation. As the Chinese persisted in demanding that the prisoner should be handed over to

them, and coupled their demand with threats of stopping the trade, the Portuguese held a council on the matter. One member of the Senate declared "that, as the most accurate inquiry had sufficiently proved the Englishman was not guilty, it would be unjustifiable to consent to the sacrifice of an innocent man." But this was not the opinion of the majority. The Vicar-General, who may have somewhere read that "it is expedient that one man should die for the people," argued that a community may call on an individual to deliver himself up for the public good. "Should he refuse to obey, he is not innocent, but guilty." Others of the council did not consider so much abstract reasoning on the subject was necessary; and the practical decision was, that Scot had better be hanged than the great gains of the Macao merchants diminished. He was delivered over to the mandarins. So late as 1821 the Americans gave up a sailor who had killed a woman by throwing an earthen jar overboard. A French sailor, in the year 1780, killed a Portuguese, and the mandarins claimed a right to adjudicate in the matter. The sailor, who had taken refuge at the French consul's, was given up and executed. There is little doubt that the man was a murderer, and that the principal injustice lay in the fact that the prisoner could not understand the accusation, or his judges understand the defence. The European community were much alarmed at the precedent thus set for quarrels between themselves being brought before the Chinese tribunals; but no measures appear to have been taken in consequence.

Had the Europeans really believed that justice would be done to foreigners by the Chinese judges, they would have been quite right to submit to the laws of the country; but as they knew perfectly well that this was not the case, and as the mandarins barely pretended to try them by law, but simply to exercise their own will and pleasure in each particular case, it was abso-

lutely necessary to make a stand against these pretensions, and shameful to give in to them where human life was concerned. Trade, however, increased in spite of every obstacle; and the rising importance of this intercourse, as well as the constant succession of these vexatious interruptions, determined the English Government, in 1792, to send an ambassador to Peking for the purpose of endeavouring to have the privileges of English merchants distinctly defined, and to induce the Emperor to put a stop to the extortions of the Canton authorities, which it was more than suspected did not emanate from instructions furnished by the Peking court. The person selected for this important and novel mission was Lord Macartney, who had formerly been Governor of Madras and Ambassador at St. Petersburg. From the successful manner in which he discharged his duties, he seems to have been well fitted for the task.

A voyage to China is a very different thing now to what it was seventy or even twenty years ago. The modern ambassador to the court of the "Son of Heaven" packs his portmanteau and locks his despatch-box some afternoon in Belgravia. He takes a comfortable dinner, says good-by to his family, drives to London Bridge station, and in forty-eight hours he is smoking a cigar on the paddle-box of a Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer, out of sight of land in the Mediterranean. The voyager in an old sailing vessel had to lay in supplies of all kinds for many days—one trunk with a hundred shirts, another with the same number of white jackets and trousers, and the remainder of his wardrobe in proportion; for he might have no opportunity of replenishing it, or obtaining the services of a laundress, for eight months. He took a good library of books, and other means of wearing away the time. But the overland traveller may buy anything he requires, from hats and boots to soap and tooth-powder, at

any of the four or five places where the steamers coal during his six weeks' journey. If he has finished the novel which he bought at the London Bridge stand before he reaches Alexandria, he may there get the last number of *Blackwood* to peruse in the Red Sea. The modern ambassador does not enjoy the sport of catching sharks and albatrosses, for these recreations cannot be pursued on board a vessel going twelve knots an hour; but as sharks are only caught when every one on board is whistling for wind in a calm, and the region of albatrosses is some thousand miles out of the direct route, he cannot be said to lose much. There is one decided advantage which the ambassador of former days enjoyed. He was not perpetually teased with fresh "instructions" by every mail, when some independent member of Parliament or opposition newspaper brought forward a crotchet which threatened to find favour with the public.

It was in September 1792 that Lord Macartney set sail in the *Lion*, sixty-four, Captain Gower, accompanied by the *Hindostan*, East Indiaman, and the *Jackal*, brig. The suite of the embassy included Sir G. Staunton, as Secretary of Legation, who has left an interesting account. He was also accompanied by several scientific gentlemen, and a guard of picked infantry and artillery soldiers. He took out a very valuable collection of presents, including a few fieldpieces. The *Jackal* was separated from her consorts in a gale shortly after starting, but the two other vessels proceeded prosperously on their voyage, touching at Madeira and the Brazils. In passing the lonely island of Amsterdam, to the south-east of the Cape, two human figures were descried running along its usually uninhabited shores, and making signals to the *Lion*. Supposing them to be shipwrecked sailors, Captain Gower cast anchor in a sheltered bay, and sent a boat ashore. The men, however, had not been shipwrecked,

but belonged to a party of three Frenchmen and two Englishmen who had taken up an abode there of their own free will and pleasure. The attraction which the island presented for a temporary residence consisted in the immense number of seals which frequent its shores. These men had been left five months previously by a French brig, fitted out at the Mauritius. She was to call for them in ten months more, when they expected to have 25,000 seal-skins, of which 8000 were already collected. The skins find a ready market at Canton, where the Chinese have a peculiar manner of dressing them. Killing seals on Amsterdam would not appear an exciting sport, as they are despatched while asleep in the sun with a few blows of a stick. A few officers from the *Lion* went over the island, escorted by an intelligent Frenchman, called Peron, who was chief of the party. During his absence some people came ashore from the *Lion*, well provided with liquor, and got a quantity of skins from the seal-slayers, whom they easily intoxicated. This robbery was not discovered by Captain Gower until the *Lion* had quitted Amsterdam, but he ordered a search to be made for the skins, and determined to leave them for their rightful owners at Canton. An excellent opportunity occurred for giving effect to this laudable resolution; for, after putting Lord Macartney ashore at the mouth of the Peiho, the *Lion*, while sailing down the China seas towards Canton, fell in with the very brig to which Peron belonged. But in the mean time war had been declared between England and France, and the brig, instead of receiving her seal-skins, was seized herself as a lawful prize to the *Lion*. We are not told how long after the appointed time poor Peron and his comrades remained on the island of Amsterdam, casting wistful glances to the horizon, or if, instead of finding there a mine of wealth, they only found a grave. Perhaps one of the

outward-bound vessels, from whose track Amsterdam is not far distant, might be attracted by their signals and bring them off. If so, we hope she was contented with a fair share of the twenty-five thousand seal-skins, instead of seizing the whole as a "lawful prize."

From Amsterdam the *Lion* proceeded to Batavia, where the Ambassador paid a short visit. He here heard a tale which showed that, if the Chinese Government are solicitous about the lives of their subjects, and take extreme measures to avenge their death in China, they care little what becomes of them beyond the limits of the Celestial Empire. About forty years before Lord Macartney's visit, the Dutch governor of Batavia, apprehensive of a rising among the Chinese residents, who are very numerous, ordered every head of a Chinese family to be put to death—a number of Dutch sailors from the ships being brought ashore to carry out the decree. The directors in Holland did not approve of this atrocious massacre, and, fearing lest it should reach the ears of the Emperor and ruin their China trade, sent deputies to Peking to solicit forgiveness; but the Emperor calmly replied, "that he was little solicitous for the fate of unworthy subjects, who, in the pursuit of lucre, had quitted their country, and abandoned the tombs of their ancestors."

Before Lord Macartney left England, the superintendent at Canton had been directed to communicate to the Chinese governor the intention of his Majesty to send an Ambassador to Peking, and to request that the Emperor might be informed thereof. At Batavia Lord Macartney had the satisfaction to receive despatches from Canton, informing him that the Emperor had expressed great satisfaction at the announcement of the proposed embassy, and given orders for its being conducted to Peking in a suitable manner. The local officers at Canton were extremely anxious to learn the objects of the embassy. Their consciences

accused them of many acts of injustice and extortion which had never been reported to the Emperor, and they had no desire that the Emperor should have an opportunity of viewing their conduct through any other medium than their own despatches. The mere rumour of the embassy had been sufficient to produce a perceptible change in the bearing of the mandarins towards foreigners, and altogether the latter entertained sanguine hopes of its success. With these cheering prospects, Lord Macartney continued his voyage towards China, and made for the harbour of Chusan (without touching at Canton) to obtain pilots. The strictest injunctions had been received at this and at other ports to afford the Ambassador every assistance that could be rendered. Abundance of supplies were furnished to the *Lion*, and two pilots procured with considerable difficulty; for a voyage direct from Chusan to the Peiho, without touching at intermediate ports, was considered a bold effort by Chinese navigators, and these were the only men in the city who had ever attempted it before. In the end of July, just ten months after leaving Portsmouth, the *Lion* anchored outside the bar at the mouth of the Peiho river. Two mandarins of high rank immediately waited on Lord Macartney, and, by their orders a number of junks were furnished for the transport of his excellency's guard, baggage, and presents for the Emperor. The Ambassador himself crossed the bar in the *Jackal* brig (which had rejoined the squadron at Batavia), and anchored at Taku, a few miles up the river. He little thought that name would become well known in English history, that in the channel up which he was sailing the British navy would receive a bloody repulse, and that the shores on which he was gazing would one day be whitened by the tents of French and English armies.

At Taku the embassy had seventeen river junks placed at its disposal for the *personnel* and baggage. These

junks, as well as everything required by the party, were provided free of expense by the Chinese Government, it being their custom to bear the charges of all embassies passing through China. It was estimated that Lord Macartney's embassy cost them £170,000, so they have some cause for not wishing the honour too often repeated. The embassy reached Tientsin in three days, and found it much as described by the *Times* correspondent in the present year, including immense depots of salt, which rose in pyramids all around. They continued to ascend the river to within fifteen miles of Pekin, where it ceases to be navigable for junks of any size. From this point they proceeded by land to a villa near the Emperor's palace of Yuen-ming-Yuen, a few miles beyond Pekin, through which their route lay. The road was excellent, paved with granite to the width of twenty feet. The members of the embassy had not much time to make observations in their hurried passage through Pekin, but we have no doubt that we shall hear plenty about it during the present year. The Emperor, at the time of Lord Macartney's arrival, was at Zhehol, in Tartary, to which the court always retired during the summer months, although this custom has since partially fallen into desuetude. To Zhehol, accordingly, the mandarins proposed to conduct the English embassy. Ever since their arrival, a legate of Tartar extraction, and two Chinese mandarins of high rank, had been in constant attendance. The former was haughty and formal, scarcely concealing his dislike of strangers, while the mandarins were courteous and friendly. It was arranged that the presents for the Emperor should be laid out in the palace at Yuen-ming-Yuen, under the direction of the English artificers who accompanied the embassy, aided by some Chinese workmen, whose aptitude and dexterity excited great admiration. It was no easy matter to provide land-carriage for the embassy, with its attendants and baggage, on

quitting the junks. Ninety waggons, forty wheelbarrows, two hundred horses, and three thousand labourers, were impressed for this duty; but by leaving the presents and all superfluous baggage at the palace, the requirements for transport were considerably diminished. On the 1st of September the Ambassador started for Zhehol. The evening before he received a gracious message from the Emperor, inquiring after his health, and recommending him to travel by easy stages, at the end of each of which he would be accommodated in palaces erected for the use of the court during their annual journeys to and from the capital. On the third day the embassy passed the Great Wall of China. This stupendous fortification, erected two thousand years ago as a barrier against the Tartar hordes, still sweeps over hill and dale. Sometimes it rises over hills five thousand feet in height, at others it descends to the bottom of deep valleys, where mountain torrents rush through the arches, framed to give a passage to their waters. It is flanked by frequent towers, and strengthened by double and treble lines at weak or important passes. The great wall has long since failed to answer the purpose for which it was built, for the same Tartar chief reigns even more supreme on the Chinese than on the Tartar side. It remains to be seen whether Lord Macartney's countrymen may not be the means of causing this ancient barrier to become again the line of demarcation between two separate kingdoms. The seventh day's journey brought the embassy to Zhehol. They were conducted with military honours to a spacious suite of edifices prepared for their reception. The Emperor himself witnessed their entry from a summerhouse in his private gardens. Two mandarins of rank attended immediately after their arrival with compliments from his Majesty and the great Colao, or prime minister, and every attention was paid to the comfort of the strangers. The Ambassador, not-

withstanding these proofs of goodwill, was in great anxiety regarding the ceremonies to be observed on the occasion of his audience. This subject had already been touched upon by the Tartar legate and mandarins who escorted the party from Taku. They were extremely desirous that Lord Macartney should *kotow*, or kneel, before the Emperor, and touch the ground nine times with his head. The Ambassadors from Pegu, the Corea, and other neighbouring kingdoms or dependencies, invariably performed these prostrations; nor had any representatives of foreign powers, including the Dutch, ever been admitted to an audience without them. Lord Macartney at first declined to go through this ceremony. At last he agreed to do so, provided a mandarin of high rank would also perform the *kotow* before a picture of the British Sovereign. The legate approved of this idea, but it was rejected after discussion amongst the ministers. Lord Macartney offered as an alternative to bend a knee as he would to his own sovereign, and was well pleased to be one day informed that the Emperor had decided this mark of respect would suffice. It was afterwards understood that the court officials had not been so willing to give way, but the Emperor himself determined to waive what had hitherto been considered his due, and what many of his courtiers would have enforced by compulsory measures.

Tchien Lung, the Emperor of China at the period in question, was in his eighty-third year, and had reigned for fifty-seven years. He was one of those monarchs who not only reign but govern, for his whole time was devoted to public business, and he appears to have been really anxious for the welfare of his subjects. He received the English Ambassador in a spacious tent, surrounded by all the magnates of the empire. The letter from his Britannic Majesty was presented in a gold box studded with pearls, the Ambassador holding it in both hands above his head, according to Chinese custom. The

Emperor, amongst other polite inquiries, asked the age of his Majesty, and expressed hope that he might attain the same number of years as himself. A sumptuous banquet followed, laid out on small tables, at which three or four persons were accommodated. The Emperor had a table of his own, but sent several dishes to the Ambassador; and when the repast was over, gave him a goblet of warm wine with his own hands. A few days afterwards, the Emperor sent to propose an excursion over the imperial pleasure-grounds, which was gladly accepted. On his way thither Lord Macartney met the Emperor, who told him "that he was going to his devotions in the temple of Poo-ta-la, that, as the English did not adore the same gods, he would not ask his Excellency to accompany him, but that he had ordered his ministers to attend him through the gardens." The Ambassador was surprised and pleased to find the Colao, or prime minister, in attendance; and they passed several hours riding about the gardens, or rather park, adjoining the palace, and sailing on the lakes with which it is interspersed. It seemed that the principal object aimed at, in laying out these grounds, was to give them an aspect of nature. There were no straight walks or formal plantations—a few bridges and summer-houses being the only artificial objects which presented themselves.

Towards the end of September there were several days of rejoicing on account of the emperor's birthday, after which the embassy returned to Peking, anticipating the movements of the court, which followed a few days later. On this occasion the Ambassador rode out a few miles to meet the Emperor. Observing him standing by the road, the Emperor stopped his palanquin, and sent a polite message desiring Lord Macartney to return as soon as possible to his home, lest the morning air should aggravate a rheumatic attack from which he was then suffering.

Although the Ambassador had all this time been treated with civility and respect, he found great difficulties in having any attention paid to the business part of his mission. There was not the slightest chance, nor had Lord Macartney ever expected, that the Emperor would favour him with a special audience for discussing his demands. It was only through the good-will of the great Colao that he could hope to obtain any of the advantages he sought, and the Colao seemed by no means anxious to afford any opportunities of entering upon business. The fatigue of his excursion with the Ambassador over the pleasure-gardens had moreover brought on a severe attack of some chronic complaints to which he was subject, and for a time incapacitated him from attending to public affairs. Hints began to be dropped by the mandarins, prompted no doubt by higher authority, that the Ambassador had better be thinking of a return to England. The winter in the north of China was very severe, and Peking would prove a most uncomfortable residence for his Excellency. An embassy in China, moreover, was looked upon as a matter of compliment, and not an occasion for the transaction of business, which could be afterwards communicated by letter. The Ambassador was also informed that the Emperor's letter in reply to that of his own sovereign was ready. Neither the prime minister nor any of the mandarins ever gave the slightest indication that they considered a trade with Great Britain of any advantage to China. It is this policy of entirely ignoring the benefits of foreign trade which renders negotiation with the Chinese Government so difficult. Lord Macartney was more than once reminded, that any encouragement to the merchants at Canton would spring from the gratuitous kindness of the Emperor; nor did he venture to dwell on the reciprocal advantage of free intercourse between the two nations, lest the Colao should make

this an excuse for breaking off with him altogether. The utmost he obtained was leave to submit a memorandum regarding the trade with Great Britain, and the principal measures which were required for its development, especially the necessity of putting some check on the extortions of the Canton officials. It was believed the Emperor himself was much more liberally inclined than his Tartar advisers, including the prime minister. Nothing, however, was promised to the Ambassador, but he had the satisfaction of learning that the Viceroy of Canton, a Tartar who particularly disliked the English, had been removed. On the 7th October the embassy bade adieu to Peking. An officer of the highest rank called Sun-ta-zhin was appointed to accompany them, instead of the Tartar legate, and this change was a great improvement.

Instead of returning as they came, by the Peiho river to the Gulf of Pechelea, the embassy were to embark at Canton. They left the Peiho at Tientsin, and proceeded for five hundred miles by the Great Canal. This noble work has been much damaged, within the last few years, by a change which has taken place in the channel of the Hoang-Ho, or Yellow River, and by the neglect of Government to repair its banks. The traffic which passed along it in former days was enormous: a large portion of this is now conveyed in sea-going junks. As the canal runs parallel to the sea, and is connected with it at several points, this would not appear a very serious loss to most nations; but Chinese junks and Chinese sailors seem better adapted for navigating canals than the ocean, though they make a very good shift when compelled to put to sea. It is not only the winds and waves they fear. The canals are safe from those piratical hordes who infest the Chinese seas, and whose tender mercies are more dreaded than the wildest raging of the typhoon.

The Ambassador was accompanied

during the latter part of his journey by the new Viceroy of Canton, who assured him of his desire to remedy the abuses which existed in the administration of that province. At the same time reminding him that great changes could not be effected by one man all at once, especially where there were many deeply interested in upholding the present state of affairs. It is recorded as a pleasing trait in this officer's character, that when a junk inferior in decoration to his own was prepared for Lord Macartney, he directed there should be no difference between them, observing that such a distinction would be more discreditable to him than to the Ambassador.

Although Lord Macartney did not succeed in carrying all the points which he attempted, and no other ports were opened to foreign commerce, yet the good effects of his embassy were felt for some time at Canton. In 1808 Lord Minto, the Governor-General of India, sent some troops to garrison the Portuguese settlement of Macao, against which he suspected the French of entertaining hostile designs. The Portuguese had neither desired nor applied for this assistance from their officious ally, and would probably have refused the troops admission had they dared. They hinted to the natives that this was a very suspicious move on the part of the English; but the indignation of the Chinese was already unbounded. "How could you suppose," asked they, "that the French would ever attempt to molest a portion of the Celestial Empire? If they dared to land, our warlike troops should chase them from the face of the country." The mandarins stopped the trade, and very wisely refused to open it until every English soldier had quitted Macao. In six years another interruption of the trade took place. This time we were clearly in the wrong, and it led to the subsequent despatch of Lord Amherst on a mission to Peking.

The president of the committee

at Canton had no control over such of H.M. vessels as touched there. The mandarins, however, very naturally endeavoured to hold the English officials in Canton responsible for the acts of their countrymen. They could not understand how there could be one authority afloat and another on shore belonging to the same nation. In 1814 H.M. ship *Doris* captured an American vessel, the *Hunter*, and brought her into the Canton river. The mandarins had, on a previous occasion, objected to prizes being brought to their ports, and shown a dislike to successful cruisers. They confessed to having strange notions of a vessel "which went about the world seeking other ships to take them." The E. I. Company's committee were ordered to send the *Doris* away, which they had no power to do. Meanwhile, an American schooner tried to pass up the river, and the *Doris* sending boats in chase, captured her at Whampoa, ten miles below Canton; but before they had rejoined the *Doris*, some Americans at Whampoa started with armed boats and retook the schooner. Upon this the Chinese were justly indignant. Whampoa is to Canton what Gravesend is to London; and the English and Americans had no more right to fight their battles in the Canton river than the French and Austrians, during the late war, would have had to make prizes in the Thames. The Chinese could do nothing to the *Doris*, but they ordered all Chinese servants to leave the English factories, and adopted other means of reprisal. The Company's committee, thus jeopardised by the acts of their countrymen, put a bolder face on the matter than their predecessors had been wont to do in juster causes. They anticipated the Chinese by declaring the trade entirely stopped, upon which the latter considerably lowered their tone, and the dispute was adjusted.

When this intelligence reached England, the Government resolved to send out another ambassador on

the same footing as Lord Macartney; for the good effects of the latter's mission appeared for some years to have been declining. Lord Amherst was selected for this purpose, and sailed, in 1816, in the *Alceste* frigate, accompanied by H. M. brig *Lyra*, and the E. I. Company's merchantman *General Hewett*. He landed at Taku, and proceeded up the Peiho to Tientsin, as Lord Macartney had done, in boats provided by the Chinese Government, who also furnished all the requisite supplies at the Emperor's expense. The old difficulty of the ceremony on presentation to the Emperor was again the principal, indeed the only one. If Lord Amherst would consent to perform this, everything should be done as he wished. It is, however, very doubtful whether the treatment of the embassy would not have been worse, instead of better, had the Ambassador consented to these demands. The embassy continued its route to Tung-chow, near Pekin, where fresh discussions ensued on the point of ceremony. As the Ambassador, of course, declined to make any concessions, the Chinese commissioner appointed to accompany him adopted a most extraordinary device. Lord Amherst had written finally to declare he would make no prostrations before the Emperor, and expressed a desire to retrace his steps. Upon this the commissioners came, and said the embassy was to proceed to Pekin the following day. Knowing the duplicity of the Chinese, it would have been wiser in Lord Amherst to take a written promise that no prostrations would be required of him; but as he had unequivocally declared his intentions on this head, it was supposed the court had waived these pretensions. The journey from Tung-chow to Pekin occupied a night. At five o'clock in the morning Lord Amherst's carriage drew up before a large building a little beyond Pekin. On descending he was surprised to find himself surrounded by a crowd of mandarins in full dress, and several wearing the badges of princes of the blood. The Chinese commis-

sioners announced that the Emperor had changed the day of audience, and that Lord Amherst must at once proceed to his presence. They even seized him by the arm, but his Lordship shook them off; and, after such an insult, declared his intention to attend no audience that day under any circumstances. The Ambassador and his suite were at last conducted to their lodging, uncertain whether affairs might not take a tragic turn. An order came for their immediate return to Tung-chow without resting, but the mandarins were rather more civil than before. It was quite uncertain to whom the credit of this abrupt conclusion of the embassy, just at the point of its completion, was due; but there was good reason to believe that the Emperor did not know the whole state of the case. The Canton authorities, who were much interested in preventing a true representation of their extortions being laid before the Emperor, are supposed to have strained every nerve to prevent an audience, and succeeded by their bribes in having the Ambassador's conduct misrepresented. But even this mission, abortive as it at first appeared, was by no means wanting in results. Lord Amherst reached Canton in safety by land; and the good effects of the mission, like that of Lord Macartney's, were felt for years afterwards in the improved conduct of the local officials. The *Alceste* frigate and the *General Hewett* had meantime gone round towards Canton, where the authorities refused the frigate leave to ascend the river, and forbade the merchants to provide the Indianman with a cargo. Captain Maxwell, who could not understand these orders, poured a couple of broadsides into some junks and a fort which endeavoured to stop him, and cast anchor at the usual place. It is never possible to reckon safely on what the conduct of the mandarins will be under any given circumstances, but, as a general rule, they are more amenable to kicks than coppers. In the present instance a supply of fresh provisions was immediately sent to

the *Alcote*, a cargo was ordered for the General Hewett, and it was publicly announced that the firing at the mouth of the river had been a friendly interchange of salutes.

From this period till the year 1884 affairs went on much as usual. Difficulties occasionally arose, but trade continued rapidly to increase, especially the opium traffic. The number of chests annually imported had increased from one thousand in the end of last century to upwards of thirty thousand. It was in 1820 that a formal proclamation by the Chinese Government was first issued against it; but the profits were so enormous that the merchants could afford an ample margin for bribing the Canton mandarins. Instead of running the opium clippers up to Whampoa, these smugglers usually lay at the island of Lintin, near the mouth of the river. Between this and Canton the opium was carried in Chinese boats. Sometimes the commander of a government junk would intercept their voyage, when a desperate struggle ensued; for the boatmen were always armed to the teeth, in anticipation of such interruptions. Generally, however, the mandarins, both afloat and ashore, were in league with the smugglers; and if a boatload was occasionally lost, the opium clippers themselves were far too well armed and manned to be safe objects for attack.

It was in 1834 that the Trading Charter of the East India Company expired. This event not only changed the manner of carrying on the legitimate trade, but placed our relations with the Chinese on an entirely different footing. The "select committee of supercargoes," who administered the Company's concerns, were not considered as representing the sovereign of Great Britain, or as being in any way accredited by him to the Chinese Government. When the trade was thrown open, three "superintendents" were appointed by his Majesty, of whom Lord Napier was the chief. His arrival aroused the jealousy of the mandarins, who

complained, with some right, that intimation should have been sent regarding his mission, and the consent of the Emperor obtained to his appointment; whereas, the first notice was given by Lord Napier in person. The Company's agents had cared little for forms so long as they got their cargoes. Their official documents were headed with a Chinese character which indicated that the contents were a petition, and all communications were made through the Hong merchants, as the licensed Chinese traders were termed.

Lord Napier, as His Majesty's representative, declined to write *petitions*, or to communicate otherwise than directly with the mandarins. The Governor of Canton remained obstinate, and serious difficulties arose, in the midst of which Lord Napier died. He was succeeded by Mr. Davis and Captain Elliott; and after some stopping and counter-stopping of the trade, the new state of affairs was recognised by the Chinese. Anarchy was rather favourable than otherwise to the growth of smuggling, and clipper after clipper discharged her opium into the lighters at Lintin, only to press back to Calcutta for another cargo. The court at Peking at last took up the matter in earnest. An officer of high rank and determined character called Lin was sent as Governor of Canton and the adjacent provinces for the express purpose of crushing the obnoxious traffic. His proceedings were violent, but he had good cause to be angry, and it would not be fair entirely to judge a half-civilised Chinese by our notions of equity and propriety. His ultimate proceedings undoubtedly went far beyond what the obstinacy with which the British merchants had persisted in smuggling opium, or indeed any act whatever on their part, could palliate. The introduction of opium was, by imperial edict, rendered a capital crime. This was a strong measure; but not many years before Commissioner Lin assumed the government of Canton, a *Ruger* or sheep-stealer was liable

to capital punishment in England. The Chinese Government had surely as much right to suppress opium smuggling by severe edicts as the English Government had to suppress forgery and sheep-stealing.

The Chinese or Tartar policy of rigidly excluding strangers from visiting the interior of the country, and confining the trade to a limited number of ports, where only a few acres of ground were allotted for the factories, has a great deal more shrewd sense in it than Europeans like to admit. Whatever may have been its origin, it has not latterly, we suspect, arisen, so much from a sense of superiority, which they affect, as from a sense of inferiority, which they feel. What they fear, and have or had good cause to fear, was, that the Europeans, who began as peaceful traders, would end by becoming armed tyrants. They have tenaciously adhered to the principle of Chinese jurisdiction being alone recognised in any case where Chinese subjects were involved, and even endeavoured to bring disputes between Europeans before Chinese tribunals. They neither admitted ambassadors at Peking nor acknowledged consuls at the ports. The consequence may be traced by a comparison between China and Turkey. While the Emperor at Peking and his viceroys exercise their powers perfectly intact, the Sultan and his ministers are scarcely free agents. They are worried to death by the intrigues of half-a-dozen embassies, who force their counsels on the Porte in a tone which frequently differs little from commands, and it is only by counter-intrigues and sowing dissensions among the embassies (generally no very difficult matter) that the Porte can hope to have a free field for exercising its own judgment. At every petty town or seaport there are consuls with nothing to do but to find out grievances, which may or may not affect their own countrymen; for matters which purely concern the internal administration of the country, are often

the subject of correspondence between the ambassador and subordinate diplomatic and consular agents. There is hardly a Turkish official who has not got disgusted with the very name of reform from the constant interference of some consular agent, who is sure to claim credit for every measure that is successful, whilst he is equally ready with his "I told you how it would be," after every failure. But if the Chinese mandarins may congratulate themselves on their freedom from the barbarian interference with which the Turks are hampered, what must they think of the manner in which our supremacy has been established in India? If the Great Mogul and his satraps had kept the East India Company's agents in Calcutta or Madras at the same distance that the Emperor of China and his mandarins did at Canton, the descendants of Akbar might still be seated on the throne of Delhi. Lord Canning, instead of ruling supreme in India, might be now ascending the Ganges as ambassador extraordinary to the Delhi court, bearing an autograph letter from her Majesty, to be presented, with due respect, to the man who is now a wretched exile in Burmah.

The French and English adventurers, who were permitted to wander over Hindostan, first used the native princes as tools to fight out quarrels between Europeans, and the victorious party ended by absorbing half the country to itself. On the other hand, if the Emperor of China had opened up his territories in the same manner, the Europeans would, in all probability, have taken one side or another in the many disturbances which have occurred throughout that vast region within the last two centuries; and a few battalions instructed in western discipline would have been sufficient on any occasion to have turned the scale. These dangerous allies would have been bribed by the cession of towns or territory, and probably all the seaboard of China worth

having would have become a dependency of some distant power. In both instances, something has been gained and something lost. India is intersected by telegraphs, and promises, in a few years, to be intersected by railways; life and property are secure, and about a thousandth part of the inhabitants have acquired a considerable degree of "enlightenment;" but not a single native in the British dominions can aspire to any government office of the slightest importance. China has benefited nothing by electricity or steam, and knowledge from without is strictly excluded. But not a single government office, with one or two exceptions in the Custom-house, is filled by foreigners. Looking at it from a European point of view, we are not prepared to offer an opinion as to which country has gained the most; but we are quite sure that, if the Emperor of China, the Emperor of Delhi, and the Sultan were to talk it over together, the Tartar would chuckle immensely over his superior sagacity, and his Mohammedan brethren at once acknowledge that the Chinese had discovered the true system of dealing with infidels.

Lin demanded that all the English merchants should sign a bond, agreeing to submit to the law in case of conviction. This they declined to do; but, at the instance of Captain Elliott, the superintendent, opium to the value of £2,500,000 was given up and destroyed by the Chinese. At the same time the superintendent and the British merchants quitted Canton for Macao and Hong-Kong. Lin was by no means satisfied by the surrender of the opium, but continued annoying the British in every possible way, and at last sent proclamations round the coast placing a price upon their heads.

The English Government had before this sent orders for the despatch of a force from India to China, which arrived in 1840. As this was the first time a European nation had attempted to coerce the Chinese, Captain Elliott, who conducted the

diplomatic duties, had no means of judging how far it would be necessary to push hostilities before the Government yielded to our demands. During the first year, almost every alternate month saw a fresh armistice and a fresh resumption of hostilities. Whenever the Chinese wished to obtain a little delay, they sent in some mandarins with a flag of truce, who were invariably found to have no powers to treat, and no inclination to listen to any reasonable terms. In 1841, Sir Hugh Gough assumed command of the land forces, Admiral Parker of the fleet, and Colonel Sir Henry Pottinger (an officer of the Bombay army), well known as a diplomatist in India, arrived as Her Majesty's minister-Plenipotentiary, with full powers to conclude a peace. Several operations were carried on in 1841, enough to convince the minister and general that the Emperor would not submit until some decisive blow had been struck. They determined to ascend the river Yang-tse-Kiang to Chin-kiang-foo, and, if necessary, to Nankin, the ancient capital of China, and still a place of great importance. The circumstances of both these towns is much altered from what it was twenty years ago. Chin-kiang-foo is situated at the junction of the Grand Canal with the Yang-tse-Kiang. This noble river divides China into two parts; and almost all the traffic from the southern half of the empire, including immense supplies of rice for the capital, passed by the Grand Canal. Almost all the provinces of China furnish a tribute of grain, which is stored by the Government at Peking. It was reckoned that ten thousand tribute grain-junks were engaged in this inland navigation; but, as we have previously stated, the Grand Canal is now ruined, and the capacious grain-junks lie rotting on its banks. The town of Chin-kiang-foo has thus lost much of its importance; whilst Nankin has for ten years been the capital of the Tae-ping dynasty, or rebels, as they have been hitherto called, although doubts are begin-

ning to arise whether the Emperor at Nankin is not as good as his Tartar rival at Pekin.

The English army wintered in 1841-42 at Ningpo, and it was not until May that a forward movement took place. The first point of attack was the town of Chapoo, to the north of Ningpo, where there was a strong Tartar garrison. This operation did not much affect the general conduct of the campaign, for the troops only disembarked, captured the town, and returned on board their ships. The Tartars did not await their approach inside the town, but gave battle outside the walls, and were easily defeated, with the exception of one party, who took refuge in a temple, and were not dislodged for three hours. Our loss was sixty killed and wounded.

Lieutenant Ochterlony, of the Madras Engineers, gives a terrible account of the aspect of the Tartar portion of Chapoo after its capture; "As this place afforded the first opportunity which the expedition had enjoyed of inspecting that remarkable system of living apart from the Chinese pursued by the Tartars in all towns where they adopted permanent residences, much interest was excited by the investigation of the buildings included in what was styled the 'Tartar City.' It was found to contain, besides magazines for arms, powder, saltpetre, and grain, and a foundry on a small scale, several exceedingly commodious ranges of barracks, consisting of rows of small houses in streets, with cooking-houses and small plots of ground attached to every two, with guard-houses and parade-grounds in their vicinity; and the whole united in a manner which proved that the discipline maintained (as the sole foundation of the Manchow dynasty) would suffer but little by comparison with that of our more refined armies of Europe.

"Miserable, however, was the spectacle presented by the interior of most of the better class of houses

in the 'Tartar City,' on the entrance of our troops. Strewed on the floors, or suspended from the rafters, were to be seen the bodies of women and young children, bloody from the wounds by which their lives had been cut short, or swollen and blackened by the effects of poison. Impelled by the same feeling of exclusiveness and pride which characterises their habits of life as well as of government, it seems that the Tartars of Chapoo, even when defeated and driven from their intrenchments on the heights, never for a moment contemplated removing their families from the town, and escaping beyond our pursuit; but, with a stern resolution to maintain to the last the inviolability of their homes (which, though we decry it as barbarian, must yet command a share of our respect), preferred staining them with their blood to surviving to abandon them to the presence and polluting touch of the invader.

"Of the females found dead and dying, many had evidently not been their own executioners; but the greater number appeared to have destroyed themselves by strangulation, after hearing of the defeat of their troops outside the city, and impelled, doubtless, by the exhortations and threats of the fugitives from the field, and by the near approach of the dreadful foreigners, at whose hands they had been taught to expect the most unheard-of atrocities. Many Tartar soldiers were also found dead within the city, with their throats cut, apparently by their own daggers, who must have thus fearfully ended their career, after consummating the cruel sacrifice of the lives dearest to them. Some few who yet retained life were removed from the scene of desolation which their homes presented, and placed in a house which was converted into an hospital, where they received every care which surgical skill and the compassion felt for them could prompt; but many perished miserably, and those chiefly of the fami-

lies of the mandarins and upper classes."

From Chapoo the force proceeded to the mouth of the Yang-tse-Kiang, or "Child of the Ocean," and, when assembled, amounted to nine thousand excellent troops, besides three thousand seamen, two-thirds of whom were disposable for shore employment. On the 21st the town of Chin-kiang-foo was captured after some hours' fighting, and the same scenes of horror which the English had witnessed in the Tartar quarters of Chapoo were again presented. Women and children, old men and maidens, lay where the ruthless hand of a husband, a father, or a son had struck them down. It was not only those who, from sex or age, could offer no resistance to an enemy that met with such a fate. Sturdy Tartar soldiers lay weltering in the blood which issued from self-inflicted wounds.

When their general found the rampart was lost and the day going against him, he collected his troops in the Tartar quarter, and urged them to retake the city defences, or, if they could not succeed, at any rate not to survive the disgrace of defeat. The general did not altogether mean that they should die sword in hand according to our acceptance of the term: he meant that the best thing they could do was to kill the enemy, and the next best thing was to cut their own throats. The general set an excellent example of this extraordinary system of warfare, which would deny him who fights and runs away his proverbial chance of achieving distinction on some more auspicious occasion. When all hope was gone, instead of throwing himself on the English bayonets, he collected his official papers in a private room, locked the door, and burned himself.

The English army moved up in its transports to Nankin, and landed before that city; but the Chinese Government were now thoroughly alarmed, and concluded an armis-

tice on the terms offered by Colonel Pottinger. The important Treaty of Nankin was shortly afterwards signed and ratified. The principal points were, that the five ports of Canton, Amoy, Fuhshan, Ningpo, and Shanghai should be thrown open to British trade and residence; the island of Hong-Kong ceded to Great Britain, and an indemnity of £5,000,000 paid by China. The trade of Shanghai alone now amounts to £30,000,000. Compared with this rapidity of growth, that of every other commercial city fades into insignificance.

The history of our intercourse with China for the fourteen years succeeding the Treaty of Nankin was fortunately a sufficient blank to leave neither special embassies nor warlike enterprises to record. But on the 8th October 1856 the famous Arrow lorcha was boarded by Canton officials, and her crew imprisoned. This stretch of authority produced results of which we have not yet seen the end. Most of our readers heard enough about the Arrow three years ago. She seems to have been a Chinese vessel, with an English flag and a pirate crew, and has certainly been the cause of more trouble than any fleet of first-rates that ever put to sea. The Governor of Canton, the notorious Yeh, so far yielded to the remonstrances of our superintendent, that he gave up the crew, but declined any apology. Upon this, the "question" was put into the hands of the naval authorities, where it did not progress more rapidly than in the hands of the civilians. All that the admiral could make of it, after knocking down a good many forts and houses, and burning a good many junks, was to apply to the Governor-General of India for five thousand men. The Governor-General, who in three months' time was about to require a reinforcement of fifty thousand, and had already sufficient cause for alarm, was in no position to comply. The English Government were

also aware that India was more likely to need troops than to spare them, and in the spring of 1857 despatched five thousand men to China. The Earl of Elgin was appointed her Majesty's High Commissioner to settle affairs in China, and accredited as ambassador to the Emperor. While the transports were sailing wearily round the Cape of Good Hope, Lord Elgin proceeded, as fast as railways and steamships could take him, by the "overland" route. At Ceylon he heard the first dark rumours of the Indian mutiny, which were amply confirmed at Singapore. Lord Elgin, with a spirit not always to be found among persons in authority, whether great or small, at once decided that Lord Canning's necessity was greater than his own, and left orders for the China transports to proceed to Calcutta instead of Canton. On arriving at Canton in July, his Excellency found a poor field open for diplomacy. The English factory had been abandoned six months before, and it was all our handful of sickly soldiers and marines could do to hold a position on the Canton river at all. An English steamer had been seized by Chinese passengers, and the heads of her crew paraded on pikes in Canton. Yeh was passing through triumphal arches at Canton, and his despatches were spreading delight through the palaces of Peking. Lord Elgin felt that his position at Hongkong, waiting for reinforcements, would not be a very dignified one, and passed August and September in a trip to Calcutta. It was not till December that he felt himself strong enough to send in an ultimatum. Baron Gros, who had arrived as plenipotentiary from the French Emperor, acted in concert with Lord Elgin. As Yeh's answer was unsatisfactory, the question was again placed in the hands of the naval and military authorities. They took a number of forts and junks, as usual; and in the beginning of January both the city of Canton and the Governor-General

fell into their hands. The latter event gave much scandal to Chinese patriots. They regarded Yeh's being taken alive instead of committing suicide with a feeling of shame, like that with which an Englishman regards the downfall of Lord Bacon. Yeh had probably taken a great many more bribes in his life than Lord Bacon ever did, and his countrymen would have thought him a great fool if he had not. But he had been raised to the highest rank in China, and congratulated by his sovereign on the success of his policy in dealing with those very barbarians into whose hands he had fallen. It was a lamentable instance of the petty weaknesses to which great minds are subject, that a statesman of such repute should not know when the proper time had come to swallow an ounce of poison or rip up his stomach. Yeh was sent to Calcutta, where he died, and Canton was declared to be in the military occupation of the Allies; but as they could not have conducted the civil administration, they re-established Pihkwei, the former governor under Yeh, who consented to take the office.

In February the plenipotentiaries proceeded to Shanghai, and addressed a letter to the prime-minister Yuh, demanding that a commissioner, with full powers, should be sent to Shanghai to arrange the terms of a peace. Yuh did not condescend to answer this letter himself, but instructed the authorities of the two Kiangs (the province in which Shanghai is situated) to inform Lord Elgin that barbarian affairs would be settled at Canton and no other place, and the sooner he and his colleagues returned there the better. This letter was of course returned with an intimation that Lord Elgin would "proceed at once to the north, in order that he may place himself in more direct communication with the high officers of the imperial government at the capital."

To the north, accordingly, the plenipotentiaries proceeded, and

arrived at the mouth of the Peiho in the middle of April : a trying time ensued. Lord Elgin had been informed, or understood that he had been informed, that the fleet of gunboats, on which he depended for forcing a passage up the Peiho if opposed, would be in the Pechellee gulf as soon as himself. But the gunboats, delayed by the adverse gales of the monsoon, did not arrive for five weeks, during which period his Excellency had to remain fretting on board *H. M. frigate Furious*. Meantime the Chinese took care to improve this period of inaction. The grain junks for Peking, which the gunboats might have stopped, continued to stream past, and labourers swarmed like ants about the fortifications at the mouth of the Peiho. This last, indeed, was labour in vain, as our fleet shortly proved ; but an interruption of the grain tribute would have given material annoyance to the Chinese. Something might have been done with the small force already assembled ; but Lord Elgin, to prevent the appearance of his inactivity being altogether compulsory, renewed a correspondence with the Court at Peking, and did not wish to carry on hostilities simultaneously with negotiation. By the 20th May the gunboats were at last assembled, and, as the Chinese remained obstinate, an attack was made on the forts. The Chinese engineers had made these very strong in front, but apparently had not calculated on any one taking such an unhandsome advantage as to attack them in rear. The Admiral, having no scruples on this point, landed a party of blue-jackets and marines, who quickly cleared out the garrisons.

Two days afterwards the Admiral, followed shortly by the plenipotentiaries, moved up the Peiho to Tientsin without opposition ; and two commissioners, furnished in every respect with the necessary powers, soon appeared to conclude a treaty.

The negotiations in general pro-

ceeded satisfactorily. But the commissioners strenuously opposed the clauses by which free intercourse was established to all parts of China for trading purposes, and a British minister entitled to reside at Peking. On the evening previous to that fixed for signing the treaty, the commissioners piteously entreated that these clauses might be omitted, for concession would involve the loss of their own heads, agreeably to an imperial decree just received. This novel weapon in the diplomatic armoury somewhat discomposed the Ambassador. It would be disagreeable for two headless Chinese ghosts to haunt his dreams in after life. But after due deliberation he held firm. The treaty remained intact, and so did the necks of the Chinese commissioners, although they richly deserved the fate which they had the impudence to pretend was impending over them. A few days after the treaty was signed at Tientsin, it received the imperial assent, and was despatched by the hands of Mr. Bruce to England. We have not dwelt much on these events, which are so agreeably described in Mr. Oliphant's valuable work. The Ambassador and his suite left Tientsin in good spirits. He did not know that the treaty was a sham—worth exactly the paper it was written upon, and no more. He did not know that when his brother presented it in the following year as a passport to ascend the Peiho, he would be answered by cannon-balls : still less could Lord Elgin imagine that in little more than two years he would be the master of Peking. Such, however, was and is the case. Mr. Bruce, her Majesty's Envoy, and bearer of the ratified treaty, was refused admittance to the Peiho ; and when the matter was, as usual, placed in the hands of the naval authorities, they met with a very unusual resistance. The fight on the Peiho was ably described in the number of this Magazine for December 1859. Its tidings were received in England with feelings of indignation and sor-

row for those who fell, not unmixed with pride at the gallant bearing of our sailors. It was long since our vessels had been so sharply engaged. During the Russian war our sailors had plenty of hard work and hard fighting in the batteries at Sebastopol, but the ships were rarely under fire. The greatest modern hero which our navy has produced, and who met such a melancholy fate on the banks of the Ganges, gained all his laurels ashore. But at the Peiho, British sailors stood on their own decks, and fought till their vessels sank under the enemy's fire.

To avenge the treacherous reception which our Minister encountered at Taku, and (we quote Lord Elgin's reply to an address from the merchants of Shanghai) to place the relations with China upon a permanently peaceful and satisfactory footing, England and France sent large armaments to China. Our army was almost entirely despatched from India, and like most of the expeditions which have sailed from that country, was admirably equipped. The right General was sent with the right force at the right time: twelve thousand men, including one thousand cavalry, and more than two thousand artillery and engineers, arrived with scarcely an accident in China. The correspondent of the *Times* newspaper has given an excellent account of their proceedings in a more lively form than the official despatches. The fate of this gentleman is, we fear, now too certain. The British were ready in June; but the French, who had not such an inexhaustible depot as ourselves to fall back upon, delayed operations for some weeks. While waiting for our allies, the army was encamped at Teh-lien-Hwang, on the north-west side of the Gulf of Pechellee, and the French collected their troops at Chefow, on the opposite shore of the gulf, about twelve hours' steaming from our camp; the mouth of the Peiho, with the forts destined to be the first object of attack, lying

at the head of the gulf, about thirty hours' passage from each camp. The Allies landed without opposition at the town of Pehtang, situated on a river which discharges itself into the sea a few miles north-east of the Peiho. As this town was surrounded by a swamp, across which a narrow causeway led into the open country, there was no camping-ground on which tents could be pitched; and necessity compelled Sir H. Grant to order the houses to be evacuated and turned into quarters for the troops during the process of landing the artillery and stores. On the 12th August an advance was made to attack a Tartar camp which lay between Pehtang and the Taku forts. The Tartars, of course, had no chance. What could horsemen — one-sixth of whom had matchlocks, one-tenth spears, and the remainder bows and arrows — do against the battalions and squadrons of England and France? Even Dugald Dalgetty laughed at bows and arrows; and the gallant major, with all his experience under Gustavus and Wallenstein, had never seen an Armstrong gun or an Enfield rifle. It was not till the 20th that all was ready for attacking the Taku forts, and the real fighting began. The garrison was far better armed than their mounted comrades. They had abundance of hand-grenades and stink-pots, and there was a tough mud wall, a bamboo *chevaux-de-frise*, and a ditch from four to seven feet deep, to break the serried ranks of their assailants. The latter advanced, under cover of a heavy fire from upwards of thirty guns, against the fort selected for attack. A party of marines and sappers attempted to bring forward pontoons to form a bridge across the ditch; but the first pontoon was destroyed, and the whole party ultimately repulsed, by the defenders. But Lieutenant Rogers of the 44th, wading up to his neck in water, got across the ditch, and pulled up some of the spikes forming the *chevaux-de-frise*. Others of his regiment and the 67th

followed, and established a footing on the berm, or space between the ditch and wall. There remained the wall to scale, from which an abundant shower of stink-pots and cannon-balls was dropping on their heads. After some unsuccessful endeavours at climbing, Lieutenant Lenon of the 67th inserted the point of his sword into the wall, and Rogers, placing his foot upon the sword, scrambled into an embrasure.

The French, who displayed equal gallantry, adopted a device for crossing the ditch which was quickly imitated by ourselves. The scaling-ladders, carried by Chinese coolies, with which each party was provided—but the French brought more rapidly forward than the English—were long enough to cross the ditch. The coolies, leaping into the water, steadied them in the centre upon their shoulders, and the infantry had no difficulty in passing over the bridges thus supported by human piers.

Two Frenchmen who reached the summit were struck down; and just before Lieutenant Rogers entered the embrasure, a French drummer, Jean Fauchard by name, surmounted the parapet-wall, and these two heroes assisted their comrades in the ascent. Ensign Chaplin of the 67th was wounded by a bullet, but, rushing forward, he planted the colours of H.M. 67th Regiment on the highest point of the fort. More than three hundred men, of whom two-thirds were English, fell in the assault. The remaining forts on both sides of the river were surrendered without resistance.

After the capture of these forts, the army advanced to Tientsin, forty miles distant. Here the mandarins tried to befool the Ambassadors, who were, however, in no humour to be trifled with, considering what recollections Tientsin and its treaty brought to their minds; and the armies continued their march towards Peking, now seventy miles distant. In that densely populated country, twenty thousand men, more

or less, made little difference in regard to supplies, which were abundant, while military stores could be brought by the winding channel of the Peiho. On the 18th September, about thirty miles from Peking, there was another attempt at negotiation, and a villanous display of treachery. While Messrs. Parkes and Loch were arranging with some mandarins the site which the English army were to occupy during a proposed armistice, they and the officers who accompanied them were surrounded by Tartar cavalry and made prisoners. The result we all know. Two of the prisoners died from brutal treatment, and the others, there is no longer room for doubt, were butchered. Messrs. Parkes and Loch, after suffering every indignity, were released. On the same day Sir Hope Grant, instead of obtaining peaceable possession of his camping-ground, had to drive away the Tartars. On this occasion, and on the 21st, the enemy showed in great numerical force, and more than a hundred guns were taken from their intrenchments, with a loss on our side of three killed and forty-eight wounded. The Emperor fled to Tartary; Peking surrendered without a blow; and thus ended, according to the last intelligence from St. Petersburg, the campaign of 1860 in China. One month ago this news would have created the greatest satisfaction. But we cannot forget that this treaty of Peking, whatever its terms, has been signed by hands yet reeking with innocent blood. The Emperor may grant unrestricted freedom of commerce, he may consent to an ample indemnity for war expenses, but he cannot give back life to our foully-murdered countrymen. We have, indeed, little cause to desire the continuance of this Mantchow dynasty; it is their exclusive policy which has so long shut us out of China. It is they who have made up their minds to break treaties before they were signed, and used flags of truce to lure Englishmen to destruction. We desire to keep clear ourselves of the internal commo-

tions in the Celestial Empire, but if the Taepings ever garnish the Pekin gateways with the heads of Tartar chieftains, and drive the Tartar armies back to those fastnesses whence their ancestors emerged, it need not excite one spark of pity in English breasts.

If the results of the present treaty, or rather of the past war, is to open up China, we shall learn something regarding these rebels, as the Tartars and ourselves call them, or the national Chinese party, as Mr. Scarth calls them, with at least equal reason. At present we are totally ignorant of their power and principles; but if they are really a party organised to throw off the Tartar yoke, they must have many sympathisers both without and within the Celestial Empire. Sir George Staunton says, that at the time of Lord Macartney's embassy it was "a common saying in those provinces of China where these invaders (Tartars) most abound, that no half-dozen natives are assembled together for an hour before they begin to clamour against the Tartars."

The Emperor of the Taepings at Nankin will probably one day discover the easiest method of dethroning his Tartar rival, and the Tartar's exclusiveness become the means of his downfall. A few officers of any European nation, with a practical knowledge of war and a smattering of Chinese, could soon teach the Taeping soldiers how to march victorious from one end of China to the other. The veriest trace of organization in their staff, and of discipline in the men, would render them far superior to the Tartar hordes who fight beneath the Manchow banners. Half-a-dozen drilled battalions and squadrons, even of Chinese, would be equal to all the Tartar cavalry; and half-a-dozen field-pieces, organised with horses and men into a field-battery, would be better than the hundreds of immovable lumbering guns which are placed in the Tartar camps, and cannot even point to the right hand or left, much less conform to the

manceuvres of the other two arms. Half-a-dozen sappers (and the Chinese would become excellent sappers) could in as many hours, with a few barrels of powder, make a practicable breach in the walls of almost every fortified town in China.

By reviewing the experience of past embassies, we may form some idea of the chances that our present treaty will be fulfilled. Lord Macartney and Lord Amherst obtained nothing whatever from the Court at Pekin—scarcely a promise that more attention would be given to foreign affairs. The only result of their missions was an improvement in the bearing of the Canton mandarins, just as a lacquey is more civil to any one who has access to his master. Sir Henry Pottinger obtained great and durable concessions. But the Chinese had remained unmoved during two years of petty warfare. It was when he had struck a vital blow, and stood in a position to follow it up, that the Government yielded. They signed a treaty, and, what is more, they fulfilled its principal conditions. The five ports were opened, and the immense indemnity paid. We did not consider it prudent to press them too hard on the subject of a resident minister, or free access to all parts of the open ports. Lord Elgin had not the advantage of signing his first treaty with a large army at his back. He could not have moved a step beyond Tientsin; he could not even have landed a thousand men there. The Chinese were perfectly aware of this. We have discovered, from intercepted despatches, that the clerks employed in the offices of our interpreters transmit correct intelligence to the enemy's camp, and it is impossible to prevent them. The mandarins were extremely annoyed when they found our gunboats in the Peiho. They had boasted to Count Putiatine, the Russian Ambassador, that the Peiho, at any rate, was not navigable for ships of war, and made little preparation in consequence.

They probably argued in this way: Elgin has got a very small force with him, yet he brought all he could muster. If it had not been for the blunders of those stupid mandarins intrusted with defending the entrance of the Peiho (whose heads have been deservedly cut off), he would never have got into the river. Let us only get him out, and such mistakes shall not occur again. While the negotiations were going on at Tientsin, a Tartar army was assembling at the capital. The British Ambassador and his gunboats were got rid of by an amount of solemn perfidy that has never been surpassed. When they were clear of the river, the Tartars were at

once cantoned at Taku, and fresh fortifications thrown up.

After this it must be manifest that no Chinese pledges, however solemn, are worth anything in themselves. The Treaty of Peking may be as false as the Treaty of Tientsin; but there is this ground for hope, that as the circumstances under which it was signed were more analogous to those of the Treaty of Nankin, so the conditions may, like those of the Nankin Treaty, be more faithfully adhered to. If not, there is but one course left: we must hold out our hand to the Taepings, and try if they are more honourable, as they cannot be more false, than the Tartars.

HORROR: A TRUE TALE.

I WAS but nineteen years of age when the incident occurred which has thrown a shadow over my life; and, ah me! how many and many a weary year has dragged by since then! Young, happy, and beloved, I was in those long-departed days. They said that I was beautiful. The mirror now reflects a haggard old woman with ashen lips and face of deadly pallor. But do not fancy that you are listening to a mere pining lament. It is not the flight of years that has brought me to be this wreck of my former self: had it been so, I could have borne the loss cheerfully, patiently, as the common lot of all; but it was no natural progress of decay which has robbed me of bloom, of youth, of the hopes and joys that belong to youth, snapped the link that bound my heart to another's, and doomed me to a lone old age. I try to be patient, but my cross has been heavy, and my heart is empty and weary, and I long for the death that comes so slowly to those who pray to die. I will try and relate, exactly as it happened, the event which blighted my life. Though it occurred many years ago, there is no fear that I should have forgotten any of the minutest circumstances: they

were stamped on my brain too clearly and burningly, like the brand of a red-hot iron. I see them written in the wrinkles of my brow, in the dead whiteness of my hair, which was a glossy brown once, and has known no gradual change from dark to grey, from grey to white, as with those happy ones who were the companions of my girlhood, and whose honoured age is soothed by the love of children and grandchildren. But I must not envy them. I only meant to say that the difficulty of my task has no connection with want of memory—I remember but too well. But as I take the pen, my hand trembles, my head swims, the old rushing faintness and Horror comes over me again, and the well-remembered fear is upon me. Yet I will go on. This, briefly, is my story: I was a great heiress, I believe, though I cared little for the fact, but so it was. My father had great possessions, and no son to inherit after him. His three daughters, of whom I was the youngest, were to share the broad acres among them. I have said, and truly, that I cared little for this circumstance; and, indeed, I was so rich then in health and youth and love, that I felt myself quite indif-

ferent to all else. The possession of all the treasures of earth could never have made up for what I then had—and lost, as I am about to relate. Of course, we girls knew that we were heiresses, but I do not think Lucy and Minnie were any the prouder or the happier on that account. I know I was not. Reginald did not court me for my money. Of *that* I felt assured. He proved it, Heaven be praised! when he shrank from my side after the change. Yes, in all my lonely age, I can still be thankful that he did not keep his word, as some would have done, did not clasp at the altar a hand he had learned to loathe and shudder at, because it was full of gold—much gold! At least, he spared me that. And I know that I was loved, and the knowledge has kept me from going mad through many a weary day and restless night, when my hot eyeballs had not a tear to shed, and even to weep was a luxury denied me. Our house was an old Tudor mansion. My father was very particular in keeping the smallest peculiarities of his home unaltered. Thus the many peaks and gables, the numerous turrets, and the mullioned windows with their quaint lozenge panes set in lead, remained very nearly as they had been three centuries back. Over and above the quaint melancholy of our dwelling, with the deep woods of its park and the sullen waters of the mere, our neighbourhood was thinly peopled and primitive, and the people round us were ignorant, and tenacious of ancient ideas and traditions. Thus it was a superstitious atmosphere that we children were reared in, and we heard, from our infancy, countless tales of horror, some mere fables doubtless, others legends of dark deeds of the olden times, exaggerated by credulity and the love of the marvellous. Our mother had died when we were young, and our other parent being, though a kind father, much absorbed in affairs of various kinds, as an active magistrate and landlord, there was no one to check the unwholesome stream of tradition with

which our plastic minds were inundated in the company of nurses and servants. As years went on, however, the old ghostly tales partially lost their effects, and our undisciplined minds were turned more towards balls, dresses, and partners, and other matters airy and trivial, more welcome to our riper age. It was at a county assembly that Reginald and I first met—met and loved. Yes, I am sure that he loved me with all his heart. It was not as deep a heart as some, I have thought in my grief and anger; but I never doubted its truth and honesty. Reginald's father and mine approved of our growing attachment; and as for myself, I know I was so happy then, that I look back upon those fleeting moments as on some delicious dream. I now come to the change. I have lingered on my childish reminiscences, my bright and happy youth, and now I must tell the rest—the blight and the sorrow. It was Christmas, always a joyful and a hospitable time in the country, especially in such an old hall as our home, where quaint customs and frolics were much clung to, as part and parcel of the very dwelling itself. The hall was full of guests—so full, indeed, that there was great difficulty in providing sleeping accommodation for all. Several narrow and dark chambers in the turrets—mere pigeon-holes, as we irreverently called what had been thought good enough for the stately gentlemen of Elizabeth's reign—were now allotted to bachelor visitors, after having been empty for a century. All the spare rooms in the body and wings of the hall were occupied, of course; and the servants who had been brought down were lodged at the farm and at the keeper's, so great was the demand for space. At last the unexpected arrival of an elderly relative, who had been asked months before, but scarcely expected, caused great commotion. My aunts went about wringing their hands distractedly. Lady Speldhurst was a personage

of some consequence; she was a distant cousin, and had been for years on cool terms with us all, on account of some fancied affront or slight when she had paid her *last* visit, about the time of my christening. She was seventy years old; she was infirm, rich, and testy; moreover, she was my godmother, though I had forgotten the fact, but it seems that though I had formed no expectations of a legacy in my favour, my aunts had done so for me. Aunt Margaret was especially eloquent on the subject. "There isn't a room left," she said; "was ever anything so unfortunate! We cannot put Lady Speldhurst into the turrets, and yet where *is* she to sleep?" And Rosa's godmother, too! poor dear child! how dreadful! After all these years of estrangement, and with a hundred thousand in the funds, and no comfortable warm room at her own unlimited disposal—and Christmas, of all times 'in the year!' What *was* to be done? My aunts could not resign their own chambers to Lady Speldhurst, because they had already given them up to some of the married guests. My father was the most hospitable of men, but he was rheumatic, gouty, and methodical. His sisters-in-law dared not propose to shift his quarters, and indeed he would have far sooner dined on prison fare than have been translated to a strange bed. The matter ended in my giving up my room. I had a strange reluctance to making the offer, which surprised myself. Was it a boding of evil to come? I cannot say. We are strangely and wonderfully made. It *may* have been. At any rate, I do not think it was any selfish unwillingness to make an old and infirm lady comfortable by a trifling sacrifice. I was perfectly healthy and strong. The weather was not cold for the time of year. It was a dark moist Yule—not a snowy one, though snow brooded overhead in the darkling clouds. I *did* make the offer, which became me, I said with a laugh, as the youngest. My sisters

laughed too, and made a jest of my evident wish to propitiate my godmother. "She is a fairy godmother, Rosa," said Minnie; "and you know she was affronted at your christening, and went away muttering vengeance. Here she is coming back to see you; I hope she brings golden gifts with her." I thought little of Lady Speldhurst and her possible golden gifts. I cared nothing for the wonderful fortune in the funds that my aunts whispered and nodded about so mysteriously. But, since then, I have wondered whether, had I then shown myself peevish or obstinate, had I refused to give up my room for the expected kinswoman, it would not have altered the whole of my life? But then Lucy or Minnie would have offered in my stead, and been sacrificed—what do I say?—better that the blow should have fallen as it did, than on those dear ones. The chamber to which I removed was a dim little triangular room in the western wing, and was only to be reached by traversing the picture-gallery, or by mounting a little flight of stone stairs which led directly upwards from the low-browed arch of a door that opened into the garden. There was one more room on the same landing-place, and this was a mere receptacle for broken furniture, shattered toys, and all the lumber that *will* accumulate in a country-house. The room I was to inhabit for a few nights was a tapestry-hung apartment, with faded green curtains of some costly stuff, contrasting oddly with a new carpet and the bright fresh hangings of the bed, which had been hurriedly erected. The furniture was half old, half new, and on the dressing-table stood a very quaint oval mirror, in a frame of black wood—unpolished ebony, I think. I can remember the very pattern of the carpet, the number of chairs, the situation of the bed, the figures on the tapestry. Nay, I can recollect not only the colour of the dress I wore on that fatal evening, but the arrangement of every scrap of lace and ribbon, of every flower,

every jewel, with a memory but too perfect. Scarcely had my maid finished spreading out my various articles of attire for the evening (when there was to be a great dinner-party), when the rumble of a carriage announced that Lady Speldhurst had arrived. The short winter's day drew to a close, and a large number of guests were gathered together in the ample drawing-room, around the blaze of the wood fire, after dinner. My father, I recollect, was not with us at first. There were some squires of the old hard-riding, hard-drinking stamp still lingering over their port in the dining-room, and the host, of course, could not leave them. But the ladies and all the younger gentlemen—both those who slept under our roof, and those who would have a dozen miles of fog and mire to encounter on their road home—were all together. Need I say that Reginald was there? He sat near me—my accepted lover, my plighted future husband. We were to be married in the spring. My sisters were not far off; they, too, had found eyes that sparkled and softened in meeting theirs, had found hearts that beat responsive to their own. And, in their cases, no rude frost nipped the blossom ere it became the fruit; there was no canker in their flowerets of young hope, no cloud in their sky. Innocent and loving, they were beloved by men worthy their esteem.

The room, a large and lofty one, with an arched roof, had somewhat of a sombre character from being wainscoted and ceiled with polished black oak of a great age. There were mirrors, and there were pictures on the walls and handsome furniture, and marble chimney-pieces, and a gay Tournay carpet; but these merely appeared as bright spots on the dark background of the Elizabethan wood-work. Many lights were burning, but the blackness of the walls and roof seemed absolutely to swallow up their rays, like the mouth of a cavern. A hundred candles could not have given that apartment the cheerful lightness of a modern

drawing-room. But the gloomy richness of the panels matched well with the ruddy gleam from the enormous wood fire, in which, crackling and glowing, now lay the mighty Yule log. Quite a blood-red lustre poured forth from the fire, and quivered on the walls and the groined roof. We had gathered round the vast antique hearth in a wide circle. The quivering light of the fire and candles fell upon us all, but not equally, for some were in shadow. I remember still how tall and manly and handsome Reginald looked that night, taller by the head than any there, and full of high spirits and gaiety. I, too, was in the highest spirits; never had my bosom felt lighter, and I believe it was my mirth which gradually gained the rest, for I recollect what a blithe, joyous company we seemed. All save one. Lady Speldhurst, dressed in grey silk and wearing a quaint head-dress, sat in her armchair, facing the fire, very silent, with her hands and her sharp chin propped on a sort of ivory-handled crutch that she walked with (for she was lame), peering at me with half-shut eyes. She was a little spare old woman, with very keen delicate features of the French type. Her grey silk dress, her spotless lace, old-fashioned jewels, and prim neatness of array, were well suited to the intelligence of her face, with its thin lips, and eyes of a piercing black, undimmed by age. Those eyes made me uncomfortable, in spite of my gaiety, as they followed my every movement with curious scrutiny. Still I was very merry and gay; my sisters even wondered at my ever-ready mirth, which was almost wild in its excess. I have heard since then of the Scottish belief that those doomed to some great calamity become *fey*, and are never so disposed for merriment and laughter as just before the blow falls. If ever mortal was *fey*, then, I was so on that evening. Still, though I strove to shake it off, the pertinacious observation of old Lady Speldhurst's eyes did

make an impression on me of a vaguely disagreeable nature. Others, too, noticed her scrutiny of me, but set it down as a mere eccentricity of a person always reputed whimsical, to say the least of it.

However, this disagreeable sensation lasted but a few moments. After a short pause my aunt took her part in the conversation, and we found ourselves listening to a weird legend which the old lady told exceedingly well. One tale led to another. Every one was called on in turn to contribute to the public entertainment, and story after story, always relating to demonology and witchcraft, succeeded. It was Christmas, the season for such tales; and the old room with its dusky walls and pictures, and vaulted roof, drinking up the light so greedily, seemed just fitted to give effect to such legendary lore. The huge logs crackled and burnt with glowing warmth; the blood-red glare of the Yule log flashed on the faces of the listeners and narrator, on the portraits, and the holly wreathed about their frames, and the upright old dame in her antiquated dress and trinkets, like one of the originals of the pictures stepped from the canvas to join our circle. It threw a shimmering lustre of an ominously ruddy hue upon the oaken panels. No wonder that the ghost and goblin stories had a new zest. No wonder that the blood of the more timid grew chill and curdled, that their flesh crept, and their hearts beat irregularly, and the girls peeped fearfully over their shoulders, and huddled close together like frightened sheep, and half fancied they beheld some impish and malignant face gibbering at them from the darkling corners of the old room. By degrees my high spirits died out, and I felt the childish tremors, long latent, long forgotten, coming over me. I followed each story with painful interest; I did not ask myself if I believed the dismal tales. I listened, and fear grew upon me—the blind, irrational fear of our nursery

days. I am sure most of the other ladies present, young or middle-aged, were affected by the circumstances under which these traditions were heard, no less than by the wild and fantastic character of them. But with them the impression would die out next morning, when the bright sun should shine on the frosted boughs, and the rime on the grass, and the scarlet berries and green spikelets of the holly; and with me—but, ah! what was to happen ere another day dawn? Before we had made an end of this talk, my father and the other squires came in, and we ceased our ghost stories, ashamed to speak of such matters before these new comers—hard-headed, unimaginative men, who had no sympathy with idle legends. There was now a stir and bustle.

Servants were handing round tea and coffee, and other refreshments. Then there was a little music and singing. I sang a duet with Reginald, who had a fine voice and good musical skill. I remember that my singing was much praised, and indeed I was surprised at the power and pathos of my own voice, doubtless due to my excited nerves and mind. Then I heard some one say to another that I was by far the cleverest of the Squire's daughters, as well as the prettiest. It did not make me vain. I had no rivalry with Lucy and Minnie. But Reginald whispered some soft fond words in my ear, a little before he mounted his horse to set off homewards, which *did* make me happy and proud. And to think that the next time we met—but I forgave him long ago. Poor Reginald! And now shawls and cloaks were in request, and carriages rolled up to the porch, and the guests gradually departed. At last no one was left but those visitors staying in the house. Then my father, who had been called out to speak with the bailiff of the estate, came back with a look of annoyance on his face. "A strange story I have just been told," said he; "here has been my bailiff to in-

form me of the loss of four of the choicest ewes out of that little flock of Southdowns I set such store by, and which arrived in the north but two months since. And the poor creatures have been destroyed in so strange a manner, for their carcasses are horribly mangled." Most of us uttered some expression of pity or surprise, and some suggested that a vicious dog was probably the culprit. "It would seem so," said my father; "it certainly seems the work of a dog; and yet all the men agree that no dog of such habits exists near us, where, indeed, dogs are scarce, excepting the shepherds' collies and the sporting dogs secured in yards. Yet the sheep are gnawed and bitten, for they show the marks of teeth. Something has done this, and has torn their bodies wolfishly; but apparently it has been only to suck the blood, for little or no flesh is gone." "How strange!" cried several voices. Then some of the gentlemen remembered to have heard of cases when dogs addicted to sheep-killing had destroyed whole flocks, as if in sheer wantonness, scarcely deigning to taste a morsel of each slain wether. My father shook his head. "I have heard of such cases, too," he said; "but in this instance I am tempted to think the malice of some unknown enemy has been at work. The teeth of a dog have been busy, no doubt, but the poor sheep have been mutilated in a fantastic manner, as strange as horrible; their hearts, in especial, have been torn out, and left at some paces off, half-gnawed. Also, the men persist that they found the print of a naked human foot in the soft mud of the ditch, and near it—this." And he held up what seemed a broken link of a rusted iron chain. Many were the ejaculations of wonder and alarm, and many and shrewd the conjectures, but none seemed exactly to suit the bearings of the case. And when my father went on to say that two lambs of the same valuable breed had perished in the same singular manner three days previously, and

that they also were found mangled and gore-stained, the amazement reached a higher pitch. Old Lady Speldhurst listened with calm intelligent attention, but joined in none of our exclamations. At length she said to my father, "Try and recollect—have you no enemy among your neighbours?" My father started, and knit his brows. "Not one that I know of," he replied; and indeed he was a popular man and a kind landlord. "The more lucky you," said the old dame, with one of her grim smiles. It was now late, and we retired to rest before long. One by one the guests dropped off. I was the member of the family selected to escort old Lady Speldhurst to her room—the room I had vacated in her favour. I did not much like the office. I felt a remarkable repugnance to my god-mother, but my worthy aunts insisted so much that I should ingratiate myself with one who had so much to leave, that I could not but comply. The visiter hobbled up the broad oaken stairs actively enough, propped on my arm and her ivory crutch. The room never had looked more genial and pretty, with its brisk fire, modern furniture, and the gay French paper on the walls. "A nice room, my dear, and I ought to be much obliged to you for it, since my maid tells me it is yours," said her ladyship; "but I am pretty sure you repent your generosity to me, after all those ghost stories, and tremble to think of a strange bed and chamber, eh?" I made some commonplace reply. The old lady arched her eyebrows. "Where have they put you, child?" she asked; "in some cockloft of the turrets, eh? or in a lumber-room—a regular ghost-trap? I can hear your heart beating with fear this moment. You are not fit to be alone." I tried to call up my pride, and laugh off the accusation against my courage, all the more, perhaps, because I felt its truth. "Do you want anything more that I can do for you, Lady Speldhurst?" I asked, trying to feign a yawn of sleepiness. The

old dame's keen eyes were upon me. "I rather like you, my dear," she said, "and I liked your mamma well enough before she treated me so shamefully about the christening dinner. Now I know you are frightened and fearful, and if an owl should but flap your window to-night, it might drive you into fits. There is a nice little sofa-bed in this dressing-closet—call your maid to arrange it for you, and you can sleep there snugly, under the old witch's protection, and then no goblin dare harm you, and nobody will be a bit the wiser, or quiz you for being afraid." How little I knew what hung in the balance of my refusal or acceptance of that trivial proffer! Had the veil of the future been lifted for one instant! but that veil is impenetrable to our gaze. Yet, perhaps, *she* had a glimpse of the dim vista beyond, *she* who made the offer; for when I declined, with an affected laugh, she said, in a thoughtful, half abstracted manner, "Well, well! we must all take our own way through life. Good-night, child—pleasant dreams!" And I softly closed the door. As I did so, she looked round at me rapidly, with a glance I have never forgotten, half malicious, half sad, as if she had divined the yawning gulf that was to devour my young hopes. It may have been mere eccentricity, the odd phantasy of a crooked mind, the whimsical conduct of a cynical person, triumphant in the power of affrighting youth and beauty. Or, I have since thought, it *may* have been that this singular guest possessed some such gift as the Highland "second sight," a gift vague, sad, and useless to the possessor, but still sufficient to convey a dim sense of coming evil, and boding doom. And yet, had she really known *what* was in store for me, *what* lurked behind the veil of the future, not even that arid heart could have remained impassive to the cry of humanity. She would, *she must* have snatched me back, even from the edge of the black pit of misery. But, doubtless, she had

not the power. Doubtless she had but a shadowy presentiment, at any rate, of some harm to happen, and could not see, save darkly, into the viewless void where the wisest stumble. I left her door. As I crossed the landing a bright gleam came from another room, whose door was left ajar; it (the light) fell like a bar of golden sheen across my path. As I approached, the door opened, and my sister Lucy, who had been watching for me, came out. She was already in a white cashmere wrapper, over which her loosened hair hung darkly and heavily, like tangles of silk. "Rosa, love," she whispered, "Minnie and I can't bear the idea of your sleeping out there, all alone, in that solitary room—the very room, too, nurse Sherrard used to talk about! So as you know Minnie has given up her room, and come to sleep in mine, still we should so wish you to stop with us to-night, at any rate, and I could make up a bed on the sofa for myself, or you—and——" I stopped Lucy's mouth with a kiss. I declined her offer. I would not listen to it. In fact, my pride was up in arms, and I felt I would rather pass the night in the churchyard itself than accept a proposal dictated, I felt sure, by the notion that my nerves were shaken by the ghostly lore we had been raking up, that I was a weak, superstitious creature, unable to pass a night in a strange chamber. So I would not listen to Lucy, but kissed her, bade her good-night, and went on my way laughing, to show my light heart. Yet, as I looked back in the dark corridor, and saw the friendly door still ajar, the yellow bar of light still crossing from wall to wall, the sweet kind face still peering after me from amid its clustering curls, I felt a thrill of sympathy, a wish to return, a yearning after human love and companionship. False shame was strongest, and conquered. I waved a gay adieu. I turned the corner and peeping over my shoulder, I saw the door close; the bar of yellow light was there no

longer in the darkness of the passage. I thought, at that instant, that I heard a heavy sigh. I looked sharply round. No one was there. No door was open, yet I fancied, and fancied with a wonderful vividness, that I did hear an actual sigh breathed not far off, and plainly distinguishable from the groan of the sycamore branches, as the wind tossed them to and fro in the outer blackness. If ever a mortal's good angel had cause to sigh for sorrow, not sin, mine had cause to mourn that night. But imagination plays us strange tricks, and my nervous system was not over-composed, or very fitted for judicial analysis. I had to go through the picture-gallery. I had never entered this apartment by candle-light before, and I was struck by the gloomy array of the tall portraits, gazing moodily from the canvases on the lozenge-paned or painted windows, which rattled to the blast as it swept howling by. Many of the faces looked stern, and very different from their daylight expression. In others, a furtive flickering smile seemed to mock me, as my candle illumined them; and in all, the eyes, as usual with artistic portraits, seemed to follow my motions with a scrutiny and an interest the more marked for the apathetic immovability of the other features. I felt ill at ease under this stony gaze, though conscious how absurd were my apprehensions; and I called up a smile and an air of mirth, more as if acting a part under the eyes of human beings, than of their mere shadows on the wall. I even laughed as I confronted them. No echo had my short-lived laughter but from the hollow armour and arching roof, and I continued on my way in silence. I have spoken of the armour. Indeed, there was a fine collection of plate and mail, for my father was an enthusiastic antiquary. In especial there were two suits of black armour, erect, and surmounted by helmets with closed visors, which stood as if two mailed champions were guarding the gal-

lery and its treasures. I had often seen these, of course, but never by night, and never when my whole organisation was so overwrought and tremulous as it then was. As I approached the Black Knights, as we had dubbed them, a wild notion seized on me that the figures moved, that men were concealed in the hollow shells which had once been borne in battle and tourney. I knew the idea was childish, yet I approached in irrational alarm, and fancied I absolutely beheld eyes glaring on me from the eyelet-holes in the visors. I passed them by, and then my excited fancy told me that the figures were following me with stealthy strides. I heard a clatter of steel, caused, I am sure, by some more violent gust of wind sweeping the gallery through the crevices of the old windows, and with a smothered shriek I rushed to the door, opened it, darted out, and clapped it to with a bang that echoed through the whole wing of the house. Then by a sudden and not uncommon revulsion of feeling, I shook off my aimless terrors, blushed at my weakness, and sought my chamber only too glad that I had been the only witness of my late tremors. As I entered my chamber, I thought I heard something stir in the neglected lumber-room, which was the only neighbouring apartment. But I was determined to have no more panics, and resolutely shut my ears to this slight and transient noise, which had nothing unnatural in it; for surely, between rats and wind, an old manor-house on a stormy night needs no sprites to disturb it. So I entered my room, and rang for my maid. As I did so, I looked around me, and a most unaccountable repugnance to my temporary abode came over me, in spite of my efforts. It was no more to be shaken off than a chill is to be shaken off when we enter some damp cave. And, rely upon it, the feeling of dislike and apprehension with which we regard, at first sight, certain places and people, was not implanted in us without

some wholesome purpose. I grant it is irrational—mere animal instinct—but is not instinct God's gift, and is it for us to despise it? It is by instinct that children know their friends from their enemies—that they distinguish with such unerring accuracy between those who like them and those who only flatter and hate them. Dogs do the same; they will fawn on one person, they slink snarling from another. Show me a man whom children and dogs shrink from, and I will show you a false, bad man—lies on his lips, and murder at his heart. No; let none despise the heaven-sent gift of innate antipathy, which makes the horse quail when the lion crouches in the thicket—which makes the cattle scent the shambles from afar, and low in terror and disgust as their nostrils snuff the blood-polluted air. I felt this antipathy strongly as I looked around me in my new sleeping-room, and yet I could find no reasonable pretext for my dislike. A very good room it was, after all, now that the green damask curtains were drawn, the fire burning bright and clear, candles burning on the mantelpiece, and the various familiar articles of toilet arranged as usual. The bed, too, looked peaceful and inviting—a pretty little white bed, not at all the gaunt funereal sort of couch which haunted apartments generally contain. My maid entered, and assisted me to lay aside the dress and ornaments I had worn, and arranged my hair, as usual, prattling the while, in Abigail fashion. I seldom cared to converse with servants; but on that night a sort of dread of being left alone—a longing to keep some human being near me—possessed me, and I encouraged the girl to gossip, so that her duties took her half an hour longer to get through than usual. At last, however, she had done all that could be done, and all my questions were answered, and my orders for the morrow reiterated and vowed obedience to, and the clock on the turret struck one.

Then Mary, yawning a little, asked if I wanted anything more, and I was obliged to answer No, for very shame's sake; and she went. The shutting of the door, gently as it was closed, affected me unpleasantly. I took a dislike to the curtains, the tapestry, the dingy pictures—everything. I hated the room. I felt a temptation to put on a cloak, run, half-dressed, to my sister's chamber, and say I had changed my mind, and come for shelter. But they must be asleep, I thought, and I could not be so unkind as to wake them. I said my prayers with unusual earnestness and a heavy heart. I extinguished the candles, and was just about to lay my head on my pillow, when the idea seized me that I would fasten the door. The candles were extinguished, but the fire-light was amply sufficient to guide me. I gained the door. There was a lock, but it was rusty or hampered; my utmost strength could not turn the key. The bolt was broken and worthless. Baulked of my intention, I consoled myself by remembering that I had never had need of fastenings yet, and returned to my bed. I lay awake for a good while, watching the red glow of the burning coals in the grate. I was quiet now, and more composed. Even the light gossip of the maid, full of petty human cares and joys, had done me good—diverted my thoughts from brooding. I was on the point of dropping asleep, when I was twice disturbed. Once, by an owl, hooting in the ivy outside—no unaccustomed sound, but harsh and melancholy; once, by a long and mournful howling set up by the mastiff, chained in the yard beyond the wing I occupied. A long-drawn, lugubrious howling, was this latter, and much such a note as the vulgar declare to herald a death in the family. This was a fancy I had never shared; but yet I could not help feeling that the dog's mournful moans were sad, and expressive of terror, not at all like his fierce, honest bark of anger, but rather as if something evil and unwonted were

abroad. But soon I fell asleep. How long I slept, I never knew. I awoke at once, with that abrupt start which we all know well, and which carries us in a second from utter unconsciousness to the full use of our faculties. The fire was still burning, but was very low, and half the room or more was in deep shadow. I knew, I felt, that some person or thing was in the room, although nothing unusual was to be seen by the feeble light. Yet it was a sense of danger that had aroused me from slumber. I experienced, while yet asleep, the chill and shock of sudden alarm, and I knew, even in the act of throwing off sleep like a mantle, *why* I awoke, and that some intruder was present. Yet, though I listened intently, no sound was audible, except the faint murmur of the fire, —the dropping of a cinder from the bars—the loud irregular beatings of my own heart. Notwithstanding this silence, by some intuition I knew that I had not been deceived by a dream, and felt certain that I was not alone. I waited. My heart beat on; quicker, more sudden grew its pulsations, as a bird in a cage might flutter in presence of the hawk. And then I heard a sound, faint, but quite distinct, the clank of iron, the rattling of a chain! I ventured to lift my head from the pillow. Dim and uncertain as the light was, I saw the curtains of my bed shake, and caught a glimpse of something beyond, a darker spot in the darkness. This confirmation of my fears did not surprise me so much as it shocked me. I strove to cry aloud, but could not utter a word. The chain rattled again, and this time the noise was louder and clearer. But though I strained my eyes, they could not penetrate the obscurity that shrouded the other end of the chamber, whence came the sullen clanking. In a moment several distinct trains of thought, like many-coloured strands of thread twining into one, became palpable to my mental vision. Was it a robber? could it be a supernatural visitant? or was I the victim of a cruel trick, such as I had heard of, and which some thoughtless per-

sons love to practise on the timid, reckless of its dangerous results? And then a new idea, with some ray of comfort in it, suggested itself. There was a fine young dog of the Newfoundland breed, a favourite of my father's, which was usually chained by night in an outhouse. Neptune might have broken loose, found his way to my room, and, finding the door imperfectly closed, have pushed it open and entered. I breathed more freely as this harmless interpretation of the noise forced itself upon me. It was—it must be—the dog, and I was distressing myself uselessly. I resolved to call to him; I strove to utter his name—"Neptune, Neptune!" but a secret apprehension restrained me, and I was mute. Then the chain clanked nearer and nearer to the bed, and presently I saw a dusky shapeless mass appear between the curtains on the opposite side to where I was lying. How I longed to hear the whine of the poor animal that I hoped might be the cause of my alarm. But no; I heard no sound save the rustle of the curtains and the clash of the iron chain. Just then the dying flame of the fire leaped up, and with one sweeping hurried glance I saw that the door was shut, and, horror! it is not the dog! it is the semblance of a human form that now throws itself heavily on the bed, outside the clothes, and lies there, huge and swart, in the red gleam that treacherously dies away after showing so much to affright, and sinks into dull darkness. There was now no light left, though the red cinders yet glowed with a ruddy gleam, like the eyes of wild beasts. The chain rattled no more. I tried to speak, to scream wildly for help; my mouth was parched, my tongue refused to obey. I could not utter a cry, and, indeed, who could have heard me, alone as I was in that solitary chamber, with no living neighbour, and the picture-gallery between me and any aid that even the loudest, most piercing shriek could summon. And the storm that howled without would have drowned

my voice, even if help had been at hand. To call aloud—to demand who was there—alas! how useless, how perilous! If the intruder were a robber, my outcries would but goad him to fury; but what robber would act thus? As for a trick, that seemed impossible. And yet, *what* lay by my side, now wholly unseen? I strove to pray aloud, as there rushed on my memory a flood of weird legends—the dreaded yet fascinating lore of my childhood. I had heard and read of the spirits of wicked men forced to revisit the scenes of their earthly crimes—of demons that lurked in certain accursed spots—of the ghoul and vampire of the East, stealing amid the graves they rifled for their ghostly banquets; and I shuddered as I gazed on the blank darkness where I knew it lay. It stirred—it moaned hoarsely; and again I heard the chain clank close beside me—so close that it must almost have touched me. I drew myself from it, shrinking away in loathing and terror of the evil thing—what, I knew not, but felt that something malignant was near. And yet, in the extremity of my fear, I dared not speak; I was strangely cautious to be silent, even in moving farther off; for I had a wild hope that it—the phantom, the creature, whatever it was—had not discovered my presence in the room. And then I remembered all the events of the night—Lady Speldhurst's ill-omened vaticinations, her half-warnings, her singular look as we parted, my sister's persuasions, my terror in the gallery, the remark that "this was the room nurse Sherrard used to talk of." And then memory, stimulated by fear, recalled the long forgotten past, the ill-repute of this disused chamber, the sins it had witnessed, the blood spilled, the poison administered by unnatural hate within its walls, and the tradition which called it haunted. The green room—I remembered now how fearfully the servants avoided it—how it was mentioned rarely, and in whispers, when we were children, and how we had regarded it as a mysterious region, unfit for mortal habitation. Was it—the dark form with the chain—a creature of this world, or a spectre? And again—more dreadful still—could it be that the corpses of wicked men were forced to rise, and haunt in the body the places where they had wrought their evil deeds? And was such as these my grisly neighbour? The chain faintly rattled. My hair bristled; my eyeballs seemed starting from their sockets; the damps of a great anguish were on my brow. My heart laboured as if I were crushed beneath some vast weight. Sometimes it appeared to stop its frenzied beatings, sometimes its pulsations were fierce and hurried; my breath came short and with extreme difficulty, and I shivered as if with cold; yet I feared to stir. It moved, it moaned, its fetters clanked dismally, the couch creaked and shook. This was no phantom, then—no air-drawn spectre. But its very solidity, its palpable presence, were a thousand times more terrible. I felt that I was in the very grasp of what could not only affright, but harm; of something whose contact sickened the soul with deathly fear. I made a desperate resolve: I glided from the bed, I seized a warm wrapper, threw it around me, and tried to grope, with extended hands, my way to the door. My heart beat high at the hope of escape. But I had scarcely taken one step, before the moaning was renewed, it changed into a threatening growl that would have suited a wolf's throat, and a hand clutched at my sleeve. I stood motionless. The muttering growl sank to a moan again, the chain sounded no more, but still the hand held its gripe of my garment and I feared to move. It knew of my presence, then. My brain reeled, the blood boiled in my ears, and my knees lost all strength, while my heart panted like that of a deer in the wolf's jaws. I sank back, and the benumbing influence of excessive terror reduced me to a state of stupor. When my full consciousness

returned, I was sitting on the edge of the bed, shivering with cold, and barefooted. All was silent, but I felt that my sleeve was still clutched by my unearthly visitant. The silence lasted a long time. Then followed a chuckling laugh, that froze my very marrow, and the gnashing of teeth as in demoniac frenzy; and then a wailing moan, and this was succeeded by silence. Hours may have passed—nay, though the tumult of my own heart prevented my hearing the clock strike, must have passed—but they seemed ages to me. And how were they spent? Hideous visions passed before the aching eyes that I dared not close, but which gazed ever into the dumb darkness where It lay—my dread companion through the watches of the night. I pictured It in every abhorrent form which an excited fancy could summon up; now as a skeleton, with hollow eye-holes and grinning fleshless jaws: now as a vampire, with livid face and bloated form, and dripping mouth wet with blood. Would it never be light! And yet, when day should dawn, I should be forced to see It face to face. I had heard that spectre and fiend were compelled to fade as morning brightened, but this creature was too real, too foul a thing of earth, to vanish at cock-crow. No! I should see it—the horror—face to face! And then the cold prevailed, and my teeth chattered, and shiverings ran through me, and yet there was the damp of agony on my bursting brow. Some instinct made me snatch at a shawl or cloak that lay on a chair within reach, and wrap it round me. The moan was renewed, and the chain just stirred. Then I sank into apathy, like an Indian at the stake, in the intervals of torture. Hours fled by, and I remained like a statue of ice, rigid and mute. I even slept, for I remember that I started to find the cold grey light of an early winter's day was on my face, and stealing around the room from between the heavy curtains of the window. Shuddering, but urged

by the impulse that rivets the gaze of the bird upon the snake, I turned to see the Horror of the night. Yes, it was no fevered dream, no hallucination of sickness, no airy phantom unable to face the dawn. In the sickly light I saw it lying on the bed, with its grim head on the pillow. A man? Or a corpse arisen from its unhallowed grave, and awaiting the demon that animated it? There it lay—a gaunt gigantic form, wasted to a skeleton, half clad, foul with dust and clotted gore, its huge limbs flung upon the couch as if at random, its shaggy hair streaming over the pillows like a lion's mane. Its face was towards me. Oh, the wild hideousness of that face, even in sleep! In features it was human, even through its horrid mask of mud, and half-dried bloody gouts, but the expression was brutish and savagely fierce; the white teeth were visible between the parted lips, in a malignant grin; the tangled hair and beard were mixed in leonine confusion, and there were scars disfiguring the brow. Round the creature's wrist was a ring of iron, to which was attached a heavy but broken chain—the chain I had heard clanking. With a second glance I noted that part of the chain was wrapped in straw, to prevent its galling the wearer. The creature—I cannot call it a man—had the marks of fetters on its wrists, the bony arm that protruded through one tattered sleeve was scarred and bruised; the feet were bare, and lacerated by pebbles and briars, and one of them was wounded, and wrapped in a morsel of rag. And the lean hands, one of which held my sleeve, were armed with talons like an eagle's. In an instant the horrid truth flashed upon me—I was in the grasp of a madman. Better the phantom that scares the sight than the wild beast that rends and tears the quivering flesh—the pitiless human brute that has no heart to be softened, no reason at whose bar to plead, no compassion, nought of man save the form and the cunning. I gasped in terror. Ah! the

mystery of those ensanguined fingers, those gory wolfish jaws! that face, all besmeared with blackening blood, is revealed!

The slain sheep, so mangled and rent—the fantastic butchery—the print of the naked foot—all, all were explained; and the chain, the broken link of which was found near the slaughtered animals—it came from *his* broken chain—the chain he had snapped, doubtless, in his escape from the asylum where his raging frenzy had been fettered and bound. In vain! in vain! Ah, me! how had this grisly Samson broken manacles and prison bars—how had he eluded guardian and keeper and a hostile world, and come hither on his wild way, hunted like a beast of prey, and snatching his hideous banquet like a beast of prey, too? Yes, through the tatters of his mean and ragged garb I could see the marks of the severities, cruel and foolish, with which men in that time tried to tame the might of madness. The scourge—its marks were there; and the scars of the hard iron fetters, and many a cicatrice and welt, that told a dismal tale of harsh usage. But now he was loose, free to play the brute—the baited, tortured brute that they had made him—now without the cage, and ready to gloat over the victims his strength should overpower. Horror! horror! I was the prey—the victim—already in the tiger's clutch; and a deadly sickness came over me, and the iron entered into my soul, and I longed to scream, and was dumb! I died a thousand deaths as that awful morning wore on. I *dared not* faint. But words cannot paint what I suffered as I waited—waited till the moment when he should open his eyes and be aware of my presence; for I was assured he knew it not. He had entered the chamber as a lair, when weary and gorged with his horrid orgie; and he had flung himself down to sleep without a suspicion that he was not alone. Even his grasping my sleeve was doubtless an act done betwixt sleep-

ing and waking, like his unconscious moans and laughter, in some frightful dream. Hours went on; then I trembled as I thought that soon the house would be astir, that my maid would come to call me as usual, and awake that ghastly sleeper. And might he not have time to tear me, as he tore the sheep, before any aid could arrive? At last what I dreaded came to pass—a light footstep on the landing—there is a tap at the door. A pause succeeds, and then the tapping is renewed, and this time more loudly. Then the madman stretches his limbs and uttered his moaning cry, and his eyes slowly opened—very slowly opened, and met mine. The girl waited awhile ere she knocked for the third time. I trembled lest she should open the door unbidden—see! that grim thing, and by her idle screams and terror bring about the worst. Long before strong men could arrive I knew that I should be dead—and what a death! The maid waited, no doubt surprised at my unusually sound slumbers, for I was in general a light sleeper and an early riser, but reluctant to deviate from habit by entering without permission. I was still alone with the thing in man's shape, but he was awake now. I saw the wondering surprise in his haggard bloodshot eyes; I saw him stare at me half vacantly, then with a crafty yet wondering look; and then I saw the devil of murder begin to peep forth from those hideous eyes, and the lips to part as in a sneer, and the wolfish teeth to bare themselves. But I was not what I had been. Fear gave me a new and a desperate composure—a courage foreign to my nature. I had heard of the best method of managing the insane; I could but try; I *did* try. Calmly, wondering at my own feigned calm, I fronted the glare of those terrible eyes. Steady and undaunted was my gaze—motionless my attitude. I marvelled at myself, but in that agony of sickening terror I was *outwardly* firm. They sink, they quail abashed, those

dreadful eyes, before the gaze of a helpless girl; and the shame that is never absent from insanity bears down the pride of strength, the bloody cravings of the wild beast. The lunatic moaned and drooped his shaggy head between his gaunt squalid hands. I lost not an instant. I rose, and with one spring reached the door, tore it open, and, with a shriek, rushed through, caught the wondering girl by the arm, and, crying to her to run for her life, rushed like the wind along the gallery, down the corridor, down the stairs. Mary's screams filled the house as she fled beside me. I heard a long-drawn, raging cry, the roar of a wild animal mocked of its prey, and I knew what was behind me. I never turned my head—I flew rather than ran. I was in the hall already; there was a rush of many feet, an outcry of many voices, a sound of scuffling feet, and brutal yells, and oaths, and heavy blows, and I fell to the ground, crying, "Save me!" and lay in a swoon. I awoke from a delirious trance. Kind faces were around my bed, loving looks were bent on me by all, by my dear father and dear sisters, but I scarcely saw them before I swooned again. . . . When I recovered from that long illness, through which I had been nursed so tenderly, the pitying looks I met made me tremble. I asked for a looking-glass. It was long denied me, but my importunity prevailed at last—a mirror was brought. My youth was gone at one fell swoop. The glass showed me a livid and haggard face, blanched and bloodless as of one who sees a spectre; and in the ashen lips, and wrinkled brow, and dim eyes, I could trace nothing of my old self. The hair, too, jetty and rich before, was now as white as snow, and in one night the ravages of half a century had passed over my face. Nor have my nerves ever recovered their tone after that dire shock. Can you wonder that my life was blighted, that my lover shrank from me, so sad a wreck was I? I am old now—old and alone. My sisters would have had me to live with them, but I chose not to sadden their genial homes with my phantom face and dead eyes. Reginald married another. He has been dead many years. I never ceased to pray for him, though he left me when I was bereft of all. The sad weird is nearly over now. I am old, and near the end, and wishful for it. I have not been bitter or hard, but I cannot bear to see many people, and am best alone. I try to do what good I can with the worthless wealth Lady Speldhurst left me, for at my wish my portion was shared between my sisters. What need had I of inheritances?—I, the shattered wreck made by that one night of horror!

WHAT'S A GRILSE?*

GREAT was the astonishment, and just the indignation, of the baker's wife in "Candide" on hearing that there was a man down stairs who actually hesitated to declare his belief in the fact of the Pope being Antichrist. But what was that act of recusancy to many which we are doomed to witness in this audacious and sceptical age? Why, here is a man—a Man of Ross—who actually hesitates to declare his belief in the popular and accepted fact of a Grilse being a young Salmon. Nay worse; that luckless prig Candide did not, in dealing with the baker's wife, venture on any negative proposition, but simply declined to enter on the Catholic question at all, on the preposterous plea (destructive of half the controversies which enliven the world) that he knew nothing about it, whilst he did know that he was starving, and that the lady's husband was a baker, whom he had just heard make an eloquent speech in praise of charity. But our heretical friend of Dundonnell goes the length of an entire denial of the orthodox ichthyological creed, and greatly aggravates his offence by showing that he does know a good deal about the matter regarding which he has arrived at such unhappy opinions. Indeed, the heresy is so bold and wanton as almost to justify suspicions as to the motives of the heretic. To "make a reputation," it is perhaps a surer way to table a negative of something that everybody has taken as unquestionable, than to discover something positive that nobody had thought of. If a man were to

arise, preaching that ducklings do not become ducks, nor leverets hares, nor lambs sheep, he would, according to what has hitherto been the scientific, and almost equally the popular apprehension, be in much the same position as that in which this undaunted northern has placed himself. What if Dundonnell be actuated, not by a reckless zeal for what he conceives to be truth, but rather by a burning thirst for fame? What if he be only frenzied with an ambition like to that of Eratosthratus, and seeking to gain an undying, if undesirable, reputation, by setting fire to the Tay, the Tweed, and all other salmon rivers?

It is not so; he is full of his subject, not of himself; and seems to have as keen a feeling for the honour, dignity, and especially the independence of the grilse, as he could have were that interesting fish a sept of the clan Mackenzie. But if he had somewhat better evidences of his doctrines, he would certainly have succeeded in setting fire to one of the theories of our naturalists, and to many of the acts of our legislators; hence such importance as the subject possesses. To say nothing of the interest attaching to the question as one involving some very curious facts in natural history, it is important to know whether our legislators have been all along proceeding on an erroneous assumption—taking for granted that they were dealing with one species of fish, when they really were operating upon two distinct species, having different habits, especially different seasons, and

* *View of the Salmon Fishery of Scotland, with Observations on the Natures, Habits, and Instincts of the Salmon.* By the late MURDO MACKENZIE, Esq., of Ardrros, and Dundonnell. With an Appendix, by H. Mackenzie, Esq., of Dundonnell, &c. Edinburgh: William Blackwood and Sons. It is the new matter of the Appendix with which we are about to deal; but the original work—printed, but not published, during the life of the author—is exceedingly clever, and the result of much experience—the late Mr. Mackenzie having been much connected with salmon fisheries, both by large property and great litigations.

therefore, to some extent, requiring different legislative treatment. And the point was never of greater importance than just at present, when it is known that a Government Bill, greatly altering the laws regarding the whole Salmon Fisheries of Scotland, is to be introduced into Parliament in a few weeks; and when a Royal Commission is perambulating England, with the already certain result of recommending prompt and strong legislation on the same subject for that country. It is certain that Mr. Mackenzie has found room to raise doubts; chiefly, however, by the use of positive and plausible statements, in opposition to what has hitherto been the popular, though not unanimous belief; and to support these with an ingenuity which in some cases succeeds in at least perplexing, and in refusing to be set aside by mere off-hand denial. Still we are not disposed to like the mode in which he has conducted his argument, and we are disposed, having doubtless been predisposed, to dispute his conclusions. The form in which he proceeds is the dangerous one of dialogue. A friend called "H." is allowed to indulge in mild suggestions in favour of the old orthodoxy, and then "M." as is the manner of Highland gentlemen, replies with great heat and vigour, *dirking* his inoffensive antagonist in every round. In fact, the combat is too like a "cross." "H." appears to us rather too amiable a person to deal on anything like equal terms with a man so terribly in earnest as "M." is about grilse. Struck by the incompetence of "H.," and actuated by the impulse which leads generous minds to sympathise with the weaker party, we shall step for a little into "H.'s" shoes, and see if we cannot make a better fight of it. Having put ourselves in training by going through a course of the evidences, we feel stimulated to the resolution of imploring Dundonnell to bear with us whilst we attempt to show, to his entire dis-

satisfaction, that, after all, he is quite wrong, and the remainder of his fellow-creatures quite right.

It is strange that there should be room left for a doubt on the subject; or that, if there be room, the doubt should not have been raised until these latter days. It is true that a few "practical fishermen," here and there, have been known to whisper the heresy now publicly preached; but none of these have been known to give intelligible reasons for differing from their neighbours. On the other hand, it must be admitted that, owing mainly perhaps to the want of any formidable opposition, our naturalists have rather assumed, than proved or tested, the common theory; and let us say, as a fact which will be forced upon any one who takes a run back over the writings of naturalists on the *Salmonidæ* during the last thirty years, that there has been an appalling number of assumptions propounded as settled facts, and afterwards more or less quietly withdrawn, and the correction substituted. Look, for instance, even at our own James Wilson's article "Ichthyology," in the seventh edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. (1838), and at the answer which, *more Scottice*, he gave himself in 1840, by asking in these pages the question, "What's a parr?" Although the fact is chiefly due to the previous absence of question or controversy, still it is a fact that almost any naturalist, if asked how he knows that a grilse is a young salmon, would not be able, on the moment, to lead any more satisfactory evidence than notorious and apparently instinctive belief. But such answers will not suffice in questions susceptible of proof by fact and experiment, though necessarily admissible, and often even the best of evidence, in cases of another class. There is a story told of a Scotch minister, on a catechising raid, after having got the proper answer from a ploughman to the question, Who made him, proceeding most unfairly to the further question, "How do you know?"

Jock grew red in the face, scratched his head, and then, rising, by an instinctive leap, to the height of the argument, replied, "It's the common clash o' the kintra." Now this was a sound if grotesque answer, on the main question of natural theology, in which a general assent, founded on instinctive perception, is one of the best of evidences. But in such questions as those of natural history, or at least in this question, where there are attainable facts sufficient to settle it, one way or the other, it will not do to adduce the "common clash." It is only now, however, that the facts can be said to have been publicly and formally called for; and without further preface we proceed, as they say, or wouldn't say, in the Cardross case, "to satisfy production."

Whether a grilse (admittedly a fish of the salmon *genus*, but smaller in size, and slightly different in appearance) is an adolescent salmon on its first ascent from the sea, or is a distinct *species*, comprising, of course, both adolescent and adult fish—that is the question. All scientific, with almost all popular belief, supports the first proposition; Mr. Mackenzie of Dundonnell, and a few others who have not ventured upon paper, maintain the second. As in most ichthyological questions, especially those relating to the migratory tribes, there is an insufficiency of direct evidence; and what there does exist of direct evidence (which we have no doubt will *now* be procured in sufficient quantity), we shall reserve till after the leading of the circumstantial proofs. The points to be dealt with relate to the habits of the fish, especially as to season—to the proportion that salmon and grilse are found to bear to each other, both in given rivers and in given years—to the size or weight—and to the shape or appearance. What we shall adduce under these heads (of course meeting Mr. Mackenzie's statements and reasonings as we proceed) will, we hope, be found to go almost the whole way to prove that there is

some sort of connection between the two kinds, or rather sizes, of fish; and a very long way to prove that the connection or relation is that of youth and adult.

Foremost among those evidences we would place the fact that salmon ascend rivers more or less in every month of the year, whilst grilse do not ascend at all until a certain period, and then, so to speak, come all at once; from which two facts, we submit, it is a fair inference that the one is an adult fish, capable of ascending at any time, and that the other is a young fish which first attains to the capacity of ascending at that season at which its ascent is practically found to begin. Or put it thus—the difference in the time of ascent points to the inference that salmon are the produce of several years, and grilse of only one year. It may be possible to dispute the inference; but it is necessary, to a fair discussion of the question, that these *facts* should be looked at, and, if possible, fitted with some other explanation.

It is the chief defect of Mr. Mackenzie's argument, that he not only overlooks these and similar facts, but founds upon assumptions to the contrary. Thus, he begins by saying, that "a grilse's instincts, in some respects, are different, though its habits are precisely the same;" a proposition which, if it does not contradict itself, is at least contradicted by what follows:—"Experience shows us that salmon, impelled by their instinct, leave the sea for their home or rivers in winter and spring, whereas the grilses do not leave the sea for the rivers until summer; clearly showing that the one is a spring, and the other a summer fish."

How the two fish thus described can be spoken of as being of "precisely the same habits," is perplexing; yet, though it might seem at first sight that the greater the difference of habits the better for Mr. Mackenzie's theory of two different species, it is yet a fact that, in the above passage, he *under-states*, as well as *mis-states*, that difference.

The difference is not that the salmon is "a spring fish," and the grilse "a summer fish," but, roundly speaking, that salmon come at *all* seasons, and grilse at only *one* season. Mr. Mackenzie's assumption that salmon cease to ascend in summer, is utterly inadmissible, though there are some rivers where, owing to temperature and other natural conditions, the statement is, in a loose sense, partially true; and we shall

bring that, and some even more important statements, to the test of the only authentic figures we know of, showing the capture of the different kinds of migratory *Salmonida* in each month of the year. The following shows the proportions of salmon, of grilse, and of trout (almost entirely the *Salmo eriox*), to every 1000 of each kind caught, on an average of years, in the net fisheries of the river Tweed.

	Salmon.	Grilse.	Trout.
February (2d half of),	22	0	8
March,	56	0	7
April,	89	0	23
May,	128	1	56
June,	138	13	173
July,	238	371	254
August,	151	408	164
September,	113	154	129
October (1st half of),	71	53	186

There is here, in the first place, sufficient refutation of the statement that the "salmon is peculiarly a spring fish," and peculiarly *not* "a summer fish;" for we see that, on the Tweed at least, the months showing the smallest proportions of salmon to the whole take of salmon, are February, March, and April; and the months showing the largest proportion, June, July, and August. But the point to which we direct attention is the contrast, or contrasts, shown as to season, between grilse, and not only salmon, but also trout. It will be understood that the theory which we support assumes the salmon column to comprise only the adults of a certain species, the grilse column the youth of the same species, and the trout column both the adults and, for part of the season, the young, of quite another species; whilst Mr. Mackenzie's theory assigns to the salmon and the grilse columns respectively both the young and adults of a distinct species. Now, let us see whether the facts ascertained are most reconcilable with our theory or with Mr. Mackenzie's — with the old orthodoxy or the new heresy. The most important contrast lies in the fact that, whilst (doubling for the half month) 44 in each

1000 of salmon, and 16 in each 1000 of trout, are captured in February, and the take of both goes on increasing till, in May, salmon have reached the proportion of 128, and trout of 56 per 1000 — grilse, on the other hand, are entirely absent in the first three months of the season, all but entirely absent in May, and show but a small advanced-guard even in June. These facts are at least reconcilable with, if they are not demonstrative of, the theory that the grilse is a young fish, performing its first ascent. Grilse do not ascend, as do salmon and trout, in February, March, April, or even (in the case of Tweed) May, because they are then only descending in the condition of smolts, or are undergoing their growth and transmutation in the sea.

Or look at the figures of the *latter* portion of the season as above exhibited, and they will be found to witness to the same effect, though not quite so conclusively, as the figures of the earlier months. In the months of July and August, nearly 8-10ths of the whole grilse of the year are captured; in the month of August alone, more than 4-10ths. But September, as compared with August, shows a diminution of 2-3ds, or 66 per cent, the cap-

ture of that month being $1\frac{1}{2}$ -10th of the capture of the whole season; October shows a diminution of another 1-3d; and November, were the fishing continued, would probably show pretty nearly a blank. Turning, however, to the salmon, we find that, in those two months, July and August, when 8-10ths of the whole grilse ascend, only 4-10ths of the whole salmon ascend; that in September, when the grilse have decreased 66 per cent, salmon have decreased only 30 per cent; and that in October, as compared with September, when grilse show a decrease of another 1-3d, salmon show an increase of nearly 1-3d, and have become again almost as numerous as they had been in September. Briefly, salmon ascend, in every month of the year, in numbers, comparatively speaking, not very unequal; grilse, speaking roundly, do not ascend at all in the first half of the year; all of them, but a fraction, ascend within two consecutive months in the middle of the year, and in the latter months of the year their ascent almost ceases. Mr. Mackenzie would account for all this, by saying that these are two different species of fish; and he finds it necessary to go the length of saying that the one is a spring, and the other a summer fish. It might be quite possible, were there no facts beyond those we are at present dealing with, that there should be two species of migratory fish, one of them not a spring, but an all-the-year fish, the other mainly a summer fish. All that we maintain, on the evidence yet adduced, is that the facts are at least equally compatible with, and indeed entirely suitable to, the theory, that the fish coming up all the year are the adults of various ages, and that those rushing up in a body in summer are the young of the same species.

To the same effect, though necessarily with less distinctness, is the rather curious evidence supplied by the trout column, which, according to the hypothesis we are maintaining, differs from the salmon column,

comprising only adults, and from the grilse column, comprising only what we shall call, perhaps not quite grammatically, adolescents, in comprising both the adults and the adolescents of another species. Because the trout column comprises adults, it shows, like the salmon column, a larger or smaller number ascending every month in the year; because it contains also adolescents, it shows, like the grilse, a great and sudden increase in certain summer months. Up till the end of May the trouts are few, but in June they suddenly increase by 300 per cent, whilst salmon increase only 12 per cent, and they increase another 50 per cent in July, in which month nearly a fourth of the whole capture is obtained. We account for this feature by saying that here we see the effects of the adolescent trouts, on their first ascent, being added to the adults; and, though rather anticipating another portion of our argument, we may add, that this view is supported by the falling off in the average weight of trouts during the months when we suppose the young to be making their first ascent.

Then, as has been done with the salmon and grilse columns, take the latter portion of the year: in August, as compared with July, the trouts fall off nearly 40 per cent, and in September decrease by other 20 per cent; which shows, as in the case of the grilse, that the run of young fish is slackening. It is true that in October the number of trouts again increases; but that arises chiefly from the well-known fact that in that month, and later, comes the great rush of trouts seeking to spawn; and, even if this were not notorious, the fact that these late comers are adult fish, is indicated by the average weight and size being much greater than in any month preceding. Is there any producible explanation why the supply of trouts, extending more or less over the whole year, should so suddenly increase for a short time in summer, but the hypothesis that at that time we are getting the fish which are

only on their first ascent, along with those which are on their second, third or fourth? And do not the facts, that we see a similar, but greater and more sudden, increase and decrease in the grilse, and do *not* see such indications in the salmon column, supply, to say the least, a very strong presumption that in the trout column you have both young and old, in the grilse column only young, and in the salmon only old fish?

In order to put our best foot foremost, we have not adhered to logical sequence, and now adduce a fact which properly should have come first in order; the fact that salmon and grilse are always found together — *i. e.*, that where there are no salmon there are no grilse, and where there are salmon there are grilse, and *vice versa*; and, further, that the two fish are found not only together, but bearing numerically a rough proportion to each other. In the earlier stages of the great parr controversy, a similar fact — that where salmon were present, parr were present, and wherever either were absent, so were the others — played a great part, forming the chief weapon of the supporters of the theory that the parr is the fry of the salmon, but was not held conclusive till afterwards confirmed by Mr. Shaw's and subsequent experiments. Neither in the present case can the fact of grilse and salmon being always both present or both absent be held as conclusively *proving* a connection, though it supplies a very strong presumption; and the supplementary evidence, though attainable, is not yet forthcoming in a complete shape. But we are not altogether without evidence additional to the fact of the two fish being always co-inhabitants. The difficulty we have here to meet is the fact that the presence of the salmon and grilse in this or that river might be explainable merely by the facts that they are both migratory fish, and that the rivers are accessible or inaccessible to both alike. But salmon and grilse are not the

only migratory fish; and what if we can show that other migratory fish of the same *genus* abound in some rivers, and are almost unknown in others equally accessible, whilst the same thing is never seen in the case of salmon and grilse? — that is, there are no rivers almost destitute of grilse and abounding in salmon, or the opposite. Mr. Mackenzie says, "The Tweed bull-trout, commonly known as the 'black-tail,' a very conspicuous fish, may be intercepted on its way from the north, but it has never yet been seen to the south of the Tweed; and if its instinct was not perfect, the Dee, Don, and other rivers, by this time of day, would abound with it, as the Tweed does." There are here two serious errors in matter of fact, as well as a correct statement which goes quite against Mr. Mackenzie's argument. One of the errors we are not much concerned to correct here: "black-tail" is the local name, not for the bull-trout (*Salmo eriox*), but for a very much smaller fish — one of the tribe of the *Salmo albus*, now generally held by naturalists to be only the young of the *Salmo trutta*, or whiting. The other error, which we have a greater interest in correcting, is the statement that the bull-trout is "never seen to the south of the Tweed," when, in fact, the two rivers immediately to the south, the Aln and the Coquet, are full of that species, to the almost entire exclusion of salmon and grilse. Mr. Mackenzie, however, is perfectly correct in saying that, if the instinct of the *eriox*, like that of migratory fish in general, were not pretty nearly perfect, it would be a common fish in the rivers to the north of Tweed, the mouths of which it is held to pass in its marine migrations. The facts as to the *Salmo eriox*, or bull-trout, are, that in the Tweed that species is four times more numerous than the adult salmon, and as numerous as both salmon and grilse taken together; that in the two rivers to the south of Tweed, there are apparently about fifty bull-trouts to one

salmon or grilse; but that in the Forth, the Tay, and the other large and accessible rivers to the north, the species is almost a stranger. In short, the bull-trout is seen to be entirely independent of the salmon and the grilse, being found in great multitude where they are almost entirely absent; and *vice versa*. Now, if the grilse were, as Mr. Mackenzie maintains, a species as distinct from the salmon or *Salmo salar*, as is the bull-trout, should not we find similar results, some rivers abounding with grilse, yet almost without salmon? But what is found is not this, but the contrary: many or few grilse imply many or few salmon.

Mr. Mackenzie makes a sort of loose or partial denial of this fact, by adducing the statement, that the Shin in Sutherlandshire, a valuable salmon river, contains so few grilse that they "are not calculated upon as part of the commercial produce." But we have ascertained that this statement, so far as it is correct, is entirely explained away by the fact that the Shin river is fished, not by nets, but by a *cruive*, the *hecks* of which are of such width as to permit most of the grilse to pass. This, of course, accounts for the grilse forming a very small part of the commercial value of the river; but it does not prove that few grilse frequent the river — on the contrary, they abound in much the usual proportion to the salmon, and as many as twenty have often been killed by a single rod in one day. Besides, the fact, which we do not deny, that the proportion of grilse and salmon captured varies greatly in a comparison between different rivers, would not in the slightest invalidate our argument, nor establish Mr. Mackenzie's; because the proportion of captures of each kind is regulated not entirely by the numbers of each frequenting the river, but by various other circumstances both artificial and natural. For instance, the net-fishing is voluntarily stopped in some rivers before the run of grilse has nearly

ceased; whilst in others, the fishing is carried on for six weeks later, or till after the conclusion of the run of grilse; and the difference is great between different rivers and estuaries as to the natural facilities for capturing a fish which does not rest and loiter like the adult salmon, but rushes on, if Mr. Mackenzie will permit us the phrase, with the ardour of youth, and of youth, too, on its marriage-jäunt. But such cases do not destroy the fact that salmon and grilse are always either both, or neither, inhabitants of any given river; and comparatively few of those cases even disturb the fact that they are found present in certain proportions to each other, and just in such proportions as we might expect to find between the adolescents and the adults of the same species.

Take next the test furnished by a comparison of season with season, instead of river with river. Mr. Mackenzie says, "It is a common remark amongst fishermen, that though the salmon fishery may be bad, still the grilse fishery may be productive; each fishery varying in quantity to correspond with the favourable or unfavourable season in which they were spawned — clearly showing two distinct fisheries and nature of fish." Not at all. The "common remark amongst fishermen," the accuracy of which we have no motive to deny, does not necessarily imply two distinct kinds of fish; but, at least as probably, different broods of the same fish, born in different years and representing different spawning seasons. Not only, however, is Mr. Mackenzie's fact as to grilse being sometimes abundant in years when salmon are scarce, and *vice versa*, of no more value to him than to us; but if he had looked a little more closely, he would have been staggered to see how much of *method* there is in the relations which the supplies of each bear to the other, which method has apparently a great deal of meaning. It is a pretty general belief among old fishermen,

that a good grilse season is more than likely to be succeeded by a good salmon season in the year following, and a bad grilse season by a bad salmon season; and, though we are shy, on such subjects, of the mere *dicta* of "practical men," who generally derive their data from a very narrow range of experience, and draw their inferences with no very enlightened regard to logical rules, yet on this point they could scarcely go far wrong; and we can adduce some authentic returns, which, in a very remarkable way, corroborate their belief and our explanation of the fact on which their belief is founded. The latest five years for which we have returns of the take on the Tweed, show an annual average of slightly more than 9000 adult salmon, and of slightly less than 24,000 grilse. In 1851, the first year of these five, the take of grilse was only 16,855, or about 2-3ds of the annual average; and in the following season, 1852, the take of salmon was only 5808, bearing just about the same proportion—viz., 2-3ds—to the annual average of salmon, as did the grilse of the year preceding to the annual average of grilse. But in 1852, grilse rose to nearly 29,000, considerably *above* the annual average; and in 1853, salmon rose to 9200, also considerably *above* the annual average of that period of five years. In 1853 there was a great take of grilse; 43,000, or considerably more than one-half above the average; and in 1854, salmon reached 15,300, also more than one-half above the average. In 1854 grilse declined to 16,739, 1-3d below the average; and in 1855 salmon declined to 6239, also 1-3d below the average. In a word, the proportion which the grilse of any one year bore to the average number of grilse, is found by these tables to have been just about the proportion which the salmon of the *following* year bore to the average number of salmon. These facts seem almost too neat and complete as evidence of our theory that the grilse of one

year are the salmon of subsequent years—not, indeed, that they "prove too much," but that they fit into our doctrine so exactly as almost to give them the appearance of having been made to measurement. But similar results are seen in a less regular and perfect form, in the less regular and perfect returns from other fisheries. Probably Mr. Mackenzie will hold them to be only coincidences; but he must also admit, that they are not only very remarkable, but for him exceedingly disagreeable, coincidences.

The element of weight or size, which may be held to include that of growth, is very important; but Mr. Mackenzie so deals with it, that there is some difficulty in getting hold of him. He says: "One simple and palpable fact, which any ordinary observer might have remarked, is, that grilse in May weigh from three to five pounds; in July they are met with as large as from ten to twelve pounds; and instead of finding them in August and September grown to the size of sixteen or twenty pounds, which would be but natural if they continued to grow to become salmon, they apparently begin to grow backwards; as in October we have them as small as we had them in May, not growing one inch larger from that time till they return to the sea in March and April as kelts. . . . If grilse grew to be salmon, and as rapidly as is generally supposed, we should have no grilse in October, but all salmon." We have two accusations against this passage; the ideas are confused, and the allegations are unproved and improbable. In the first place, there is a confusion between the individual and the species. Mr. Mackenzie speaks as if the grilse that ascended in May were the same individual grilse that ascend in the later months of the year, and asks why the individual has not grown any in three months—whereas they are two different persons, of much about the same age, in so far as they were born in the same year, the difference in their pe-

riods of ascent, arising mainly from the variety of circumstances that have shortened or prolonged their residence in the sea, the late comers being for the most part those who have remained longest, and consequently grown largest. In the second place, Mr. Mackenzie has strangely assumed that it is maintained that grilse grow into salmon whilst in the fresh water; whereas, what is maintained is, that, besides not growing in size in the river, grilse do not even *begin to grow into salmon* until they return to the sea; that they ascend as grilse, descend as grilse kelt, and after their return to the sea become salmon, and as such reappear in the rivers. Then, as to the facts, where is Mr. Mackenzie's evidence for saying that grilse are small in the beginning of the season, large in the middle, and small again at the close? He may be in possession of such evidence, but he has kept it to himself. We also have some evidence on the point, of which, in no expectation of gratitude, we shall give him the benefit. On a series of years, the average weight of the grilse captured on the Tweed fisheries was—in the month of June, 3 lb. 11½ oz.; July, 4 lb. 5½ oz.; August, 4 lb. 15 oz.; September, 5 lb. 12½ oz.; October, 6 lb. 11½ oz. These figures are refutatory of the statement that grilse diminish in weight towards the end of the season, though we are aware that it may, and sometimes does happen, that there are great temporary variations, caused by the differences of seasons affecting the temperature of the atmosphere and of the water; as, for instance, in a warm summer the grilse of July or August will be larger than in a cold summer. But the statement, even if correct, would not help Mr. Mackenzie, nor injure us. If it were true that grilse fluctuated in size during the season, and were even smallest in the latest months, the fact would prove nothing in favour of the fish being a distinct species, and nothing against, but rather something in favour of, their

being adolescent fish, born in one year, though with a difference of months as to birth, and of various circumstances as to growth. What we do see is, that (at least in the case of Tweed) grilse go on increasing gradually in size to the end of the fishing seasons; that increase, such as it is, being, we maintain, caused mainly by many of the late comers having had a more protracted residence in the sea, where alone the migratory *salmonidae*, subsequent to the infant stages, have any perceptible growth. A different result is seen in the case of trouts, the average weights of which decrease during those summer months during which the young, or first-ascenders of the species, add themselves to the older fish; a comparison between the two columns in respect of weight, as we have already seen in respect of number, showing just such differences as would arise from one column comprising only old fish, and the other both old and young.

But, besides showing that Mr. Mackenzie fails to make anything in his favour out of the facts as to weight and size, we show that, in at least two respects, those facts are dead against him. 1st, There is a great range between largest and smallest in salmon, and a very small range in grilse; 2d, There are very few—roundly speaking, almost no—salmon of those weights which may be called the grilse weights. Taking even monthly averages, which obviously can bring out very imperfectly the facts we speak of, the average weight of Tweed salmon in one month is 7 lb. 10½ oz., and in another month 16 lb. 2½ oz.; and everybody knows that there are comparatively few salmon below the smaller of those monthly averages, and a great many above the larger—a fact corroborated by the month which shows the largest average weight showing the greatest average number, and by the month which shows the lowest average weight showing also by far the smallest number. But we do not see this in grilse—the difference between the

smallest and the largest (excluding, of course, rare individual cases), being seldom so much as 3 lb. What we say is, that the wide range of size and weight in the case of salmon shows a wide range of ages and circumstances, and that the comparatively small range of size and weight in the grilse, we shall not say proves, but indicates, a very much narrower range of ages and circumstances. But as we are here open to the reply, such as it is, that the grilse may nevertheless be a distinct species, its narrower range of size being accounted for by its being in its adult stage a much smaller fish, we go on to the second point, and ask, Where are the salmon when they are of the weight of, say, 4½ or 6 lb.? That salmon of such weights are often got, is true; but it is also true that in proportion to the whole number, *that* is the weight at which by far the fewest are got—especially that many more are got much above than at or about those weights. There are fewest salmon of the weight of which there are most grilse. Now, as at some time or another every salmon must be of those weights, the presumption is that we ought to see many more of *them* than of the higher weights, which, in the main, signifies the greater ages—in short, if Mr. Mackenzie's theory were correct, we ought to see more salmon of those small sizes than of the large sizes, just as in our own species we see more youths than elderly people. Those youthful salmon do undoubtedly exist. Mr. Mackenzie, if he hold to his theory, cannot tell us where they are. We point to the grilse, and say, *there* they are.

On the point of appearance, Mr. Mackenzie possesses whatever advantage or disadvantage there is in the fact that the difference between a grilse and a salmon cannot be very easily described. There is, indeed, a gentleman in the west of Scotland, eminent in another walk, who has paid great attention to the subject, and especially has put himself in possession of all the clearness of view and expression obtainable from

practical persons who had exercised their powers of observation at the fisheries of their native Highlands; yet though he has given many minute expositions of the subject to many friendly and deeply interested audiences, it has been found that his views are somehow incapable of transference and dissemination. But what interest has Mr. Mackenzie in maintaining that there is no obvious or reliable distinction in appearance between a salmon and a grilse? Maintaining, as he does, that the two fish are different species, the more visible the distinction the better for his argument, and the worse for ours that they are the same fish. It is more easy to distinguish one variety from another, as a setter from a terrier, than the young from the old of the same variety, as a young terrier from an old one. But Mr. Mackenzie afterwards makes a half-admission that there *are* visible differences. He says, "Fishermen affirm" (and he doesn't deny), "that a grilse has a *younger appearance* than a salmon." Well, that is quite enough for our purpose—and far too little for his. That is just about as much distinction as there is between a lamb and a sheep, or between a grouse or a partridge of this season and its father or mother; and yet everybody who has any occasion for the knowledge, does know the young from the old of birds and beasts, although, in very many cases, any attempt to describe the difference, in the absence of specimens, would be a much more complete failure than that of the learned expositor above alluded to, who has so unfruitfully laboured to make clear to intelligent audiences what Highland gillies see no difficulty about whatever. Mr. Mackenzie afterwards adds, "The only distinction I could ever ascertain is that the tail-fin of a grilse tapers off to a finer edge than in the salmon." Well, that may be rather a fine distinction as between two species, but is broad enough for the distinction between an adolescent and an adult fish of the same variety, as between

the maiden and the mother. Then Mr. Mackenzie, as if aware that he had got upon slippery ground, tries to slide off with the remark that "this distinction is observable in the *smolts* also." This is quite a new statement, never heard of before, and therefore the more imperatively requiring that proof of which it has as yet received none. Who has observed the distinction?—where is it recorded? Every schoolboy on the banks of the Tweed (where almost alone the *salar* and the *eriox* are both found in plenty), knows at a glance the difference between the smolt of the salmon and of the bull-trout—the "black-fin" and the "orange-fin." But the knowledge of the alleged distinction between the smolt of the salmon and of the grilse, if not hitherto confined to Mr. Mackenzie, is a piece of useful knowledge certainly not yet diffused. Mr. Mackenzie tries again—"The absurdity of the theory consists in the assertion that the smolts of salmon, going down to the sea in company with the smolts of grilse, also return from the sea under the denomination of grilse." Where is the absurdity? "There is just as much absurdity in supposing that the families of ewes who have never bred before, and of ewes who have often bred before, both appear under the denomination of lambs.

A pretty strong point made by Mr. Mackenzie is the allegation, supported by many appearances, but also contradicted by some facts, that salmon and grilse are never seen paired in connubial relations. This would be a powerful fact if established, for we do not see the young of any other species cohabiting only with the young, or the old only with the old. But then, in the case of animals in their wild and natural state, we have a very imperfect knowledge of their proceedings, especially in the breeding season of spring, when the fur or the plumage of old and young have in few cases much visible difference. Then salmon are migratory, and we do not

know the habits of migratory creatures in that respect, for instance of swallows. Further, though we must yield to Mr. Mackenzie the fact that whenever a pair of fish of the salmon kind are seen together on a spawning bed, they are seen to be, with comparatively rare exceptions, pretty much of the same size, yet in the water the eye is not capable of distinguishing in the case of two fish, say of seven or eight pounds, whether both are salmon, both grilse, or one of each. Besides, the fact cuts both ways, as indicating that in the process of pairing, the choice is regulated mainly by considerations of size, not necessarily, nor probably, by the consideration as to whether any fish of the desired size is on its first ascent, or at some later stage of its career—whether maid or widow, bachelor or widower. All that we *see* really proves, not that salmon and grilse, but that large fish and small fish, have a dislike to form matrimonial relations with each other. Finally, in the experimental ponds at Stormontfield, the ova of an adult female salmon was impregnated with the milt of a male grilse, the ova fructified, and the progeny were undistinguishable from those produced by two adult parents. This fact, indeed, we might have made both the first and the last of our replies to the allegation that grilse and salmon do not breed together; but as the point does not seem to have received very much attention at those admirable ponds, and as there is always a possibility of mistake in such experiments where not frequently repeated, the question could not fairly be held solved by one experiment.

There is, however, one experiment which might settle, and we thought *had* settled the matter beyond all doubt—namely, the marking of grilse kelts on their descent, and their capture on their reascent. Mr. Young of Invershin writes that he has often marked grilse, and that they have returned as salmon; Mr. Mackenzie says he has done so also, if not as often, with an opposite re-

sult, the fish returning as grilse. There have been many experiments conducted, by marking, on the Tweed; but these not having been conducted with any special reference to this particular point, the results are meagre almost to uselessness. There is no case at all in favour of Mr. Mackenzie's theory, but there is only *one* in favour of ours. A grilse kelt of two pounds, marked on the 31st March 1858 was caught on the 2d August of the same year, as a salmon of eight pounds. Here again there is a possibility of a mistake, and the matter really remains to be settled by experiment—if the Mackenzies will obstinately refuse

to admit that it has been settled by the indirect evidence which has been here brought in support of the popular understanding and belief. If that unbelieving sect do refuse to be satisfied, then they will, by their audacity, have unintentionally rendered the public the double service of getting the matter put to rest by practical demonstration, and of having called forth discussion on a new point in a subject which seems to possess the happy quality of being full of pleasant difficulties never to be settled, but to go on for ever supplying materials for erroneous pamphlets and for crushing magazine articles.

NORMAN SINCLAIR.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

PART XII.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—HISTORY OF A CLEVER MAN—*continued*.

"I HAD but a few pounds in my pocket," continued Flusher, "when we arrived in Manchester; for old John Brathwaite, though a careful man, had got into difficulties, by becoming security for a neighbour, an act of imprudence which eventually absorbed the whole of his little property. He gave me, however, what he could afford, and that was all we had to depend on, until I could procure bread for my family by my own exertions. I dared not incur the risk of losing my eyesight by again applying myself to engraving the only occupation which I had found really profitable; and I was as little likely to succeed in gaining admission to a counting-house in Manchester as I had been in Glasgow. In all great cities there are hundreds of people able and willing for headwork who cannot find employment—the mere artisan has a much better chance. For my part, sir, I sometimes think that this fact, which is quite notorious, might be

shaped into an argument against over-education which it would puzzle philanthropists to refute. You may over-educate a man—that is you may give him notions and tastes that are inconsistent with his calling and station in life—in short, you may spoil a good workman by making him a sorry philosopher and a still worse politician. If you were to instruct every adult in the country beyond a certain point, there would be a scarcity of ploughmen and mechanics; for let a man be once possessed with the notion that he is mentally superior, or even equal to those who are above him in worldly station, and he will not rest satisfied until he has either forced his way upwards, or pulled the others down. That I take to be the explanation of most revolutionary movements. They are never originated, and seldom are countenanced, by the real working men; they are designed and carried into execution by scheming fellows whose education is not

of the highest kind, but who have been educated beyond their sphere.

"If I could have made shoes or hats, or applied myself to any kind of handicraft, I might have picked up a living. Manual skilled labour can always obtain a price; but for intellectual labor there is much less demand. The business of the world is conducted by a few heads but many hands—a fact which the more ardent promoters of education either overlook or cannot be brought to comprehend. However, I was not downhearted. The editor of the newspaper in which I had made my unfortunate political *debut* had furnished me with credentials to the effect that I had suffered martyrdom, and been exposed to grievous affliction on account of my advocacy of the people's cause—therefore, that I was entitled to the sympathy and aid of all advanced liberals. I had been furnished with a list of gentlemen residing in Manchester, whose declared opinions brought them under that category, and I waited upon several; some, with gruff frankness, desired me to go about my business; others expressed their sorrow for my wrongs, and the indignation which they felt towards my oppressors, but did not happen to know of any opening. A few hesitatingly put their hands into their pockets, and tendered me sums varying from half-a-crown to five shillings, which I declined to accept, for I had not yet arrived at that stage of wretchedness when men are fain to clutch even at the poorest alms. And yet these were magnificent master-manufacturers of almost fabulous reputed wealth! This was a hard lesson, and somewhat shook my faith in the definition which I had adopted of the term 'Liberal;' for I had been foolish enough to believe that political sympathy implied practical generosity, and that a poor fellow who had been turned out of house and home for advocating the cause of liberalism would be backed by the magnates of his party in his efforts to find employment. I was not then aware

that the only effective mode of dealing with such gentry is that resorted to by St. Dunstan when he caught up the red-hot pincers and took the devil by the nose. Radical editors—ay, and radical writers—are now quite alive to the utility of that process. They always take care it shall be known that they have the hot pincers in reserve; and, as moneyed men are sensitive of cuticle, the result is a relaxation of the purse-strings, which, under ordinary circumstances, it would be utterly in vain to expect.

"The only man who manifested any real sympathy was an unfortunate being like myself, who, bred a surgeon, but unable to get practice, or to maintain himself till practice could come, had been forced to resort to all manner of shifts, and was now a hunter-up of accidents, and penny-a-liner for a Manchester paper. He was a good creature, though disappointment, and the late hours incidental to his occupation, had fostered an innate propensity for drinking, which he knew quite well would either kill or reduce him to idiocy in a few years. He prognosticated that as his fate. Socrates did not talk more rationally before he took the dose of hemlock.

"'Flusher,' he said to me once, when I had been remonstrating against his alcoholic tendencies, 'I don't drink either for pleasure of the palate or for physical excitement—I drink for oblivion. So long as I retained a vestige of hope that I might yet better my condition, I refrained from the bottle; but now, when there is nothing before me but wretchedness, and nothing to look back upon but sorrow and disappointment, I am fain to drug myself into stupor. Don't speak more of it! The only comfort is that I have no one to care for. I have long since ceased to struggle; but you—my poor fellow!—have a wife and young children, and you cannot give up the contest. Look you here—it's no use trying to get a situation as a clerk; you must make a bold push in another direc-

tion. Politics, you say, have pulled you down—well, then, try if politics will not set you on your feet again. There's a great agitation getting up for the repeal of the corn-laws. The Manchester manufacturers are determined to carry that measure; for they think that if bread were cheap they could lower wages, and secure a larger amount of profit for themselves. That's their true motive, but of course they don't tell it to the working-classes. They have subscribed large sums for the purpose, as they say, of enlightening the public mind on the subject; which means that they want to get up a row, and bully the landowners into submission. They need lecturers. You are smart enough, and doubtless can talk glibly—why not apply for an engagement in that line?

"Democrat as I was, this advice did not altogether tally with my inclination; for, though I certainly did think that the corn-laws laid a grievous burden on the people, I saw clearly enough that selfishness was the mainspring of the movement, and I disliked the idea of hiring myself out as the tool of an unprincipled faction. But when want is staring a man in the face he cannot afford to be scrupulous. Hunger is a rare casuist, and reconciles us to many things from which well-fed morality would recoil.

"I presented myself at the head office of the League, had an interview with the secretary, and explained to him my wants and my wishes.

"‘A victim of persecution,’ he said, ‘denounced by a bloated aristocracy—trodden down by tyrannical monopolists—hunted from a peaceful village home for attempting to enlighten the benighted hawbucks and chawbacons! My friend, you are a monstrously fortunate fellow! These things will be the making of you, if you know how to go about it properly. You come just in the nick of time, for I have orders to look out for an agricultural victim, who can address a public

meeting, and speak from his own experience of the oppression of the landlords. And so they turned you out of a nice little farm, in which you had sunk all your capital in improvements, because you would not submit to an arbitrary doubling of the rent, eh?’

"‘Not so, sir. I thought I had explained that I never rented any land.’

"‘Pshaw, man! Surely you have a bad memory. Think again! Did not the landlord seize your furniture and cattle?’

"‘Certainly not—for the best of all reasons, that I possessed neither the one nor the other.’

"‘Then what's the use of you? How the devil do you make yourself out to be a victim?’

"‘I did not call myself by that name, sir. If I have been persecuted, it was for expressing strong political opinions; but, as regards property, I never experienced any personal wrong, and never came in contact with the landlords.’

"‘That's a pity,’ said the Secretary, dryly. ‘So you're a Chartist, are you?’

"‘I certainly desire to see the suffrage extended, and the working-men admitted to a larger share of political power.’

"‘A landable desire, doubtless. But hark ye, my friend—if you want to get employment from us, you must keep the Charter in the background for the present. Levelling is a very pretty amusement; but it's our way to level upwards, and we don't want to have a mine sprung beneath our feet. What we say is, heave down the aristocracy! When that is done, it will be time enough for the capitalist and workmen to come to terms. I am sorry to say we have had a great deal of trouble with some men of your way of thinking. They are confoundedly obstinate and impracticable, and cannot be brought to see that the working-man has no chance at all unless he goes along with his employer. That stands to reason. Now I tell you frankly, that if you

get a job from us, it can only be on the condition that you abstain from talking any nonsense about shortening the hours of labour, inspection of factories, protecting infants, or the like, which is just playing into the hands of the common enemy. We want utterly to demolish the idea that the Tories have any regard for the labouring-classes or the poor. That's our aim; but we have not succeeded as yet in getting the operatives to believe us. Now, the grand point for attack is the maintenance of the corn-laws. All you have to do is to show that they were enacted by the aristocracy, for the purpose of enriching themselves and impoverishing the people; and any dunce can prove that, from the statistics contained in the numerous pamphlets which we are distributing by the ton, and which are supplied to all our lecturers. Free-trade, cheap food, and down with monopolies! That's our text, and the text you must stick to if you wish to have employment here.'

"Well, sir, I think I can preach from it without any violation of conscience.'

"Conscience, my good fellow! I advise you, as a friend, not to cumber yourself with so troublesome an article. Conscience is a capital guardian for a full purse—nothing like it for staving off subscriptions; but it is a decided obstacle when a man is in want of pounds, shillings, and pence. By the way, that suggests a very important question. Do you profess to know anything about the currency?"

"No, sir—I really do not.'

"Then thank heaven for your ignorance! It is a decided point in your favour. Now, as to your lecturing qualifications—what are they?"

"I have been well educated; and I have had an engagement on the stage.'

"Under a fictitious name, I hope; for we cannot adopt a cast-off comedian. We stand well with the dissenting interest, and respectability is our motto.'

"Having allayed the apprehensions of the secretary on that score, I was conducted to an inner room, where the triumvirs of the League were seated in council. There I was subjected to a rigid examination, which appeared to be on the whole satisfactory; for one of the gentlemen was pleased to say that he thought I should do well enough when I had read up the subject, and acquired some statistical information, for which an interval of two days, devoted to diligent study of the tracts, would be amply sufficient. On the third day I was to commence lecturing at a neighbouring town. Meanwhile I received a temporary supply of money; and the secretary was instructed to supervise some practical reforms in my habiliments, the condition of which, I must candidly admit, was not such as would have done credit to the vaunted respectability of the League.

"Well, sir, I made my first appearance on a platform before an audience of operatives, who, I believe, were attracted rather from curiosity to hear a new lecturer than from any desire to gain instruction. For a few minutes they were tolerably attentive, and even applauded a very fine apostrophe to bread, upon which I had expended the whole of my rhetorical accomplishment. But when I descended from that altitude to the vale of humble figures, and began to wade through calculations, there arose an ominous hum and murmur, which soon deepened into a clamour, intermingled with cries of 'rot!' 'stuff!' 'gammon!' and 'cut it short!'

"Pitch it in stronger, man!" whispered the secretary, who was seated at my elbow. 'Try them with the big loaf dodge!'

"And, so urged, I took from a basket an enormous loaf, specially prepared for the occasion by a patriotic baker, which I elevated with both my hands, like Atlas balancing the globe.

"Men of England!" I cried,

‘behold the untaxed loaf which is your birth-right!’

“‘My eyes! vot a whopper!’ cried the small shrill voice of an urchin. And there was a general roar of laughter, which deepened into a bray as I tabled the cereal monster, and placed beside it a little thing about the size of an orange, which we called the Protectionist’s loaf.

“It was of no use—the trick was a stale one, and would not go down. In vain did I plead for a patient hearing. Let an audience once become riotous, or even frolicsome, and it is beyond the power of the most consummate orator again to rivet their attention. I was no orator, but merely a poor creature who had been engaged to spout in return for a certain number of shillings; and I found myself as helpless as a child on the back of a runaway steed. I grew dizzy and confused as I gazed upon the sea of grinning faces, lost the thread of my discourse, and wandered into the realms of nonsense.

“‘You had better give it up!’ whispered the secretary.

“I was decidedly of the same opinion; but I was resolute not to move until I had delivered the peroration, which I had got up with much care and committed to memory. It was framed on the Demosthenic model, and, as nearly as I can remember, opened thus:

“‘Yes, tyrants of England! Ye who from your haughty ancestral palaces look down with scorn and contempt on the weltering masses of the poor! ye who sit at the riotous banquet and quaff the foaming wine-cup, while the children of the land are fain to moisten with their tears the stinted crust which your foul rapacity has curtailed! ye moral locusts, who devour every green thing, and cast a mildew on the wholesome harvest! ye children of Tophet and of perdition, tremble as I announce your doom! The hour is coming—yea, is at hand—when, in the grasp of an outraged people, you and your

shameful privileges—your wealth, your honours, and your rank—shall be crumpled up, as I crush this wretched scroll!’

“‘Huzzay!’ cried the audience, electrified, it would seem, by this burst of unexpected and unadorned eloquence; and under cover of their plaudits, I made my bow and bolted from the platform.

“The secretary had a cab in waiting for us, and I entered it with the full expectation of then and there receiving my mittimus and discharge. But the representative of the League refrained from speech, and methodically lighted a cigar.

“‘I fear, sir,’ said I, ‘that I have made a sad bungle of it?’

“‘By no means,’ replied the secretary, emitting a protracted whiff. ‘You did very well indeed, considering that it was a first appearance. That last touch about crumpling up was really decidedly clever, far too good to be thrown away upon such a pitiful audience. It is one of those happy notions that may be repeated with great effect, and I’ll take a note of it for the benefit of our crack orator.’

“‘Then you do not consider this an utter failure?’ said I, much-relieved.

“‘On the contrary, I regard it as a signal success. You managed to make them hear you to the end; and you retired amidst applause, which is more than any other of our lecturers has been able to accomplish. We know quite well that it is up-hill work. Do you think that, if it were otherwise, the leading men in Manchester would have come down so handsomely with the ready? Catch them! I am very well satisfied with you, Flusher, and I shall report accordingly. But, I say, don’t bother yourself about statistics. Fellows such as those you have been addressing are not calculating machines; and they can’t follow you when you talk about exports and imports. Stick to the denunciation of the bloated aristocracy—that always tells, because we have a set of tale-writers in our pay,

whose business it is to represent the nobility and gentry and unredeemed profligates and debauchees. I am not sure that our Saturday publications, which are extremely spicy, and regularly contain some interesting matter, such as the violation of a poor man's daughter by a peer, don't help us better than any sound argument. And by the way, you ought to pitch into the bishops, That may not go down with the people, who have a kind of lingering superstition; but we must conciliate the dissenters, who won't part with a shilling unless we pledge ourselves to abuse the Church.'

"Conversing on such high themes, we reached Manchester; and next morning I had the pleasure of perusing this tribute to my talents in the columns of a newspaper of large circulation, and, as it boasted, of European renown.

"ANTI-CORN-LAW DEMONSTRATION AT SALFORD. UNPRECEDENTED SUCCESS!—Last night William Flusher, Esq., a gentleman well known in the literary and economic circles, delivered a lecture on the grand subject of the day to a crowded and enthusiastic audience. So great was the excitement caused by the announcement of Mr. Flusher's appearance, that, although the meeting was held in the largest hall in Salford, many hundreds of persons could not obtain admission, but retired disappointed from the door. Mr. Flusher's style of address is particularly fascinating. He is master of a range, or, we should rather say, a fugue of singular extent, ranging from the highest flights of oratorical embellishment down to the simplest colloquial illustration. Before he had given utterance to three sentences, the audience evidently felt that they were listening to a man of consummate genius, who had not only studied his subject deeply, but knew how to achieve the almost unavoidable tedium of a political discourse, by the sheet-lightning of wit, humour, and sarcasm, and the scarcely less effective

glow of genuine pathos, and that unfeigned philanthropy which, to use the language of the poet, never fails to open the "sacred source of sympathetic tears!" It is much to be regretted that the aristocracy, many of whom, we are persuaded—for it would be uncharitable to place a worse construction on their conduct—have, through sheer ignorance, committed themselves to a dangerous contest with the people, should neglect such opportunities of acquiring sound information and large and enlightened views as are afforded by the prelections of Mr. Flusher. But it is always thus. History demonstrates, and even religion proves, that the good seed must be scattered far and wide before it can take root in the heart of those haughty classes, who seem to consider that this fair world was created for no other purpose than that of ministering to their selfish enjoyment and affording them the means of indulging in their guilty pleasures. Had we observed but one aristocrat amongst the multitude that last night was electrified by Mr. Flusher's eloquence, we might have entertained some hope for the order; for even the most callous, hardened, and unprincipled enemy of social progress must have felt a pang of shame and a thrill of terror as he listened to the vivid descriptions and tremendous denunciations which the gifted gentleman poured forth, with an energy scarcely inferior to that of an ancient prophet of Israel. Alas! not a single descendant of the rapacious Norman invaders deigned to mingle with the honest Saxon throng. We look forward with intense interest to Mr. Flusher's next appearance.'

"So easy is the conquest of fame when one is backed by an unscrupulous editor!

"For some time I prosecuted lecturing with tolerable success, though the pay could hardly be regarded as a fair equivalent for my pains. But the doom was on me that I should never prosper in any undertaking. Intoxicated by ap-

plause, which I sometimes did receive after I had become more used to discoursing in public, I forgot the warning of the secretary, and began to expatiate upon the rights of labour and the tyranny of capitalists. I found that I had struck the true chord, for the cheering immediately became tumultuous; and, warming with my subject, I gave the mill-owners a conspicuous place in that Gehenna to which the nobility, clergy, gentry, and all other persecutors of the people were consigned. That finished me. I had an ovation, it is true; but next morning I received my dismissal, with an intimation that the League had no further occasion for my services. Worse than that, the editor who had praised me so highly put forth a leader, in which he hypocritically blamed the League for their carelessness in the selection of agents; and stated, though without mentioning my name, that it had just been discovered that one of their lecturers was a person of bad moral character, whose prompt dismissal scarcely atoned for the blunder which had been committed in engaging him without due precaution!

"Infuriated by this calumnious falsehood, I rushed to the office, intending to demand an explanation from the editor. I suppose that my agitation betrayed me; for I was shown into an apartment, where I was presently joined by a man, a veritable son of Anak, who bore a suspicious resemblance to a prize-fighter. With a charming frankness he informed me that he was the sub-editor, admitted that he had written the article in question (though I don't believe the fellow was able to sign his name), and then asked me what I wanted? I demanded a retraction, at which he grinned, and requested to know if I was particularly anxious to be pitched out of the window! I do not think I am deficient in moral courage; but it would have been pure madness for me to engage in a personal struggle with such an athletic monster; so I contrived to swallow my

indignation and gained the street, rather thankful than otherwise that I had escaped without broken bones.

"Repudiated by the League, I next offered my services to the leaders of the Chartists. Some of them, I believe, were perfectly sincere, devout believers in the revolutionary creed which they had adopted; but they were miserably poor. That difficulty constantly stared them in the face; for I am convinced that, if all their available means had been clubbed together, these would not have sufficed to equip a single regiment. The days of political unions, when money was surreptitiously supplied by Whig magnates, had long gone by; and voluntary contributions went a very short way to fill up the deficiency. They were willing enough to allow me to lecture under their auspices, taking my chance of remuneration through the primitive process of sending round the hat; but, alas! on examination the hat contained nothing but the very basest metal, and that not in sufficient quantity to render it a cumbersome burden. Still I went on, with far more genuine zeal than I had felt when lecturing for the League; but I trod upon dangerous ground, for I was approaching the line which separated legitimate discussion from sedition.

"I had no wish to be seditious, and I never was so foolish as to contemplate an appeal to physical force; but I was no lawyer, and it may be that my notions of what we called 'a grand demonstration' were not in accordance with the declared opinions of the jurists. But, in self-justification, let me say that we had before us the example of the meetings at the time of the Reform Bill, when unbounded licence of speech, even threatening the sanctity of the throne, was not only tolerated, but countenanced, by a great political party; and that more recently Daniel O'Connell had been allowed to hold in his hand the flag that would have been the signal for Irish insurrection,

the unflinching of which was openly avowed to be merely dependent upon opportunity. After such examples, it is hard measure to seize upon a poor fellow for talking nonsense about a tyrant oligarchy.

"I was a very poor snake, and my exhortations could not have made the people either worse or better affected than they were disposed to be. But I used as strong language as could be found in the vocabulary, and that was reported to the authorities. Most fortunately for me, a nobleman of conservative opinions, Lord Windermere, who was on the commission of the peace, heard of this, and managed so that I was brought before him for examination. I entered the room with the proud demeanour of a patriot resolute for prison and chains; but I was rather staggered by the benign appearance of the earl, who looked the very reverse of a tyrant. I had prepared myself to undergo an ordeal not much less formidable than that of the Inquisition; and as I still retained something of the histrionic leaven, I had meditated a defiant speech, to be delivered after the manner of Pierre in *Venice Preserved*. But I had no opportunity of desiring the officer to conduct me to my dungeon and my straw. The earl simply referred to the informations before him, pointed out to me the extreme hazard of indulging in such inflammatory discourse, warned me against a repetition of such conduct, and then intimated that he did not consider himself bound, as a magistrate, to order any further proceedings.

"But, Mr. Flusher," said he, "I should like to have a word or two with you in private. You appear to be a man of more than average intelligence—how is it that you have contracted such a bitter feeling against those whom you call the aristocracy? Has any man wronged you or oppressed you, or can you complain of having received injustice? You talk, I observe, about privileges, as if the British nobility

had seigniorial rights or special exemptions, which you must be aware is not the case. As to taxation, that is the function of the House of Commons, the direct representatives of the people; and the Peers, through immemorial usage, are forbidden to interfere. You will oblige me much by stating what it is that you charge against us. For my own part, I declare as a Christian that my conscience is void of offence—in so far as any mortal dare use the term—towards those who are my brethren, the labouring men of England."

"I must confess, sir, that I never felt so utterly small as I did at that moment. I tried to recollect what were the special offences of the aristocracy; but, for the life of me, I could not hit upon one to justify the general obloquy. However, it would not do to give in all at once, so I muttered something about the corn-laws and poaching.

"Well," said the earl; "the corn-law question is one which undoubtedly will admit of argument. If those laws could be abrogated or modified without causing a great amount of distress amongst a large and important class of the community, I for one would willingly agree to the alteration. But surely you are aware, my friend, that the question is surrounded with many difficulties, and that there are serious differences of opinion amongst those who profess to have studied it with the deepest attention. That being the case, it seems to me that unless you are prepared to assert the infallibility of your own judgment—which nobody in Europe now pretends to do, except that respectable old gentleman the Pope—you should be lenient to persons whose mental vision does not correspond with your own. It may be a misfortune to a man to be short-sighted, but you can hardly charge it against him as a crime. As to poaching—do you not hold the doctrine that an Englishman's house is his castle?"

"Certainly, my lord."

“Well—that is so, simply because it is his own possession. What constitutes the difference between land and houses? I can see none. The peasant is entitled to prevent the peer from trampling through his cabbage garden, and the law will rigorously enforce that right—is not the peer entitled, in like manner, to say that no one shall encroach on his preserve? The game-laws, you think, make criminals—so they do; but so do all laws enacted for the safety of property. My friend, did it ever occur to you that, if the property of the rich is not respected or defended, that of the poor stands in yet more imminent peril?”

“It would not become me, my lord,” I said, “to presume to argue the subject with you.”

“Why not?” said Lord Windermere—“I want to know why you have been holding me up, in common with other men of my position, to popular indignation. Say your worst, for I assure you you have nothing to apprehend in consequence. It is not difficult to see that the two instances you have stated are not the real reasons for lavishing so much abuse upon the aristocracy—which term, remember, includes a great number of Englishmen who bear no titles of honour. The distinguishing feature of the British nobility is, that it is constantly recruited and sustained from the ranks of the people; and it is a downright falsehood to call that order the representatives of the usurping Normans. As for usurpation, if you go far enough back you will find that the Saxons were themselves usurpers; but that is mere rubbish. My own grandfather was a banker in a country town—a thrifty man who boasted of no pedigree; and I certainly am not answerable for any of the heraldic legends which have emanated from the College of Arms. My ancestors, at a comparatively recent period—which, I doubt not, provokes a sneer from many a long-descended English and Scottish esquire—be-

came wealthy through honourable exertion, were ennobled, and carried to the House of Peers that attachment to the people, of which they were the fitting representatives. Now, Mr. Flusher, setting minor considerations aside, can you urge any objection to a constitution such as ours?”

“My lord,” I replied, “admitting the truth of much that you have said, I would ask whether the glaring social inequalities which we everywhere behold do not furnish conclusive proof of one-sided and partial legislation?”

“Alas!” said the earl, “is that all you have to urge? Can you find no more forcible argument than the unequal distribution of property? Nay, then, your case is a desperate one indeed, for you are objecting, not to the work of man, but to the will of God. You think it a hardship that one man should be doomed to labour whilst another can take his ease. Is it the labour you complain of? Think for a moment, and you must see that, without labour, society would retrograde, and mankind again become a race of sordid savages. Through labour, fields are cultivated, cities reared, mines explored, and the industrial arts brought to perfection. The universal cessation of labour, even for a single month, would be more severely felt than if the land were scourged by famine or overrun by an invading army. And what is it that sustains labour?—I will tell you. It is that very surplus wealth or capital which it would seem you grudge to others. You talk of the splendid palaces of the rich and the miserable huts of the poor. You contrast luxury with indigence: did you never reflect at what a cost those palaces are built, by what a liberal expenditure that same luxury is maintained? Without wealth, labour would sicken and decay, and this fair and flourishing realm would be degraded to a colony of paupers.”

“That is your view, my lord, not mine,” I replied, doggedly: for

though I felt the force of what Lord Windermere said, I did not choose to read my recantation.

"‘Then,’ said the earl, ‘I need pursue the subject no farther. It is with great pain that I find a man of your apparent intelligence so wedded to dangerous opinions, the more so because you have expressed no kind of desire to abandon your present occupation. Had it been otherwise, I should gladly have tried to assist you, for I know very well that misfortune, to which all men are liable, engenders discontent, and is the fruitful mother of railing; but for a determined agitator I have no sympathy. You may now go, sir; but, for your own sake, I advise you to remember my warning.’

"I have sometimes wondered whether Lucifer could ever have been brought to acknowledge that he was in the wrong! I think not; for Pride, that most potent yet insensate passion, common alike to men and demons, would have forbidden him to give way. And pride had then the mastery over me. So I went out apparently defiant; but, in reality, so much impressed by the earl’s discourse, that I resolved seriously to consider whether my political views were not based upon a total misconception of the duties of society and the reciprocal obligations of men. The more I pondered, the more I became convinced that I had committed a gigantic blunder. It is strange how, at such times, old recollections come to our aid; for somehow or other, those long-forgotten words of the Church Catechism forced themselves upon my mind—‘Not to covet or desire other men’s goods; but to learn and labour truly to get mine own living, and to do my duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call me.’ A holy lesson, from which the man may profit even

more than the child. Had I so done my duty? I could not answer in the affirmative; and from that hour I abandoned the occupation of a Chartist lecturer.

"But I have already, sir, occupied far too much of your time. It would be tedious to tell you of all the shifts and devices to which I was forced to resort in order to keep my family from starving. I came to London in the hope of getting some employment as an engraver-draughtsman; but I failed, mainly owing to my beggarly appearance, which offended respectable tradesmen. One offer, indeed, was made to me, which in my ruined condition was tempting; but I refused it, because it was evidently associated with crime. And now, sir, you have the whole of my story, at least as much of it as is worth narrating. I might call it the experiences of a man who has missed his way in the world."

"I assure you, Mr. Flusher," said I, "that I have listened to your story with the utmost interest. I wish that other men would be as candid as you are; for if that were the case, the way would be greatly smoothed towards the solution of some difficult social problems. Meanwhile, our object must be to get you some profitable employment. I hope I shall be able to accomplish that through a friend who is connected with railway business; for I hear there is a demand for draughtsmen, and I am persuaded that you will work with diligence."

And, in effect, I did so interest honest Davie Osett in Flusher’s behalf, that in a day or two afterwards he procured him as many jobs as would maintain his family for a year; railway companies then having received no practical lessons as to the observance of a strict economy.

CHAPTER XL.—PARENTAL DESPOTISM.

Carlton was as good as his word. I was admitted on the footing of an intimate friend; and there I had

several times the opportunity, so much coveted, of conversing with Mary Beaton.

I shall not attempt to relate how, day by day, the tie between us gradually was closer drawn, until I knew that I was no longer indifferent to her, whilst my worship had deepened into adoration. What true lover could ever chronicle the words, the smiles, the looks that gave him hope? As in the garden of the blest, where the happy hours roll away without leaving trace of their passage, because they are so purely happy, I gave myself up to the transport of the moment, and forgot, or tried to forget, that there were yet trials to be endured.

Whether from contempt, or from a consciousness that he had compromised his dignity by allowing his passion to overpower his reason, I know not; but so it was that Mr. Beaton had not mentioned my name to his daughter, though she, of course, was made aware by Amy Stanhope that there had been a serious quarrel. This was so far a restraint that it prevented me from making a broad declaration of my feelings, which, under the circumstances, I thought would be hardly honourable—indeed, I felt assured that Mary, whose sense of duty was strong, would never enter into any engagement without the knowledge of her father. Probably I should have seen less of her than I did had her home been a happy one; but wealth, either real or apparent, gives no exemption from misery, and cannot make up for the want of tender cherishing and the glow of natural affection. Mr. Beaton had never been what the world calls a domestic man. Immersed in business, commercial and political, he considered that he was amply discharging his duty to his daughter by giving her every means of instruction which money could procure. He was not blind to her great accomplishments, but he was proud of it only as something which was the result of his lavish outlay. He was one of those unhappy men who hold, with

the followers of the Prophet of Medina, that females are, in every respect, vastly inferior to the lords of the creation, and that, though it might not be wise openly to proclaim the doctrine, they are virtually to be considered as chattels, and may be included in the household inventory. I have often mused how a heresy, so opposed to natural yearnings, Christian teaching, and Gothic chivalry, should be by no means singular or uncommon in a country such as ours; and I think it is explained by the fact, that the men who hold it have, almost without exception, made unhappy marriages. Not having cared for their wives, they care still less for their daughters. There is a link wanting in the chain of affection. A fond husband recognises, or tries to discover, in his budding girl the image of his living or departed wife; and he sees again renewed the charms which long ago had won his admiration. He loves her because he loved her mother, and because she is the pledge of a holy and a happy union. But of an unhappy marriage, the daughter is an unfortunate memento. Her face recalls the eidolon of the neglected woman; and that, carelessly regarded at first, and afterwards often loathed, is terrible to the selfish man, who, let him try to excuse himself to himself as he best can, has always the humiliating conviction that he has been acting the part either of a tyrant or a hypocrite. And so the father does not love his child with that absorbing affection which demands the most devoted return.

Richard Beaton had married a wife for whom he did not care a straw. In fact, it is absurd to say that he married a wife—he married twenty thousand pounds, saddled with a female encumbrance; and, instead of cultivating affection, he cultivated wealth and power. It is quite possible that Mrs. Beaton might not have been a partner of congenial tastes; but such matters ought to be considered before the alliance is concluded. This, at least,

is certain, that she brought to him the capital which thereafter he enormously improved, and enabled him thereby to prosecute his schemes of ambition. Neglected and despised—virtually a widow, yet with no fond memories to console her—the poor woman pined and died; nor did the husband indulge in any exorbitant grief, seeing that the money, which was the motive for the marriage, was not buried along with her. He did not look out for a new alliance, matrimony not being an indispensable requisite for a man of his tastes and temperament; but as it was necessary that some one should be placed at the head of his establishment and do the honours of his table—for he knew well that ostentatious hospitality is a sure way towards success—he selected his sister, Mrs. Walton, who had been left in poor circumstances, but who was nevertheless a shrewd, scheming, and ambitious woman, to fill that post, and to her he committed the charge of his household and the education of his daughter. Mrs. Walton was quite ready to undertake the first duty, but the second she resolved to perform by deputy; for, being childless herself, and never having entertained any sisterly affection for the deceased Mrs. Beaton, she cared little for the orphan girl, who was committed to the custody of a governess. Fortunately for Mary, the lady who was engaged in that capacity was a person of high principle, enlarged understanding, and warm affections. She watched over the child with unremitting care, teaching her those lessons which cannot be taught too early—of self-denial, control of temper, sympathy for the distressed, and reliance on the will of God—that mould, influence, and sanctify the future character. And so little Mary grew up, like a pure and spotless lily, though reared amidst the heat and throng of a crowded and noisy mansion.

Neither her father nor her aunt interfered with her education so long as she was merely a girl. But

when years rolled on, and the time drew nigh when she might be introduced to society, Richard Beaton bethought him that the very quiet and unassuming governess, who had such influence over his daughter, might not be the most competent person to fit her for her entry into the fashionable world; and, after many colloquies with his sister, it was deemed expedient that Miss Russell should be requested to retire, which is the polite form of a dismissal. Nevertheless, Mr. Beaton, who was by no means stingy, whatever might be his other faults, tried to make this intimation as little obnoxious as it could be by the settlement of a life-annuity upon the lady, "in respect of her invaluable services;" but that did not lessen the pain, and even agony, of the separation. Miss Russell, during the long period that she had resided in the Beaton family, had formed a perfectly accurate estimate of the characters of the father and the aunt, and she was terrified lest their practised art and habitual dissimulation might taint the candour of her pupil. But the fear was groundless. The old adage of "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it," is the acme of human, or rather inspired wisdom; but we are not all agreed as to the training. Too often we restrict it to such accomplishments and arts as are useful only for the promotion of temporal interests, forgetful that the time of our sojourn upon earth is but limited, and that we are also the heirs of immortality. But here the seed had fallen upon good ground, and neither briars nor thorns were permitted to spring up and prevent it from coming to maturity.

I have already said that from her very first introduction to society Miss Beaton was courted and admired. Numerous were the dowagers who, in their maternal zeal for the advancement of their darling Edwards and Alfreds, offered to *chaperon* her to the gaieties of

London, much to the contentment of Mrs. Walton, who, though proud of doing the honours of Mr. Beaton's mansion, was yet fond of her ease, and did not relish the idea of receiving a smaller share of attention than her young and beautiful niece. But all the arts of the wily diplomatists of fashion were in vain. No Edward nor Alfred, though they tried to charm never so nicely, could make an impression on Miss Beaton's heart; and then it was whispered that, with all her apparent frankness and simplicity, Mary Beaton was a clever designing girl, who knew perfectly well what she was about, and would enter into no alliance which did not procure for her high rank in exchange for her abundant gold. That rumour received corroboration when Lord Pentland formally appeared as her suitor, and absolutely haunted her like a shadow. Of all the young men who had paid attention to his daughter, Pentland was the one whom Richard Beaton favoured. He never for a moment thought of ascertaining what Mary's wishes might be; nor did he study the character of the young earl for the purpose of assuring himself that her happiness would be safe in his custody. The truth is, that he regarded all young men of fashion with a certain cynical contempt, esteeming them of little real use in the practical business of life, and not much more intelligent than the wax figures which used to adorn the windows of the hairdresser. He had not much belief in youthful talent—none at all in youthful capacity. Had Lord Pentland been a private gentleman, Beaton would not even have noticed him; but he was an important person as the inheritor of a ducal title. Possibly he might have hesitated had the general report declared Pentland to be a profligate; but as there was no such charge, he did not trouble himself with minute inquiries.

He and Mrs. Walton had made up their minds that Mary was to be the bride of Lord Pentland, and

they acted on that persuasion. Never had suitor so many opportunities of declaring himself; but still Pentland, though constantly in attendance, did not propose. Mrs. Walton was greatly perplexed. The earl, though formal and precise, was not shy; and, had it suited his purpose, would have declared himself with as much deliberation as if he were bargaining for a pair of gloves. Could it arise from the perversity of the girl? She resolved to watch; but she could see nothing in Mary's demeanour towards Lord Pentland differing from that which she used to other young men who surrounded her. If she did not encourage his advances, certainly she did not shun them. This appeared to the good lady rather a favourable symptom; whereas, had she known anything of the manifestations of love, she would have drawn quite the contrary inference; for, of all tokens, a tranquil indifference is the least encouraging to a lover. However, that did not weigh upon the mind of Pentland, who did not even contemplate the possibility of a refusal. He saw quite plainly that old Beaton was anxious for the alliance—nay, that he had set his heart upon it; but that assurance, which would have stimulated a more ardent lover, was the very cause of Pentland's backwardness. He thought that, having the game in his own hand, he need be in no hurry to play out the cards; and also that he might command more immediately advantageous terms, in the way of settlements, by stimulating the merchant through delay. Moreover, being an exceedingly prudent young man—for which he deserved credit, improvidence having been the ruin of his house—he was resolute to ascertain before committing himself irretrievably, whether Beaton was actually that Cæsar which he was thought to be by popular report. Carlton had not done full justice to Lord Pentland's intellect. He was no fool, but a profound calculator. Family misfortune had made him circumspect. He was

resolved to take nothing on trust; and the profusion which was the characteristic feature of Mr. Beaton's establishment was so far from preventing his suspicions, that it absolutely led him to suspect. He had heard or read of Law of Lauriston, and other superlative blowers of bubbles—of French financiers, whose revenues were computed as equal to those of a minor sovereignty, but who had collapsed like exhausted balloons—of speculators who, in one week, might have bragged a prince, and in the next could not command silver enough to purchase a decent meal. Had there been a living Elwes, with a daughter, Pentland would have made appliance there. But the breed of absolute misers is wellnigh extinct. In our day it seems to be an axiom, though I dispute its soundness, that lavish expenditure can be made more profitable than prudent saving. Hence the splendid additions to the Gazette, of which each week contributes its quota, and the jolly confessions of humorous bankrupts, exciting roars of laughter, in which, I suspect, the creditors rarely join. No doubt, as he was perfectly heart-whole, and had only one thing, which was his title, to barter in exchange for wealth, Lord Pentland was entitled to use every possible precaution.

At length Mr. Beaton, who was not blessed with a large stock of patience, determined to bring the matter to a crisis, by the short and summary method of demanding of the earl what were his intentions. I understand that this duty, which sometimes must be performed in order to bring dangles to their senses, is usually undertaken by the female head of the house, as having more tact and temper, and withal more persuasive powers, than the irascible sire, who may nevertheless be called in as *dernier ressort* in case of undue hesitation. Mrs. Walton, who was a woman of spirit, stood up for her prerogative, and insisted that she was the proper person to bring Lord Pentland to book. But it occurred to her, which it had not done to Mr.

Beaton, that, in the first instance, it would be proper to sound Mary's inclination—not that she anticipated any decided opposition, but for the purpose of providing against any possible difficulty or delay; for Mr. Beaton was at great pains to impress upon her the necessity of getting the affair over as soon as possible, if the match was to take place at all. Mr. Beaton pooh-poohed the notion as a piece of absolute supererogation, swearing—for the respectable gentleman could sometimes swear quite as lustily as a drill-sergeant—that he should like to see a child of his venture to thwart his wishes. "You are unreasonable, brother," said Mrs. Walton, "and you do not understand our sex. Women are easily led, but they do not like to be driven. Mary is a fine girl, but she inherits the Beaton blood, and I think you will allow that our family were never famous for yielding their opinions. If you try to coerce her, you will fail, or at all events create a vast deal of unnecessary trouble. Leave the management of the affair to me. I have your interest deeply at heart. I know your wishes, and I shall do everything that woman can to see that they are fulfilled."

The debate terminated, as usual, by the lord of the creation giving way; and Mrs. Walton, who was a sort of Machiavelli in petticoats, began the delicate office of ascertaining the state of the affections of her niece. To her surprise and dismay, Mary avowed her total indifference to Lord Pentland, and even ridiculed the notion that he meant to honour her by a proposal.

"I assure you, aunt," she said, "that he has never spoken a single word to me, which, by any effort of imagination, I could construe into love-making. He is a most precise young man, who seems to admire nothing but his gloves, which he is perpetually surveying, to the exclusion of any of those glances that novelists refer to as symptoms of the tender passion. No—no! my true lover is Mr. Linklater, who

stares at me with afflicting constancy, and sighs as if he had the asthma. I'll tell you why Lord Pentland follows me. He thinks it may be of use to him that the idea should go abroad that he is intimate with papa; and he has no objection to the good dinners with which you so frequently indulge him."

"My dear child," said Mrs. Walton, "I must really tell you that you are labouring under a great misconception. Lord Pentland's attentions to you have been so very marked, that all London talks of him as your suitor; and he is actually so compromised that he could not in honour draw back, which, I am sure, he has not the least intention of doing, without an explanation."

"I certainly," replied Miss Beaton, "neither expect nor would accept an explanation from a man for whom I have no regard. If, in your view, matters have gone so far as to raise a rumour, of which I was unconscious, and now hear with astonishment—for I have never given any encouragement to Lord Pentland—the remedy is simple. Abstain from inviting him to this house, and you will have no further trouble."

"Yes, Mary; but at what a sacrifice? Do you not perceive, my sweet child, that you also are compromised? If Lord Pentland should draw back without making you an offer, will not the world say that you have been slighted, and your affections trifled with?"

"The world, aunt," replied Miss Beaton, "may say what it pleases. I have yet to learn that the opinion, or rather the gossip, of the world ought to influence our actions; and from what I have seen of London society, I certainly shall not bow to the judgment of any such tribunal."

"My love!" said Mrs. Walton, in her most insinuating tones; "you are very young, and perhaps you do not yet comprehend the importance of that opinion which you

rather rashly despise. In this country we are all slaves to public opinion. Even the Queen on the throne must bend before it—how then can a simple maiden escape? It is impossible to evade the fact. Lord Pentland has paid you marked attention; and I, who have not been an unattentive observer, cannot say that you have met his advances with that coldness which is understood to convey a hint that further courtship would be unacceptable. We cannot read hearts—we can only judge from tokens. Now it is quite evident to me that Lord Pentland loves you. His person is agreeable—there is nothing against his character or his morals, and the woman whom he weds will become a British duchess, than which there is no superior rank short of absolute royalty. Mary Beaton! all that is ready for your acceptance. Poverty you have not to dread, for your father can bestow upon you an enormous fortune. You will take rank with the highest, the proudest, and best descended peers of Europe, as you are entitled to do; for the mere name and cognisance of Beaton is a sufficient certificate; and you will have the glory of raising a family, fallen by misfortune, to a position higher than that which it occupied nearly three centuries ago."

"And what is Lord Pentland or his family to me, that I should make a sacrifice of myself?" replied Miss Beaton. "Deaf aunt, you know me very little indeed if you think that I either covet or envy rank, which is to those who are forced to bear it a heavy load, and sometimes a great misfortune. I have no wish to be a duchess. It would make me blush with shame to be pointed at as the city heiress who took the hand of an impoverished nobleman for a title in exchange for her gold. And to marry without love, without affection, without even cold esteem! The thought is monstrous. Aunt, let us drop the subject. Even to speak of such a thing is degradation, and

creates within me a feeling which I cannot express."

"Nevertheless, Mary, you must control your feelings, and submit to listen to me," said Mrs. Walton. "I do not speak without authority—I speak in the name of one whom you are bound by the laws of God and man to reverence and obey. It is your father's will that you should accept of Lord Pentland as your husband."

"It cannot be!" cried Miss Beaton; "I will not believe it! My father order me to do a thing from which my mind recoils with abhorrence! Dear aunt! say this is a device of your own—say that my father never uttered such a word—and I will forgive you the pang which you have inflicted!"

"I cannot say so, Mary, because I then would be telling you a falsehood. It is by his desire that I have spoken to you to-day; and I undertook the duty the more readily because I was fearful of the consequences which would follow direct opposition to his will. Your father, Mary—I need not mince the matter—has a violent temper, and will not brook contradiction. He loves you well, for you are his only child, and hitherto have been an obedient one; but if you thwart him the explosion of his wrath will be terrible. So, my dear child, be persuaded, and listen to reason. I stand to you in room of a mother——"

"No, no! don't say that!" cried Miss Beaton. "If my poor mother were alive I should have one to take my part, and protest against a tyranny which would make a free English girl as helpless as an Eastern slave! For your affection, aunt, such as it is, I am grateful; but you cannot counsel me as a mother would have done."

"Very well, my dear; then I shall simply speak as your father's sister, which is indeed my proper character; and you cannot object to my drawing your attention to the possible consequences, if you should prove stubborn. In the first place,

are you aware that you have no fortune of your own independent of your father?"

"I never gave a thought to the subject."

"Such, however, is the case. Your mother had some property; but it was left to his absolute disposal."

"And what of that? What has my lack of fortune to do with that other odious matter?"

"Much. I know my brother well; and should you incense him by declining a match upon which he has obviously set his heart, he is quite capable of disinheriting you, and leaving every shilling of his vast accumulations to an hospital."

"And let him do so, rather than force me to sell my freedom!" said Miss Beaton. "Oh, aunt, threats of that kind have very little effect upon me. I am not so enamoured of wealth as to prize it above my conscience; and what I would not yield to a parent's entreaty I will not be coerced into by menaces."

"Poor child!" said Mrs. Walton, pityingly. "You talk lightly of wealth, because reared in the lap of luxury, you have never known what poverty really is. I have known it, Mary—I have seen the face of the gaunt spectre, and I yet shudder at the remembrance. And I was not nurtured as you have been. From the first my lot was a hard one. As a girl, I was used to no luxuries and few indulgences. I fared plainly, dressed simply, and had to undertake household tasks, but that was comfort—nay, opulence—contrasted with what followed. Mary, I have known what it is to want; and if I refrain from exhibiting to you a picture which would make you quail, it is because I still hope that your good angel will interfere, and cause you to abandon this miserable obstinacy. You say you despise wealth! O child! reared as you have been, like an exotic in a rich conservatory, how could you bear exposure, even for a day, to the bitter blast of poverty? Away with romance! Be reasonable, be dutiful, and all will yet go well."

"Aunt," said Miss Beaton, "I will speak to you quite frankly. Nothing that you have said has availed to shake my resolution, nor is it likely that anything you can say will have that effect. But I will confess that I am exceedingly anxious to avoid anything like an altercation with my father—yet that is not the proper word, for, however, angry he might be, I hope I know my duty too well to fail in respect, though I may not be able to yield obedience. You see that this announcement has taken me quite by surprise. It is the privilege of our sex to have time to reflect upon so important a subject, and that privilege I claim. If you press me now, my answer, whatever may be the consequences, shall be, No! And having once said that, I shall not retract it, but leave the issue in the hands of God, our heavenly Father, to whom there is an appeal from the hasty sentence of an earthly parent. If you accord me time, I shall consider what you have said. I ask your pardon if, in my impetuosity, I have said anything to displease you, for you have always been kind to me, dear aunt, and I have often heard you say that the Beatons were a hasty race. Be good enough to

suppose that I am not exempt from the family failing, and do not press me just yet for an answer, which would make us all so unhappy."

Mrs. Walton, though a very worldly-minded woman, had yet some good points in her character. It was fortunate that she had no children; for, had that been the case, some minor friend would doubtless have suggested to her that, by precipitating matters, and revealing Mary's disobedience, she might make a splendid provision for her own particular brood. She spoke the truth when she said that Beaton, if his daughter resolutely opposed his wish, was capable of treating her as an alien. But her own desire was to have peace in the household in which she was so comfortably ensconced; and I doubt not, if it had been possible to penetrate into the recesses of her heart, it might be read there that the promotion of her niece to the rank of a duchess interested her much less than it did her ambitious and scheming brother. Therefore, she passed her solemn word to use her influence with Mr. Beaton to refrain from forcing on an *eclaircissement*; and so the story must rest, with a halt for the breathing-time.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS!

WERE Christmas, in the ordinary sense of the word, limited to the joyful and tender recollections of one day, we should fear we were too late to salute all our friends and neighbours with the compliments of the season. But, remembering that there are bold spirits equal to that experiment, who secure their "luck" by eating plum-pudding and mince-pie till Twelfth Day, and that the northern half of the islands holds its allegiance to the first day of the year, we conclude ourselves at liberty to use the time-worn and venerable expression familiar to the occasion. A merry Christmas-tide to whosoever that is possible! "A good time," as our cousins say across the Atlantic—a happy new year, according to the more comprehensive formula. The fairest of good-mornings, gentle readers! and better luck to '61 than has befallen any of his mortal and fallible predecessors on their way.

While we speak, Christmas is but coming—has not yet arrived, with its yearly testimony to the greatest event of all the ages. If the angels listen about this sphere as it sways in everlasting space, what echoes of their ancient song must go chiming up to them among the stars! Carols quaint and homely, of all jingles and metres—clumsy imitations enough, heaven knows, of that old chorus that woke the drowsing shepherds outside the gates of Bethlehem. But perhaps those early choisters are less critical than we, and do not disdain the paternity of Christmas chants and carols. Even the doleful Waits that drive wakeful Londoners distracted, even the feeble Pifferari that drone through modern Rome, and, far more, the hymns of the great Teutonic race, and the English carollers, striking up sudden strains of homely rhythm through the freezing eve, echo forth a prolonged and simple measure of that poetry of act and circumstance

which touches with sweet suggestions many a homely breast not much accessible to the poetry of word and thought. Never was a nobler poetic tradition prolonged through a nation than that which adjoins the Christmas households, in a pathetic sweet simplicity, all conscious of woe and trouble, "let nothing you dismay." To hear this strain rising outside in the moonlight—rising outside, maybe, in the cold common street, where such celestial philosophy has perhaps but too little apparent place—is enough to melt one's heart, were one doubly hardened by time and the world. We wish ourselves no better than to wake on Christmas morning with that homely sublime conclusion of ineffable simple logic in our hearts. We would wish it to our readers cordially, but for the sad conviction that we shall be too late. Never mind! It will do just as well for the New Year. And so, God rest ye, merry gentlemen! *Maga*, albeit not given to preach, exhorts you like the choristers—

"Let nothing you dismay!
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,
Was born on Christmas day."

Months ago the country roads were glorious with holly, nature setting her work well forward to help at the Christmas celebration. The cheerful glowing berries looked strangely bright and sweet under those autumn leaves that hung so loosely, and which the faintest air sent fluttering down. Perhaps still earlier than the holly-berries, which cheerful Mother Earth concocted for her faithful winter birds, as well as for the shows of the winter festival, shoals of other tiny bright apparitions were getting ready for Christmas. The booksellers' windows glow splendid with colours more than green and scarlet. Christmas wakes a melodious crowd of storytellers, and gentle professors of the kindred art. Surely, in former days, the feast had to be kept with

fewer auxiliaries of friendship and congratulation. At all events, whatever compensation our predecessors might have had, they did not have the mass of accessories which we now rejoice in. Toy-shops crowded out with all manner of nick-nacks for the borrowed institution of the Christmas tree, were undoubtedly unknown and undreamed of till the days of *our* lucky children. Books did not rain down out of all the clouds in the firmament of old, when *we* had our holidays; and as for the miracles of paste-board and gilt paper, the glories of Russia leather and *papier maché*, which allure every passer-by into the prevalent mania for Christmas gifts, such delights had not appeared within our horizon. Certainly, if the art of giving presents has not wonderfully extended of past years, the arts of manufacturing the same have immensely multiplied. It is pleasant to go along the brightened streets, to see the dainty contrivances everywhere about, and to note what stores of home gratification, what tender mementoes, and treasures of youth, to be gratefully remembered in darker days, are lighting up into a common exhilaration the everyday craft of buying and selling. For Christmas is not always bright, God knows! woeful things than anniversaries are not to be found in life, as some of us could tell. But yet the warmer current of life, the atmosphere quickened by a popular thrill of comfort and kindness, the impracticable, impatient, universal desire that for one day in the year, at least, everybody should be happy, is in itself a public benefit. People cannot and will not be philosophical where their own troubles are concerned; but yet it is cheering to note, as we well may do at this season above all others, how, like the old monkish choirs, human creatures arrange themselves unawares, taking their rotation of spontaneous comfort and thankfulness, some one chorus always rising in unconstrained joy and genuine pleasure,

a natural *Laus perennis* and freewill offering to the bountiful skies.

Accordingly, while the winter elves strip the hedges, and the holly boughs nod and march like Birnam Wood, let us look at what the liberal fairies have provided us withal in the shape of literature. *Trade* literature (which is on all occasions to be well and carefully distinguished from that which is spontaneous and genuine) has taken wellnigh forcible possession of the Yule feast. Some years ago, in the day of the *Christmas Carol*, this impulse was doubtless genuine enough after its fashion; but it was inevitable that extravagance should overdo itself, and the benevolence of the season, over much wrought as handy material, should grow maudlin. The straggling rearguard, however, of that sudden raid of fun, pathos, and absurdity, still keeps irregular possession of the ground; in one corner *Punch*, always welcome; in another, Mr. Dickens, who still will have his Christmas number; and many a Christmas number besides, which, save for the sake of the children's scrapbook, or some other such homely vehicle of amusement, is in no respect to be defended or encouraged. Such floating shoals of vague anecdote and sentiment, of course, rank little higher than the gorgeous almanacs done forth in every tint of colour. But they help the universal flutter of Christmas feeling, and we owe them no malice. These vague broadsheets, however, remind us that it is vain to speak of the *literature* of the season as if it had a separate existence. At Christmas it is not to be expected that the students of the drawing-room and nursery should puzzle their happy brains with mere volumes of print set forth in homely black and white. Let us cast off the bewildering expression literature. Books are books in these wintry days—not voices, however charming may be the voice—but tangible productions, intended for the gratification of more things than

the mind. Most of them owe far more of their charms to Art than to literature. Who can contemplate unmoved those splendours of binding? who can turn over without a thrill of pleasure those creamy delicious pages? If there was not a syllable imprinted on the same, the triumph of bookmaking would still be complete—a sumptuous craft, belonging to an age of luxury. No, we have nothing to say about Christmas literature; but may well spare a moment to turn over the many-coloured glories of Christmas Books.

We remember once to have heard Mr. Ruskin say, that the art of illumination, could it only be revived again, would hold out an enviable prize, and prove at the same time a spur of emulation to modern poets. Fancy living to see one's self illuminated! Fancy the glory and delight of contemplating one of one's own verses begun by a gorgeous initial letter, with little birds of paradise cooing in the corners! But, we fear, practical experience does not corroborate this imaginary delight. These delightful picture-books which surround us, dear reader, on the eve of Christmas, are not, as you very well know, at all intended for reading; and we doubt whether the self-abnegation of any merely mortal author ever brought him the length of high contentment in being thus bestridden and ridden forth to fame by another art than his own. But fortunately the author is not the first person to be considered. Here, for example, is the *Tempest*, which Shakespeare doubtless would have beheld with mingled feelings, marvelling what wonderful combination of skill and implements could have produced so much and yet so little, such miraculous perfection in the way of doing it, so little true knowledge of what to do. Yet, for all that, the result is doubtless a very pretty book, if it had been anybody in the world but Shakespeare upon whom these four artists mounted for their little trial of skill. We

can imagine that nothing exceeds the difficulty of illustrating drama in any shape. There are still, we presume, individuals existing who love the theatre; but popular enthusiasm does not hold by that institution as it has done; and of all things in the world which are least likely to embody to our ideas those great scenes which are in everybody's mind, a representation of them, as they were represented on the stage, is perhaps the most utterly inadequate. Portraits of Mr. Kean as Hamlet, represent, everybody knows, not Hamlet, but Mr. Kean. Yet what is the artist to do? or where could he study his subject so well as at the Princess's? The matter is complicated, in the present instance, by the fact that two of the present illustrators are Frenchmen, which is not likely to improve their appreciation of the most English as well as the greatest of English writers; and that it is the *Tempest*, and nothing else—the *Tempest*, with all its rare, subtle, untranslatable essence—which has called forth and baulked their exertions.

No; a great poem, of whatever kind, unless it happen to be a poem of indisputable calm greatness, like the *Seasons*, abstract and possessing episodes, does not answer well for illustration; and that, doubtless, for a multiplicity of reasons beyond the control of either artist or poet. A natural instinct seems ever at work suggesting as much to the originators of these pretty volumes. Here is one perfectly "sweet" and delightful book, which it is quite a pleasure to look at, entitled *Sunshine in the Country*.* It is not Mr. Birket Foster, as might be supposed, but Phœbus Apollo, a greater personage, who has taken pencil in hand. With such an illustrator, one could have imagined the greatest poets might have taken their turn to deliver the text. But the selection of verses has been made on a humbler principle, and doubtless the choice is a wise one. The works of

* *Sunshine in the Country*. Griffin & Co.

the artist are, some of them, quite above criticism. There is a peep of a little house on the edge of an autumn wood, in one vignette, which is perfectly irresistible; and we confess to feeling a certain remorse at the recollection of sundry things our ignorance has ventured to say touching the greensward in Pre-Raphaelite pictures, after glancing over these tiny photographic illustrations. Though you could measure the little picture across with your little finger, how the grass bristles up in the foreground, how the multitudinous daisies show! One charming peep of Haddon Hall shows us a couple of lads lying luxurious, with that soft elastic herbage clouded white with daisies, half burying them over. Happy souls! If the sun were only more chary of his portraits, that lounge might have made an immortality. This new use of the universally practised modern art is extremely elegant and charming; and nobody could desire a prettier volume, though the verses are of secondary charm. Another volume, using the same celestial means of illustration, or, to speak more truly, a little portfolio of photographs, explained and commented on, is presented to us in the *Cartoons of Raphael*.* The name, of course, describes the contents and subject of this book. Raphael's Cartoons cannot fail to be welcome anywhere, or in any shape; and doubtless many families will rejoice over this entirely trustworthy and accessible representation of them. Some of them are admirable—some others very sombre, and not entirely intelligible; but the possible publication of such a volume at so low a price is a positive triumph, in its way, over the difficulties of costly and laborious art. The *Expositions* which accompany them are pious and sensible; and this book is one which will retain its interest, and answer any season. It is pleasant to see the new accidental art, if one

may use such a word, offering thus the blank faithfulness of its interpretation to the old real art, wrought out of the hearts and souls of men.

Another example of the fact that a poem of secondary character and importance is the most suitable for illustration lies before us in the shape of Tennyson's *May Queen*,† illustrated by the graceful hand which has already charmed the public with the baby beauty of *Child's Play*, and other similar works. We have never been able to make out to ourselves how this little poem came to be so popular. However, the *May Queen* is a very old story nowadays, and requires no criticism. It has met with all due justice in the illustrations, which, however, as might be expected from the more varied and less specially characteristic interpretation required, are not so exquisite as were E. V. B.'s former bouquets of babies. The accessories of the scenes look somewhat too German for the solid English character intended to be conferred upon them. Notwithstanding, some of them are wonderfully sweet and perfect. There is, perhaps, a rarer quality in the touching attitude of the mother sitting by her cottage door, with her knitting fallen into her lap, and "little Effie" embracing the arm only half aware of her clasp, whose steadfast gaze into the sky, all unconscious of her shadow-daughter wistfully watching her opposite, is wonderfully real and affecting. The shadow that seems to sit on the other side is no doubt fantastical enough, and one or two illustrations of the sick girl's fancies border upon the ghastly; but the little book, as a whole, is elegant and tender, and the mother at her door, and again sitting lonely in the house, with little Effie moping by her side, close by yet turned away, has a sweet pathos and reality not often to be found in this superficial branch of art.

The ancient genius of namby-

* *The Cartoons of Raphael*. Nisbet.

† *The May Queen*. Illustrated by E. V. B. Sampson Low, Son, & Co.

pambyism makes its reappearance on the Christmas table in *Three Gems in One Setting*,* the best that can be said of which is, that it is sweetly pretty, and may be appreciated in quarters where art is unknown. In contrast with this pretty foolishness, comes a burly volume, entitled, *Poets' Wit and Humour*,† a famous store of extracts from Chaucer downwards, embracing most of the quaint and witty, as well as the broadly humorous poetic sketches, which have won a familiar footing in English households.

And Mr. Tenniel's *Lalla Rookh* is as splendid as befits its text—full of almond-eyed and crisped-haired beauties; yet we cannot allow that the artist has done himself so much credit in this luxurious book as he did in a much less pretentious effort—his illustrations to Canon James's recent edition of *Esop's Fables*. Esop, we understand, never was Esop, and is, according to the last new light thrown on the subject, a popular fallacy. Nevertheless, though it may be a misnomer, the little book we have just mentioned is worthy of surviving many Christmasses. A certain hungry wolf therein contained, who sits close, cunning, and expectant in the shadow of a doorway, after hearing the nurse at the window above threaten to throw her child down as punishment for its naughtiness, has haunted our imagination for a twelvemonth. The illustrations are all admirable.

A much more original production, however, than anything else which we have or could expect to have for an "occasion" like the present, is Captain Sherard Osborn's *Japanese Fragments*,‡ a bit of piquant and amusing utility amid all the pretty simulations around. Captain Osborn has scorned the smooth embellishments of European pencil or graver. The illustrations which he has given us, along with his brief

but sparkling account of the history and habits of that old-new nation, which has so much startled and delighted all its visitors, are genuine productions of native art, facsimiles of drawings bought in Yedo. And very admirable drawings they are, as everybody will allow. True, the amount of beauty expressible by the Japanese artist is limited, not to say peculiar; but the downright and straightforward way in which he goes at it is quite refreshing to behold. Where is the English artist who could produce anything so bold and original as the "Lady and Restive Horse," which we are sure will captivate every reader of this little book? Scarcely less charming is the salute of the brave Japanese general to the lady of surpassing beauty who has taken shelter from the rain under the rose-trees. Rain must be a distinct feature of the Japanese landscape. Here we have the rice-labourers working in it; and, joking apart, how admirable is the representation in its entire straightforwardness and evident verisimilitude! the pilgrims climbing the mountain-side through it, and the "lady of surpassing beauty" sheltering among the roses. The rain comes down in a boldly effective and primitive manner, as may be supposed. After all, what could landscape art do better than the "View of Yedo Bay" in Captain Osborn's frontispiece? The water, dark blue just at the margin, where the town shadows over it, gradually lightening outward into broad white before it reaches the orange-red tropical horizon—the *prose* fleet of boats at anchor on one side, in all the ugliness of their bare masts; the *poetic* boats in motion, instantaneously touched into beauty by the addition of the sail. Absolutely, this primitive sketch, with its broad simple realisation of tropical colour, and straightforward symbolism, is

* *Three Gems in One Setting*. Kent & Co.

† *Poets' Wit and Humour*. Bell & Daldy.

‡ *Japanese Fragments*; with Facsimiles of Illustrations by artists of Yedo. By Captain SHEARD OSBORN, C.B. Bradbury & Evans.

more to the purpose than the most correct of drawings. And how famous is the "Fishing-boat at Sea;" not a visionary, unreal boat, like those one often enough sees in quaint old pictures—a boat that really *could* go to sea, made of planks that will keep out water, not of mere paint and paper. Captain Osborn deserves the highest credit for holding faithful to his illustrations. He has made no break in the smooth but monotonous atmosphere of pretty repetitions and conventional beauties peculiar to the season, by this daring and brilliant little book.

A singular *Pilgrim's Progress*, not meant for Christmas, and not included in the volumes before us, but which is well worthy the regard of all lovers of that miraculous book, has been lately published. The illustrations are not scenes in the eventful history of Christian and his family, as is usual, but *heads* wonderfully characteristic and effective. The book is not before us, so that we cannot refer to it with any certainty; but such heads as those of Talkative and Obstinate, Mr. Worldly Wisdom, and, in quite another way, the noble sketch of Watchful the porter, linger in our memory. The virtues are, of course, much less individual and striking than the vices; but the book, altogether, is a remarkable one.

Let us, however, hasten from the full-grown books into a department yet more attractive. Here lie piled, in all the newest shades of all the fashionable colours, volumes enough to confuse any youthful choice into the wildest delightful embarrassment. What triumphs of coloured pictures enliven those pretty books! figures elegantly tall as if Mr. Gilbert had drawn them, and true to fashion, as if touched by the wonder-working pencil of Mr. Leech. When the heroes and heroines are Harry and Lucy, the effect of the wonderful skill and prettiness which

is devoted to this species of work is quite delightful and satisfactory—an opinion, we are sure, which all nursery critics will be ready to stake their credit upon. Here are, for example, a series of pretty and tempting little productions,* published by Messrs. Griffith & Farran, where the little boys and girls wear Zouave trousers and Magenta frocks and cravats, just like *real living* little boys and girls, and have just those rosy little faces, plump cheeks and arms, that one delights to find in the living subjects of one's cares. We commend these small volumes to Christmas purchasers. One, rather inappropriately named *Long Evenings*, though not too considerable to be snapped up in an night by any enterprising reader of eight or ten, bears the time-honoured name of Marryat. It is the daughter of our dear old captain who writes the pretty childish tales of this tiny volume: showing how Harry spoilt his Christmas Eve by naughtiness and perversity; and how foolish little Harriet went to a pic-nic in her best frock, and ruined it and her temper together; and how a set of hapless little Crusoes went ashore for half an night on an island, and repented of their folly. One wonders if the children who read will not think each fault, with all its attendant unhappiness, so doubly compensated and made up for by the tender penitence that follows, and mamma's and papa's special love, patience, and forgiveness, as to be rather tempted to the tiny sin than deterred from it. If we big people could have these reconciliations, should not we too be naughty? But it is to be hoped the little ones who know no better feel the fault and its consequences more deeply than that delightful make-up at the end which restores everything better than ever, and proves to demonstration that the naughtiness was the very thing that ought to have hap-

* *Long Evenings*, by EMILIA MARRYAT. *The Discontented Children*. *Playing at Settlers*; or, *the Fuggot House*. *Sayings and Doings of Animals*.

pened, and best for everybody. *The Discontented Children* acts on a juster principle. Two children of the Hall and two children of the gamekeeper mutually envy each other, and get discontented with their lot, and are simultaneously changed in outward appearance, while retaining their own full consciousness of who they are and how the change has come about. Their adventures are very cleverly and amusingly told, except that Master Charles, both in his own character and that of John Fletcher, is a sad milksop and coward—not at all what an English boy of twelve ought to be. The metamorphosis does not last long enough to distress or tire little readers; and, barring that one defect, here is a clever little story, pretty sure to be appreciated. The *Sayings and Doings of Animals* is also very pleasant and satisfactory; and all the dogs, kittens, and parrots well worthy of juvenile acquaintance. Quite another matter, however, is *Fairy Land*,* brought out by the same publishers. Why the delightful nonsense of these stories should half tempt one into tears we cannot tell, for there is certainly no weeping about them. Still it is pathetic to see those ancient toys of affectionate leisure gathered up and preserved by the children to whom, and not to the world, their tender fun and extravagance belonged. The mother's share consists of some gentle verses and stories cast on the ordinary nursery principles; but here the reader, whether old or young, may delight himself in the wonderful siege of the city of Nhohwhehreh, in the country of Toomeniaitchez, with all the tragical circumstances therein involved, and the manner in which the three great giants, Fee, Faw, and Fum, came by their death. He will also find great instruction and solace in the equally philosophical and enter-

taining "History of the Cow Without a Tail;" and, it is to be hoped, will profit by the dread catastrophe of "The Two Nurses," whose rivalry wrought such woe and confusion. These tales are charming, and demonstrate at a glance the difference between pure extravagance and laughing fancy, with all their delightful, genuine absurdity, and the regularly built fairy-tale, which is a totally different production. It is possible that children, in whom the faculty of humour is rarely developed, may prefer the commoner fairy materials and workmanship; but the stories made by Hood for the amusement of his own nursery will not fail of their appreciation. Strange what a tenderness of recollection enshrines this man, who spent so much of his life in the unprofitable occupation of joke-making! It is not the *Bridge of Sighs* that does it; it is perhaps, apart from his own qualities, this pathetic, profoundly human mingling of tears and laughter. However, terrible as its prospects were at one time, there are no tears in the history of the city of Nhohwhehreh. Before it goes into the nursery, we recommend that all the grown-up people should study *Fairy Land*.

Fairy Land seems to have come into high reputation once more in the revolution of time. What with Norse and Celtic explorations, this branch of literature bids fair to become both learned and popular, and has triumphantly redeemed its place, let us be thankful, in nursery lore. Not to speak of such books, as *Little Ella*†—a graceful little cluster of new tales compounded out of the old materials, the prettiest dainty moralities possible—we have an abundant supply of the genuine original article, in all its native strength and boldness. *Our Favourite Fairy Tales* are very well worthy of the name: they include all those heroes and heroines

* *Fairy Land*, by the late THOMAS and JANE HOOD.

† *Little Ella and the Fire King*: Edmonstone & Douglas, Edinburgh. *Our Favourite Fairy Tales*. Ward & Lock.

who enjoy immemorial popularity, not only with little readers, but with the tiniest creature who entertains a story; and we are old-fashioned enough to believe these innocent romances to be fully better adapted for the juvenile mind than even the treasures of Grimm, which, however delightful, meddle in sundry instances with affairs the children have nothing to do with—a characteristic still more evident in the Norse tales of Dasent, which, to be sure, are not intended for children, but for the primitive populations among whom they originated. No such sin can be charged against *Jack the Giant-Killer*, or *Cinderella*, immortal heirs of all wholesome young affections. Then come the delightful *Tales** of Madame D'Aulnoy, of all fairy tales the most elegant and graceful, and which are, a rare quality, adapted to youth in distinction from childhood. These are, the translator informs us, given for the first time intact and in their full integrity to the English public. The English public, which has of late days loved things Teutonic much better than things Gallican, cannot surely be so prejudiced as to refuse the palm to those refined and sprightly productions, which are distinguished from the more savage and straightforward legend by a hundred charms of composition and dainty sparkling wit. We can wish no heroine of fourteen a more charming present than Madame D'Aulnoy's *Fairy Tales*.

Side by side with this, can we venture to place modern sentiments, in the popular form of a set of heroic patriot examples, upon the Christmas table? Here a practised leader of youthful opinions sets himself to quicken the boyish pulse and make the stripling's heart beat by means of the *Sea-Kings and Naval Heroes*† a series of spirited little narratives extending from Rollo

the Norman, in the tenth century, to Collingwood in the nineteenth. The publishers of Mr. Edgar's little book have done still better for the boys by a *Book of Ballads*, containing all those deathless favourites which stir the young heart like a trumpet. Here we have, of necessity, *Chevy Chase*, and the matchless romance of William of Cloudeley; and not less surely the *Heir of Linne* and its moralities—excellent fare which boys, if they are as they used to be, will relish even better than the *Sea Heroes*, and which, the chances are, will do more to cultivate patriotism and warm the noble generous instincts which may be in the lads than any series of exemplars. It is an admirable idea well carried out. There are, of course, a multitude of other boys' books, with Crusoe adventures and geographical wanderings, very cleverly got up. The worst of it is, that these are all somewhat constrained and unsympathetic—a grievous defect. We had rather choose the *Ballads* or the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, which last is dear to the soul of every genuine boy.

We are glad to have to notice a full-developed story of considerable length from the pen of our and everybody's old favourite, Mary Howitt. *Lilliesleaf*‡ is a thorough child's story, though somewhat complicated by a wonderful maze of relationships to begin with, and various retrospections, telescopic, one within another, which may possibly puzzle and daunt the reader at the commencement of the story. Here also appears, at full length, the Indian uncle; the long-familiar good genius of fiction, whose wealth is not less incalculable than his goodness, and who showers presents upon all around him which make one's mouth water. But the story of the little Christina at Whinstone, amid the bleak scenery of that Stoney-

* *The Fairy Tales of the Countess D'Aulnoy*, translated by J. R. PLANCHE. Routledge.

† *Sea-Kings and Naval Heroes*. By J. G. EDGAR. Bell & Daldy.

‡ *Lilliesleaf: a Story for the Young*. By MARY HOWITT. Routledge.

shire which has of late become familiar to all readers—in the cold, clean, primitive house, “one o’ th’ coudest spots i’ th’ Peak!”—with its heartless mistress, and her strange, broken-down, culpable, innocent guest, is as pretty a bit of simple painting as we have seen for a long time. Adam Ensor, with his bees, hives, and baskets, his wonderful simple powers of construction, his flowers, his stories, and his injuries, will take the juvenile heart by storm; and we entirely acquiesce in the appropriateness of the Indian uncle. Children who are not critical love those lavish magnificent gifts. Opportune hampers, with just the very things most wanted by hero, heroine, and their whole circle of secondaries, cannot arrive too often for the content of the young reader; and it is always safe to award the fullest poetic justice in a child’s story. This little tale conveys to ourselves a certain touching sentiment which will doubtless be shared by various old admirers of Mrs. Howitt. Is there an ingenuous gentle confession of more distinct belief and clearer convictions in these pleasant pages? Mary Howitt, always sweet, honest, and true, was not wont to be a *religious* writer. Her readers, however, in the present instance will find a very simple apparent thread of evangelical suggestion, evidently meant to be seen and noted, running through the lovable characters and simple yet complicated story of *Lillieslea*.

It is a very common thing to say that good children’s books are greatly wanting, and should be cultivated more largely. We demur to the assertion. Little children

are abundantly and well supplied. Nothing could be better or prettier than the plentiful and dainty wares provided for the younger branches. But when the young people are in their teens they have no longer any right to expect books to be written for them, nor is it any benefit to themselves. Let us compound for a few adventure books, and stories of young ladies at school; but if the boys and girls are not equal to entering upon their national inheritance of English literature by the time they have seen out their first dozen years in the world, it is the more shame for them; and we shall not mend the matter by writing down to the capacity which should be rising to the height of *Ivanhoe*. However, as our readers will perceive from the nibble we have just had at the edge of the profuse supply of pretty volumes furnished for this Christmas, no class of the community has any reason to be dissatisfied. We wish everybody a hearty good appetite for the fare provided. It is not intoxicating, nor possessed of any unwholesome degree of stimulation. It will not produce dangerous excitement even in the nursery; but it is not unworthy of the season, nor of being purchased, bestowed, and received by those domestic Loves, benign and tender, who build their stronghold in the Christmas festival. And therewith we again wish you, gentle reader, that Merry Christmas which, before our greeting reaches your eyes, shall have been translated by the unconscious touch of Time, and gentle progress of the hours in their winter garlands, into A Happy New Year!

THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE—ITS RISE AND FALL.

IN TWO PARTS—PART I.

BEFORE the exclusive Civil Service of India passes altogether into a tradition, and the curtain falls upon another act of the great Anglo-Indian revolution, we purpose to say something in *memoriam* about those old merchant-administrators who did so much, during the bygone two centuries and a half, to build up and to consolidate the great fabric of our Indian Empire. The final triumph of the interlopers will be consummated in the course of the next session of Parliament. The Act for the destruction of the Exclusive Civil Service was among the dropped measures of the last legislative year; and we may be sure that before the present year is many months old the bill will have been carried through all its stages. All the belongings of the old East India Company are now held to be useless lumber—to be consigned to any limbo of vanity, or other receptacle, in which “rubbish may be shot.”

Of this final act of annihilation we purpose to speak, in due chronological order, at the end of this paper. We have now to write of the rise of the service, showing how, from a very small beginning, it became one of the most powerful institutions in the world. Like everything else appertaining to the East India Company, its strength was very gradually developed. It grew up, without design, in the strong natural forcing-house of circumstance, altogether in spite of the wishes and intentions of its founders. Little by little, the huckster grew into the proconsul. If one of the old managers who had regulated the proceedings of the Company's “factories” on the coast in the seventeenth or the early part of the eighteenth century had risen from his grave in the nineteenth, and seen what his merchants,

factors, and writers were doing, he would, indeed, have exclaimed, with an emphasis of astonishment, which would have put both the Dugal Cratur and the Dominie to the blush, “Ma conscience!” “Prodigious!”

The Company's first notion of trade was of course purely of the maritime order. They sent out ships, with nautical officers and supercargoes on board of them, to take out the produce of one country and to bring back the produce of the other. But they very soon established factories on the coast, and had resident factors established in them. It was found to answer better than the touch-and-go system; and so there was the beginning of a permanent establishment and a Company's land-service, which soon radiated from Surat to other parts of Western India. “We have settled in Surat,” wrote good Captain Best to the East India Company; and from that time the Company's Civil Service became an established fact.

A grave mistake was then committed—a grave mistake, and a long-lived one. The Company's servants in India, in consideration of being allowed to trade on their own account, received salaries so small that they might almost be called “nominal.” When Sir Thomas Rae went out as ambassador from the Crown, his quick eye hit the blot at once. He saw that the Company's servants, being permitted to trade on their own account, neglected the affairs of their masters. How could anything else be expected? What did they leave their homes for—for what did they banish themselves to a wretched country, and consent to live far away from all the amenities of civilisation? The Private Trade was naturally more to them than the Public Trade. The ambassador,

therefore, recommended the Company to prohibit it altogether, and to grant sufficient salaries to their servants. "Absolutely prohibit the private trade," he said, "for your business will be better done. I know this is harsh. Men profess they care not for bare wages. But you will take away this plea if you give great wages to their content; and then you know what you part from." A great man this—obviously in advance of his age! But it took nearly two centuries to ingraft this truth on the understanding of the Company.

And so the Company's servants, as they settled down, first in one factory, then in another, took their bare wages, and made what money they could by trade. The trade to which they principally resorted was the inland or coasting trade, the Europe trade being left to their masters. And in spite of occasional misadventures, they made it out well. Of course they thought more of their own profit than that of the Company at home. It had not been made worth their while to be diligent and honest servants; and, cut off from their employers by thousands of miles of sea, which it then took five or six months, and often more, to traverse, they did not stand in much fear of the controlling authority at home. Every now and then some one was sent out with special powers to set the different factories in order, and to reform the establishments; but it was a mercy if, in a little time, he did not mar what he was sent to mend, and, being more powerful than all the rest, become more profligate too.

Still, if there was not much order, there was some form. A system of promotion was established which, with but slight variation, lasted not far from two centuries. It was laid down in London in the following terms, and carried out at all the factories: "For the advancement of our apprentices," said the Court of Directors, "we direct that, after they have served the first five years, they

shall have £10 per annum for the two last years; and, having served these two years, to be entertained one year longer as writers, and have writers' salary; and having served that year, to enter into the degree of factors, which otherwise would have been ten years. And, knowing that a distinction of titles is in many respects necessary, we do order that when the apprentices have served their times, they be stiled *writers*; and when the writers have served their times, they be called *factors*; and factors having served their times, to be stiled *merchants*; and merchants having served their times, to be stiled *senior merchants*." After a time, the style and rank of apprentices ceased, but the title of "writer," "factor," "junior merchant," and "senior merchant," lasted long after the civilians had ceased altogether to trade—lasted, we may say, almost as long as the Company itself.

A clear idea of one of the Company's establishments, at the end of the seventeenth or the beginning of the eighteenth century, may be derived from a little volume of travels written by one Charles Lockyer, and published in 1711. The most flourishing of their settlements at that time was Madras. Mr. Lockyer says, "that it was the grandest and the best ordered. As it surpasses their other settlements in grandeur, so the orders of the Council are more regarded and punctually executed, and each member has a respect proportionably greater than others shown to him." The civil establishment consisted of a president, with a salary of £200 per annum, and gratuity of £100; six councillors, with salaries from £100 to £40 a-year, according to rank; six senior merchants, £40 each; two junior merchants, at £30 per annum; five factors, at £15; and ten writers at £5 per annum. Married men were allowed "diet money" besides their pay, at a rate of from five to ten pagodas (say from £2 to £4) a-month. "But for in-

ferior servants, who dine at the general table, they have only washing and oil for lamps extraordinary." The Company's servants lived together in the old fort. "The Governour's lodgings," says Mr. Lockyer, "take up about a third part of the inner fort, is three stories high, and has many apartments in it. Two or three of the council have their rooms there, as well as several inferior servants; the 'countant's and secretary's offices are kept one story up; but the consultation-room is higher, curiously adorned with firearms, in several figures, imitating those in the armory of the Tower of London." There were two common tables, it appears, one at which the Governor and the higher servants dined; another appropriated to the factors and writers—"differing only in this," says Mr. Lockyer—"here you have a great deal of punch and little wine; there what wine you please, and as little punch." The Governor went abroad with an escort of native peons, "besides his English guards to attend him," with two Union flags carried before him, and "country musick enough to frighten a stranger into a belief the men were mad." This writer gives a minute account of the trade carried on by the Company's servants. He says, that as it was no uncommon thing to make 50 per cent by a venture, money borrowed at 25 per cent from a native capitalist turned out very well.

This account of the factory at Madras may, with slight variations, be held to describe also the factory at Surat, the only one which at that time could vie with it. The salaries were nearly the same, and the customs of the settlement almost identical. It would appear, however, that all the Company's servants (sitting according to their rank) dined at one table, which is said to have been kept up in great style—"all the dishes, plates, and drinking cups, being of massive and pure silver." A band of music attended the president at dinner,

and when the nabobs came in after the soup, and the curry after the nabobs, there was a flourish of trumpets to announce the arrival.

The cost of all this was doubtless very small, and the parade thereof very modest, judged by the standard of the present times, when a Governor-General is thought very economical if he spends only £60,000 or £70,000 on "a little tour" in the Upper Provinces. But these were early days of Mr. Company, who started from small beginnings, and was proceeding upon what was then called a "a purely mercantile bottom." He was therefore not very well pleased when the ship captains carried home to him grievous accounts of the pomp and extravagance of his servants; and he set himself to work, heart and soul, to correct this licentiousness. Next to the matter of good investments, it was for a long time to come his leading idea; and it cannot be said that there was not good reason for the uncausness he felt.

The seventeenth century closed in darkly and turbulently upon the Company's establishments in all parts of India. East and West it was all the same. Bengal vied with Surat in the lawlessness and licentiousness of the English factories. The fierce internecine contentions which arose among the Company's servants were the greatest scandal of all. Nowadays, when members of council fall out, they write strongly worded minutes against each other, content with a war of words. At the end of the eighteenth century they "went out," according to the most approved laws of honour, and fired pistols at each other; but at the close of the seventeenth, they used their fists, supplemented by an occasional cudgel—the *argumentum baculinum* being held in great esteem in the councils of the nation. The President kept his counsellors in order with a staff, and sometimes enforced his authority with such a lavish expenditure of blows, that human nature could not bear up without com-

plaining. One unfortunate member of the civil service of the period complained that he had received from the President two cuts in the head; the one very long and deep, the other a slight thing in comparison to that; "then a great blowe on my left arme, which has enflamed the shoulder, and deprived me of the use of that limbe; on my right side a blowe on my ribs, just beneath the pap, which is a stoppage to my breath, and makes me incapable of helping myself; on my left hip another, nothing inferior to the first; but, above all, a cut on the brow of my eye." Truly a hazardous service; but there were greater dangers even than these cudgellings, for it was reported home to the Company in 1696-97, that there had been a plot among their servants at Surat to murder the President. "There is strong presumption that it was intended first that the President should be stabbed; when hopes of that failed by the guards being doubled, it seems poison was agreed upon, and all bound to secrecy upon a horrid imprecation of damnation to the discoverer, whom the rest were to fall upon and cut off."

In Bengal, matters were in no better state. That settlement was not then what it afterwards came to be—the chief seat of English trade and English government—but was looked upon, by reason of its remoteness, as a sort of outlying factory of no great credit or promise. The Company's establishment was then at Chuttanutt, which has since come to be called, at Calcutta, a place of no great account; and the Company's servants, under the chieftainship of Job Charnock, had not lived together more peacefully than their brethren at Surat. Charnock appears to have been a bold bad man, half a heathen, immoderately addicted to fighting, and not only contentious himself, but the cause of contention in others. As a man of business he was slothful in the extreme, hated writing letters and consultations for the

perusal of his masters at home, and therefore threw himself into the hands of a fellow named Hall, "captain of the soldiers," who kept a punch-house and a billiard-table, and soon came to rule the settlement. There were, besides, at that time, among the chief servants of the Company, a Mr. Ellis, who is said to have been as ignorant as Charnock was slothful; and one Charles Pale, who was as fond of fighting as his chief, and "whose masterpiece," it is said, "was to invent differences between man and man, and deeply swear to the most extravagant lies he could invent." Things were, indeed, in so bad a state that Sir John Gouldsbrough went round from Madras to reduce them to order. Before he arrived Charnock and Pale had died; and so two obstacles to the reformation of the settlement were removed.

The equanimity of the Company was at this time much disturbed by the bad writing and the bad morals of their servants. Whether there was any connection discovered between the two is not very apparent, though more unlikely relationships have ere now been discovered. It would be hard to judge some public men, whom we could name by their penmanship. It is not every cabinet minister, indeed, who can write legibly. But in the early days of the East India Company's establishments, bad writing may have been the direct result of bad morals—the feeble, shaky, indistinct letters of the morning clearly reflecting the debauch over night. Be this as it may, the managers at home wrote out in their general letter of the 5th of January, 1710-11: "We find the papers, in the packets and other writings, are very badly performed. We expect this to be remedied; and if any of the writers don't write so good hands as might be expected, we hope they will improve and do better. If, through pride or idleness, they, or any other with you, will not, give them fair warning, and if they don't mend, dismiss them our

service. The same we say of all that are immoral and won't be reclaimed. And let this be a general rule for all time to come." This, at all events, is short, sharp, and decisive.* But the Company had, in addition to these general orders, some specific rules to prescribe. They were always steady advocates and promoters of the messing system. They believed that a general table tended greatly to good morals, as well as to public economy. But the Company's servants, in spite of orders from home, were continually drifting into more independent habits. The restraint of the general table was irksome to them; they liked better to receive "diet money" and to provide for themselves. The Company thought that this was provocative of extravagance and licentiousness, so they wrote out to Bengal saying: "We observe in your letter by the *Recovery*, you keep no general table, which we don't like, for the following reasons: Our factors and writers are thereby exposed to a loose way of living, to loss of time, and ill company, which, by being at a general table, would be prevented. Our business is not likely to be so well-minded, and they have specious pretences for their absence if found fault with. Besides, when

they are every day at meals, under the eye of their superiors, they will be necessitated to observe a better decorum; and if any of them are careless, extravagant, and otherwise blameworthy, they will be soon reclaimed, when they know that they must every day expect to hear of it from you, the President and Council; and then we are sure we shall be at a less charge by a general table, if any tolerable care be taken therein, than we are by making allowances to each severally." The thrift of John Company was sure to creep, sooner or later, into these admonitions; but it is to his credit that we soon find him falling back upon the moralities, for he goes on to say: "We have reason to believe, what is told us, that those allowances give some of our servants the temptations, and, of consequence, expose them to drunkenness and lasciviousness; and we would take away the temptation, looking upon it as a certain rule, if they once lose their virtue, we have no reason long to expect their fidelity. For all these reasons, we require you to restore the general table; and if you can give us any that you think have greater weight to the contrary, when we hear them you shall know our minds in future."

* We are bound, however, to add, that the present race of statesmen are, on the whole, distinguished by excellent penmanship. Lord Derby's handwriting is beautiful—equally elegant and legible. Lord Stanley's is as legible as large pica, but certainly not elegant. Lord Palmerson's is free, pleasant, and by no means obscure. The Duke of Newcastle writes an excellent hand,—long, well-formed letters, and very distinct. Lord John Russell's penmanship is not unlike the Colonial Minister's, but on a smaller scale. Other instances might be cited, but it is more to the purport of the present paper to say that the East India Company, nearly all through the present century, have been remarkably fortunate in the caligraphy of their chief servant, the Governor-General, who has set an example of penmanship to the whole class of writers which ought not to have been thrown away. Lord Wellesley's handwriting is, perhaps, the best that we have ever seen. Sir George Barlow's was little inferior. Lord Minto wrote a remarkably firm, solid, legible hand. Lord Hastings and Lord Amherst were somewhat stately in their penmanship, but every letter was as clear as type. Lord William Bentinck ran his letters, and sometimes his words, a little too much into each other, but he wrote a good flowing hand that was rarely otherwise than legible. Lord Auckland's writing was peculiarly round and distinct, the very reverse of his successor's, Lord Ellenborough's, which was pretty and lady-like, and not distinct; but he was always one of the Honourable Company's naughty boys. Lord Dalhousie wrote a beautiful hand—flowing and elegant, but very distinct; and the present Governor-General, Lord Canning, need not blush to see his handwriting placed beside that of any of his contemporaries.

[But Mr. Company, not unmindful of the fact that the general table might have its inconveniences for his married servants, was considerate enough to introduce an exceptional clause into his instructions, saying: "This we say as to all unmarried people; but if you shall see cause to allow diet money to those who have families, you may do it till our further orders, advising us what is so allowed, to whom, and for what reasons." Then the instruction proceeds in a right good paternal spirit: "Our main danger in this is to remove all occasions from our servants of debauchery, and being tainted by ill example, which is very infectious to young people; also, to keep them under a regular and virtuous course of living, and thereby to have our own business better minded, and the interest of the Company promoted. And to render this our design more effectual, we direct that you, the President and Council, do, at certain standing seasons, set apart a time to inquire into the behaviour of all our factors and writers, of the persons under whom they are; and, calling them severally before you, let them know the account you have of them, and, as they deserve, either admonish or commend them." Then comes another practical remedy for licentiousness. It was thought as desirable that the younger Company's servants should lodge under a general roof as that they should board at a common table: so the Company issue a prohibition against promiscuous lying, or, as they call it, *laying*, up and down in the town: "We positively direct that all our unmarried young people do lodge in our own factory, if there be accommodation for them, and not lay up and down in the town, which exposes them to several inconveniences." Neither these rules nor these admonitions appear to have had much effect; for the Company soon afterwards were driven to prescribe a penalty for the infraction of their mandates. If any Company's servant proved to be

incorrigible, he was to be sent home. "If any factor or writer," says the Court's general letter of the 2d February 1712-13, "proves not diligent, but idle or vicious, send them home; don't let them stay to infect others; we know no better way to deal with them."

Meanwhile, however, the President and Council of Bengal contrived to give their masters some "reasons that have greater weight to the contrary," in respect of the alleged advantages of the "general table," especially protesting that it was by no means an economical institution; so the Court gave way, especially, they said, "as in your consultations you make it plain that we shall, in your opinion, be great savers by the diet money." "Let us find," they add, "you will all be faithful and diligent for us, and not make our benefit always give place to yours, as though the proverb was, '*Self—and then the Company.*'"

This was written in 1714-15. Some twelve or thirteen years later, sad news came to England of the addiction of the Company's servants to the vice of gambling. These tidings greatly disquieted the souls of the worthy managers of Leadenhall, who determined to check by stringent measures the destructive practice. So they wrote out a general letter, saying: "We are greatly concerned to hear that the mischievous vice of gaming continues, and even increases, among our covenant servants, free merchants, and others, residing at our settlements in India, for great sums of money, and that the women also are infected therewith; by which means many persons have been ruined, as well on board ship as on shore. Of this there are several flagrant instances. By Act of Parliament, all gaming here above £10 is strictly prohibited, under severe penalties. That we may do what in us lies to prevent the evils which, sooner or later, generally attend all gamblers, and frequently prove their ruin, we do hereby peremptorily forbid all manner of gaming whatsoever, in any

of our settlements or elsewhere in India, to the amount of £10, or upwards; and if any of our covenant servants, or others in our employ, whether civil, maritime, or military, or any free merchants under our protection, shall have been discovered to have played at any sort of game, for the value of £10 sterling or upwards at a time, and be thereof convicted before you by two creditable witnesses (which witnesses we require that you shall be always ready to hear and admit of them), such offender, be he who he will, and in what station soever, shall, *ipse facto*, be sent home and dismissed the Company's service by the first shipping, as likewise all free merchants, and all women, married or unmarried, whether belonging to our covenant servants, or who are under our protection."

It is easy to drive a coach-and-four through such prohibitory enactments as these; and in all probability, therefore, they were found as dead letters. A man who may play for £9, 19s. "at a time," may win or lose a large sum of money in the course of a night. What the exact meaning of the interdiction may have been is not very clear; but the actual prohibition seems only to have extended to the staking of £10 or upwards on any one game. Any difficulty on this score, however, does not seem to have occurred to the Company, who regarded rather the obstacles in the way of the detection of the offenders, and therefore offered a premium to those who would inform against their comrades. "We easily foresee," they wrote, "that the reproach of being an informer may keep back persons who may know of such gaming from discovering of it: to prevent this, we direct and order that you enter into your consultations a particular account, from time to time, of the persons who shall be proved guilty of such gaming"—"we thought they were to be sent home sharp—"as also of the accuser or accusers; and for the encouragement of such accuser, if he

be a covenant servant, we direct that he shall have a year's standing allowed him in our service, and be further entitled to our favour as a person inclined to check this vile practice." Oh, fie! Mr. Company—fie! If you are to have either gamblers or informers in your service, take the former for choice. Have no Judases among them. Do you think to take away "the reproach" of betraying a friend and companion by paying the betrayer for the dirty job? Will "a year's standing" wash him white? Your servant who would take the forty pieces, you may be sure, would not only game but cheat at cards or at dice.

Gaming is only one form of extravagance—the Company's servants were, in the opinion of their masters, guilty of many which demanded vigorous suppression by the strong hand of authority. They were waxing proud, ostentatious, and self-indulgent—keeping many servants, horses, and equipages, in a faint attempt at Oriental pomp. Quiet homely men were they in Leadenhall Street, and they could not tolerate the airs of their factory servants. So, in December, 1731, they wrote out to Bengal saying, that none the least of the complaints from that place were of the "extravagant way of living" common among their servants. "We can only recommend it very seriously," they said, "to our President, that he shows a good example of frugality, by keeping a decent retinue, such as formerly was practised, for the dignity of his station, and not fall into the foppery of having a sett of musick at his table, and a coach-and-six, with guards and running footmen, as we are informed is now practised, not only by the President, but some of the inferior rank." The sultanising process, it appears, was already going on bravely; and we are not quite sure that it was sound policy in Leadenhall Street to endeavour to restrain it.

But nothing vexed these city merchants so much as the splendour of

their servants; and so they wrote out again, saying, "That a distinction and decorum ought to be kept for the President and Council we think it reasonable, and this we ourselves would encourage, but should be glad that this was brought down to the old standard, when a President used to be satisfied with a palanquin, and two men only went with arms before; and in that time we don't find that our President had less respect shown him by the natives than now. However, as times are altered, and that it may be thought necessary to make some more outward show than formerly, we first recommend to you, if possible, that you bring it back to the old standard, and exercise in every respect frugality, as well in outward show as in your private way of living." The logic of this is not so palpable as the thrift. It seems as though their reluctance to relax their rules had been so great, that just as they had been on the point of authorising greater stateliness of living, they had lapsed back again into their old economical precepts; for presently they go on to instruct the President, saying, "If you should think it fit, by the alteration of times, or any other reasons, to keep up the dignity and honour of your employers by making some show when you appear abroad, it is our positive order that none of you, or any of our servants, shall exceed the rules we now lay down, which are, that the President, at his own expense, may make use of a coach-and-four, and each of the gentlemen in council a coach-and-pair, and that any of our other servants, and the free merchants under our covenants who think they can afford it, a single chaise or saddle-horse;" and, the better to enforce this rule, the President was instructed to send home every year an exact list of every person under him, and of the equipages and horses kept by each, "that we may judge whether such persons are fit to be continued in our service."

Neither these admonitions nor

these warnings had much effect upon the Company's servants, who grew more licentious and more troublesome as time advanced, living extravagant lives, and running into debt with native merchants, "so as to bring you under dependency to them." The Company were continually writing out to their Presidents to set a good example to their junior servants, and to report their misdeeds. But the Presidents appear to have done neither the one thing nor the other. So the Company again wrote out, in language of grave remonstrance to their servants. In the Court's general letter of the 8th of January, 1782, they say: "Much has been reported of the great licentiousness which prevails in your place (Bengal), which we do not choose particularly to mention, as the same must be evident to every rational mind. The evils resulting therefrom to those there and to the Company cannot but be apparent, and it is high time proper methods be applied for producing such a reformation as comports with the laws of sound religion and morality, which are in themselves inseparable. We depend upon you who are principals in the management to set a real good example, and to influence others to follow the same, in such a manner as that virtue, decency, and order be well established, and thereby induce the natives round you to entertain the same high opinion which they formerly had of the English honour and integrity—a point of the highest moment to us." In these exhortations there was always much of the *laudator temporis acti*; but at what period the Company's servants behaved so well, and the national character was held in such high esteem by the natives of the country, we have not been able to determine.

These admonitions appear altogether to have miscarried; for instead of producing any reformatory effect upon the lives of the Company's servants, the rebellious civilians laughed at their masters, and ridiculed their homilies outright. It

would appear that there were never wanting persons to inform the Directors at home of what was going on in their distant settlements. These, we presume, were the ship-captains who brought home the news of the factories, together with the merchandise of the East, and probably ingratiated themselves with their employers by condemning the irregularities of their brethren. At all events, the Court were credibly informed of the manner in which the letter last quoted was received in Bengal: "We are well assured," they wrote out again in January 1754, "that the paragraph in our letter of the 8th of July 1752, relating to the prevailing licentiousness of your place, were received by many of our servants in superior stations with great contempt, and was the subject of much indecent ridicule; but whatever turn you may give to our admonitions—call it preaching, or what you please—unless a stop is put to the present licentious career, we can have no dependence on the integrity of our servants, now or in future; for it is too melancholy a truth that the younger class tread too closely upon the heels of their superiors, and, as far as circumstances will admit, and even farther, copy the bad examples which are continually before their eyes." It was plainly, the Directors continued, no use to expostulate any farther, so, as supreme masters, they were determined to put forth their authority, and to dictate commands which "all who value their continuance in our service" were called upon to obey. We give these commands *in extenso*. If they do nothing else, they show what an honest, well-meaning gentleman Mr. Company was at that time, and what an interest he took in the wellbeing of his servants, to say nothing of his own:—

"That the Governor and Council, and all the rest of our servants, both civil and military, do constantly and regularly attend the divine worship at church every Sunday, unless prevented by sickness or some other reasonable cause, and that all the common soldiers who are not

on duty, or prevented by sickness, be also obliged to attend.

"That the Governor and Council do carefully attend to the morals and manner of life of all our servants in general, and reprove and admonish them when and whenever it shall be found necessary.

"That all our superior servants do avoid, as much as their several situations will allow of it, an expensive manner of living, and consider that, as the representatives of a body of merchants, a decent frugality will be much more in character.

"That you take particular care that our younger servants do not launch into expenses beyond their incomes, especially upon their first arrival; and we here lay it down as a standing and positive command, that no writer be allowed to keep a palanquin, horse, or chaise during the term of his writership.

"That you set apart one day in every quarter of the year, and oftener if you find it necessary, to inquire into the general conduct and behaviour of all our servants below the Council, and enter the result thereof in your Diary for our observation."

Not very long after the receipt of this letter, the Bengal civilians were subjected to some rough discipline, which may, for a time, have taken some of their pride of life and licentiousness of behaviour out of them. In the Black Hole of Calcutta these worthies may have made good resolutions, not to be broken immediately on their return to a purer atmosphere.

The conquest of Bengal imparted a new aspect to the character of the Company's service. Indeed, it may almost be said that the Civil Service proper dates from that momentous epoch. Up to that point in the history of our Indian Empire the Company's servants had been almost exclusively merchants—now they grew into administrators. What were known as the "Company's affairs" were simply affairs of trade—buying and selling the provision of investments. But now there was revenue to be collected, and justice to be administered, and relations with native princes to be established. And now, if the Company had been wise in their generation, they would have looked

the position in the face, and placed their servants on an entirely new footing with respect to their permitted sources of emolument. Nearly a century and a half had passed away since Sir Thomas Rae had recommended to give "great wages, to the content" of their servants; "for then you know what you part from," but they had not yet taken the hint; and even now, when they found that they had emerged from the proprietorship of a few factories into the sovereignty of a great province, they still could not recognise the wisdom of detaching their servants from trade, and depriving them, by the grant of liberal salaries, of all pretexts for receiving bribes from the natives of the country. In 1758 they thought they were straining their liberality by raising the pay of a writer to £40 per annum. "We do hereby direct," they wrote out to Bengal, "that the future appointment to a writer for salary, diet money, and all allowances whatever, be four hundred current rupees per annum, which mark of our favour and attention, properly attended to, must prevent their reflection on what we shall further order in regard to them, as having any other object or foundation than their particular interest or happiness." They then referred to their letter of the 23d of January 1754, the instructions contained in which they were determined to enforce, "from a persuasion that the indigence of our junior servants, which may too often have been the effect of their vices and the imitation of their seniors, hath not a little contributed to increase that load of complaints which have been so strongly and repeatedly urged by the Nabob, in regard to the abuse of *Dusticks*, a practice we have ever disclaimed; and are determined to show in future the strongest marks of our resentment to such as shall be guilty of, and do most positively order and direct (and will admit of no representation for your postponing the execution of it) that no writer what-

soever be permitted to keep either palankeen, horse, or chaise during his writership, on pain of being immediately dismissed the service."

We know now what well-meaning drivelling this was. In this despatch the Company spoke of "the distressed situation of our once flourishing settlement of Fort William." Why, the settlement was flourishing as it had never flourished before. The Company's servants had taken up a trade beside which every other was poor and unremunerative. They had become king-makers, and untold wealth was flowing into their coffers. The English were now the dominant race in Bengal, and there was nothing that they could not do. For the first time they knew their power, and they turned their knowledge to profitable account. The feeble natives could not resist the white men, but they could buy them. It was soon seen that they all had their price. The situation was new to the Company's servants, and it dazzled them, so that they could not, or they would not, see right from wrong. Large fortunes were made in an incredibly short space of time. It was the blackest period of all in the whole history of the Indian service.

There is nothing strange in the picture. The Company's servants were unaccustomed to power, and they did not know how to exercise it with moderation. Between the date of the conquest of Bengal and Clive's return to Calcutta in 1765, there was more money made and more wrong done by the Company's civilians than in any like number of years twice told. But Clive went out resolute to "cleanse the Augean stable." The first news that reached this was that fourteen lakhs of rupees had been distributed among nine of the chief officers of the settlement, in payment of a new act of king-making.

Whilst Clive was carrying out these great reforms, striking off the tallest poppy-heads, honest Mr. Company, in Leadenhall Street, was still maun-

dering about the irregularities of his younger servants. It always distressed him greatly to think that his young writers were not so thrifty in their habits or so regular in their lives as they might have been; and he was continually exhorting his high functionaries to bring the mischievous youngsters to account. Send me home the names, he said, of those who will not obey you. But Clive was sending home his lists at this time, and they contained the names of men, not low down in the roll of the Company's establishment, but up among the great merchants. Still Mr. Company kept to his text; and, still solicitous for the morals of his young men, wrote out to the Governor, in 1765, that all superior servants were to lodge in the new fort so soon as accommodation could be provided, and not, as they did of old, "to lay up and down in the town."* Of course Government were no longer to make them "an allowance of house-rent." Although this was imperatively directed to be a standing order, it does not appear to have been very strictly obeyed; for it is certain that when William Shore (afterwards Lord Teignmouth) went out to India soon afterwards, he lodged, not in the fort, but in the town of Calcutta.

A little later we find Mr. Company complaining that his younger servants were drawing large bills on their friends at home. He suspected, therefore, that such as had not these resources must be getting into debt to their native Banyans, and thus rendering themselves "liable to be tempted to infidelity in the offices they were trusted with." He therefore again strenuously insisted on the necessity of sumptuary regulations, again laying down impera-

tively that no writer should keep a palanquin unless "absolutely necessary for the preservation of health;" that no writer should keep "more than one servant besides a cook;" that no writer should be permitted to keep a horse without the express permission of the Governor; and that no writer should be permitted, either by himself or jointly with others, to keep a country house. "With respect to table liquors," he added, "we cannot pretend to form regulations for them," nor "with respect to general extravagance in dress," of which sad accounts had reached home; but the Governor was to keep a watchful eye upon them, and to see that they conformed to that system of economy which had been so often prescribed.

It need not be said that the servants of the Company laughed at these sumptuary regulations, and made a point of evading them. Sometimes there was a good deal of humour in the manner of evasion. For example, at Madras, where the restrictions appear to have been greater than at Calcutta, an order had gone forth against the use of umbrellas as protections against the sun. These sun-shades, principally made of broad leaves or split bamboos, were called *roundels*, from their shape. These being prohibited by name, the young writers had their umbrellas made square, and set forth that, although they knew that *roundels* were prohibited, there was nothing in orders against *squaredels*. On another occasion, a regulation having gone forth against the use of gold lace on the coats of the writers, a young civilian, when brought up for infringing the law, and asked if he did not know the

* Later in this year (December 1765), we find the Company flying at higher game, for they wrote out that more care was to be taken in the selection of members of Council, doubts having been raised as to the competency and integrity of these high functionaries. Considering what Clive was doing at the time, any orders on the subject were quite uncalled for. But there is often something ludicrously irrelevant in the Court's orders, when viewed in connection with the circumstances which had arisen at the time of receipt, and often at the time of writing. This is mainly attributable, of course, to the tardiness of communication between England and India.

regulation, said that he was aware of an order against gold lace, but he did not think that it was *binding*.

Lord Clive's cleansing mission to India did much to put an end to the reign of the adventurers. Ever since the conquest of Bengal the cupidity of England had been excited, and men of all kinds had gone forth with lucrative appointments either in *esse* or in *posse*, or with clues to some desperate job by which they might enrich themselves in a year or two, and return to England as nabobs of the real mushroom type. These men must not be classed with the regular civil servants of the Company. It is not of them that we are now writing. They were, indeed, in the way of the regular service, whom they deprived of some of the best pickings which the country afforded. A letter from a minister in England or from an influential member of the Court of Directors often stood in lieu of all covenants and indentures. We are likely soon to have this sort of thing over again. But it is not yet time to speak of this. In 1773 the Company having discovered that their settlement in Bengal had been "put into a train of reform," wrote out that the next thing to be done was "to revert to the old system, when the business of your Presidency was principally performed by our own servants, who then had knowledge of our investments, and every other department of our concerns. You will, therefore, fill the several offices with the writers and factors on your establishment." And from that time the Company's own servants had it pretty well to themselves.

Another result of the dark histories brought to light at this time was, that Parliament prohibited all further acceptance by the Company's or other servants of presents from the princes or other inhabitants of India. The famous act of 1773 declared "that, from and after the first day of August 1774, no person

holding or exercising any civil or military office under the Crown or the Company in the East Indies shall accept, receive, or take, directly or indirectly, by himself or any other person or persons on his behalf, or for his use or benefit, of and from any of the Indian princes or powers, or their ministers or agents (or any of the natives of Asia), any present, gift, donation, gratuity, or reward." On conviction of any infraction of this law, the offender was to forfeit double the value of the present, and to be amenable to deportation from the country. In 1784 these penalties were rescinded; but the Act of 1793 made the demanding or receiving presents of any kind, even for the use of the Company, a misdemeanour. In 1838 this was again modified, and the offense limited to the receipt of presents "for his own use." And so the matter stands at this time. Large quantities of presents are received from the native princes and chiefs. But they are thrown into a common store, and sold, and from their proceeds return-presents are purchased to be given to the donors.

In the Act of 1773 — so famous in Indian history — Warren Hastings was named as the first Governor-General of India. The reforms introduced by Lord Clive and the severe orders of the Court of Directors, now backed by Parliamentary enactments, had reduced the primary advantages of the service to a very low state. Mr. Shore, who had then been some four years in India, wrote to England complaining that "the road to opulence grows daily narrower. The Court of Directors," he added, "are actuated with such a spirit of reformation and retrenchment, and are so well seconded by Mr. Hastings, that it seems the rescision of all our remaining emoluments will alone suffice it. The Company's service is, in fact, an employ not rendered very desirable. Patience, perseverance, and hope, are all I have left." His pay as a writer, he tells us, was, when he

first entered the service, eight rupees, or less than a pound, a-month—a statement which we do not know how to reconcile with the Court's orders, quoted above, fixing the allowance of a writer at £40 a-year. That the young civilians of that period, however, underwent considerable hardship, we learn both from Mr. Shore's Memoirs and from those of Mr. Forbes, who served the Company in Western India. Most readers are familiar with the statement of the latter gentleman, that he was often compelled to go to bed before night because he could not afford the expense of a candle.

If we are to believe Captain Joseph Price, who wrote several pamphlets on Indian affairs about the year 1780, the young civilians of that period were on the whole very well conducted. "There are no doubt," he says, "vices in some constitutions which no climate can control, and a warm one the least of any. On this I shall say nothing more than that, in all societies, some few individuals will run riot. Time, and time only, is able to rein in some of our natural passions. But as for the accidental ones of wine and gaming, if they are enjoyed anywhere in moderation, and without gross abuse, it is in the East Indies; for I never knew a young man guilty of either who did well in the Company's service, for they are by no means countenanced in such excesses by men in power." The logic of this must be admitted to halt a little; but, at all events, it shows that during the government of Warren Hastings excesses of this kind were discouraged by the higher servants of the Company. In the next paragraph, however, Captain Price goes beyond this, for he asserts that the young civilians were much less profligate than

youths of the same standing at home. "The study of the country languages, and the daily duties of the office, to which they are, from their first arrival, allotted, find employment enough for the most active mind; and in Asia, as in all other parts of the world, the man who best attends to the duties of his station and situation succeeds best in life. *But as to dissipation, and corruption of manners and morals, a merchant's or banker's clerk of twenty years old in London is further gone than the Company's servants in Asia during their whole life.*"

A very good idea of the state of barbarism in India, towards the close of the last century, may be derived from the autobiographical notes of the Hon. Robert Lindsay, in the third volume of that very entertaining work, the *Lives of the Lindsays*. The autobiographer, like a large majority of his contemporaries, speaks of Warren Hastings in language of high commendation: "Never had any one before occupied that station with a higher character. He was beloved and respected by natives as well as Europeans." The Company's Civil Service, since that time, has rejoiced in many distinguished members, but still Warren Hastings remains at the head of the list. Mr. Lindsay, however, says that party-spirit ran very high at that time, and that, "having resided for nearly two years in Sir John Clavering's society," he was "passed over in the general promotion." There can be no doubt of the virulence of party and personal hostility at this time, but it was forced upon Warren Hastings by the gentlemen at home. The Bengal civilians, Hastings and Burwell, had to contend for dear life against the presumption and the rancour of Junius and his colleagues.*

* This strong party-feeling, flowing from the fountainhead, permeated all branches of the service. Almost every civilian wore the colour of Hastings or Francis. Mr. Lindsay says: "Soon after my arrival, the death of Colonel Minsse once more gave Mr. Hastings the majority in council and controlling power. My patrons at Dacca, Mr. Rous and Mr. Holland, were thus left in the minority. Mr. John Shakepear, Mr. Matthew Day, and Mr. Hogarth, the other three gentlemen in council, belonged to the opposite party."

Following Mr. Lindsay's statements, we must believe that idleness rather than extravagance was the besetting sin of the civilians at that time, and that Captain Price's account of their morality is to be believed. "It was not then the fashion," he says, "to fatigue ourselves with hard labour; there were abundance of native scribes in all the offices to do the drudgery, and our taskmasters were not strict. Under circumstances, it was not a matter of surprise if many of us were more idle than otherwise. I followed the tide, and a merrier set could not be found. *There was fortunately little or no dissipation amongst us.*" Elsewhere, Mr. Lindsay says that "the public business was transacted by a few able individuals, and the younger servants had full leisure to amuse themselves."

And they had not only leisure to amuse themselves, it would appear, but they had still leisure, and were allowed to enter into speculations on their own account. Mr. Lindsay had large dealings in salt, taking in a native capitalist as his partner, "provided I would appear as the ostensible person." By one fortunate speculation, or, as he calls it, "well-timed energy," he was enabled to pay off all the debts he had contracted during a long residence in Calcutta, and "to put a few thousand rupees in his pocket." Encouraged by this venture, he launched, whilst a revenue collector in the Dacca district, "into various speculations in trade." His pay was only £500 a-year, so he "contemplated with delight the wide field of commercial speculation opening before him." And he soon afterwards naively informs us, that from the "conspicuous advantage he derived from the great command of money to carry on his commercial pursuits," he dates the origin of the fortune he acquired in the Company's service. Among other speculations in which he engaged was shipbuilding; but this does not appear to have been very successful. His mother wrote out very pleasantly that she had no

doubt he was a very scientific ship-builder, but that she had one request to make of him, which was, that he would not come to England in a ship of his own making.

In 1786 Lord Cornwallis was appointed Governor-General of India. He carried out a new eye, a new hand, to the work. He had not grown up amidst the system, and he saw, therefore, more clearly its defects. He found the Company's civil servants receiving in themselves the two inconsistent characters of private traders and public administrators, and he saw at once that the welfare of the State demanded that they should cease to be the former. But to deprive them of the privilege of trading was really to deprive them of that for which they had abandoned their homes and sought a distant country and an ungenial clime. The wretched pittance which they derived in the way of salary from their masters were really barely enough to keep body and soul together. The Company's service had assumed an entirely new character after the conquest of Bengal; but the Company had not seen the expediency of putting it on a new footing with respect to its emoluments. It was plain, however, that the change, which had so long been demanded, could not much longer be delayed. Lord Cornwallis was strongly of opinion that the Company's servants should be forbidden to trade, and that suitable salaries should be attached to the several offices under Government—salaries sufficient in themselves to induce men of good position and good ability to enter the service, not to afford them opportunities of making large fortunes in a few years, but of gradually rising to high place, and of acquiring an ample competence after twenty or thirty years of honest labour.

How strenuously and how bravely Lord Cornwallis laboured to bring about this result may be gathered from his Correspondence, recently edited by Mr. Ross. The Company were not to be easily persuaded

what were their true interests. The obstinacy with which they had resisted the advice of Sir Thomas Rae, given in a few pregnant words, had clung to them ever since. They were nearly two centuries older, but they were not a day wiser. A false economy was entering into them and wasting their substance. "Penny wise and pound foolish," they could not be brought to believe that a wise liberality towards their servants might cost them thousands, but that it would save them millions. "I never can or shall think it wise economy," wrote Cornwallis to Dundas in 1787, with reference to a letter he had received from the Court of Directors, "to put men into places of the greatest confidence, where they have it in their power to make their fortunes in a few months, without giving them any salaries. If it is a maxim that no government can command honest services, and that, pay our servants as we please, they will equally cheat, the sooner we leave this country the better. I am sure, under that supposition, I can be of no use, and my salary is so much thrown away: nothing will be so easy as to find a Governor-General who will serve without a salary. From the spirit of this letter, I conclude that the commission given to the collectors, the allowances to the presidents at Oude, Benares, &c., will be all disapproved. I see the pay of the sub-treasurer, which was given by Macpherson, is objected to. When I came I found the sub-treasurer playing with the deposits, amounting to three or four lakhs. I fancy, of the two, he had rather I had taken his salary from him. . . . I am doing everything I can to reform the Company's servants, to teach them to be more economical in their mode of living, and to look forward to a moderate competency; and I flatter myself that I have not hitherto laboured in vain. But if all chance of saving any money and returning to England without acting dishonestly is removed, there will be an end of my reformation."

Representations of this kind—and there were many such, oft repeated, with new illustrations—though they may have fallen upon the Company as on rocky ground, were not thrown away upon his Majesty's ministers; and when the New Charter Act of 1793 came out, there was a clause expressly decreeing—"That it shall not be lawful for any governor-general or governor, or any member of Council of the Presidencies in India, to be concerned in any trade or traffic whatever, except on account of the Company; nor for any collector, supervisor, or other person employed or concerned in the collection of the revenues or the administration of justice, or their agents or servants, or any person or persons in trust for them, or any of them, to carry on, or be concerned in, or to have any dealings or transactions, by way of traffic or trade, at any place within any of the provinces of India or other parts, or to buy any goods and sell the same again, or any part thereof, at the place where he or they bought the same, or any other place within the same province, or any other such province or country respectively, except on account of the said Company." And so the private trade of the Company's service was knocked on the head, and the civilians became very much what they are at the present time.

A general improvement, indeed, took place under the government of Lord Cornwallis, both in the service as a service, and as an important component part of Anglo-Indian society. Under Sir John Shore, a member of the Company's Civil Service, who, even in corrupt times, walked purely and honourable before God and man, this improvement continued. Personal example did much. It was no small thing to have a high-minded, virtuous English nobleman at the head of the Government; and it was no small thing for the service to see in his successor a member of their own body, of no very brilliant talents or great energy of action, but one who

had walked blamelessly before his fellows, and had done his duty to the State. Every member of the service now saw that, walking along the straight road, he might still attain to rank, to honour, and even to moderate wealth; and, seeing this, he determined to walk along the straight road, to do his duty to his employers, and to respect himself.

Up to this point, the picture which we have drawn of the Company's Civil Service, is not a very flattering one. We have seen them drinking, gambling, fighting, and taking bribes. But it must not be supposed that there was anything in this peculiar to the Indian service. They merely reflected the manners of their brethren at home. If they were violent, intemperate, and corrupt, so were English gentlemen and English public servants in the eighteenth century. Was it not a mark of high breeding to swear, to drink, to game, and to be ready to draw one's sword upon a friend? Why should there have been more forbearance, more moderation, at Surat or Calcutta, than at London or Bath? And was not many a faithful servant of his Majesty open to a bribe? If you only knew the exact figure, every man, it was said by an experienced states-

man of the day, had his price throughout all Great Britain. Would it be reasonable to expect that under the burning sun of India, with all the exciting irritating accompaniments of such a country, men should be more moderate, in any respect, than in the temperate climate of England; or that, in a land where every man is venal and corrupt to the very core, they should have been more inaccessible to corruption than the public servants of the Crown? We are not sure that some day we may not be tempted to write the history of the English Civil Service. Doubtless, if we do, we shall be able to adduce some illustrations which will surprise as much as they will amuse.

We pause here for the present. We have treated in this chapter of the rise of the Indian Civil Service. We have brought it to the point to which it had attained when the Elphinstones, the Metcalfes, the Adams, and the Bayleys entered its ranks—men known and respected by the present generation. We have another chapter yet to lay before our readers—one which treats of the Indian Civil Service at its height, follows it in its decline, and anticipates its fall. It will be more pregnant with instruction than that which has gone before it.

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SCHOOL AND COLLEGE LIFE : ITS ROMANCE AND REALITY.

IF any type of human being might have seemed likely to escape being made the hero of romance, it was the British Schoolboy. His existence was an admitted necessity, and that was all. He was tolerated by civilised society as it tolerates poor relations or cynical maiden aunts—either for the sake of antecedents or future expectations. Parents knew that in that strange lump of shyness and impudence there lay the personal identity of the darling child of past years, so clever and so engaging; and that from that unhewn material was to start, in due time, the strength and grace of hopeful manhood. But, meanwhile, society in general voted him a bore, and he returned the compliment. Apologies, kindly meant, were tendered for him and accepted, as having come to “that disagreeable age.” Even fond mamma looked at him reproachfully, because he grew so big, and sighed to think that this rough creature was all that remained of her lost pet in sash and petticoat; while his father, as he cast his eye over the last half-year’s bills, groaned inwardly because he grew so expensive. Even in his coming home for the holidays his

anxious family did but “snatch a fearful joy.” While he was within sight and hearing, some suffering domestic animal—cat or dog, or younger brother or sister—was pretty sure to give token of his presence; and whenever he was out of the way, or unusually quiet, his friends felt certain he was in some more serious mischief. Beyond this, nobody showed much interest in him, except by occasional gifts of a half-sovereign or a crown-piece; a sort of black-mail which relations and friends of the afflicted family gladly paid to escape his nearer acquaintance, and which contributions he was understood to employ in the worship of an idol known and revered by all schoolboys, in all places, under the various names of “sock,” “tuck,” “grub,” and “guttle.” Society dealt with him, in short, as a weak but well-meaning parish clergyman deals, in his parochial visitations, with some of his flock whom he finds both morally and physically unsavoury: rather reversing apostolic precedent, he has recourse to gold and silver as the easiest, and, as appears to him, the only intelligible expression of goodwill; any higher circulating medium seems impossible

under the circumstances. Those, indeed, who had never possessed a schoolboy of their own, regarded the whole species with unmitigated horror; and nothing less than a severe course of Aristotle could have persuaded such persons of the truth of the physiological paradox, that parents could love their own productions when they took *that* shape. So that even the best friends of *Tirunculus* were content to keep him a good deal out of sight; putting him by, as an entomologist does some hideous chrysalis, in the hope that he is to come out better by-and-by. There was no doubt, another presentment of the character, in the persons of smart youths from the higher forms of Eton and Harrow, who put on all the worst airs of grown-up men; and were an abomination even more eschewed by all except very young, or very would-be-young, ladies.

We have changed all this, and a very remarkable change it is. The British schoolboy has become a hero. His slang has been reproduced in print, more or less successfully, until it has become almost as classical as the Scotticisms of Burns, or the French that passes muster in polite society. Talk which would have made our respectable grandmothers' very china rattle with horror at its "vulgarity," is quoted unrebuked by the lips of very correct young ladies. The professional story-tellers rejoice in the addition of another new figure to their repertory of ready-made characters; and they put in the sharp public-school boy side by side with the clever governess and the muscular parson.

The discovery is due to the author of *Tom Brown's School Days*. Let it be no derogation to a work of such established and well-deserved reputation to say, that the main elements of its great success lay in the selection of ground at once so fresh and so commonplace — a story familiar to so many, and yet told by none — and in the bold and honest truthfulness with which every detail of

schoolboy life is given, without any attempt to overlay it with the conventional graces of the novelist. It is no mean triumph to have been the Columbus of the world of schoolboy romance. It lay within easy reach, indeed, but was practically undiscovered. And it is remarkable that, out of the many who have made the voyage thither since *Tom Brown's* appearance, scarce one has brought back anything like a trustworthy account. We have had abundance of narrativer, professing to be the true and faithful records of eyewitnesses — some of them dealing largely in the marvellous, the horrible, and the grotesque, and therefore, of course, highly popular with a certain portion of the reading public; but, like most of the tales brought back from the mysterious Cathay, they are but travellers' stories after all.

It was to be supposed that such a popular and successful story would soon find its imitators. Not to speak of the professional book-makers, who were sure to seize on such an opening for a new line of "Standard Works adapted for Christmas Presents," there were other and higher impulses stirred. There was an opening for didactic charity, which saw a new mode of influencing *Tirunculus*, by the medium of good little novelets. Hitherto these had been chiefly of a feminine character. There was already in existence volume upon volume in which young ladies might see the mirror held up to nature for their warning and their edification; presenting, on the one side, the scapegrace of Mrs. —'s establishment, who cheats her teachers, steals her companions' pocket-money, and gets into all kinds of disgrace, until she is finally either reformed by an angelic half-boarder, or dismissed to her friends, or (in one instance we remember) marries a drunken dancing-master — an awful example; and, on the other hand, the pattern school-girl, who passes through a furnace of unjust suspicions and jealousies, never does wrong, wins

all the prizes, always knows where to find her gloves, is crowned by her schoolfellows at the last half-yearly ball with a laurel-wreath as the "reward of virtue," and withdraws from the scene gracefully, amidst a tumult of applause, into the bosom of grown-up society, to make, we should conceive (though we are bound to say the story never gives a hint of it), a highly-accomplished and rather disagreeable wife. But very little moral literature of this sort was there for the benefit of poor *Tirunculus*. Whatever attempts of the kind had been made, were either of the high evangelical and impossible type, or they were written by women—quite enough to insure their missing their mark. If any public-school boy ever read Miss Edgeworth's well-meant attempts to moralise Eton, he probably condensed his criticism into some such emphatic formula as "rot," or "bosh." What could be done in the moral-story line for a young gentleman who used such language as that? But when Tom Brown's Rugby experiences were found to have touched the right note,—when boys—not good and religious boys only, but boys with many of the faults of boyhood strongly marked—were known to read them, and to admire Tom beyond all boys, and not to vote him a "muff" because he told the truth and feared God, then it was very natural and very commendable that others should try to influence the mind of boyhood—so readily touched, and yet so difficult to touch successfully—by means which promised to transform the pandemonium of school into a paradise with such delightful facility. Perhaps, also, there was some natural and laudable jealousy of Arnold and Rugby. There was a wish to show that the reformation of school morals need not be confined to that place, or that particular teacher, or that particular phase of religious teaching which Arnold and his disciples were supposed to represent. Neither of the two great Church

parties counted him amongst their adherents; and in spite of Tom Brown's popularity, the elders of both shook their heads doubtfully upon the question of his orthodoxy. So the improved schoolboy speedily reappeared in other forms, High Church and Evangelical; and the private-school interest made praiseworthy though rather feeble attempts to show that they could grow the article also, if there was a demand for it. It must be a malicious comfort to Mr. Hughes to read these performances of his followers, and to observe how almost entirely all that is really captivating to an English boy is borrowed or adapted from the original, and how comparatively weak and poor are all attempts on the part of the writers to strike out into a line of their own, and to polish up their hero into their own notions of school-boy perfection. It seemed, too, as if the school-novelist could only be safe so long as he confined himself to Rugby and the days of Arnold; for the only public-school sketches which we can remember as marked by anything like reality are the *Experiences of a Fag* and the opening chapters of *Guy Livingstone*—both written by Rugbians.

Still, there are some points in Tom Brown's Rugby reminiscences, genuine and delightful as they are, which go far to leave a false impression on the mind of the reader. In his honest zeal to hold up to public admiration the master whom he loved and honoured, the writer has unconsciously been guilty of something like injustice towards others. We are no iconoclasts, and least of all would we write a word that could be fairly construed into depreciation of such a character as Arnold's. If any man could afford, living or dead, to cast aside every iota of partial or overstated praise, it is his who "changed the face of public education throughout England." Happily, his memory holds too firm a place in the hearts of all who knew him to be shaken by any word of honest truth, any more than

by the whisper of slander; and, loving truth as he did, they honour him best who speak it. To imply, as we hear it apparently implied in the book of which we are speaking, that before "Arnold's manly piety had begun to leaven the school" no boy could venture to kneel at his bedside to say his prayers without subjecting himself to outrage and insult, is to present a picture of the Rugby of former days which many living know to be untrue. No doubt such a thing required some strength of purpose at all times; and whether it could be done in peace and without fear of interruption, in a large room occupied by a dozen boys, would depend very much, under any head-master's government, on the character of the preceptor, or other head boy who slept there. If he were a bad boy, and others in the room were like him, no doubt to a little boy the thing was almost impossible. We very much doubt whether there were not some rooms in Rugby in which it was felt practically to be so, even in the best days of Arnold. There will always be a difficulty and a discouragement to boys under such circumstances; and so strongly has this been felt in later years by the authorities themselves, that in at least one of our old public schools the plan has been adopted of portioning off the dormitory into "cubicles"—divisions like the boxes of an old coffee-house—so that each boy has all the practical advantage of a private bedroom: an admirable system, first introduced into some of our middle-class training colleges, and which we believe the modern schools of Radley and Bradfield deserve the credit of having set the example of adopting. But to assume that under former headmasters the general tone of Rugby was such as to deter of necessity a boy from such acts of private devotion, and that under Arnold it totally changed, is to do

a very serious injustice, and to exalt, by unfair comparison, a great man who did a great work, but who would have been the last to desire praise at the expense of others. So, again, to state that he "found the school and school-house in a state of monstrous licence and misrule"* is to state what, in the first place, the writer could himself only know from hearsay: it is to bring forward a very serious charge, in very unmeasured language, against Dr. Arnold's immediate predecessor—a name which, though Mr. Hughes may not know it, is still held by many of his old pupils in great and deserved respect; and a charge which the facts of the case would be found quite insufficient to justify. Every man of energy and ability who is appointed to the headship of a great place of public education, when his predecessor's rule has been a long one, will probably find—some would consider it almost part of their duty to find—abuses which call for remedy. A man like Arnold was sure to find much of this work to do at Rugby; and none need be told how well he did it. But we need no further testimony than his own, that he had not that Augean stable to cleanse which Mr. Hughes supposes. In a letter to a friend, written soon after his entrance upon his duties, he expresses his "generally favourable impression of it," and records that he had as yet found "surprisingly few irregularities."† He also expressed to one of the masters personally his satisfaction at the state in which he found the school. It is to be regretted that Mr. Hughes did not remember, in this particular instance, that his admirable sketch of Rugby could not be regarded as wholly a work of fiction: it dealt with real names and real facts, openly and without disguise; and that if there were many of his readers to whom these circumstances made the book additionally de-

* *Tom Brown's School Days*, p. 141.

† Letter to Blackstone (*Life and Correspondence*, i. 250.)

lightful, there were also some to whom they might give pain. We have such a hearty appreciation of the writer and his story, that we should be rejoiced if, in the future editions which the coming generation of schoolboys are sure to call for, he could find it in his heart to modify some two or three of these sweeping sentences of praise or censure.

After all, the religious element which showed itself at Rugby in Arnold's days was not so entirely of his own creation as the readers of *Tom Brown* might be led to conclude. There was another—a kindred and yet a very different spirit—whose influence there for good, if not so patent to the world, was no less deep and real, and to whose share in whatever of Christian life was maintained or renewed there, none would have done more willingly justice than Arnold himself. He who, even as a boy, did almost an apostle's work at Rugby was Spencer Thornton.* He, too, has passed from us; but many yet living who profited by his example—many also who did not profit by it—will gladly bear testimony to his earnest profession and courageous practice. Other names might be mentioned of those who joined with him and supported him, but there was scarcely one entirely "like-minded" with him. It was round him that younger boys, whose religious feelings were earnest, gathered for counsel and encouragement. That Arnold recognised this—that he supported and encouraged Thornton by every means in his power—would be saying little more than that he did like any other Christian schoolmaster. Two more dissimilar types of religious character than presented themselves in the boy and his master it might be difficult to find. Spencer Thornton's views were ultra-evangelical:

they might in these days be called narrow, if any could find it in their heart to qualify by such a grudging epithet what was so real and sincere. Arnold's creed was liberal and comprehensive: the books which the pupil loved, the phraseology which he had learnt in childhood, the master would in very many cases have smiled or frowned at, according to his mood; but to both, religion and life were ideas inseparable; and each, in the case of the other, soon felt it and recognised it. It is not too much to say that there were some things in which the teacher himself would not have scorned to learn from his pupil. "I would stand to that man," he once said, in speaking of him, "hat in hand." We scarcely know to which of the two characters those words were most honourable. But Arnold never spoke of him otherwise than with regard and respect, as "a blessing to the school." "Your son has done good to the school to an extent that cannot be calculated"—were his words in a letter to the parents on Spencer Thornton's departure for Cambridge; and few who heard it will ever forget the noble tribute which he paid to him—though of course not by name—after he had left the school, in one of his sermons. The influence which a boy of strong will, self-possessed bearing, and indomitable courage, has over his schoolfellows, whether for good or evil, and especially on points of religion, is even greater than any master, however conscientious and energetic, can hope to obtain. Spencer Thornton was naturally adapted to secure this influence, and to a great extent he did. "Straightforward, manly, and upright"—as one of his most distinguished schoolfellows well describes him—he won respect even where he failed to excite imitation. "There was an open honesty in his

* Spencer Thornton, late Vicar of Wendover, entered Rugby School in 1829; died suddenly in the street in London, January 12, 1850. See a "Memoir" by Rev. W. R. Fremantle. It is slight, and its religious views may be thought extreme; but it is none the less the life of a hero.

countenance which would strike any one with the feeling that he was all that he professed to be." Many were his friends who were not his converts. In this respect, his example had something of the effect upon the little world of Rugby School which Christianity has had upon the world at large: very many were de-heathenised who were not made Christians. Boys who had little sympathy with his religious views, and still less with the peculiar phraseology in which they were sometimes set forth, had still good enough in them to honour the boldness and consistency with which they were maintained; and, often and often, an oath was checked or a ribald jest left unspoken, because he was there to hear. "Rugby School owes a great debt of gratitude to Spencer Thornton," writes one of the masters to the father of another boy; "he has done so much in putting down swearing and bad conduct among the boys." Great, no doubt, was the effect of those remarkable sermons which for so many years "seized and held those hundred boys, dragging them out of themselves, willing or unwilling, for twenty minutes on Sunday afternoons," and which stand alone to this day as appeals to a schoolboy audience; but even greater, if possible, and more effectual, was the preaching of the daily life of one among themselves. The personal influence of Dr. Arnold over his scholars was less, perhaps, than some of his biographers would have us believe. Dr. Stanley, in his *Life*, admits very fairly that to many—the majority—he was but little known in his inner character, and could not therefore impress them as he did the few who were brought into more immediate connection with him. With all his great qualities, he was not generally successful in winning the love of those who knew him only in his character of head-master; it was, perhaps, not in the nature of the circumstances that it should have been so. He was respected, and he was feared. No doubt, in after life, the views

we take of those who once had authority over us undergo, in many cases, a wholesome change; and we see much to love and to admire, to which our selfish wills once blinded us; but we are speaking now of his actual personal influence over the mass of his scholars at the time, not of their estimate of him in after life. His direct appeals to the conscience of individual boys on religious matters were few: he knew, and perhaps rather over-estimated, because he so dreaded it and hated it, the danger of producing unreality. It was very possible (at least during the earlier years of his government of Rugby) for a boy to pass even through the upper forms of the school, to be presented for confirmation, and to receive his first communion—very momentous passages in every boy's life—without any of those private words of warning or encouragement, with reference to his own individual weakness and temptations, which many head-masters would feel it their duty to use now. Nothing, indeed, could be more earnest and affectionate than the addresses on those subjects, given either publicly in the school chapel or privately to classes of candidates; none could be more ready than he was with words of kindly counsel or hearty sympathy if it was sought, or if peculiar circumstances gave opportunity for it; and in a large school it would often be difficult, and in some cases might not be thought advisable, to do more; but it might be gathered from some expressions of Dr. Arnold's more enthusiastic eulogists that, on such occasions at least, every boy was of necessity brought into personal contact with him, and had the opportunity of that appeal from heart to heart which from such a man was invaluable. Whether this has ever been successfully attempted by any head-master of any public school, is another question; but it is an injustice to assume it in the case of Dr. Arnold to the implied discredit of others.

Foremost amongst *Tom Brown's*

rivals—it might be unfair to say imitators—came Mr. Farrar with *Eric*. A more utter failure (for a book may be a failure even in its fourth edition, so far as its true objects are concerned) can hardly be conceived. Seldom has a book been written with such an excellent intention, by a scholar and a gentleman, which is so painful to read. There is no need, at this time of day, to go back to a story which has unfortunately been in only too many hands already. It is not difficult to account for its popularity. In the first place, the subject had been newly stirred, the interest felt about it had been universal in the parent-world; and another tale of school life, even from a lesser authority than a master at Harrow, was sure to have been widely read. Even the painful and repulsive details of the story had their attraction for many minds; they confirmed all that anxious mothers had always feared and half believed of the enormities of large schools. It seemed to many a wholesome exposure and a grave and impressive warning. Terrible and sickening as the truth was, there was only so much the more need, they thought, that it should be faithfully told. Those who have had much intercourse with the lower classes must often have observed how eager they are (especially in the case of a lady-visitor) to exhibit any sore of more than usually hideous character which they may have upon their persons. All of us are aware, of course, that one motive for such exhibition is a feeling of personal pride in the ownership: it invests the sufferer for the time with something of the dignity of a martyr. But we always felt that there must be something more behind: the tone in which the offer was usually made seemed to imply an appeal to some principle in human nature, quite unintelligible to us, which would make such inspection a positive gratification to the visitor. The popularity of *Eric* and

Julian Home has convinced us that we were right, and has helped to throw some little light upon a puzzling fact in psychology, so that in future we hope we shall be able to appreciate more charitably our poor afflicted friends' attempt to entertain us. It is evident that a considerable portion of the public do like to see and hear disagreeable things. They have enjoyed *Eric* and *Julian Home* accordingly. They were very painful presentations of school and college life, but, for that reason, the more intensely interesting. Mr. Farrar tells us, in his preface, that they owe "the darker shades of colouring, not to fancy, but to life." It is very possible. It is to be feared that in all large schools there do exist the immoralities which are so painfully forced upon our notice in Mr. Farrar's books; a picture might have been drawn even of the Rugby of Tom Brown's day, taken from another point of views, which should have shown us the same ugly features which we have photographed in Roslyn School. But *cui bono*? It would have been truthful; so probably is the *Newgate Calendar*, and that publication has always been highly popular; but it has never been considered either as a fair average view of human life, or a very improving study, in spite of the warning moral which may quite possibly be drawn from its pages. We shall continue to believe, in spite of the most gloomy moralists, that a school of two hundred and fifty boys, in which there are "only two fellows who don't swear,"* must be a happily exceptional case, and that if Mr. Farrar ever fell in with it in the course of his own personal experience, he must have been one of the most unfortunate of men and of masters. Granting the facts, we can see no sufficient motive for dragging such a miserable history into daylight.

The real purpose of the book appears to have been to advocate the

* *Eric* p. 87.

advantages of what is called the monitorial system, adopted in all our old public schools, by showing what a large school might become without it. The merits and defects of this system have been so often discussed, that all arguments on both sides seem to have been pretty well exhausted, and we are certainly not going to repeat them here. No sensible parent can doubt that the theory of maintaining the internal government of a large number of boys, as far as possible by means of an aristocracy of merit selected from their own members, in which age and strength will also find their place, is a noble one; and if it breaks down here and there in practice, as all noble theories will, no one who believes in the imperfection of human nature will be either astonished or disgusted. Nor will any one, except a few silly mothers and still more silly story-writers, protest against the fagging which forms a necessary part of such a system, or bewail the hardships of the schoolboy, when they remember that the maturer world is not quite a pillow of down. We can sympathise with the parent whose boy has been unjustly or unmercifully thrashed by a tyrannical prefect or præpostor, when he rashly generalises to the conclusion that the whole thing is a scandal and an abomination: we do not accept his logic, but we understand his feelings. But the Harrow master's story proved nothing either for or against the monitorial system. If the bigger boys in a large school are all or most of them bad boys—if lads of eighteen introduce children of twelve into such scenes as that in the "club-room" of the "Anti-muffs" at Roslyn—the mere giving to such lads a sort of official authority would not have mended the matter. A boy is not converted into an angel merely by being made a monitor or a prefect. Surely Mr. Farrar's Harrow memories might have supplied him with cases of drunkenness and bullying even amongst those puissant authorities;

and it is always quite within the nature of things, we hope, even at a private school, for an elder boy of respectable character to thrash a young blackguard or two heartily, on the mere ground of his being a blackguard, and to be commended for it if it came to the master's ears. If the defence of monitorial discipline be made to rest upon the iniquities, real or fictitious, of Roslyn School, it is built upon a very weak foundation.

Nor has such championship been allowed to pass without a mild counterblast from the private education quarter. In a little book which fell in our way this Christmas, which tells us how *Ernest Bracebridge's School Days* were spent, we read how an attempt was made to introduce the fagging system, and how signally it failed. Grafton Hall, as the establishment is called, was, we are repeatedly informed, a "first-rate" place, and the doctor's wife "a first-rate person." It is not surprising, therefore, that all the pupils "were of refined minds and gentlemanly habits." The bigger boys engage in "deadly strife" with hoops, and play at marbles, and talk beautiful English. The young hero himself, on the first day of his arrival addresses his companions in the following terms:—

"I'll tell you how it is—my father says we should do everything on principle. He has made us practise all sorts of athletic exercises, and shown us how we can make the best use of our muscles and bones. The balls of the foot and toes are given us, for instance, as pads from which we may spring, and on which we may alight; but clumsy fellows will attempt to hop from their heels or jump down on them. He has always told us that we must labour before we can be fed; it is the lot of humanity.—We are just sent into this world to prepare for another, and that preparation is to be made by doing our duty to the best of our power in that station of life in which we may be placed. It is our duty, when boys, to prepare for being men by training our minds and bodies, and by laying in as large a stock of knowledge as we can obtain."

It must be evident at once that a young gentleman who could talk in this way must have enjoyed some peculiar advantages. What they were, let him describe in his own words in his first interview with "the Doctor."

"At last the Doctor called him up, and asked him what books he had read. Ernest ran through a long list; Sir Walter Scott's novels, and Locke on the Human Understanding were among them. The Doctor smiled as he enumerated them.

"I fear they will not stand you in good stead here, my man: the books I mean are Greek and Latin books—what have you read of them?"

"None, sir, right through. I know a great number of words, and can put them together, and papa and I sometimes talk Latin and Greek together just as easily as we do French and German and Italian."

What such a prodigy should have been sent to school at all for, unless to puzzle the masters, is the mysterious part of the history.

"He, however, had been too carefully trained by his father to presume on this superiority. He, of course, could not help feeling that he did many things better than most of his companions, but then he was perfectly conscious that if they had possessed the advantages his father had given him, they would probably have done as well."

The *Paterfamilias* of the *Cornhill Magazine*, who complains "that in his school days Latin and Greek were still taught in the precise manner in which it had been taught to our fathers and grandfathers," and that "no new-fangled or short cuts to knowledge found favour in the eyes of the Principal of Harchester," will be delighted at this modern recipe for making a scholar—so simple, too, and so entirely in his own hands. He has only to talk Greek and Latin with his own boys in this free-and-easy fashion for an hour or two—after dinner, for instance, what could be more delightful?—and he can then set the old dot-and-go-one system, still pursued so obstinately at Eton and "Harchester," at defiance; or, if the

young gentlemen go there, they will be sure to carry off all the prizes. It is strange to find one who touches so sensibly some of the really weak points in our public schools still clinging to the delusion of "short cuts" to learning, when most scholars are agreed that we have been trying that line rather too much of late years, and that our universities are now reaping the fruits of its failure. But we must return to our present hero, Master Bracebridge.

He it is who organises the successful opposition to the fagging system, which some of the bigger boys wish to introduce, having got up among themselves "a plan for becoming a public school." The destined fags, headed by Ernest and another, form into "military order," and march "in double-quick time" upon Blackall the bully, whom they bind with ropes, and compel, by "colting" him with a rope's end while in that condition, to give up the attempt. A woodcut representing this proceeding must have been taken from Gulliver bound by the Lilliputians—the big boy is so very big, and the little boys so very little. After this "all Ernest's companions felt certain that no attempt to fag them would be made while he remained at the school." The private school drama is not considered complete without the introduction of the "first murderer," and the "terrific combat;" Blackall tries to kill Ernest in a fencing-match, and succeeds in running him through the shoulder.

We have hinted already that the popularity of *Eric* has probably lain most with mammas and sisters. Possibly the tale of vices and sufferings from which they are happily exempted, but which they dread for those they love best, has a horrible fascination for these softer natures. With schoolboys themselves the book is certainly not popular. But both Mr. Farrar's books are decidedly of the weaker sex altogether. *Tom Brown*, whether at Rugby or at Oxford, is the masculine, and *Eric* and *Julian Home* the feminine, of school and college

life. Reality and unreality are the characteristics of the two writers: the very names which they affect for their heroes are characteristic. Tom and his father are of the old hearty John Bull type; Eric of the modern sentimental. One is the prose, the other the poetry. Julian again (who rejoices in a sister "Violet" and a brother "Cyril") in his very name conveys the notion of the melodramatic. So delighted is his author with the euphonious syllables, that he makes even his tutor and his schoolfellows address him almost invariably by this Christian name. With his "hectic rose-colour, and blue eyes, and soft hair," they were much more likely to have called him "Julia." Names of such a stamp by no means coincide with the British schoolboy's notion of the beautiful. He has a much higher respect for "Tom." But there are several passages in both Mr. Farrar's books which look much more as if they had been written by a lady, drawn upon her own innocent imagination for the sayings and doings of schoolboy life, than by a master in one of our most important public schools, who must know, or ought to know, how schoolboys really think and speak. Imagine such a man writing as fellows, and imposing it upon fond mothers as a sketch from real life:—

"They sat down on a green bank just beyond the beach, and watched the tide come in, while the sea distance was crimson with the glory of evening. The beauty and the murmur filled them with a quiet happiness, not untinged with the melancholy thought of parting the next day. At last Eric broke the silence.

"'Russell, let me always call you Edwin, and call me Eric.'

"'Very gladly, Eric. Your coming here has made me quite happy.' And the two boys squeezed each other's hands, and looked into each other's faces, and silently promised that they would be loving friends for ever."—*Eric*, p. 49.

Very pastoral, no doubt, and very pathetic. But we will venture to say that nineteen out of twenty schoolboys who read the

passage will pronounce it "bosh," and if the twentieth admired it, we should be pretty safe in setting him down as a spooney. Perhaps even the author bethought himself of this passage, and half repented of it, when he was writing *Julian Home*; for he makes it a special merit with that hero and his friend Lillyston that they do *not* (at Harrow) make "any first-sight vows of eternal friendship." We thought those kind of vows were confined almost exclusively to Frenchmen and young ladies' seminaries. The "fellows" at Harrow did not use to be so demonstrative; but if Mr. Farrar's sketches be true, the playground on the first day of the half-year must be an affecting sight to sentimentalists.

This prettiness of tone accompanies Mr. Farrar's young friends throughout. Julian adorns his rooms at Cambridge (with his mother's and sister's help) with a print from Fra Angelico's Frankfort picture of the Virgin;—"Put it opposite the door," says the fair Violet, "that it may give a sensation of peace and beauty to every one who enters the room." On the other side hangs Spagnoletto's "*Bienheureuse Pêcheresse*," the St. Mary of Egypt, "with her long dishevelled tresses of dark hair, touched with a golden gleam," falling "over her fair shoulders"—a "young person" at whose attire the sanctimonious Hazlet, when he visits his friend's rooms, professes himself rather scandalised. The hero always talks quite beautifully—not after the ignorant fashion of undergraduates, but "like a book," as the ladies'-maids say. And what convinces us that the tale was written with an eye to the gentlest of gentle readers, is that the dear young man, though full of university honours, falls in love very early in his career, despises a Trinity fellowship, and boldly declares that he would marry "on a hundred a-year, if he wished and the lady consented"—confidently believing that "God never sends a soul into the world without pro-

viding ample means for its sustenance." We suppose that by a "soul" is here meant a little body. Far be it from us to cavil at such a noble sentiment, which we have heard and admired before, though scarcely expressed in such choice language; and probably Mr. Home's undergraduate friends, for whose benefit he was thus philosophising, were not prepared with the poor cobbler's retort, when his parson sought to comfort him, under the infliction of a thirteenth child, with the same admirable doctrine—the living being rich, and the parson himself childless: "Providence never sends a mouth, my man, but it sends a meal for it." "Ay; but somehow the mouths all comes to me, and the meals to your reverence." Everything turns out prosperously, however, with the young Cambridge philosopher: he marries, but on five hundred, or rather better, contriving on that modest income (many young couples would like exceedingly to see the accounts) "to store his vicarage with everything that could delight a simple yet refined and educated taste." Melodramatic justice would not be content without a prospect of greater wealth in store, in case the open mouths belonging to the small souls in *posse* should become numerous. A repentant old aunt, who had disinherited Julian for some boyish offence, drives upon the wedding-day in her coach, like Cinderella's godmother, and the happy Julian returns thanks at the breakfast, not of course with the stammering tongue and questionable grammar of every-day bridegrooms, but, as becomes him, "in words of poetic feeling and thoughtful power."

But there is plenty of the "dark shade," of which this writer is so fond, in the Cambridge as well as in the Roslyn School story. The fast set at St. Werner's College, Camford (which we suppose there is no harm in taking for Trinity, Cambridge), including the young noble-

men thereto belonging, must have been an awful set of blackguards in those days, if Mr. Farrar's account of them is to be accepted. Betting with each other how soon a quiet man could be made drunk, was the favourite amusement. There is a wretched creature called Hazlet—quite an impossible character—who becomes their first victim. He has been brought up at home in the most grovelling evangelicism, and can speak nothing but the uncouth dialect of his sect. The satire which is ferociously accumulated on the head of this offender might have been more telling, if the slightest regard had been paid to truth and consistency in his portrait. But when we have him represented as quoting the controversial texts of Scripture fluently, and able to "re-iterate proofs of heresy against every man of genius, honesty, and depth," and then find him plucked for his divinity as having inserted in his examination-papers all the standard senate-house jokes which pass for witticisms in the undergraduate world—"attributing John the Baptist's death to his having danced with Herodias's daughter, tracing a connection between the Old and New Testament by St. Peter's having cut off the ear of Malachi the last of the prophets, and stating that the substance of St. Paul's sermon at Athens was 'crying vehemently for the space of two hours, Great is Diana of the Ephesians'!"—then the blow which is meant to annihilate an unpopular sect only damages the writer of such manifest absurdities. Of course this prepared victim is made to fall readily before the arts of the fast set at St. Werner's. The net is set in the full sight of the bird, and he walks into it with his eyes open. He consents at once to go to London with his new-made friends, equipped in a "cut-away coat, mauve-coloured pegtop," and "a death's-head-pin"—he who had been "always accustomed to dress

* *Julian Home*, p. 339.

in black, and wear tail-coats in the morning"—accompanies them to a theatre, which to his notions was little less than a direct *descensus Averni*, and spends Sunday evening in a quiet game at cards! One breakfast-party, one "wine," and one supper, are sufficient to effect this transformation; and he is made roaring drunk amidst the rapturous applause of his aristocratic entertainers. We have the scene described in one place with very natural and righteous horror: it was done, we are told, "amidst screams of irrepressible laughter, almost as ghastly and diabolical (if the cause of them be considered) as those that might have sounded round a witch's caldron over diabolical orgies;" and yet, in the course of a very few pages, we read that "all St. Werner's laughed at the story, of course;" and we suppose the reader is invited to laugh too, which is father bewildering to his moral sense, after having just been worked up into a state of virtuous indignation. Another bet of the same character, made by the same parties, is equally successful. The sufferer in this latter case is a Lord De Vayne, a most excellent and sentimental young nobleman, who is Julian's bosom friend. He does not fall into the snare so easily. Though Bruce, the tempter, "takes care the wines should be of an insidious strength" (South African, possibly), still, as De Vayne is seldom in the habit of taking more than one glass, even this device was hardly likely to be successful. But they pour *laudanum* into his glass, and, the whole contents of the bottle slipping in by accident, he is of course nearly poisoned. His mother comes up to nurse him, and he finally leaves the university to restore his shattered health in Italy. We are assured by the writer that this story is true: he "could not," he says, "invent facts like these." It would have been much more pleasant to believe that the foundation of such a story was as unreal as the details certainly are; but, granting that

such a detestable practical joke was actually attempted, with such results, at any college at any time, still it is difficult to understand with what motive any sensible man could thus rake up the memory of it, and reproduce it in a tale for youth.

There is plenty of love-making in the book, which strengthens the impression that it is college-life made up for ladies; though, in justice to the Cambridge authorities, we ought to say that the parties go off to Switzerland to do the most pathetic part of it, and that it is in the very middle of a snow-storm on the Schilthorn that the warmest scene takes place. There is also a great deal of thrilling incident of another kind—much of the horrible, passing sometimes into the supernatural. Hazlet, after plunging from his evangelicism into reckless vice, and failing at his examination, is suddenly converted, after passing through something like madness, by seeing these words blazoned on the wall of his room in letters of fire—"AND THIS IS HELL." (We give it all the benefit of the original type.) Then Kennedy, the lover, who has also fallen into bad ways, determines to shoot himself. He loads a pistol for that purpose, but seeing a Bible on his table, he opens it, casts his eyes upon the verse—"And he saw the angel of the Lord standing in the way"—and lifts up his eyes to see standing before him, "clear and distinct, the spirit of his dead mother, with uplifted finger and sad reproachful eyes." He fires the pistol into the air—it bursts, and shatters his right hand; but the hero happily survives to repent, and to carry off Violet to Australia. The reader is earnestly warned against the rash matter-of-fact conclusion that these visions were in either case the effect of shattered nerves or a disordered brain; and his assent seems to be demanded to something like a positive spiritual interposition. All this may be very earnest and impressive writing, and does exceed

ingly well for the circulating libraries; if dramatised at one of the minor theatres, it would be sure to draw. We have no doubt that a great many young ladies have read it, and will still read it, with much wonder and admiration; and certainly, as a picture of Cambridge life, drawn by a Fellow of Trinity, it is very wonderful in its way.

We do not care much to follow Tom Brown to the university, further than to observe, that St. Ambrose's is much more like Oxford than St. Werner's is like Cambridge. It is scarcely fair to criticise a story which is still uncompleted in the columns of a contemporary. There is no attempt made at the high moral and religious tone which forms so prominent a feature in *Julian Home*; yet it by no means follows that for this reason it should be less profitable for an undergraduate to read. The moral is good, and the views on serious matters earnest, without being obtrusive. If we had to point out any shortcomings in this way, it would rather be that the writer has represented the life of the comparatively idle men at Oxford with sufficient truth and evident relish to make it somewhat too enticing. In fact, it is difficult to treat undergraduate life in any other way, in order to make a successful story. The career of the university student who is really in earnest is full of interest and delight; it has both its deep quiet enjoyment and its intense excitements; but they are not such as are well adapted for the purposes of fiction, or such as would do to present as their monthly dole to the readers of a magazine. It is of immense importance, and therefore full of the most lively interest, both to themselves and to their friends, whether Smith gets his "first" after all, or whether Jones or Robinson is the winner of the "Ireland;" but it is beyond the power of man to spin out the facts of the case into a three-volume novel. If it be true of women and of nations that the happiest have a very dull history,

it might also be said of the college undergraduate, that the story of his college years will not give him less pleasure in the retrospect, because it would have been impossible to weave out of its material either an exciting romance or a moral story. They will always live in his own recollection as having been (let us hope) the pleasantest, as they were certainly the most interesting and important, of his life. The story of those old times will long give zest to the quiet glass of wine in which he pledges the old friend who shared their good and evil; but the public would never have felt any very deep interest either in the plot or the catastrophe. If he be anything of a philosopher, he will have learnt to look upon it himself with comparatively indifferent eyes. That first class which he was so proud to get—he is not quite sure that his country neighbours know what it means, even if they ever heard of his having got it; the squire of the next parish was plucked, yet is he an excellent magistrate, and rides well to hounds; and as for that open fellowship which he did not get, why, he has got a wife instead of it, which is probably a much better thing for him. Mr. Hughes is not so fortunate in the subject and scenery of his present tale as he was in his first—he is no longer breaking new ground. Sketches of college life had been done before, with more or less success, and nothing very new could be said about it; nor does it seem to offer any great facilities for a continuous story. So far as an Oxford novel is possible, the writer was the man to succeed, and he has succeeded. Tom, the hero, is still the same hearty genial fellow at St. Ambrose's as he was at Rugby—by no means a perfect model, but for that reason likely to be a more popular and possible one. He enters college, it is true, under very favorable circumstances; for it is not every freshman who brings up from his father's cellars "two large hampers of good sound port," "more than

twelve years in bottle," or who gets put into the racing eight in his first term. But his author, in order to provide sufficient interest for other readers than undergraduates, is obliged to introduce a good many scenes which are very exceptional incidents indeed in Oxford life, and which make this second part of Tom's history scarcely so real as the first. And since even the fortunes of the St. Ambrose boat would not supply the action of the story beyond a certain point, he is obliged in the later chapters to carry him out of Oxford, and plunge him into love-making in the country, and, in short, reduce him pretty much to the condition of ordinary heroes of fiction—where we leave him with hearty good wishes.

Mr. Farrar's religious views would probably be fairly described as of the modern liberal and intellectual school; at least he shows no kind of sympathy with either of the two extreme parties in the English Church, and he considers it good for young men, in their search after truth, to read German infidel theology, assuming, we suppose (and a College Fellow and Harrow master surely ought to know), that the mind at that age is remarkably adapted to detect plausible fallacies, and happily free from all tendency to embrace, for its own sake, a novelty which runs counter to established opinion. In the Cambridge story, Mr. Thomas Carlyle, strangely enough, stands out as the representative of orthodoxy. "Carlyle not sound!" exclaims Julian, indignantly—"good heavens! you can yet retain all the wretched babblements of sectarianism!" Anything approaching to religious dogmatism seems to be this writer's peculiar abhorrence. He might certainly have pleaded as some justification the awkward and unnatural figure which the school-boy makes in a controversial dress. Mr. Heygate, in his *Godfrey Davenant*, had already pictured him as a High-Churchman. We are not now discussing theological questions; we are quite ready to admit

the author's excellent intentions—all that we are here concerned with is the reality or unreality of the views given of schoolboy life. If any real good is to be done to boys themselves by the medium of fictions of this class, the semblance of reality is their very first essential, just as it is if we look at them from the merely literary point of view. We do not believe that there ever was a school like Dr. Wilson's, where every boy was solemnly admitted "on his knees," and dismissed with the same imposing ceremony. And we trust that struggles with murderers, or even arguments with Low-Church rectors, do not form part of the ordinary trials of a modern schoolboy. But probably *Godfrey Davenant* is not meant as a presentment of a real living schoolboy, but merely as the ideal in the writer's mind of what he might and ought to be, which takes it in a great measure out of the scope of our present notice. And of Mr. Monro's tale, *Basil*, written from the same High-Church point of view, what can be said but that it is even more extravagant than Mr. Farrar's, if not so repulsive? Those who are acquainted with that writer's religious tales and allegories know that, combined with much pathos, there is a considerable amount of romantic wildness, which is probably very attractive to the readers for whom they are intended; but if Basil's school adventures are intended to wear the semblance of truth, all that can be said is, that the author's truth is even stranger than his fiction.

To paint a boy's school life as it is—more especially if it is wished to give a moral colouring to the picture, and yet to preserve reality in the details—to make it what a boy will delight to read, and recognise for truth, and yet so that he shall be the better for reading it—is not so easy as it might seem. It requires the powers of a man, with the keen perceptions of boyhood. Every motive and every incident requires to be looked at by the

writer from the boy's point of view, to be described as far as possible in what would be the boy's own terms; and yet the incidents must be selected and the motives handled with the most careful and deliberate judgment. It is not at all surprising that so many should have failed in the attempt. But it is rather singular that the only sketches of schoolboy life with which we are acquainted, which may fairly challenge comparison with *Tom Brown* for life and truth, have come from a lady's hand. They are those which Miss Yonge has given us in the first part of *The Dairy Chain*, in the boys of Dr. May's family. They are nothing more than sketches, for the tale itself has much to do with other matter; but the life of the four young Mays (or rather "May, June, July, and August," as their schoolfellows prefer to call them), and of their clever, awkward sister, Ethel, who may stand for a fifth boy, for boy she is both in her taste for Latin and her hatred of gloves, — their doings and sufferings at Stoneborough Grammar School, their different and well-marked characters, and, above all, the gallant efforts of the elder brother to keep the younger "straight" amongst evil examples and influences, without compromising his independence or making him "a sneak," — are all so admirably done that we feel sure that every schoolboy of "the right sort" who will borrow the book from his sister's library will be delighted with it. Stoneborough looks like a portrait, and it would be very pleasant to believe that some of our old country foundations are still so well managed and so prosperous. At any rate, the sketch has all the effect of individuality; and the ease with which the authoress seizes and adopts for her purpose all the shades of schoolboy feeling and the niceties of schoolboy dialogue, without for an instant falling into slang or childishness, is a "caution," as an American would say, to some of

the gentleman whose attempts in the same line we have been noticing.

These scholastic novels — if we may venture to coin a term to express them all — are, in one point of view, a satisfactory outcrop in literature. It is good for a lad, whether at school or college, to believe that there is not of necessity anything in the tenor of his daily life, even in his hours of most unrestrained enjoyment — that there ought not to be anything — which should prevent even its minutest details, faithfully recorded, from being worked into a story which all may read. It will do him good even if he learns from such books no more than this, that he has a public, outside the little world of school, who can be highly interested, not only in the results of his half-yearly examination — not only in his score at cricket, his prowess at football, or his success in the college boat — but in those warring impulses of good and evil which, though their object may be sometimes trivial and sometimes ludicrous, are nevertheless all important to him, and are forming his character for future life. As every honest-hearted lad would gladly have his mother and sisters watch him there, when he takes his stand at the wicket or bends to the oar, so he may learn, perhaps even from the weakest of these books, that it is no true manly spirit which would fear their watching him always. We live in an age when fictitious narrative has usurped, whether for good or evil, a large share of the old preacher's office: the biting satire, the jest which veiled a truth, which our old divines did not disdain to use, are relegated to the pages of the didactic novel. The sermons are said to be all the duller for it, and assuredly some of the novels are not much the livelier. But we must be content with what we have; and although, considering the subjects and the characters introduced in some of our novels and dramas of late, we scarcely know how to consider the distinction as a compliment, still

we are glad that school and college life should be thus brought into the daylight of public notice. Let the schoolboy, like other Bohemians of society, see himself in print. Possibly he also does not look so black when drawn from the actual life. If he had really been of the colour which some have painted him, the world would have brought itself to an end by its own wickedness long ago.

"Public schools are the very seats and nurseries of vice; it may be unavoidable, or it may not, but the fact is indisputable." So said that excellent man John Bowdler, and Dr. Arnold, in one of his well-known school sermons,* partially endorsed the assertion. We trust that if any one were to venture upon such a sweeping accusation now, the voice of the great majority of the public would at once reclaim against it. But was the fact ever indisputable, in the sense in which it was asserted and admitted? If, indeed, it meant only this, that a public school was a nursery of vice, as large towns are nurseries of vice—that vice there puts on a bolder front, and takes courage from numbers—it was true enough. But the only fair way to state such a question, so as to elicit an answer that is worth anything, is to inquire whether the average of vice was greater then amongst public-school boys than amongst any other class of boys—whether, taking a thousand boys under private or domestic tuition, and a thousand at Eton, and Harrow, the bad boys formed a larger proportion of the whole. Such statistics would be indeed impossible to obtain with any accuracy; but until they are obtained we venture to hold, even in opposition to the great authorities we have just quoted, that the fact was disputable, and was disputed, both before and after Dr. Arnold's time. It was thought for a long time that, because vice swept unblushingly down Regent Street and

the Haymarket, London was the very Babylon of the Apocalypse, while the Arcadians in rural villages were as innocent as the lambs they tended. Country clergymen in those days were not quite such enterprising inquirers as they are at present, and took a great deal of innocence for granted. Later experience, we believe, does not incline so much in favour of rural villages. "*Latet anguis in herba*." Those maps of crime, which look so very black about the metropolitan district, must be taken with a good deal of allowance for the proportion of the population to the square mile, and the activity of an organised police. How much of the evil which festered in public schools then—which makes them even now, though, we gladly believe, in a less degree, "nurseries of vice"—has been brought there from the private establishment, or even from home? We are not about to open the question of public as against private education; but whenever it can be said that public schools are the nursery of vice, it may be said with equal fairness that private schools were the cradle. Vice is a child which unfortunately requires very little nursing, and takes kindly to any fostering hand. The village-corner is a nursery of vice, to many a country pastor's sorrow. The milliner's workroom, the tailor's shop, the lace school—all are nurseries of vice. So, to many a home-bred youth, is the gamekeeper's room and the stable-yard.

Dr. Moberly, of Winchester College, in a letter to the biographer of Arnold, writes as follows, speaking of the undergraduates of his own day:—

"The tone of young men at the university, whether they came from Winchester, Eton, Rugby, Harrow, or wherever else, was uniformly irreligious. A religious undergraduate was very rare—very much laughed at when he appeared; and I think I may confidently say, hardly to be found amongst public-school men: or, if this be too strongly said, hardly to be found except in cases where private

* ARNOLD'S *Sermons*, vol. ii. Sermon. xii.

and domestic training or good dispositions had prevailed over the school habits and tendencies."*

We are not quite sure that we understand this last sentence. Without "good dispositions" and careful "domestic training" few young men have grown up religious, at any time or in any country. And when Dr. Moberly proceeds to say that the favourable change which he is glad to notice in this respect in all public schools, "is undoubtedly part of a general improvement of our generation in respect of piety and reverence," we believe that he is stating a fact which has an infinitely more important bearing upon the general question than he seems disposed to recognise. Is any reader old enough to remember what the general tone of morals and religion, and the general style of conversation, was amongst the grandfathers, and even the fathers and uncles, of the generation of whom the writer speaks? If not, some of us have read about it, at all events. It was not only in the public schools of England that blasphemy and obscenity passed for wit, and a "serious" person was laughed at when he appeared. Need we quote that notorious *dictum* of Sir Robert Walpole's, as to what conversation he found most popular and most intelligible at his table? "Low conversation is the vice of lubberly dunces," writes an Oxford tutor in 1860; it had been the accomplishment of "gentlemen" fifty years before. Very possibly some share of the evil might be laid to the charge of public schools; but were not public schools what public taste, and even public men, had made them? From such fathers, what could the sons be?

"Fortes creantur fortibus et bonia."

It was only natural that the tone of school morality, though it undeniably has changed, should be slow to change with the improvement in the tone of general society. Evil has this for one of its laws, that

it festers in the extremities of the social frame long after it has been purged from the more important organs. Drunkenness remains the curse of our working-classes, though it has long ceased to be one of the habits of a gentleman; and the schoolboy's traditions were likely to retain for a while the false notions of honour, and the glorification of vice, which had already happily been superseded by a purer code in elder society. It has been too much the habit of parents, in all ranks of life, to look to the school to do home work, and to complain because that impossibility is not effected. We are fond of remarking this, and complaining of it, in the case of the poor and their children. It is no use, we say, to teach a child in school hours the meaning of the eighth commandment if he sees dishonesty at home; to impress upon him that bad language is a sin, when it forms part of his parents' ordinary conversation; or to teach him prayers which at home he has neither opportunity nor encouragement to use. Let our country squires and rectors apply these arguments (which are pretty familiar to them all) to their own case, and let them ask themselves, fairly and conscientiously, how far they are seconding in their own persons the work of the professional educator. In very few instances, we firmly believe, has the contamination of a public school permanently injured the morals or the principles of a boy whose home training had been strict and careful. And, even in what we may be allowed to call the minor morals of a schoolboy, his progress in his work, his carefulness or his extravagance, his self-indulgence or his self-denial—more will depend, after all, on the light in which these things are looked upon at home, and, above all, upon the principles which he sees to be the ruling motives of those about him there—and boys are sharp-eyed to see these things—than upon the influence of even his most intimate school companions.

* STANLEY'S *Life of Arnold*, i. 191.

If there needs a still further reform of our schools, it must begin, as before, with the reform of those who are no longer schoolboys. *Paterfamilias** in his second letter, says that "a very small proportion of parents and guardians are themselves competent to examine into and decide upon the comparative merits of schools, or judge accurately of the progress their children are making at them." We believe that they are often incompetent, but far more often too indolent. We have known parents who never seemed either to know or care

what place their sons held in a public school, and who would have protested loudly against "calling up school troubles in the holidays," who were yet very indignant because they were plucked at the university. At all events, every parent is at least competent to set his son an example of reverence, of purity, of honour, and of a contempt of all mean pretence and love of display. Let him do this, and he will have done more for public education than by shaking his head at the wickedness of public schools, or writing letters upon them by the hundred.

CARTHAGE AND ITS REMAINS.

WHY *did* Mr. Davis write this very absurd book? He had set himself to a task which commands the sympathies of all men of letters; he had a plain story to tell of his excavations amongst the ruins of Carthage, of the difficulties he encountered, of the measure of success which attended upon his enterprise: he had only to tell this story, to proclaim his discoveries, and discuss, so far as he was able, the nature and the value of those objects which the spade and the pickaxe had revealed to him, and a book was written which every one would have received with respect, and those few who have devoted themselves to the study of antiquity with a keen interest. Why must he step aside to manufacture this piece of literary patchwork? With the exception of what it was needful to relate of his researches and excavations, there is not a shred or fragment that is not utterly contemptible. He digresses at every point, and every digression is a weariness and insipidity.

Some demon whispered to him that he must "have a taste," have sprightliness and wit, and with a due parade of learning mingle also a parade of sentiment. He must try his hand at history, and the history of Carthage may be said to have offered itself very naturally to him; but all he does is to tell very badly the old stories that every one has read, without the least effort or pretence at historical criticism. He must be amusing, and wearies us with the insufferable nonsense, evidently most imperfectly reported, of his Arab companions. He must be a witty controversialist, must write pathetic declamation, must deal in philosophical remark, and neither nature nor study has fitted him for any one of these. He is utterly destitute of literary talent or philosophic culture. Why *did* he write this book? He could dig and superintend diggings, and had the personal courage, the tact, the decision, the quick eye of observation necessary to carry him through his very arduous task. Why could

* *Cornhill Magazine*, vol. ii. p. 649.

Carthage and her Remains: being an Account of the Excavations and Researches on the Site of the Phœnician Metropolis in Africa, &c. By Dr. N. DAVIS, F.R.G.S., &c.

he not have been content with a well-earned applause for zeal and energy and perseverance? Why aim at a merely literary reputation? He was as little prepared for *this* undertaking as those very Arabs whom he appears to have so skilfully managed. He may translate Punic, but he cannot write English; he may have a good eye for topography, but he has no intellectual insight; he has the enthusiasm of the antiquarian, but he has learnt nothing from the philosophical historian. He talks of Dido and Æneas as men talked and wrote of them two hundred years ago. He tells us that in his school-days he was devoted to the cause of Dido. The devotion, or at all events the credulity, of his school-days has survived to the present hour.

But Mr. Davis has *done* something. He has dug where no other had dug, and where digging is a matter of no ordinary difficulty, owing to the superstition and ignorance of the people, and the arbitrary and capricious nature of the government. He had to submit to many disappointments—to try here, to try there—to break fresh ground on the merest conjecture—to support the discouragement of failure—to endure many personal hardships—to maintain at all times the control over his singular body of workmen. In all this his courage, tact, and constancy seem never to have failed. Nor has all his excavating and exploring been without some measure of success. He has discovered mosaic pavements, which, whether Roman or Carthaginian, will doubtless reward the study of the antiquarian; he has enriched our museum with numerous Punic inscriptions; and he has thrown light on the topography of Carthage. Whatever may be the value of the conjectures in which he occasionally indulges, or the accuracy of the translations he gives us of the inscriptions he has discovered, he has been without question a serviceable pioneer in a very inter-

esting field of research. Our regret is the greater, therefore, that he should have come before the public with a literary production such as this. It throws disparagement on all that he has done. We have not proceeded through many chapters before we lose all confidence in his judgment or his knowledge, even in matters where he ought to be especially competent to decide.

Perhaps, however, we shall be here reminded that it is a fortunate circumstance when a traveller or explorer, on whose observations and judgment we are compelled to rely, gives us some measure of his intelligence by which we can regulate the degree of confidence to be reposed in him. He who proves to be a child on every topic where the student at home can test him, can hardly be accepted as a safe guide on those matters where he speaks from his own especial or personal knowledge.

We have learnt by experience to regard it as an ill omen when an author starts off with needless panegyrics upon railways and telegraphs, on "subjugated" steam and the "lightning" employed for our messenger. Mr. Davis does not spare us this usual laudation of the age: he proceeds even to draw from these great inventions, and from the rapidity of thought and movement characteristic of our times, a conclusion which he thinks it necessary to print in italics, and which appears to have had a disastrous influence on the present work. We shall give our readers the benefit of this conclusion; it will reveal to them at once the unfortunate mistake our author has made in his very notion of author-craft. "Literature," he tells us, in the second page of his Preface, "has not been exempted from this revolutionary contagion; for there was a time when our forefathers were perfectly satisfied with ponderous dry folios, whose contents they devoured with the utmost avidity, considering their pain and labour adequately re-

warded if they could only extract one grain of sense from every hundred pages. The student of the present day not only scrutinises daily the mechanical parts of a book [that is, we presume, distinguishes between a quarto and duodecimo], but his standard of excellence may be summed up in this sentence—*Knowledge and information must be communicated in a concise as well as in an attractive and fascinating manner.*" Now, as excavation amongst the ruins of antiquity is a dry subject in itself, the "attractive and fascinating" were evidently to be drawn from some extraneous topics. He digs, as he tells us, not only for relics of the past, but "into the minds and characters of the modern occupants of the territories of Carthage." In other words, he stretches out his hands, right and left, for whatever "attractive and fascinating" matter he thinks he can engraft on a "concise" account of his excavations. It is hard to say how it can remain concise after all this literary rubbish has been strewn upon it. He might have gathered a better *moral* from our railroads, and electric telegraphs, and other improvements which distinguish our age. To what do we owe all these great inventions? To this, that there were men who applied themselves to their several tasks, to their chosen pursuits, with singleness of purpose—who went straight to their mark—who by no means thought it necessary to be "attractive and fascinating" in all their movements—who, if they had some genuine earnest work to do, were quite satisfied if they could only accomplish it.

The stuff which Mr. Davis has loaded his pages with, under pretence, we presume, of giving us an insight into an Arabian or Mohammedan population, is of that prolix character that we can select no fair specimen of it. If the stories and the conversations he introduces were in the least degree amusing, we might not inquire further into the purpose of their introduction; we

might not ask what new light they had thrown on the character of the people he had lived amongst. But they are as dull as they are absurd. The ignorance and credulity and superstition of an altogether uneducated race of men are not brought before us in any new point of view. We are only asked to listen to so much nonsense, because Mr. Davis has been at the pains of collecting and translating it for us. Of superstitious nonsense we have enough at home; we hardly need an account of the visions or supernatural powers of his Arabs, even though vouched for by "that particular friend of mine," Elgaabsi. Elgaabsi, at one time, is engaged in discovering, by the means of midnight spells, a hidden treasure; and he sees, by the dim moon, a spectral host of cavalry galloping towards him with guns and lances aimed at him. Elgaabsi, at another time, relates an anecdote of a famous spiritualist, who is called the Morockeen. Elgaabsi puts a few coins into a drinking-cup, and hides the drinking-cup beneath his mattress. The Morockeen is then admitted into the room, mutters some gibberish—and, lo! Elgaabsi "heard the jingling sound of money, and, to his utter amazement, he saw the cup forcing its way from beneath the mattress, and skipping merrily right into the middle of the room." At the conclusion of each of these narratives Mr. Davis, after the approved method of our own miracle-mongers, "abstains from comment," "leaves his readers to decide." "Elgaabsi vouches for the truth of every word, and those who know him have great confidence in his veracity." Have we not this foolish Elgaabsi thrust down our throat at every dinner-table in the United Kingdom? What need of him here?

It is still worse when, instead of mere fables, anything like the real biography of his Moslem personages is detailed to us, because here we run the risk of being deceived, as well as cheated of our time and

patience. Mr. Davis sits down in a scent-shop in the bazaar at Tunis, and the gossip of the shopkeeper is jotted down for matter-of-fact. Who would not like to know the real history of a living dervish? or of Hamed, the Marabout of Tejani? But though Mr. Davis tells us that he did not gather all his information of worthies of this description from the scent-shop at Tunis, he gives us no better authority for any of his facts; and what he delivers to us as actual fact is so mingled up with the improbable and the impossible, that no reliance whatever can be placed upon it.

But, blowing away this froth—this attractive and fascinating matter, which is introduced out of compassion for our weakness, and to soothe an irritable age too fond of amusement—do we not descend upon grave and learned dissertations, on the knowledge and zeal of the antiquarian? Zeal, if you will, and knowledge quite enough to direct him in his exploratory undertaking. And if the citation of classical names and authorities constitutes learning, there is learning sufficient. But a writer so behind his age in the spirit of historical criticism, or in substantial historical knowledge, has not, in these later days, ventured into print. He may feel, or feign, an enthusiastic appreciation of the “exquisite grace” of some mosaic he has dug out of the earth, and which, in the illustration of his own book, stares out on us after a very uncouth fashion. He may have that passion of the antiquarian that attaches him to old medals, old buildings, old stones—anything that is old; but the real study of history he cannot be said to have commenced. He lacks all needful preparation for it; he lacks the reasoning faculty which should be brought to it; he has not had the patience to read our more philosophical and critical historians. Whether he has read them or not, such works as Niebuhr's *Rome* or Grote's *History of Greece* are to him sealed books. He knows nothing of their spirit. He reasons as if his

education had ceased that day he left his tutor, crammed—let us hope successfully—for his college degree. The real business of thoughtful reading he has never entered on.

There are many difficult questions and obscure passages in history on which, as we have no precise peremptory information to guide us, it is to be expected that ingenious men will vary in opinion. In these cases it is not so much the opinion put forth as the manner in which it is upheld that enables us to judge of the ability and judgment of the writer. What was the *Tarshish* of the Hebrews? Mr. Davis opines that it was Carthage. He is of opinion, also, that the same name *Tarshish* was applied to the British Isles. We hear—we suspend our judgment—we wait for the reasoning by which he supports these opinions. Here is a specimen of it.

After giving an etymology of the word *Carthage* and the word *Tarshish*—according to which the one signifies *to cut*, and *to make a compact*, and the other *to break*, *to subjugate*—he proceeds to reason on this etymology, on what is in fact a mere similarity of sounds, which he or some other has picked up, as if he had under his feet some substantial historical ground:—

“Both words, *Tarshish* and *Carthage*, convey the idea of the manner in which colonisation was then effected—namely, by expelling or extirpating the inhabitants, and by depriving them, or ‘cutting off’ from them their territory, or by securing those possessions by means of treaties. *It is most probable* that the name of *Carthage* was given to those colonies which, either spontaneously or amicably, submitted to Phœnician rule; and *Tarshish* was applied to such as were subjugated by force; in other words, the one was obtained by conquest and the other was acquired by treaty. Hence it is that we can point to several Phœnician colonies bearing the name of *Carthage*, and to others, again, which bear the name of *Tarshish*. And as there can be little doubt of the fact that the Phœnicians had once a footing in the British Isles—a fact supported by the authority of Herodotus, Polybius, Strabo, and

others—it is not at all improbable but that they had their Carthage or Tarshish here also. This view enables us to reconcile apparent contradictions in prophecy. We read, for instance, 'For the day of the Lord of hosts shall be upon every one that is proud and lofty, and upon every one that is lifted up; and he shall be brought low: . . . And upon all the ships of Tarshish.'—(Isa. ii. 12, 16.) Again, 'Howl, ye ships of Tarshish; for your strength is laid waste.'—(Isa. xxiii. 14.) Here is an evident denunciation of judgment. But in another part we read, 'Surely the isles shall wait for me, and the ships of (of the isles) Tarshish first.'—(Isa. lx. 9.) Here, on the contrary, Tarshish and her ships are regarded favourably. But this apparent contradiction is easily reconciled by applying the first either to Carthage or to Carteia, and the second to the British Isles."—P. 21.

From all this we gather, that because the Phœnicians expressly called our ancient city a Carthage, and not a Tarshish, this is why it is the Tarshish of their neighbours the Hebrews. But what are we to say to this argument (manifestly retailed from some writer of older date in whom it might be excusable) from the supposed discrepancy between two prophetic passages, one taken from the earlier, the other from the latter part of Isaiah? Has our very learned writer never heard, or is he quite heedless of the opinion of contemporary critics who have concluded, almost unanimously, that the former and latter parts of Isaiah were written at different periods, and by different men? But even if the same prophet were speaking on two different occasions, is there any difficulty in understanding that, on the one occasion, he might hurl his general denunciation on the ships of any Tarshish you are pleased to imagine, and, on another occasion, make use of the ships of the same stranger to bring home the people of the Lord triumphantly to Jerusalem?

"Indeed, no doubt,"—it is thus he continues his lucid argument—"no doubt can possibly be entertained of the fact that the Phœnicians had a Tar-

shish in Britain, when we remember the evidences produced to prove that they had intercourse with this country, in connection with these words of Ezekiel—"Tarshish was thy merchant by reason of the multitude of all kind of riches; with silver, iron, tin, and lead, they traded in thy fairs."—(Ezek. xxvii. 12.) Moore, in his *History of Ireland* (vol. i p. 10), says, 'The whole of the Cassiterides were in those days called the Britannia Isles. The name Britannia is Celtic,' &c. &c.

And so the stream runs on. We constantly need an interpreter to explain to us *what* his argument is, before we can either acquiesce or dissent. We are sorry to seem so discourteous, but we must candidly avow, that if we were solicitous to discuss some of the mooted points in the early history of Carthage, we should not choose the present opportunity; we should derive no aid from Mr. Davis, and we should not find in him a controversialist whom we could meet on any common ground. His notions of what constitutes historical evidence are of the vaguest description, and in these present days quite peculiar to himself. We must dig through several strata of our past literature, we must exume some forgotten writer of the reign of Queen Anne, in order to discover another specimen so perfect of the type or class of historical reasoners to which Mr. Davis belongs.

When the fabulous terminates, when the historical commences, when the two are blended together, Mr. Davis has given himself no trouble to determine. He feels quite at his ease in the most manifest mixture of fable and fact; and if a poet's account does but look probable, the poet is converted into the historian. He can learn and repeat that Dido was worshipped as a goddess, yet never suspect the mythical or legendary element which this manifestly betrays.

"Within the precincts of the ground belonging to the temple of Astarte there stood undoubtedly a chapel consecrated to Dido. We are expressly told by Justin, *quam diu Carthago invecta fuit*,

pro deo culta est (as long as Carthage was unconquered, she was worshipped as a goddess); and surely no divinity of Paganism merited more the veneration of the people of Carthage than did the illustrious princess of Tyre.

"The sister of this princess was likewise deified. After the death of Dido, we are informed, Carthage was besieged by Jarbus, during which calamity Anna fled to Italy, where she found Æneas, who gave her a very honourable reception. The jealousy of Lavinia, the Trojan hero's wife, might have proved fatal to the African fugitive, had not Dido, in a dream, advised her to make her escape. She fled to the river Numicius, near Lavinium, in Latium, of which she became a deity, and ordered the inhabitants of the country to call her *Anna Perenna*, because she determined to remain for ever under water. She was afterwards introduced as a goddess into Rome and other countries, among which Carthage was no doubt included."—P. 193.

We do not suppose that Mr. Davis seriously meant to record all this as matter of history; but the reader sees for himself how indiscriminately all the materials of a *Lemprière's Dictionary* are jumbled together. Anna's flight into Italy, and her determination "to remain for ever under water," are related with the same gravity. This account of Anna is introduced, and she herself is introduced into Carthage, that he may give a name to a colossal bust or figure that he has discovered—perhaps, we ought rather to say, to give a name to the figure he did not discover. For his statement runs thus:—

"One of the colossal busts probably represents one of the sisters. Whether it is Dido or Anna, we are unable to decide; but whichever it is, we are justified in concluding that the opposite corner was embellished by the portrait of the other, which is now irretrievably lost."

That Virgil's account of Dido, the founder of Carthage, is not exactly a historical document, our zealous antiquarian would probably admit. But as it is one of his objects to glorify ancient Carthage, of which he thinks he has discovered some valuable relics, he cannot but avail

himself of the poet's authority, wherever this will serve his purpose. The story of the bull's hide, and how Dido cut it into narrow strips, instead of laying it fairly on the ground, he does not adopt; he substitutes for this crafty proceeding, unworthy, he thinks, of a Tyrian princess, an equitable treaty with the natives. Having satisfied himself on this head, he formally proceeds with his hypothetical narrative:—

"Having pacified the natives by a treaty, mutually advantageous, and having ample building materials within reach, besides abundant treasures at her disposal, it is only natural to suppose that Dido's attention was first directed to the erection of useful and necessary public edifices, and this to the embellishment and fortification of the future metropolis of Africa. We can, therefore, easily conceive the following scenes, described by Virgil, as being literally true, although it does not necessarily follow that the Trojan hero ever witnessed them."—P. 81.

And hereupon he introduces, amongst others, that well-known passage where Æneas sees the events of the siege of Troy painted on the walls of the Temple of Juno:—

"He saw in order, painted on the wall,
Whatever did unhappy Troy befall—
The wars that fame around the world had
blown,—
All to the life, and every leader known:
There Agamemnon, Priam here, he spies,
And fierce Achilles, who both kings defies."
Dryden's Trans.

It is Mr. Davis's hypothesis that Virgil got this from certain Punic works which he doubtless had the opportunity of consulting:—

"The author of the *Æneid* was contemporary with the author of the *Jugurthine War*; and if Sallust was able to consult Punic works for his purpose, it would indeed be strange if the idolised poet of Andes, patronised by the Emperor, had been debarred from such sources of information, to compose a poem whose fame will last to the very end of time, and whose merits were fully acknowledged and appreciated even in his own day!"

The argument is irresistible. Who

could imagine, for instance, that our Poet-Laureate, the author of the *Idylls* and the *Morte d'Arthur*, could have been debarred from consulting the manuscripts in the Tower or the Rolls' Office? How evidently, therefore, he must have drawn his description of the court of Arthur and Queen Guinever from certain Welsh records! "It is unlikely," our author would add, "that he would have had recourse to fiction when facts were at his disposal."

Mr. Davis twice introduces this and other passages from Virgil as a proof of the state of the arts in ancient Carthage—if not the Carthage which Dido built, yet the Carthage which Scipio destroyed. On the second occasion, he argues thus:—

"From this description of Virgil, we can readily picture to our mind a most majestic edifice, gorgeously embellished and richly decorated. What a complete refutation is this of the opinion entertained by some, who profess to have paid attention to antiquity, but who look only for uncouth and rude relics of the Punic city as evidences of a want of taste, an absence of appreciation of, and a state of barbarous indifference to, arts and sciences on the part of the inhabitants of Phœnician Carthage! Virgil's anachronism will doubtless be brought forward by those antiquarians, in opposition to the conclusion we draw from his description of the temple of Astarte; and yet they themselves do not hesitate to quote the poet of Andes to confirm certain points of topography. Virgil's anachronism was intentional, and necessary to the plan of his poem; whereas such a minute description of a public edifice within the African metropolis would have exposed him to censure and ridicule if it were merely an effusion of his own imagination; for in his time the people were better able to judge of the artistic taste of the Carthaginians than a *savant* of the present day can be expected to do."—P. 215.

From which array of lucid sentences we gather that Virgil would not have felt himself at liberty

to *invent* in his description of ancient Carthage. In all probability he could do nothing *but* invent. Ancient Carthage might have rivalled ancient Athens, and Virgil was a learned poet, but it does not follow that he had materials by which to reconstruct any of its edifices. The city had been destroyed long before Virgil wrote; and the Roman people whom he addressed probably knew as little of Carthage as they did of Troy. There was free space enough for the poet, and "the effusion of his imagination."*

Mr. Davis, we have said, acquits Queen Dido of the deceit about the bull's hide. It is manifest that if she could have enforced such an interpretation of her bargain, she could have dispensed with any bargain whatever. The transaction resolves itself into a taking of the land by force. But though Mr. Davis exonerates the Queen of Carthage, he has thought fit—without assigning any authority whatever, not even that of a poet or a ballad-monger—to repeat the same improbable story of William Penn:—

"The story of Dido's purchasing from the natives as much land as a bull's hide would cover, is now universally rejected. William Penn appears to have benefited by the fable, and secured, through a similar artifice, a great stretch of country from the Indians on the river Delaware. He bought from them as much as a dozen bull's hides would cover, which the aborigines readily disposed of for a mere trifle. He then cut the hides into very narrow thongs, which enabled him to encircle a vast extent of the finest land. The poor Indians discovered the trick too late, and allowed the white man to retain what his cunning had thus secured to him."—Note to p. 81.

No authority is given, so that the improbable narrative cannot be examined. We fear Mr. Davis is as little trained to deal with modern as with ancient history.

* Niebuhr tells us, on the authority of Pliny and Sallust, that the historical works existing at Carthage were, after the destruction of that city, given to the kings of Numidia.

It is no agreeable task, for critic or reader, to be compelled to justify by absurd quotations the preliminary opinion we have passed on the learning and intelligence of Mr. Davis. Our quotations shall be as few as possible. But one who pretends to guide us through obscure antiquarian researches, where the general reader craves aid and assistance, and is willing to be led and instructed, ought not to manifest a glaring incapacity for reasoning or writing sensibly on every familiar subject that he touches. It matters not what the theme he diverges on or what the vein he assumes—humorous or pathetic, caustic or eloquent—he constantly writes beneath the level of the conversation of an educated Englishman. Is this the man, we cannot but ask ourselves, who is to translate for us Punic inscriptions, or guide us by even an accurate description of the ruins he has excavated, or the relics he has disinterred?

Commonplaces in religion, one would think, any man might put forth with safety; but Mr. Davis contrives to string his commonplaces together so as to make them contradictory; and, even while uttering the simplest platitudes, he complacently assumes an air of originality. It is hard to imagine how a full-grown man could gravely commence his chapter on the religion of the Carthaginians with sentences like these:—

“National religion has much more to do with the character, moral and physical, of a people, than is often admitted or generally supposed. (!) In individuals moral virtues and moral depravities develop themselves in proportion to their adherence to the precepts of the creed they profess. Every individual is governed in his actions by what can be reduced to what may be denominated religious sentiments; and these are either the creation of others, or they are modified forms to suit particular tastes; and since nations are made up of individuals, the same holds true of nations. But individuals and nations are often above, and superior to, the precepts of their creed, so that we repeatedly find the pro-

fessor of a cruel and intolerant religion acting in a humane and liberal spirit.”

How this comes to pass—how there can be a morality *above* “the precepts of the creed,” by the adherence to which, we are told, all “moral virtues” are developed, he does not explain. The matter grows worse when he begins to speculate upon the origin of the peculiar notions or practices of the Carthaginians or Phœnicians:—

“The Phœnicians were in sufficient proximity to the Israelites to have learned some faint foreshadowings of truth, which were to be, in after ages, more clearly revealed. Thus, for instance, we find that Phœnician theology divides the Godhead into three parts—the sun, the moon, and the stars—and then it makes Melchareth pervading and uniting them all. But this unity of their threefold deity is more comprehensively pointed out on the bas-reliefs, where we have the sun, moon, and stars represented, and a triangle, either above or beneath, unmistakably, to show that they regarded these three to be only one. The other sculptured symbols on the same stone indicate clearly enough, that the birds of the air, and every living thing upon the earth, are sustained by the deity. Such views, perverted as they are, it appears to me, savour of the teaching revealed in the Hebrew Scriptures, and are not the result of accident, nor are they the invention of Pagan priests. They represent symbolically what afterwards became one of the primary articles of the Christian faith. With reference to the practice of immolating human victims, I would observe, that it is probable that some unknown teacher may have wished to convey to his countrymen the mysteries of the grand scheme which was to be developed in due time.”—P. 292.

All that is true or false in religion, all that is good or bad, must be traced, it seems, to the Hebrews. They even communicated what they did not possess. If that last sentence we have quoted means anything at all, it means that a doctrine in relation to the Messiah, which had never entered into the minds of the Israelites, was the origin, in Phœnicia, of human sacrifices! Here, perhaps, our author's claim to origi-

nality, will not be disputed, unless, indeed, it shall be thought that he is here coarsely imitating the late speculations of Mr. Gladstone on the mythology of Homer.

Write on what he will, or in what strain he will, he is sure to rush into some absurdity. He sees two frigates, "seemingly English," doubling the Cape, and steering towards Malta, and forthwith he indulges in the following pathetic and patriotic strain:—

"How many a British captive has been pining on these shores (happily we are able to say in days of yore), broken-hearted and broken-spirited, gazing and sighing when similar sights presented themselves to his view! His groans and the clangour of his chains could not reach the ear of his countrymen, and hence his woes, misery, and wretchedness could not affect their heart. He had to linger on in slavery, until merciful death terminated the agonies of his existence. But, thanks to those very bulwarks, we are now able to breathe freely in the very country formerly guilty of such audacious crimes and inhuman deeds! Thanks to the energy and courage of British tars, whose heroic deeds have abolished one of the most nefarious and diabolic practices. Thus much, however, is now certain, that if Britain's navy only sustains its reputation (and who will dare to doubt it?), 'Britons never shall be slaves!'"

Our antiquarian has not forgotten his Rule Britannia. Who shall say that such profound studies tend to check the exuberance of feeling? Our author, too, can be sportive as well as pathetic, and in his controversy about his mosaic or other relics, can deal in pungent irony, or what is meant to be such. But the minor graces of his composition we have no wish to drag forward into light. He is really unable to tell the simplest story without deviating into some quite needless absurdity. The interesting circumstance that a few Carthaginian sentences, introduced by Plautus into one of his comedies, gave scholars a clue to the interpretation of that language, could not be related without seeking, as would seem, for some occasion to blunder:—

"The unintelligible language of Hanno

attracted the attention of the learned critics, and numerous conjectures were the result. It was evident that these passages were neither Latin nor Greek, but to what language or class of language they belonged, it appeared difficult to decide. Some concluded that it was a mere jargon concocted by Plautus, in imitation of the language of the Carthaginian Hanno. Scaliger at length decided that the passages were Punic, and his opinion has been verified by the most eminent Oriental scholars. The *erudite German* was undoubtedly led to come to a correct conclusion by Saint Augustine, who tells us there is a great affinity between the Phœnician and Hebrew languages. St. Jerome, on Jer. v. 25, says the same."

What silly pedantry is this! The *erudite German*, as he is pleased to call Scaliger, had before him a fact common to all philologists. Why, unless for the pleasure of introducing their names, must he lay it down that he derived his knowledge from St. Augustine or St. Jerome?

We have said that the credulity of Mr. Davis appears to be quite undisturbed by the modern spirit of historical criticism. He even goes out of his way to relate as historical facts what have been described as legendary by our most trustworthy critics. He records, for instance, the martyrdom of the two virgins, *Felicitas* and *Perpetua*, without the least suspicion of its legendary character, though the names of these virgins might have suggested an inquiry. But it is very superfluous to point out this too easy and uncritical belief in one who is capable of a credulity akin to that of the ignorant Arabs he has lived amongst. He makes an expedition from the ruins of Carthage to some neighbouring locality, and commences his excavations, to discover—what will the reader imagine?—the skeletons of giants! He had heard there were tombs of giants in that locality. A Greek had told him that he had opened one of these tombs, and found in it a skeleton that measured twelve feet in length. "It was one of the most awful sights," said the Greek, "I ever

beheld. The diameter of the head must have been nearly two feet, and the teeth were at least an inch in length." And lest a European reader should smile incredulous at such a report, Mr. Davis proceeds to show that we may read of such wonders in Latin or Greek; they cannot, therefore, be incredible:—

"The reader may smile at my credulity, but, without appealing to the authority of the sacred writers, let me remind him that antiquity authorises such a belief. Plutarch, in his *Life of Sertorius*, states, that when that general took the town of Tingis, he broke open the sepulchre of Antæus, a giant of Phœnician origin, and adds: 'But how great was his surprise when he beheld a body sixty cubits long! He immediately ordered sacrifices and closed up the tomb, which added greatly to the respect and reputation it had before.'"

Was not this Antæus a Phœnician giant? and was not Mr. Davis on ground colonised by Phœnicians! Was he not fully authorised in searching for other giants? We are rather surprised he does not look for some remains of the monstrous serpent that was so huge and formidable that Livy tells us the Roman army was compelled to assail it as they would a fortress, with ballistæ, and other engines of war. Its existence Mr. Davis has not, of course, the least doubt about.

Having brought us to the locality of his giants, and occupied us by the way with much nonsense of his Arabs, and his own pathetic recital of the martyrdom of St. Cyprian, he proceeds to seek for their monstrous skeletons. Coins and other relics are offered to him, but he will not be turned aside from his purpose. "My special object in coming here was neither to procure coins nor to purchase any objects in *terra cotta*. I came here to look for giants' tombs, and for giants I was resolved to make a determined and diligent search." How he prospered in his determined and diligent search we need not say. After digging for several days, his Arab brings him the finger of

a giant, which proves to be the drumstick of a fowl. A little after, the same Arab exultingly produces the jawbone of the giant, which changes, on inspection, into the jawbone of an ass. At this silent reproof the digging is suspended.

It is time that we turn to the ruins of Carthage, and to the work of excavation which Mr. Davis really performed. The full, true, and particular account of all that he discovered is reserved, we find, for a still larger book. Enough only is given here to stay the sharp appetite of curiosity. Indeed, the portion of the present volume allotted to the real business in hand is very small.

From Niebuhr and Gibbon the English reader may extract pretty well all that we know of Carthage. It comes before us only in relation to Rome. Though exercising, in her palmy days, an imperial government over many cities and wide territories, and acknowledged to be the first of naval and commercial powers, Carthage lives only in the annals of her great and cruel conqueror. It may be agreeable to the reader if we put together a few notices taken from these two historians of Rome.

Of the origin of Carthage, all that Niebuhr thinks it safe to assert is, that the famous colony of Tyre was founded about seventy-two years before the building of Rome, at the time when Tyre was in its height of prosperity. It rose slowly into importance: was at first not only dependent upon Tyre, but tributary to the neighbouring Libyan tribes. In the year 245 after the building of Rome, we find it, however, in possession of a part of Sicily, of Sardinia, and of Libya; and until the day of its destruction it appears to have been augmenting its wealth, and, where not encountered by Rome, its dominions. The large proportion of mercenaries in the army and navy of Carthage, would be alone sufficient to demonstrate its great commercial wealth; and that this wealth would be partly

employed in architectural buildings and in the fine arts, we should be justified in concluding, even if we had no direct testimony to the fact.

It was no doubt a great and glorious city which Rome, in her unscrupulous ambition and ferocious patriotism, destroyed. But destroyed it was, most utterly. For many centuries the traveller has had to report that nothing remained above ground of Tyrian Carthage but some massive ruins of its great aqueduct. On or near the site of the ancient city, a Roman Carthage was subsequently built. This, too, after being conquered by the Vandals, and brought again under the Roman empire by Belisarius, the general of Justinian, was finally destroyed by the Saracens. Paganism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism, have successively predominated over this portion of Africa, and have been successively destroyed and built.

Mr. Davis thinks that the second city was built on the same site as the first: he also makes some remarks on the changes which, from natural causes, the peninsula on which both were built has undergone. One who has seen with his own eyes ought to be listened to with respect. But it may be well, nevertheless, to bear in mind what we may gather on these subjects from our two historians. Their statements are at all events distinct and intelligible.

Niebuhr says that Carthage did *not* occupy the whole of the peninsula, "as has been erroneously inferred from the statement that it was twenty-three thousand paces in circumference." He adds that, when the city was restored, the curse laid upon the ancient site was heeded, and that the Roman Carthage was built by the side of the ancient city. Megara was a suburb of the Tyrian Carthage, full of gardens. Here both Punic tombs and Roman antiquities have been found.

Two passages from Gibbon will bring down to the latest time the history of all that can be called Carthage, and will describe for us

the alterations in the peninsula produced by the invasion of the sea, and by other natural causes. The historian has been recording the victories of the Mohammedan Hassan in the year 698, and continues: "Whatever yet remained of Carthage was delivered to the flames, and the colony of Dido and of Cæsar lay desolate above two hundred years, till a part, perhaps a twentieth, was re peopled by the first of the Fata-mite Caliphs. In the beginning of the sixteenth century the second capital of the west was represented by a mosque, a college without students, twenty-five or thirty shops, and the huts of five hundred peasants. Even that paltry village was swept away by the Spaniards, whom Charles V. had stationed in the fortress of the Goletta. The ruins of Carthage have perished; and the place might be unknown, if some broken arches of an aqueduct did not guide the footsteps of the inquisitive traveller."—Vol. ix. p. 463. And in a note which may be found in vol. vii., p. 179, Gibbon, gathering together, as is his custom, in a short compass, the result of a host of authorities, says: "The neighbourhood of Carthage, the sea, the land, and the rivers, are changed almost as much as the works of man. The isthmus, or neck of the city, is now confounded with the continent, the harbour is a dry plain, and the lake, or stagnum, no more than a morass, with six or seven feet water in the mid-channel."

Our readers, with their memories refreshed by these few extracts from works probably standing before them on the shelves of their libraries, will be prepared to accompany Mr. Davis to the scene of his excavations. It would be superfluous, and almost impossible, to enter into the discussion of the value, the nature, or the age of the objects he has discovered. This must be done, if needful to be done, when fuller information is given us. At present we can only follow him in his history of their discovery. Accompany-

ing him as an excavator through his arduous undertaking, we are happy to say that our author stands out in a new and far more agreeable light. Here, in fact, he ceases to be regarded as an author, and appears before us as a spirited Englishman, full of courage, tact, and perseverance.

It must be a dreary spot, this site of ancient Carthage, for a European to encamp upon. Two miserable villages now occupy it—*Moualaka*, chiefly constructed out of the cisterns extracted from the great aqueduct; and *Dowar Eshutt*, which is described as an irregular mass of hovels built up of fragments of broken columns, portions of bas-reliefs, or limbs of statues, mingled together with rotten timber, mud, and stones. In this last village, however, our enthusiastic excavator sets himself down. At first he had ridden every day from Tunis and back; but his friends at Tunis made it a point to ask him, every evening on his return to the city, what discoveries he had made. This, to a man who had hitherto made none, was too provoking to be endured. Besides, at *Dowar Eshutt*, he was nearer to his work. Here, with twenty-five Arab labourers, whose number was sometimes increased to forty or fifty, he resolutely digs, but for a long time without any results. He meets with fragments of statues, heads, hands, and feet; but though he makes the most persevering search, he is never successful in joining together two fragments of the same statue. Were the Moslem conquerors not content with breaking the statues? Did they scatter their limbs that they might never again unite in the impious imitation of the human form? or have we here the result of the successive demolitions of Romans, Vandals, and Saracens? Mr. Davis tells us that even in a Roman ruin he has found exquisite pieces of statuary embedded in cement.

For three months he continues at this fruitless toil. Riding over the ground one day, his attention

was drawn to a piece of wall appearing above the earth. He dismounted to examine it, lingered for some time about the spot, and finally determined to dig down by the side of this wall. The movements of our antiquarian were always narrowly watched, for the Arab population looked upon his search for old statues as a mere pretext. The English Giaour was, of course, by the aid of that mysterious book he was constantly consulting, digging for treasure. But this time it was not an Arab who had watched his movements. A Catholic chapel, erected by Louis Philippe to the memory of his ancestor, St. Louis, stands amongst the ruins of Carthage. It was the French *custodo* of this chapel (whatever that title may signify) who had observed his movements, and determined to forestall them. The next morning, when Mr. Davis came to the place, he saw to his surprise the *custodo*, with two other individuals, digging in the very spot he had resolved to explore; and, what was more vexatious still, they had actually discovered a magnificent piece of mosaic. A few hours' labour had rewarded them with this prize, while he had toiled fruitlessly for three months. We readily believe, and excuse, him when he says that his feelings were wrought up to such a pitch that he could scarcely bear to look at it. The Frenchman was all politeness amidst his triumph, cleared away the earth, and, pouring a jar of water over the mosaic, drew attention to its great beauty.

Would the Frenchman sell his prize? No; he was the servant of his government, and must have the consul's permission. Mr. Davis, finding that there was no chance of securing this mosaic (which he has the satisfaction of adding, the Frenchman broke in his attempt to remove), proceeded to re-examine the spot in which it was discovered. It lay close against the wall. That it extended on the other side of this wall seemed at first sight impossible. The Frenchman ridiculed

the idea. Nevertheless, the portion discovered was evidently an outer part of some large design, and the rest must be looked for in the direction of the wall. In that direction he set his men to work, notwithstanding the *custodo's* repeated admonition, accompanied with significant shrugs, that "it was money wasted." He persevered; and before the evening closed in, he had disclosed a large portion of the magnificent pavement of which the *custodo* of St. Louis had a only a fragment. "It measured fifteen feet by nine, and contained, besides the elegant and chaste designs, a colossal female bust of two priestesses, full length, and robed. The heads of the latter were rather damaged; but there can be but one opinion as to the artistic talent displayed in the execution of this mosaic, whether as regards grace, attitude, or colouring. It is an exquisite specimen of ancient art, to recover which, and before we came upon it, we had to break through two distinct pavements. This undoubtedly proves that those who built upon it, during different periods, were entirely ignorant of its existence."

We quote here Mr. Davis's own words, because, if there is any obscurity in them, we may make matters worse by attempting to remove it. It is not usual, we believe, to employ the term *bust* when speaking of a flat surface, which is here, however, evidently intended. In the discussion whether this mosaic is a relic of Tyrian or of Roman Carthage, much stress is laid on the fact, that there were superimposed on it two distinct pavements. We are not told whether the fragment of wall which drew attention to the spot seemed to be originally connected with the first or the second of these pavements—a circumstance which might have some influence in the hypothesis framed to account for the existing state of things.

On the following morning, still guided by the design of the part exposed, Mr. Davis resumed his excavations, and laid bare the rest of this remarkable relic. When washed with water, the colours, we are told, stood out as fresh and bright as if the artist's hand had only just been removed. Whether Roman or Tyrian, it cannot fail to be regarded as a great curiosity. To which of the two Carthages it originally belonged, we will not pretend to decide; but our impression is, on the strength of the evidence before us, that it is a relic of Roman Carthage, and that the wall built upon or into it was the work of the Vandals, or some of their successors. Mr. Davis is convinced that it belonged to ancient Carthage, and he finds a strong argument in his favour in the quantity of soil heaped on it, and also in the presence of a thin stratum of charcoal, suggesting the destruction of the building by fire.

In order to explain why ancient Carthage would be buried under an unusual mass of earth, he tells us, on the authority of Pliny, that the houses of that city were generally built, with the exception of the lower story, of a hollow framework of wood, which was filled in with clay or earth. Such walls might last for centuries; but when they fell, they would soon become a mere undistinguishable addition to the soil. It was thus that the very remains of Carthage became hidden in her own ruins.

The controversy as to this mosaic must be determined, however, by those critics who are conversant with ancient art, and who feel themselves competent to give the correct interpretation of the figures there delineated. It is on the *internal evidence*, so to speak, of the mosaic itself, and not on the circumstances in which it was found (which may admit of various explanations), that the whole question must finally depend.*

* Mr. Franka, of the British Museum, assigns to this relic a Roman origin; but it is impossible, from the confused account of Mr. Davis, to gather the opinion of this

A report was soon spread abroad that the Englishman had discovered some amazing work of art worth a million of piastres. His Highness the Bey of Tunis drove off immediately to the excavations, surveyed the wondrous work of art, ordered it to be boarded up, dismissed the Arabs, and threatened them with the bastinado if they continued any longer in the employment of the Englishman. He was determined that the mosaic should not be removed: was minded, in short, to appropriate it to himself.

From this dilemma Mr. Davis extricated himself with great spirit. On hearing what had taken place in his absence, he mounted his horse and rode off to the palace. There he had an interview with the prime-minister, who was all-powerful with the Bey. Mr. Davis was under the protection of the Foreign Office of his own country. He refused to leave the palace till the order forbidding his Arabs to work for him was revoked, and it was revoked.

We have a pleasure in noticing that whenever courage and decision are wanted, Mr. Davis never fails. On one occasion a malicious Arab, a discontented workman who feigned to be extraordinarily pious, dared to accuse our Englishman of having "cursed his religion." Such an accusation might have led to the revolt of all his workmen, or even to still more serious consequences. He took the law at once into his own hands, and thrashed the man. All his fellow-labourers were immediately convinced of the falsehood of the accusation, and declared that

their too pious brother was justly punished.

After this fortunate discovery of the mosaic pavement, Mr. Davis transferred his labourers to what he concludes to be the ruins of the temple of Baal. This ruin has been described, by previous travellers, as that of a simple house. Our excavator, we think, has ample reasons for considering it as the remains of a public building. But he supplies us with no sufficient reason for concluding that this public building was the temple of Saturn, Moloch, or Baal Hammon—names which are given here to the same god. Our antiquarian calls largely on his imagination, and, by *symbolising* his ruin, converts it easily into whatever he desires it to be.

"That it was a temple, there can be no doubt, and that it was the temple of Saturn, the Baal Hammon of the Carthaginians, or Cronos, the God of Time, is amply indicated by the building itself. We have here four divisions of pilasters, which may be considered as symbolical of the four weeks in the month, or of the four seasons of the year. The twelve pilasters represent the twelve months, and the four times twelve the forty-eight weeks of the ancient year. Its circular form is likewise symbolic of the period of time occupied by one revolution of the earth round the sun [a slight anticipation, on the part of our author, of the astronomical knowledge of a later time.] We might add that, looking at the whole edifice from any of the twelve gates, its construction is such that seven courts naturally present themselves to the eye, and these courts were very probably intended to represent the seven days in the week. And the very ground-plan of the edifice itself, it will

gentleman on the subject of the mosaic. Mr. Davis strives hard to be witty. If only he would give us plain English, and an intelligent statement! How far he justly represents Mr. Franks in the following passage, we cannot tell; but we are sure that his jocose attempt to enlist the ladies of Great Britain in his cause will not aid him much in the controversy.

"Mr. Franks says" (speaking of some illuminated manuscript), "that July is there 'represented by a naked male figure, holding in his right hand a purse, in his left a shallow basket with fruit; at his feet is a broken object, from which coins are falling, and two covered cups.' This he identifies with the chaste, graceful, and charming priestess offering up mulberries beneath the sacred tree."

"I doubt very much whether the ladies of Britain will feel flattered at these odious comparisons. I certainly gave Mr. Franks credit for more gallantry. This, however, is a point he must settle with the fair sex."

he observed, *so clearly resembles the majestic orb in the centre of the solar system, and his brilliant rays, that there can be no doubt that it served as a temple of Cronos, or Baal Hammon, the sun Baal of the Carthaginians.*"

Was there no little side-chapel where the busts of Copernicus and Kepler indisputably stood? Our excavator sinks a shaft in the centre, but he comes here upon no pavement. Having worked his way through a great deal of loose masonry, which he supposes had fallen from the *vaulted roof* (which vaulted roof "it is more than probable was surmounted by a triple dome, probably symbolical of this triple deity"), he comes upon a thick layer of burnt earth, mixed with bones. Moloch is detected at once. "As for the centre, I am satisfied in my own mind that here stood the brazen image of the terrible Baal, whom Diodorus of Sicily describes as having had outstretched arms inclined to the earth, so that the child which was placed on them rolled down, and fell into a pit below filled with fire. The layer of burnt earth, or rather ashes and bones, that we found, were *therefore* the remains of the victims immolated to this divinity." If this were the pit in which the children were consumed, there were, of course, none but the bones of children discovered in it. Mr. Davis does not assure us of this fact. Nor does he suggest how the *burnt earth* came to be mingled with these sacrificial bones. Were the victims consumed upon the bare earth? Mr. Davis alights upon a circular chamber, which is plainly symbolical of the majestic orb of day. This, *therefore*, is the place where the idol of Moloch stood, and these bones are *therefore* the remains of the children sacrificed to him. We reason *deductively*.

Of the numerous inscriptions which Mr. Davis has disinterred in which the name of Baal Hammon appears, not one is said to have been found within this building. In its vicinity he discovered an inscription, described as "the gem of Punic epigraphy." Of this he gives

us a translation, of which we can only say that it is unintelligible. We do not pretend to translate Punic inscriptions, and are therefore bound to receive with gratitude the translations of others. But that can hardly be a translation which presents no meaning at all. Of other and briefer inscriptions, the rendering given sometimes requires a second interpretation—

"To the Goddess, to Tanath, the countenance to Baal."

It is our ignorance, no doubt, that is at fault here, but the sentence is not English: simple folks should be told what these words "countenance to Baal" signify.

One inscription bears the name of Hannibal. It was a common name amongst the Carthaginians, but, of course, there was but one Hannibal to whom Mr. Davis could refer it.

*"To the Lord, to Baal Hammon,
, A man vowed by Astarte, (even)
The son of Hannibal."*

If this is a translation, Punic inscriptions were very obscure. The reader may wish to know, since we have put this inscription before him, what interpretation, what explanation, of it Mr. Davis supplies. And we would very willingly give him this information—if we could. We must refer him to the book itself. He can read on from p. 271, and gather some meaning if he can. We read in vain.

Mr. Davis next transfers his operations to the Byrsa or citadel, and the temple of Æsculapius, which occupied the loftiest ground in it. The temple of Æsculapius, we are told, was as prominent a feature of Carthage as the capitol was of Rome. He here enters into an animated discussion with a M. Benlé, and several others, as to the true site of the Byrsa. They have fixed on the hill of St. Louis, he on some other spot. He certainly seems to disprove the case of M. Benlé; whether he is equally fortunate in proving his own, we are not competent to give an opinion. If the

passage we quoted from Gibbon faithfully represents the changes which the peninsula itself has undergone, it must be very difficult to follow, as all our antiquarians profess to do, the details of the siege by Scipio, and to fix, by this means, the topography of Carthage. Our author is very hard upon M. Benlé, keeps very strict watch over *his* imagination, and tauntingly asks whether there have been any Punic inscriptions found on the site of *his* temple.

"Not a vestige," he exclaims — "no! not even a solitary Punic letter has *ever* been discovered on this hill. M. Benlé, even, who has so easily discovered the triple fortification where a fortification never existed, has not been able to produce a particle of a Punic inscription. Triple fortifications may be created in flighty minds (we say nothing about 'triple domes'), just as castles can be built in the air; but the hard stone, having once received the imprint of Rome, will not permit Punic letters to grow upon it."

Mr. Davis tells us, however, distinctly, that the object of his excavations was not to elucidate the topography or the architecture of ancient Carthage, but to collect such relics of the past as could be transported to the British Museum. Not discovering anything of this description in the Byrsa, or temple of Æsculapius, he is compelled to choose almost at random some other spot for the search after antiquarian treasures. He next attacks a ploughed field where there were no ruins above ground, but which commanded so beautiful a view of the country, that he justly concludes that, if the love of the picturesque reigned in the hearts of the Carthaginians they must have built upon it. On this spot, which is marked in the plan as No. 18, the history of the diggings is both curious and amusing. His Arab workmen, after excavating to the depth of a few feet, came upon three graves or tombs, which lay close together. At first the nature of their discovery was not apparent to them, but no sooner was one of the tombs opened, and human bones found in it, than

they threw down their tools and refused to continue their work. What! disturb the bones of the faithful! Such sacrilege would doom them to the torments of *Jehennam*! The whole band became mutinous in an instant, and were vociferating together in the most confused unintelligible manner. Mr. Davis, however, contrived, by a seeming acquiescence in their desire to leave so unhallowed a spot, to obtain silence and a patient hearing. "My friends," he exclaimed, "these are *not* the tombs of Mohammedans, but of pagan idolaters who adored images and the hosts of heaven." And, fortunately, he was able to point to the position of the tombs — they not lying in the direction of Mecca, but due north — as convincing proof of his assertion. The argument was irresistible. Resuming their tools, they now shouted out, "Cursed be the father and the grandfather of these infidels!" and in less than an hour not a vestige of the tombs was left upon the spot.

But Mr. Davis, to the astonishment of his Arabs, determined to continue his excavations below these graves. After passing through six or eight feet of what seemed natural and undisturbed soil, they came upon fragments of ruins, then upon a deposit of fine sand about a foot in depth, and finally upon a mosaic pavement. The fragments of building-materials were probably, as Mr. Davis suggests, portions of the fallen roof, the deposit of sand the remains of the decomposed cement, and the earth above the result of heavy rains bringing down the soil from some higher locality.

The excavations were persevered in, and at the end of a few weeks a series of eight chambers, of various sizes, were disclosed. At the extremity of this line of chambers was a small room "paved with black and white geometrical designs" wherein were discovered "three graves, neatly let into the wall at its base; but, besides human remains, we found nothing in these

resting-places of the dead." Here we have evidently the ground-floor of a building of great antiquity; and unless the character of the mosaic pavement now laid open to the inspection of our learned critics be pronounced decidedly to be Roman, we may fairly conclude that we have before us a remnant of ancient or Punic Carthage. First are found what are supposed to be Roman graves; then, many feet below them, habitations for the living, with again resting-places for the dead. Of course every step in these investigations is open to discussion. The date of the three graves first encountered may be very doubtful. But it cannot be denied that there is a *prima facie* case made out, from the great antiquity of the building which Mr. Davis has laid open. But we must observe here, as we observed before, that the controversy must chiefly turn on the character of this mosaic.

A subject for rather curious investigation occurs in some *catacombs* which Mr. Davis appears to have been the first to explore. Without the circuit of ancient Carthage stands a village, on a hill called Camart. On this hill he had frequently observed certain square apertures, which he, at length, resolved to scrutinise. On clearing away a quantity of rubbish, he found himself able to descend through one of these. It conducted him into a chamber hewn out of the solid rock. In the sides of this chamber were a number of holes or recesses, about two feet in height and breadth, and about six feet in depth. Apparently it was a place for sepulture. It was soon found that there was a communication between this and an adjoining chamber. Here, also, were discovered receptacles for the dead; but, as in the former chamber, all were empty. Another low passage led into another similar chamber. In short, he was in the catacombs of Carthage. But here was the singularity, that there were no dead. This calls forth from Mr. Davis some very wild inquiries, utter-

ed in a very rhetorical manner (p. 485), which we willingly pass over. At length one chamber was discovered which manifestly had been tenanted, and in which some of these orifices were closed up with cement. On breaking the cement of one of them, a skeleton was disclosed, "coffee-coloured in appearance, and crumbling into dust as soon as touched." The dead who were here discovered were certainly not Carthaginians, whoever else they might have been; but Mr. Davis thinks that the catacombs themselves belonged to ancient Carthage. If so, and if this is really a place of sepulture, are we to conclude that the structure was only just completed at the time when Carthage itself was destroyed, so that this preparation for the burial of the dead of successive ages was suddenly rendered useless, and these receptacles have remained without their occupants to the present time? It is a subject to which we invite the curiosity of the antiquarian.

Mr. Davis did not altogether confine his researches and excavations to the site of ancient Carthage; he extended them to the ruins of neighbouring towns. But we will not follow his proceedings any farther, nor accompany him in what he has called his rambles over ruined cities. In putting together these few notices of what he has done, we have had no little difficulty, and if we have made any error, the fault is not ours; for Mr. Davis has no sooner begun to narrate the history of any one of his diggings than he breaks off into some other history, and you have to collect together his broken fragments of account as you best can. His book is like the ruins he has been living amongst: it is like his village of Dwar Eshutt, built of mud, and stones, and broken limbs of statues. It is very difficult while reading it — while smarting under the infliction of the wretched nonsense that he writes — to do justice to the activity and perseverance he has displayed in the tedious, if not laborious, work of excavation. The

catalogue of the British Museum will doubtless speak more highly in his praise than his own eloquence or learning. More than a hundred tablets with Phœnician inscriptions have been added by him to the stores of the British Museum. We are told that, previously to his researches, there were but about seventeen, and these scattered over the several museums of Europe. The mosaic pavements, and other works of art which he has disinterred, give rise to questions which will be

found to be of great interest. We cannot say that Mr. Davis affords us any assistance, even by an intelligible narrative or description, in answering these questions; but he may console himself with the reflection, that if the public forget his book as speedily as possible, yet the things themselves are there, in the museum, which he dug up from the ground, and his name will be therefore quoted for ages to come in every discussion on the antiquities of Carthage.

SPONTANEOUS GENERATION.

WHILE Mr. Darwin's *Origin of Species* has been occupying the scientific and semi-scientific circles of England, a similar agitation has been excited among the scientific circles of France, by the Memoirs presented to the Academy, as well as by his more elaborate Treatise, in which M. Pouchet has proclaimed the doctrine of Spontaneous Generation.* The work of Mr. Darwin differs greatly from that of M. Pouchet in ability, in novelty, and in philosophic spirit; but both works are calculated to excite polemical passions, and both accordingly bring into painful relief the very imperfect condition of our scientific culture.

The purely scientific interest in any question is felt by few. It is long before the intellect is moved to arduous labour by the simple desire to know the truth: some extraneous impulse, some other reward than truth, allures men to research. They see a benefit to be derived from some practical application of the truth, or from some speculative application of it, to confirm, or to shake, other doctrines. The practical man sees an invention; the theorist sees a weapon. To secure this invention, or this weapon, men will labour, and will fight.

Truth alone is seldom a sufficient reward. Unhappily, when the interest felt in a question depends on the feelings which cluster round the doctrine it assails or defends, there is necessarily a great obstacle to the calm investigation of the evidence. Each party begins the investigation with a strong desire to find the new opinion true, or to find it false; naturally the evidence receives a colour from these desires; and, instead of judges, the bench is crowded with advocates.

There is no practical result to be anticipated from the Development Hypothesis, or from that of Spontaneous Generation; but there is a speculative result of no little interest, inasmuch as these hypotheses are thought to effect certain metaphysical views of Creation, supposed to involve important consequences. But, inasmuch as these views of Creation belong to a *totally different order of conceptions*, and are based on evidence of a *totally different kind*, it is clear that if these views are true, they are independent of scientific hypothesis; and if the hypothesis be also true, any seeming contradiction must soon fall away, since no one truth can be at variance with another. Dealing, therefore, with the scientific

* POUCHET: *Hétérogénie; ou, Traité de la Génération, Spontanée, basé sur des Nouvelles Expériences*. Paris, 1859.

hypothesis, our first care should be to ascertain its truth or probability, and not at all to perplex ourselves with visions of the consequences to other truths which may issue from it. This is the only scientific attitude. Yet so far is this from being the attitude generally assumed, that the hypothesis is clamorously rejected by the conservative minds, because it is thought to be revolutionary, and not less eagerly accepted by insurgent minds because it is thought destructive of the old doctrines.

There is a manifest want of piety in both these attitudes. The sacredness of truth is disregarded, and a turbulent assertion of opinion is heard at the door of the temple. Our first duty is clearly that of submission to the truth. We must ask: "Is this fact really so, and *not* what we imagined it to be?" We must not ask to what it leads; we must not shut our eyes to fact, out of a base fear of *consequences*. Piety is an attitude of reverent humility, which acquiesces in the demonstration of fact, or accepts the preponderance of probability as the expression of the Divine Will, against which no murmur can be raised. Impiety is an attitude of rebellious hostility, which thrusts its opinions in the place of fact and its wishes in place of probability, and implicitly declares the Divine Will *cannot* be thus or thus, because it is opposed to our conceptions and wishes. In morals we have learned the short-sightedness of doing evil with a view to future good, thus judging an act by its consequences and not in itself; we have learned that evil is evil for evermore, and cannot come to good. But we have not yet learned the same lesson in philosophy; we have not learned that falsehood is falsehood for evermore, and cannot give real aid to truth; we are still inclined to suppress truth, lest it should be inconvenient, and to favour error if it seem to protect our cherished convictions.

This is the evil; but it is one which grows smaller as the thoughts of

men are widened, and scientific seriousness replaces the impatience of imperfect faith. At any rate we shall do well to be aware of the danger, and to guard against it, as far as may be. With respect to the hypothesis of Spontaneous Generation, which is to form the subject of the present essay, there is difficulty enough in testing its evidence, without our further obscuring it by reference to other doctrines. As far as we can pretend to be certain of our own impartiality, we are in a condition of the strictest impartiality with regard to it, since during many years of study, experiment, and meditation, we have now embraced and now rejected it, according as the balance of evidence seemed to incline. It is an hypothesis in which we see only the hypothesis: we see nothing to dread in it—we see nothing to hope from it. We are forced to reject it as not proven, and not probable; but we know of no valid reason against supposing spontaneous generation to be one of the occasional methods of Nature—except that it has never been satisfactorily proved. In entering a verdict of *Not proven*, we admit that to-morrow fresh evidence may be produced which will carry conviction. If such evidence should be produced, piety requires that it should unhesitatingly be accepted; and then philosophy will set in and reassure the timid, by showing that the mystery of the universe is in no way lessened by a demonstration that spontaneous generation *takes its place among the phenomena of the universe*. To object to the hypothesis on the ground that "it excludes the Creator from the creation," is an objection as untrue as it is unfair: untrue, because, whether the order of creation be one of universal parentage or one of parentage and occasional spontaneity, the Creator is no more excluded in the one case than in the other—it is only *our explanation* of the order which is excluded; the objection is unfair, because, by enlating the feelings against the hypothe-

sis, it leads men to condemn it unheard. No one says that "the Creator is excluded from creation," when it is maintained that the forces of matter group the molecules into crystals, and produce from a solution certain definite forms; nor does any one suppose the mystery of creation is lessened by the explanation of the conditions necessary to such a result. Surely the case is similar with organic forms? We have learned that among the conditions requisite for their appearance are germs, light, heat, air, and moisture; but this knowledge of the conditions brings us no nearer to the cause. Nor would the difficulty be removed if we should discover that organic matter in a state of decomposition was capable, in certain cases, of replacing one or more of these conditions.

These prefatory remarks explain our position in the dispute, the elements of which we shall now endeavour clearly to lay before the reader. Let the hypothesis be examined on its own evidence: if that evidence is in its favour, we may await with perfect composure the adjustment of the hypothesis to all other doctrines.

I.—ITS HISTORY.

In the early days of inexact science, when even the greatest thinkers were extremely careless and uncritical about evidence, and had but the faintest conception of what constituted *proof*, nothing opposed, and many things favoured, the belief in spontaneous generation. Aristotle saw no difficulty in believing that mice could be impregnated by licking salt: naturally he could see none in believing that worms and insects were generated from putrefying substances. What was to oppose such a notion? The parentage was far from obvious; plants and animals were continually appearing where none had been before; the rotting carcasses of dogs and horses were quickly overrun with worms. It was difficult to

imagine how they got there, if not there produced; and Aristotle, who thought eels were developed from mud and serpents from the earth, found a very simple explanation in the doctrine, *corruptio unius est generatio alterius*.

The opinions of Aristotle were for some centuries the opinions of all men. We need not therefore follow M. Pouchet in his enumeration of the various upholders of spontaneous generation, but merely note, in passing, that this doctrine, now thought so offensive, was held by all the Fathers of the Church without misgiving. During the whole of Antiquity, the Middle Ages, and the Renaissance, scientific method was too immature, and scientific knowledge too scant for any other explanation to be suggested. Men found putrefaction invariably *accompanying* the sudden appearance of organic beings, and jumped to the conclusion that the putrefaction was the *cause*: only after long years could it be seen that the supposed cause was merely a *condition*.

Let us pass at once to the middle of the seventeenth century, and we shall find the learned but credulous Jesuit, Kircher, declaring that to produce a crop of serpents it is only necessary to reduce one to powder, and sow this powder in the earth as so much seed. He further averred, that fragments of plants falling into the water became transformed into animals; and these animals he actually figured in his book. He found ready listeners; and in those days to hear was to believe. Our modern, sceptical epoch begins about this time. To observation and hypothesis men began to add scepticism, and to add that test of all scientific opinion—experiment. Redi, the illustrious Florentine naturalist, was the first who tested spontaneous generation by submitting it to experiment; and so completely did his test reveal the weakness of the hypothesis, that for many years it never raised its head in scientific circles. He

watched the development of the "worms" found in putrefying meat, and found that they became familiar flies; whence he concluded that flies deposited their eggs in the meat, there to be hatched. Having protected a piece of decomposing meat by a very fine gauze, he observed the flies hovering about it with great importunity; the odour attracted them, and they would fain have deposited their eggs in so favourable a nest; but, failing to reach the meat, they deposited their eggs on the gauze there, where it was nearest to the meat. He thus separated the condition from the cause, and proved that the decaying matters "in generationem insectorum non alias esse partes nec aliud officium quam ut locum vel nidum commodum præbeant." *

Redi was followed by Swammerdam and Vallisneri; and the effect of their arguments was such, that no writer of any pretensions has since ventured to propound the spontaneous generation of insects, or of animals more highly organised. The *acarus*, said to have been developed by Mr. Crosse by means of electricity, may take its place beside the slugs which Fray asserted had been developed by fermentation: they do not claim the dignity of a refutation.

While Redi marks the opening of the modern era, and the termination of the era of belief in the spontaneous generation of insects, or other highly organised animals, Needham may be said to have opened another era for the hypothesis, by limiting it to the simpler forms of infusorial life. To give up insects was inevitable; but a refuge was found in infusions. The sudden appearance of multitudes of excessively minute animalcules and plants in liquids, or on moist surfaces, seemed explicable only by spontaneous generation.

The ink in our inkstand, the jam in our jam-pots, the beer in our cellars, the very walls of our rooms, if damp, are quickly covered with mould and mildew, which the botanists assure us are plants. How could these so universally appear unless their generation were spontaneous? Fungi and animalcules are so simple in their organisation, that it seems no strain on the imagination to imagine them spontaneously produced. It is true that modern investigations have discovered that some fungi and some animalcules are propagated according to the ordinary laws of generation; and the induction is that *all* are so propagated; nor will this induction be shaken except by positive proof of some one case where the ordinary laws are disregarded. Meanwhile it is true that much obscurity reigns over the reproduction of Infusoria, and under cover of this obscurity the doctrine of spontaneous generation makes its advances. In ignorance, one guess is as valid as another.

This rapid historical sketch will serve to show how precisely in proportion to ignorance of biological laws has been the extent of belief in spontaneous generation. At first it was thought that fishes, serpents, frogs, and insects could arise from putrefaction. As knowledge became more exact, this notion vanished, and only in the obscure regions of infusorial and parasitic life could it find support. As knowledge of infusoria and parasites has become more exact, their generation, according to general laws, has been more and more firmly established. It is therefore a strong and legitimate presumption, that whenever the remaining obscurities are cleared up, the remaining arguments for spontaneous generation will disappear. As before stated, where ignorance is complete, one guess will be as

* REDI: *De Insectis*, p. 18. The reader may like to know that all Redi's tracts have been collected in a pleasant and portable volume, under the title of *Opuscoli di Storia Naturale*: Florence, 1858. There are few books of that period better worth reading.

valid as another. There can be no certainty that spontaneous generation does not take place in some of those cases where ordinary generation has not been demonstrated. But while, as regards positive knowledge, both schools are on a par, while both are without the final evidence which can carry conviction, it seems to us that the cultivated caution of a scientific mind will take the side of the opponents of spontaneous generation; since it is more probable, that a law already found to extend without exception over all the phenomena hitherto accurately studied, is also operative in the phenomena not yet clearly known, than that in these unknown cases a new law should be in operation. Meanwhile, in saying this as more probable, we by no means exclude the possibility of the new law. Let it be proven, and we shall accept it readily. But the proofs must be rigorous before the conclusion can be admitted.

II.—THE LATEST ADVOCATE.

Has M. Pouchet brought evidence which can convince a willing yet cautious mind? It must be admitted that his researches have in many respects altered and qualified the opinions previously entertained on minor points, and that his work is worthy of careful scrutiny, containing as it does the results of three years' experimental investigation. But, in matters so complex and delicate, much must depend on the trustworthiness of the reporter. Where the sources of error are numerous, our confidence in the reporter will be influenced by our estimate of his general capacity for observing and repeating truly the facts under his eye. Now, we say it with regret, but we cannot repress the accusation, that M. Pouchet is very far from having that trustworthiness which inspires confidence in his statements. This, which will no doubt be early felt by every scientific critic, becomes so deep a conviction as chapter suc-

ceeds chapter, that before the thick volume is closed we feel incapable of relying on the perfect accuracy of any of his recorded experiments. Could we place entire confidence in what M. Pouchet reports, we should say that he had proved spontaneous generation; but as we cannot give that confidence to his statements, we are forced to say, Not proven.

The importance of this doubt is such, that before going further, we must justify it to the reader. If we can show that, in cases where accuracy is easy, M. Pouchet is grossly inaccurate; if we can show that where statements are important he is not only in open contradiction with all men of eminence, but is equally in contradiction with his own expressed statements; and if we can show that he offers evidence as conclusive, which, by his own showing, is plainly impossible—we shall have done enough to show that, let him say what he will, he has forfeited the confidence of scientific readers.

The question at issue is not one to be much affected by the citation of authorities. It matters very little whether eminent men have accepted or rejected the doctrine: our main concern is rather with the *truth* of the doctrine than with what numbers of men *thought* it true. Nevertheless M. Pouchet, who shows very little respect for authority where authority is respectable, is eager to invoke it where it can have no legitimate influence: he will deny the fact which many competent observers testify to having seen, when the fact has not been seen by himself; and will cite those very men as authorities where, from the nature of the case, they can only give opinions. He constantly refers to eminent names which can be cited in favour of his hypothesis. "Nous combattons," he says, "à l'abri d'une bannière bien respectable et bien imposante"—and he cites half a page of names from Aristotle to Valentin. Among these names there are many who owe their authority to the simple

fact of being ancient, since no sane man can possibly attach any importance to anything they may have thought on any scientific question. There are also names which justly carry some weight, and prove, if proof were needed, that the doctrine is one not to be rejected without due caution. So long as the question is argued upon grounds of probability, and not of experimental evidence, the public must listen with respect to the opinion of such men as Allen Thomson, Johannes Müller, and Valentin. M. Pouchet had something to gain by citing these names. But what will the reader think of M. Pouchet's trustworthiness on learning the grounds on which these names are cited? Valentin, instead of being, as M. Pouchet asserts, a believer in spontaneous generation, is an unequivocal opponent of it. In the very work referred to by M. Pouchet, it is said: "On the whole, the hypothesis of a spontaneous generation of plants or animals can only be regarded as a *kind of superstition*, which is constantly receding before the advance of the natural sciences."* Nor is Müller, though less decided than Valentin, fairly claimed as upholding the hypothesis. He decides *against* all the experiments which had been thought to prove it, and doubts whether it is possible to prove it by direct experiment. Yet M. Pouchet does not hesitate to say that "vanquished by evidence, this great German physiologist admits spontaneous generation in its strictest sense — almost as Aristotle admitted it."† Now the simple truth is, as any one may see on turning to Müller's pages, that it was only the unexplained facts of parasitic life which made him hesitate; on all other grounds he is as decidedly against the hypothesis as a cautious man could be. Yet M. Pouchet more than once quotes the opening paragraph in which Müller

says, "we must inquire whether under certain conditions, simple organic beings may not be generated from dead organic matter;" and this inquiry, which Müller answers in the *negative*, as far as he answers it at all, M. Pouchet chooses to quote as showing that Müller was vanquished by evidence!

The adherence or antagonism of Valentin and Müller can be of little importance to one who professes to bring abundant experimental proof; but at any rate we require that, if they are cited at all, they shall be cited accurately; and when we see a writer citing superfluous authorities with culpable inaccuracy — making one of them say the direct contrary of what he says — we are obliged to receive with considerable scepticism any statement this writer makes on more complex facts. Every one knows how difficult it is to make an accurate statement of all the conditions and phenomena of a complex experiment. The sincerest investigator may overlook, or forget to record, details which, if seen and recorded, would perhaps greatly alter our appreciation of his inference. But to report truly the expressed opinion of another, when that expression is unambiguous, is surely not beyond the capacity of any sincere writer. When, therefore, we find M. Pouchet so carelessly inaccurate where accuracy was easy, as in the case of Valentin, it is inevitable that we should suspect him of oversight and inaccuracy, where accuracy is of excessive difficulty — as in delicate experiments.

Let us pass to another example. If there is one fact which can be considered as placed beyond a doubt, so abundantly has it been seen by observers of all kinds, it is the fact of spontaneous division (fission) in infusoria. Even M. Pouchet himself confesses, at page 69, that he has seen it, although he has seen

* VALENTIN: *Textbook of Physiology*, translated by Brinton, p. 624. It is this translation M. Pouchet cites.

† POUCHET, p. 141.

it but rarely. As the fact hampers his hypothesis, we find him at page 402 boldly asserting his disbelief in it: "Je dois avouer je ne crois pas à la scissiparité, dont parle cet observateur, n'ayant jamais rien vu qui l'indiquât sur tant et tant de millions de Paramécies qui sont passés sous mes yeux." As he had previously confessed to having occasionally seen the phenomenon, we must suppose that this denial applies solely to the case of the *Paramecium*, and not to all *Infusoria*. But at page 455 there is no such equivocal possibility: he there confidently asserts that this spontaneous division of *infusoria* is "an hypothesis without foundation, proposed as an explanation of an embarrassing phenomenon, and accepted with enthusiasm because of its singularity." Upon which we remark, that the hypothesis has the foundation of fact observed by hundreds, and observed by M. Pouchet himself; and that, so far from its being proposed to explain any embarrassing phenomenon, it was first simply recorded as a fact, and afterwards taken to explain the rapidity with which *infusoria* multiplied. Had M. Pouchet never once witnessed this phenomenon, his denial would be unwarranted, in the face of so many and such various positive affirmations; but, having witnessed it, his denial becomes extraordinary.

Throughout his work we find him gratuitously confident in negatives. He seems always to accept *not having seen* a fact as equivalent to the *non-existence* of the fact. In many cases he boldly states that there were no germs present, or no *infusoria* of a certain kind present, when the utmost he is justified in saying is that he did not see any; and on several occasions this negation is as preposterous as if a man were to assert there was absolutely *not one needle* in a haystack. It would have taken him years to verify some of these negations; and any reader who is versed in microscopic research will perceive at once that often when M. Pouchet asserts no germs or no

infusoria were present, it is a sheer impossibility that he could have examined the whole of the infusion. To give one example. At page 608, after detailing an experiment which consisted in boiling some paste, letting it cool, and then tracing letters on it with a solution of gall-nut, these letters forming the nidus of a peculiar vegetation, he argues that spontaneous generation is proved, because if there had been any germs in the paste "the microscope would have detected them." Perhaps so; but he surely does not mean any microscopist to believe that he verified that there really were none discernible by the microscope? for, not to mention the enormous time required thus to travel over every part of the paste to ascertain that no germs were concealed in it, there would be such a disturbance of the paste as to render it unfit for the experiment.

In the course of our future observations we shall have occasion to exhibit other specimens of his culpable inaccuracy, but the foregoing are enough to justify extreme suspicion of even the simplest statement resting on his assertion.

III.—THE DOCTRINE, AND ITS EVIDENCE.

If organic substances, animal or vegetable, be left exposed to air and moisture, they decompose, and the liquid becomes peopled with multitudes of *Infusoria*—that is to say, microscopic plants and animals; for we shall beg permission in this paper to use the term *Infusoria* as comprehending the *population* of *infusions*, and not attend to the many limitations of the group *Infusoria* which naturalists propound.

How do these *Infusoria* arise? According to the accepted doctrine, they arise from germs, which, in the decomposing organic matter, in the water and in the air, find a group of conditions suitable for their development. According to the doctrine of spontaneous generation, the germs are not only developed there, but are *produced* there: the decom-

posing substances set free their elements; these recombine into new forms, some of which will be germs, which will then develop. Two things are here to be considered. It is indisputable that organic matters are formed and re-formed in a variety of ways, under varying conditions; and it is not *a priori* more improbable that some of these recombinations should assume the determinate forms of germs, than that the determinate forms of crystals should be assumed by a solution of soda into which sulphuric acid has been poured. Secondly, the doctrine of spontaneous generation is rendered less objectionable by M. Pouchet's relinquishment of the old notion that plants and animals are directly generated from decomposition; in place of this, he assumes the formation of simple germs which develop into plants and animals. There is perhaps no good reason to justify our inveterate tendency to suppose that a theory is more likely to be true because it is more easily conceivable. There are many errors which are easy of conception, and many truths which task us severely. Nevertheless, it is certain that we give a theory readier welcome if it readily adjusts itself to our previous conceptions; and many who would sturdily reject the idea of an animal being directly generated from decomposing matters, because they could not conceive how this could take place, would lend a more willing ear to the proposition that simple structureless germs are formed from the recombination of decomposing matters.

Observe the central difficulty: The germs are always present where organic beings are developed; and the question is, Were these germs *generated from* the infusion, or only *developed in* it? Were they formed there, or were they brought there?

The extreme difficulty of a decisive answer consists in this, that some germs are of such excessive minuteness as to defy detection. If we consider that some of these

infusoria are said to be no larger than the twenty-four thousandth of an inch in diameter, and it is estimated that a drop of water might contain five hundred millions of them, it is obvious that the germs of such creatures must be invisible to our best instruments.

M. Pouchet separately examines the decomposing substances, the water, and the air. He believes that the first of these is not absolutely and in all cases indispensable; and in this we are disposed to agree with him, although on grounds very different from those alleged by him. Here, for example, is a passage which the biologist will read with astonishment: "Although the solid substance plays the most important part in spontaneous generation, it may, nevertheless, be completely absent in certain exceptional cases. Thus the 'green matter of Priestley,' and also *confervæ*, frequently develop not only in ordinary water, but even in distilled water, which contains no decomposable substance. And it is probably to this *property inherent in water* that must be attributed the green matter which Burdach and others have seen developed in infusions of granite and other minerals." The green matter referred to in this passage is that which appears on the surface of water exposed to the light and atmosphere, and which is seen under the microscope to consist of green granules, round or oval, endowed with motion. Whether this be of animal or vegetable nature may be a question, but there is no question that it is organic, and composed of quite *different* elements from those of water or air. If, therefore, it is different from both of these, it must either have proceeded from some different source, or it must have proceeded from their decomposition and recombination. As water is known to contain organic particles, perhaps also germs, these are no doubt the source of the green matter. To accept the other alternative is to make assumptions which, in the present state of our knowledge

seem ridiculous. To talk of a "property inherent in water," by which something could be produced from nothing, or, at any rate, by which *elements can be transformed*, is in our day to draw down the laughter even of tyros; and to suppose that the water can be separated into its oxygen and hydrogen, and the air into its oxygen and nitrogen, by the mere action of light (and when this is effected, the *carbon* will have to be sought somewhere), and thus a possibility be afforded of the recombination of these elements into a plant or an animal—to suppose all this, is like a dream of the middle ages transplanted to 1860; yet all this is implied in Mr. Pouchet's strange assertion. He is fond of experiment, and may prove his thesis by a simple one: let him prepare artificial water in a vessel which has been subjected to intense heat, for the purpose of destroying any germs clinging to its sides; let artificial air be introduced, and the vessel hermetically closed; if any green matter, any plant or animal, appear in this water after any period of time, he will have proved that organic beings may be spontaneously generated from air and water, and not till then.

We have said that there is some ground for supposing that the presence of decomposing organic matter is not always necessary, though not the ground alleged by M. Pouchet. Thus fungi, which are usually developed only in a *nidus* of decomposition, are also found in places where it is difficult to suppose such a *nidus* present. We have found them on the lens of our microscope, which had been incautiously exposed to moisture; and in great quantities in solutions of chromic acid and bichromate of potash—solutions made for the express purpose of preventing the decomposition of the organic substances contained in them. This latter observation is, however, not conclu-

sive; but the Rev. J. M. Berkeley reports, that fungi have been found growing on cinders outside the dome of St. Paul's, and that they make their appearance in highly concentrated solutions of arsenic, sulphate of iron, and sulphate of copper. "A few years since, a little mould developed in the solution of copper used for electrotyping in the department of the Coast Survey of Washington, proved an intolerable nuisance. Strange to say, it decomposes the salt, assimilating the sulphuric acid and rejecting the copper, which is deposited round its threads in a metallic form."*

We cannot positively say that in all these cases there were no minute particles of organic matter in decomposition: on the lens, on the cinders, in the solution, there may have been traces of decomposing material; but it is more probable, in the absence of proof, to suppose that the germs were carried there by the atmosphere, and there developed. Waiving this point, however, as too difficult for our present means of investigation, let us glance at M. Pouchet's experiments on the decomposing substance.

He finds that in four infusions of different quantities of the same substance, exposed to the same conditions of air and temperature, the population is strikingly different both in quantity and kind, according as the *amount* of decomposing substance varies. In the liquid containing the largest amount of organic substance there was the largest number of infusoria, and these were of a much higher organisation than those in the liquid which contained a smaller amount of matter. The fact, if constant, would be valuable; but we do not find it to be constant, and it admits of another explanation than the one he offers; it may only prove how differences in the condition of an experiment will produce different results. A similar lesson is taught in some other experiments. He

* BERKELEY: *Outlines of British Fungology*. Intro.

finds that according as the organic substance is deep under the water, or near the surface, the quantities and species of infusoria vary. Nay, even the form of the vessel exerts a remarkable influence—vases having different shapes are found to have different populations. Assuming these statements to be correct (and we are far from feeling confidence in their absolute correctness), they will perhaps only demonstrate the relation between the infusorial population and the access of the atmosphere; for it is when the organic substance is nearest the surface, and when the shape of the vase is one which offers the largest surface to the air, that the infusoria are most numerous and most 'highly organised.

Air is indispensable to life. Unless, therefore, access of air be one of the conditions of the experiment, no development of infusoria can be expected. Cover the surface of an infusion with oil, and no life will be developed; cover only parts of the surface with oil, and in the uncovered parts life will appear. Probably the mere mechanical *impulse* of a current of air is not without its influence, for this appears to be the case in crystallisation. A solution of sulphate of soda under a bell glass, if untouched, does not crystallise; but immediately the bell glass is removed, and the atmosphere passes over it in a current, the crystals start into form. We suggest this explanation, because it is well known that other crystalline solutions will form into crystals on the touch of a feather; and it is also said (but this is doubtful) that even organic matters will not decompose, if the air only reaches them after passing slowly through carded cotton.

The necessity for air, and apparently for air in a state of motion, has long formed the chief obstacle to any crucial experiment in spon-

taneous generation. If the air is not permitted access, the proper conditions are not fulfilled, and no life, spontaneous or parental, can manifest itself. If access of the air is permitted, then it may bring with it germs from without. Till M. Pouchet took up the question, physiologists almost unanimously considered that the experiments of Schultze quite settled the difficulty; for he declared that if air be only admitted to the infusion after passing through sulphuric acid, which, it is said, would kill all the germs the air might carry, no infusoria appeared; but directly the air was admitted to the infusion, *without* being passed through the sulphuric acid, infusoria appeared. This experiment, however, M. Pouchet says, he has repeated several times, and with far more rigorous precision than Schultze employed, yet he has uniformly found that infusoria *did* appear.* He has done better. He has tried the experiment of an infusion with *artificial* air—that is to say, with twenty-one parts of oxygen and seventy-nine parts of nitrogen; and this was admitted into a flask containing an infusion of hay, which had been subjected to a temperature of boiling water (212° Fahr.) At such a temperature, it is said, all germs would perish. Yet even in this flask infusoria appeared. Not content with this, he repeated the experiment with pure oxygen, and that also succeeded.

Amidst much that is illogical, inaccurate, and suspicious, there is also much that is suggestive in M. Pouchet's work, much that will give his antagonists matter for reflection, and will carry conviction to the minds of the unwary. Could we implicitly trust in his accuracy, we should be more than disposed to range ourselves on his side. His experiments seem at times unanswerable. For example, it is ad-

* We have little faith in the assumption that the sulphuric acid would destroy the germs. It does not, as we have seen, prevent, but rather assists, the growth of some fungi.

mitted that the germs must be in the decomposing substance, in the water, or in the air. By what seems an exhaustive method, he proves they can be in none of these :

1. Not in the organic substance, for that may be subjected to heat so intense as to destroy all germs, unless they are incombustible, and infusoria will nevertheless appear. He subjected organic substance to a temperature of 546° Fahr. (250° Cent.), and with artificial water he produced infusoria.

2. Not in the water, for artificial water is as prolific as any other.

3. Not in the air, for that may be subjected to intense heat, to the action of sulphuric acid, and it may even be artificially made, yet infusoria will appear.

The conclusion would be inevitable if these facts were established, and if the assumption that the germs are destroyed at these temperatures were beyond question. It is to be observed, however, that although separately M. Pouchet may have proved that the germs were not present in one of the three vehicles, he has not crowned his experiments by proving, even on his own assumption, that they were destroyed in all three simultaneously. He has tried the effect of artificial water and artificial air on substances subjected to great heat, but he has not tried what would be a crucial experiment—namely, artificial air and water, with substances which have been subjected to 546° Fahr. M. Dumas, the great chemist, tried such an experiment with substances heated at only half that temperature, and no infusoria appeared, whereas on admitting atmospheric air, the infusoria soon appeared.*

The reader may possibly think that, in spite of what has already been shown to justify suspicion of M. Pouchet's accuracy, we are biased by foregone conclusions against accepting his evidence. It is therefore now time to show that

M. Pouchet is a writer in whom we are not justified in placing confidence. He narrates an experiment, which, he says, "with an immense simplicity, proves the spontaneous generation of yeast." To this we beg attention. He begins by reference to the fact, that at a temperature of 212° Fahr. yeast germs are destroyed, and fermentation will not take place. A flask was plunged in a decoction of barley which had been boiling for six hours; it was completely filled and hermetically closed. In this flask, therefore, there was no air, and only boiling barley. Had there been any yeast-germs originally present, they must have been destroyed by boiling; none could afterwards enter from without. At the end of six days a slight deposit of yeast was observed at the bottom of the flask. On the seventh day the flask burst, and "a notable quantity of yeast was found by the microscope in the liquid."

We do not presume to explain this: but the impossibility of accepting it will be evident to whoever reflects a minute. That air or oxygen is absolutely *indispensable* to the development of organic life, is a first principle, which M. Pouchet himself has more than once insisted on in combating the experiments of others. Yet here he adduces an experiment, in which he says, "not a particle of atmospheric air" was present, and, nevertheless, six days were sufficient to develop a notable quantity of the yeast plant. By what means an organism could be developed, or decomposition take place, in a vessel completely *destitute of*, and *excluded from*, air, a biologist must confess himself at a loss to conceive. An alchemist who believes in the transformation of elements, or a biologist who believes in the inherent property of water to form itself into organisms, may believe that a decoction of barley might spontaneously, and *propria motu*, transform itself into yeast cells; to other minds, the mere statement of such a case

* DUMAS: *Annales des Sciences*, 1858, p. 366.

is sufficient to throw suspicion on every other statement M. Pouchet may make.

The great argument of the orthodox doctrine is, that germs are disseminated by the atmosphere; and it is against this notion of *panspermia* that M. Pouchet directs his chief batteries. He admits, indeed, that some germs are carried by the atmosphere—the fact is too notorious for denial; but he denies, and here we think him right, that there is evidence to prove this diffusion of germs in immense quantities is universal; he also denies, and here we think him wrong, that these germs are the source of the infusorial population seen in experiments. As one more example of his inaccuracy, we may refer to the use he makes of a somewhat misleading sentence in Professor Owen's Lectures. The sentence is this: "The most minute forms have been estimated at the $\frac{1}{30,000}$ of a line in diameter. Of such infusoria, a single drop of water may contain five hundred millions—a number equalling that of the whole human species now existing upon the surface of the earth." No one who knows "l'illustre zoologiste dont s'honore l'Angleterre" will imagine him to have meant by this anything so absurd as that every drop of water contains 500,000,000, but only that one drop of water may, or might contain that number, yet M. Pouchet make this absurd supposition the basis of the following calculation:—

"These infusoria appear wherever we present a proper medium. Thus, in upholding aerial dissemination, it is indispensable that we encumber the atmosphere with them; and if we add thereto all the germs of other animalcules which must also be present, is not that an hypothesis a thousand times more alarming than the most daring conceptions of spontaneous generation? Experience even demonstrates, almost mathematically, that if the aerial dissemination were a fact, every cubic millimeter of the atmosphere must contain im-

mensely more eggs than there are inhabitants of our globe. If we admit that every drop [*chaque goutte*] conceals 500,000,000 of monads [*ah! if . . .*], in taking this at 8 cubic millimeters, it will result that every millimeter contains 62,500,000 infusoria. Now, only supposing that the atmosphere holds one hundred species in suspension, to serve the demands of dissemination, it would be necessary that each cubic millimeter should contain 6,250,000,000 germs. The air would then have almost the density of iron."

Against this calculation, let us place the simple fact that, instead of every drop of water containing its five hundred millions, probably no drop contains them, and millions of drops contain none. There is no need for immense masses of germs to be floating about. If one germ in the atmosphere should fall into a drop of water containing decomposing substances, it would speedily people that drop with an innumerable progeny. Even the comparatively complex organism of *Hydratina Senta* was found by Ehrenberg to multiply itself into millions in ten days; and the *Hydratina Senta*, compared with the monad, is as the elephant compared with the mouse.

The immense productivity of the lower organisms, which is seen in the fact that the *protococcus nivalis* (red snow) will redden vast tracts of snow in a single night, renders it quite unnecessary to "encumber the air" with masses of germs; and yet that the air may contain great masses of germs without losing its transparency is seen by the revelation of every sunbeam slanting athwart our rooms. The strong light makes visible a cloud of dust in incessant agitation. If we take some of this dust which is incessantly falling from the air upon our books, papers, and tables, creeping into the crevices neglected by housemaids, and settling on ornaments, we shall find it composed of the most heterogeneous materials: grains of starch, fragments of cloth, dead insects, dead animalcules, vegetable

* OWEN: *Lectures on the Invertebrata*, p. 19.

spores, and animal germs. That some of these spores and germs never find a suitable nidus, and never develop, is probable enough; but that many of them find such a nidus seems beyond a question. High up on the spires of lofty cathedrals, and on the walls of ancient ruins, lichens and mosses freely grow, and in them a large population of animalcules. It will not be supposed that these were developed out of the substance of the spires and walls; whence, then, did they come? Surely they were brought there by the winds, and found there a resting-place and moisture, suited to their needs?

From the ruins of the Temple of Minerva Medica, at Rome, we gathered a bit of moss which, with its dirt, we brought to England, where it has lain in a drawer during summer, autumn, and winter. We have just come from a microscopic examination of a small pinch of the dust, and a small packet of the moss on which water, free from all animal life, had been sprinkled two hours ago. We expected to find one or more of the wheel animalcules (*Rotifera*), whose powers of resuscitation, after years of mummy-like existence, is one of the marvels of science. But we found none. Instead of this, we found—what we certainly never expected—a quantity of those excessively minute infusoria (*Monas termo*—also a few specimens of *Monas lens*), which are the first always to make their appearance in an infusion. The conclusion was irresistible. Either this dust contained the monads which were resuscitated by the water, or the monads were dropped into it from the air. The latter supposition is improbable, because, in a glass cell of water standing beside the one in which the dust had been placed, we found no monads, and it is not probable that the monads in the air would make a selection of one cell rather than another.

In another trial with this moss we found, after three or four days' immersion in water, that not only

were rotifers and monads visible in activity, but some other forms were visible, though not in any quantities—namely, kolpodes, “paste-eels,” and forms, probably embryonic, which we could not identify. Thus, if a bit of moss torn from a ruin, and kept perfectly dry for some months, was found to contain several forms of infusoria, which sprang into activity on once more becoming moistened—it is reasonable to suppose—1st, That the air does carry in its dust-clouds the germs and dried bodies of infusoria; 2d, That any substance may conceal them.

Due caution must, however, be used in arguing from such facts. M. Quatrefages informs the Academy that having examined the dust left on the filter after some observations on rain water, he found this dust, when again moistened, contained vegetable spores, infusoria, and “those minute spherical and ovoid bodies familiar to microscopists, which inevitably suggest the idea of eggs of extremely small dimensions.” He also declares that he has frequently seen monads revive after a few hours' immersion. He maintains, therefore, that the air transports myriads of dust-like particles, which have only to fall into the water to appear in their true form as infusoria.

To this M. Pouchet replies with great cogency: If the air is filled with infusoria and their eggs, they will, of course, fall into any vessel of water; and as water is their natural element, will there manifest their vitality. But experiment does not countenance this. If half-a-dozen vessels of distilled water, perfectly free from infusoria, be left exposed to the air beside one vessel containing organic matter in decomposition, the half-dozen will remain free from infusoria, the one will abound with them. Nay more, the half-dozen vessels exposed to the air will be free from infusoria, and a closed vessel, excluded from all air but that which it contains, will have them.

M. Pouchet thinks the following

experiment conclusive. He boiled some paste, and then let it settle in a dish: when it was quite solid he wrote upon the surface the words *generatio equivoca* in a strong infusion of gall-nut. On these letters, he says, appeared a fungus different from all other known forms, which he christened *Aspergillus primigenius*, and it appeared nowhere else. That this plant was the direct product of the gall-nut and the paste, he considers established by three arguments: 1, There could have been no germs in the paste, because boiling destroys the germs of *Aspergillus*; 2, There could have been none in the gall-nut infusion, because that was filtered; 3, Had the germs been in the paste, this plant would have appeared in other parts besides on the letters. We have repeated the experiment, and found the *Aspergillus* figured by him appearing on the paste, but not exclusively on the letters. *Nix* we had traced on it. On this difference, however, we lay no stress; the result of our further experiments has been to render the whole nugatory. M. Pouchet says that there could have been no germs of *Aspergillus* present in the paste, because, had there been any, the microscope would have detected them, and the temperature of 212° Fabr. would have destroyed them. It has previously been shown that no microscope could have been thoroughly applied to their detection; but not willing to take any material point for granted, we boiled the germs of the *Aspergillus* for ten minutes, and found that boiling did not destroy them. We then again boiled for twenty minutes these same germs, with the paste on which they were, and again found them perfectly unaltered. Still further to test this important point, we boiled other germs for one hour and a quarter, yet these were perfectly unaltered.

In concluding this survey of the experimental evidence, we must say

that if Mr. Pouchet's statements could be unhesitatingly accepted, it would be difficult to escape his conclusions. But we have had so much experience of his inaccuracy, that we cannot rely with confidence on his statements, and must therefore still say that the massive preponderance of probabilities is against the hypothesis.

IV.—PARASITIC LIFE.

From the days of Redi to our own, the facts known about parasites have furnished spontaneous generation with its strongest support. In presence of such facts, Müller hesitates, and Allen Thomson thinks any other explanation inadmissible. M. Pouchet points to them in triumph.

In and on our bodies, and the bodies of all animals, parasitic plants and animals find a home. There are no less than seven hundred and eighty different species (query, forms?) of animal parasites collected in the Paris Museum; and no less than eighty-seven species of vegetal parasites are described by Robin in his important treatise.* The origin of many of these is so obscure, that spontaneous generation must at once have suggested itself, and for a long while continued the most probable supposition. In the intestines of animals, it was said, the undigested unabsorbed materials of the food were developed into parasites. Instead of going to form new tissue for the animal, these materials formed themselves into new animals. Whatever degree of probability this idea may once have had, it is irrevocably refuted by the results of modern research, which have rendered the generation of these intestinal worms almost as familiar as that of bees or butterflies. The worm has its reproductive organs like any other animal; its eggs are known; its various stages of development, and the laws of its migrations, are known. Our knowledge has become exact.

* ROBIN: *Hist. Nat. des Végétaux Parasites qui croissent sur l'Homme et sur les Animaux Vivants*. 1858.

Here, as elsewhere, exact knowledge has driven the hypothesis of spontaneous generation to obscurer regions.

The parasites are numerous; our means of observing their origin and development are few; our knowledge is scanty. Nevertheless, three important positions have been conquered; it is proved that many of the parasites are developed from eggs, like other animals; it is proved that very many of the forms hitherto held to be distinct species are nothing but different *stages* in the development of one species, as egg, caterpillar, grub, and butterfly are different stages of one species; and, finally, it has been proved that the larvæ of parasites migrate from one animal to another, and must migrate if their development is to be completed.

These three positions enable an attack to be made on the array of difficulties which only spontaneous generation is thought competent to explain. Let the difficulties be stated. The parasites are quite distinct in organisation from all animals living elsewhere. They not only constitute a peculiar fauna, but many of them are peculiar to certain animals, and even to certain organs. In the brain there are forms never found in the intestine; in the liver there are forms never found in the muscles; in the muscles there are forms never found in the blood. Nor is this all. How they got from without into some of the places where they have been detected is quite inexplicable. They have been found in closed sacs, such as the chambers of the eye. They are found in the embryo while in the womb. This last fact has been doubted, but it has been frequently witnessed by very competent observers. We have ourselves found parasites in the foetal kitten, and in the eye of a newborn kitten they will generally be found. Nay, Dr. Burnett, of America, states that

he has found vegetal parasites even in the human ovum; they belonged to a species of *conserva*, similar to yeast, one four-thousandth of an inch in diameter. It is remarked by Allen Thomson, in his enumeration of the corroborative facts, that "animals living in the same situations and feeding on the same substances have different kinds of entozoa (parasites). The ova of some of the entozoa, as for example those of the common worm, are so large that they could not pass through the largest of the capillary blood-vessels; the ova are so heavy that they could not be transmitted through the atmosphere; and the supposition of the passage of the ova from the parent to the offspring is opposed by the mechanical difficulty of the transmission, as well as by the facts that parent and child are not always affected with the same kinds of worms, and that, though the complaint of worms may be said to run in families, yet many escape, and one or more generations in the hereditary succession are frequently exempt from it."*

We have ourselves too strongly felt the difficulty—nay, the impossibility—of explaining many of the facts relating to parasites, not to admit that in them spontaneous generation finds a powerful support; nevertheless, as we hinted, it can be attacked from the present standing-point of science. The *peculiarity* of the parasitic fauna offers no argument of value; the peculiarity is not greater than that of the fauna of the sea as compared with that of the atmosphere; and if only certain forms are found inhabiting particular regions of the body, this is no more than what we find on the shores and mountains, where certain well-marked zones of life admit only certain particular forms. As the base of a mountain presents conditions which admit the development of plants that could not develop on its summit, so will the brain

* ALLEN THOMSON: Art. "Generation" in *Cyclopædia of Anat. and Physiol.* p. 431.

of an animal present conditions for the development of a parasite which would never develop in the liver. Moreover, the whole difficulty is greatly lessened now that it has been proved that many of the parasitic species are only different stages of one species. The naturalist who had never seen a gnat quit its larval envelope, would never suspect that the delicate-winged creature, living only in the air, was once the ungainly worm-like animal bobbing through the water; nor would he suspect this ungainly larva was only a more advanced form of the active predatory animal he had noticed in the water a day or two before. Unless actual observation had established the identity of these three forms, the naturalist would necessarily suppose them to be three distinct animals. In like manner, until accurate investigation had shown that *cænurus*, *cysticercus* and *echinococcus* which had been supposed to be three distinct genera, were nothing but forms of the common tapeworm, such a suspicion could hardly have been entertained. But it is now known that the parasite which in the brain of the sheep produces "the staggers," and the parasite which in the cellular tissue of the pig produces "measly pork," are larval forms of the tapeworm which infests the intestine of man.

Startling as this may sound, it is a fact as well established as most facts in biology. Experiment has proved that if you wish to infest an animal with a particular parasite, you have only to feed the animal with the eggs, or the known larvæ of that parasite found in some different animal, and the result will be as certain as the appearance of a plant after sowing the seed. Pigs may be made "measly," and sheep be made to "stagger," or men and dogs be infested with "worms," in nineteen experiments out of twenty. The following amusing story will vividly impress on the reader the certainty of the experiment:—

In his splendid monograph on *Les Vers Intestinaux*, the Belgian naturalist, Van Beneden, relates that he administered to a puppy several parasites taken from the body of a rabbit. These parasites were of what was formerly called the genus *Cysticercus*, now known to be the larval form of a tapeworm. This tapeworm is never found in the rabbit, but always in some animal that has eaten the rabbit. With this puppy was kept another of the same age, to whom none of these parasites were administered; he died not many weeks afterwards, and on dissection it was seen that he had no tapeworm. He was replaced by another pup, who was also reared with *Blac* (the pup which had been fed with parasites), and shared his food. Two other pups, *Tina* and *Cuïo*, were then purchased from a litter, and on being taken from the mother were reared carefully by Van Beneden, who administered parasites to *Cuïo*, but none to *Tina*. These four dogs Van Beneden brought with him to Paris, and in the presence of Valenciennes, Milne Edwards, Quatrefages, and Jules Haime, he made the following declaration: "Here are four dogs: in two of them you will not find a single specimen of *Tenia serrata*, and in two of them you will find many specimens; not only so, but, of these two, you will find that *Blac* has specimens in four different stages of development, whereas *Cuïo* has them only in three different stages, and in *Blac* they will be more numerous." He was enabled to make this very specific declaration, because he knew that two of the dogs had not eaten the parasites of the rabbit, which would become tæniæ, and that the other two had eaten them in different quantities and at different intervals. The dogs were then killed and examined, and what Van Beneden had foreseen was found to be strictly correct.*

Modern investigations have traced

* VAN BENEDEN: *Mémoire sur les Vers Intestinaux*, Paris, 1858, p. 155.

the singular migrations of several parasites. Thus the ciliated animalcule which issues from the egg of *Distoma* penetrates the body of a fish; the fish is eaten by a bird; and in the intestines of this bird the larva becomes developed into a mature *Distoma*, with reproductive organs. This final development would never take place in the fish, but only in the intestines of some carnivorous animal: here it flourishes, here it produces eggs, which once more go through the migratory circle. Thousands upon thousands of these eggs and these larvæ never attain maturity. The fish dies before it is eaten, and with it dies the parasite, or the animalcule dies before it can reach the fish. It is not every mouse which has a *cysticercus*, nor every mouse that is eaten by a cat; but unless the cat eats a mouse with a *cysticercus*, the cat will have no *tænia*, and the larval *cysticercus* will never reach maturity. Thus, as Van Beneden pleasantly puts it, "Le cysticerque est une pilule dorée par un lambeau de chair."

In the present condition of knowledge, it seems to us a very legitimate conclusion to say, that all those parasites which are found in various animals and various organs, without a reproductive apparatus, are simply larval forms of some parasite which reproduces its kind in the ordinary way. We may not as yet be able to trace their parentage; we may never trace the parentage of all of them; but inasmuch as we positively know that many of them have been produced by the ordinary laws of generation, we have a right to assume that all are so produced. There is no more justification for supposing that those parasites in which reproductive organs are absent, have been developed by spontaneous generation, than there would be in assuming that the caterpillar and grub, in which reproductive organs are absent, were so produced. It would be contradictory to all zoology to

assume, without proof, that some parasites were reproduced in the ordinary way, and others by a law only seen in their exceptional cases. And there is another objection of still stronger force. If the parasites are produced spontaneously, they must, according to M. Pouchet's correction of the old doctrine, be produced from eggs. He does not hold to the idea of an animal being formed at once, and all of a piece, out of the organic elements: he holds that in the nidus of organic matter an egg is formed, just as it is formed in the ovary of an animal. Well, if this be so, then we ought to find such ova where we find the parasites; beside the *cænurus* in the brain, we ought to find here and there eggs, out of which others will in time be developed. But this has never been found. In the brain of one animal we find the full-formed *cænurus*; in the intestines of another animal we find the parent from which that *cænurus* will be developed. This, which is what could have been foreseen from the known migrations of the parasites, is wholly inexplicable on the doctrine of spontaneous generation. Once assume that organic matter can re-form itself into eggs which will develop into parasites, and there is no reason why the undeveloped eggs should not be found beside the developed animals, as the undeveloped eggs are found beside the young caterpillar and the young tadpole.

After this statement of the present condition of the question as regards parasites, what will the reader think of M. Pouchet's attitude in presence of discoveries which thus oppose his doctrine? Like a true Frenchman of the feebler sort, he says, "tant pis pour les faits!" and rejects the facts which reject his hypothesis. He doubts the truth of these discoveries, "the monopoly of which," he naïvely says, "has by a singular anomaly belonged to foreigners."* It is very

* *Annales des Sciences Nat.*, 1858, p. 378.

true—perhaps it is very strange—but the fact is, that foreigners, and not Frenchmen, have discovered these truths, and a patriotic Frenchman deems this sufficient to warrant their rejection. Those who care something more for truth than for the glory of France will perhaps think otherwise; at any rate we must, for the present, affirm that spontaneous generation is not proved by what is known of parasites.

We have no wish to conceal the many difficulties which still beset the questions of parasites. How some of these parasites find their way into the organs remains unexplained and unimaginable. But should the problem for ever remain unsolved, it will not justify the hypothesis of spontaneous generation. No one supposes that the fish which Macartney found in a pond in the midst of an island far removed from every continent, and which seemed to have been thrust up from the bed of the ocean by a volcano, were produced spontaneously; yet how they got there is inexplicable. It is not easy to explain how the trout get into the lakes produced by the melting of Alpine snows. There are numberless cases in which we are baffled in the attempt to explain how animals could possibly find their way to the places where they are discovered. But spontaneous generation is not an acceptable solution of the difficulty.

V.—CELL-LIFE.

Many of the simplest organs are nothing but cells and aggregations of cells. If, therefore, we relinquish, as not proven, all the arguments founded on parasitic and infusorial life, it is possible to find a confirmation of the hypothesis of spontaneous generation in the facts of cell-life. Let us see how the case stands. For many years the doctrine propounded by Schleiden and Schwann ob-

tained European assent; yet that doctrine of what is called "free cell-formation" is, strictly speaking, a doctrine of spontaneous generation, since it affirms that in an *organisable* but not yet *organised* fluid (the blastema) cells arise by a process analogous to crystallisation. In this fluid a mass of granules forms itself round a central point or nucleus; round this an envelope, or cell-wall, is formed, and the cell is complete. Each cell, thus formed, may give birth to other cells; but other cells, it is said, may and *do* arise in the fluid spontaneously. The fluid is thus endowed with a formative power analogous to that with which each cell is endowed. In no respect is this theory to be distinguished from that of spontaneous generation; in both an *organisable* fluid forms itself into cells or organisms; in both the processes of generation are two—namely, that of one cell giving birth to another, and that of spontaneous appearance of cells. If, therefore, the doctrine of Schwann is to be accepted, the doctrine defended by M. Pouchet cannot wholly be rejected. Yet here we must remark one more illustration of the noteworthy fact that, in proportion as biological knowledge gains in exactness, the foundations of spontaneous generation lose their stability. This famous cell-theory, after having been generally credited, is now almost completely abandoned in Germany; and the authorities most respected in such matters declare against "free cell-formation," and affirm that the formative power exists in cells alone.* They assert that there is no single fact which directly confirms the idea of cells arising except through the agency of pre-existing cells; they assert that the idea was adopted because it was the readiest interpretation of the phenomena which presented itself. In a question of such difficulty we should, of course, abstain from any decided adhesion to one side or the other, and

* Compare KELLIKER, *Gewebelehre*, 3d edit.; and VIRCHOW, *Cellular Pathologie* which has been recently well translated into English by Dr. Chance.

must wait until the disputants become tolerably unanimous. Nevertheless, the fact that the most eminent investigators reject the doctrine of Schwann, prevents our citing that doctrine as a reasonable basis for the support of spontaneous generation; and thus even the last support of the hypothesis is endangered.

Reviewing the whole of the facts and arguments presented in the foregoing pages, it cannot but impress the reader with considerable hesitation, when he finds that belief in spontaneous generation has always been coextensive with biological ignorance. Each considerable advance in knowledge has banished the hypothesis from one of its strongholds. And thus a mass of pre-

sumptive evidence has been accumulated which must enforce the belief that the law of generation, seen to be in operation wherever knowledge is tolerably exact, must also be in operation where knowledge at present fails us. Spontaneous generation is possible; but it has not yet been proved by any positive experiment on which reliance can be placed; and the steadily accumulating evidence of two centuries has increasingly tended to show that the hypothesis is not probable. The proof may arise at any moment; but till it does arise, and satisfy the rigorous demands of severe scientific criticism, we must affirm that the hypothesis is not proven, and is improbable.

THE TRANSATLANTIC TELEGRAPH—ICELAND ROUTE.

How often must the mariner and traveller, sailing over the blue waters of our globe's surface, have peered down into those clear depths, and wondered when the hidden things of the crust of our earth beneath the unfathomable ocean should be revealed to human ken! Some may have felt that science and energy would eventually discover the means to measure the depths of the sea as it had the weight of the atmosphere and the distance of the stars; but few, in the year 1850, could have anticipated that, within the short period that has subsequently elapsed, not only would that triumph be achieved, but that the enterprise of man would have led him to carry across and beneath those depths a means of communication between nations otherwise separated by thousands of miles of ocean! He would indeed have been an enthusiast who could then have foretold that within twelve months of the depth of the Atlantic being assured, a telegraphic cable would span its bed; and had such an idea entered the brain of any man, and he been bold enough to

express it, we can fancy the yell of scornful incredulity with which his prophecy would have been hailed. Yet it was very nearly the case; and the double triumph of sounding the ocean, and next of spanning its bed with a rope two thousand one hundred mile long, will alone render this age remarkable in naval annals, even perhaps more so than for the telegraphic feat by which, for a few days, through that cable, electricity served as the medium of submarine communication between Britain and the United States. It is foreign to the subject under discussion to enter into minute details of the gradual progress, up to a certain point, and the subsequent rapid strides by which the secret of its depth was wrung from the ocean, or the ability, seamanship, and engineering skill with which the first cable was thrown across the Atlantic valley. But, to render ourselves intelligible, we must briefly epitomise events.

The officers of the American navy, employed upon the survey of their coasts, and in the investigations of the wonderful Gulf Stream, insti-

tuted a system of deep-sea sounding in depths far beyond what had been either considered possible or generally necessary by other nautical surveyors. They were especially encouraged in their efforts by the encouragement held out by Lieutenant (now Captain) Maury, the able head of the Washington Observatory; and every year saw fresh strides towards accuracy and facility in obtaining soundings in oceanic depths. At last the genius of an American midshipman hit upon the secret by which a heavy weight could be so attached to the end of a light line, that, upon striking the bottom of the sea, it would detach itself by the shock, enable the line to be recovered, and with it a small specimen of the earth, mud, or slime which had been reached, as a testimony of what had been actually accomplished. Midshipman J. M. Brooke deserves well of mankind, and next to him the able hydrographer who encouraged and stimulated the ability of his subordinate without attempting to monopolise his credit. With this sounding apparatus, and abundance of line, important results were soon obtained by two lieutenants of the American navy—Lieutenants Lee and Berryman. Most people will remember the expressions of incredulity with which, in 1856, the report was first received in England, that two small brigs, flying the stars and stripes, had arrived in the Cove of Cork, and that those on board could not only tell us the depth of the Atlantic all the way between Newfoundland and Cape Clear, but that they actually produced specimens of the bottom of that ocean. There could be no doubt about it, one would suppose; yet we know great authorities who shook their heads solemnly and muttered something about "Barnum and his woolly horse!" However, the Hydrographer of the British Admiralty, Captain

Washington, took up the subject cordially; and one of our able surveyors, Lieutenant Joseph Dayman, R.N., was sent, early in 1857, to test the possibility of obtaining oceanic soundings, and the accuracy of the American reports. The result was most satisfactory in a general sense; but we cannot help thinking that it was a misfortune, so far as the interests of submarine telegraphy were concerned, that the American officers, and especially Maury, should have jumped to the conclusion, based upon data liable to serious error, that between Cape Race and Cape Clear there was a smooth, soft bed to the Atlantic—a telegraphic plateau, in short, especially created by Providence to facilitate the placing of a cable between the Old and New Worlds.

We don't believe a word of it; and the various profiles of the Atlantic, showing sections between Ireland and Newfoundland, all go to confirm our disbelief; for we hold with Mr. W. P. Trowbridge, Assistant U.S. Coast Survey, in his report to Professor A. D. Bache, dated May 31, 1858, that, after carefully going over the soundings of the American surveyor, Lieutenant Berryman, and the English surveyor, Lieutenant Dayman, there was "nothing to show that the bottom of the sea presents features very different from the face of the country across any portion of our territory (United States), except perhaps the highest mountain-ranges. The highlands of the Hudson, for instance, would be unnoticed in this plateau." And this latter assertion he explains by pointing out the unavoidable errors that must arise in attempting to obtain *vertical soundings* through miles of water; and he asserts that in all the soundings before him, the errors probably amounted to *several hundred fathoms*.* However, as usual, from one extreme we in Great Britain

* There are some curious and interesting remarks upon this subject in a valuable work, *The American Journal of Science and Art*, published under high authority, by Professor Silliman, of New Haven, Connecticut, United States.

jumped to the other. First we would not, as sailors say, "believe in bottom at all" to the Atlantic; and then, suddenly turning round, we voted it a dead level for a thousand miles, and declared it to be covered with the softest shells, and overlaid with a certain depth of water in a perfectly quiescent state! "Hurrah! bear a hand, and give us a cable across!" was the general cry. Never mind expense; and as to men saying that as yet no single electrical circuit was working over the face of the earth, for telegraphic purposes, at greater distances than 1000 miles, whereas it must flash 2000 to answer on a direct Transatlantic line, "that was mere nonsense." The world went mad; a company was formed, and thousand-pound shares were offered as favours; half a million—ay, had it been wanted, two millions sterling, would have been forthcoming as readily; and peers, savants, bishops, and mercantile potentates, rejoiced in their direct interest in the coming triumph. A cable was rapidly constructed; seven copper wires, weighing 110 grains to the foot, and 2500 miles long, were coated over with gutta-percha to the thickness of four-tenths of an inch. Round this was wound tarred yarn, and the whole covered spirally with a series of iron cords, each cord composed of seven fine iron wires twisted together. The cable was so strong that it bore a strain of four tons with great ease, and weighed a ton to the mile. The first attempt to carry it out proved abortive, and entailed the loss of several hundred miles of wire; but in 1858, H.M.S. *Agamemnon* and U.S.S. *Niagara* each coiled about 1500 miles of the cable into their holds; and after one experimental trip to test the veering apparatus, the 10th June 1858 saw them proceed to the appointed rendezvous in the mid-Atlantic. We are assured upon high authority,* 'that at that time the practicability of the undertaking, that of laying down the cable, was seriously doubted by nearly all practical engineers, and considered a perfectly chimerical project by some of the most eminent;' however, on the 26th June, the ends of the two halves of the Atlantic cable were connected in lat. $52^{\circ} 2' N.$ and $33^{\circ} 18' W.$ long., as nearly as possible half-way across, and the respective vessels steered away for America and Ireland. After six miles had run out the cable snapped, and on the following day, the 27th, a fresh attempt was made; but after a run of forty-two miles, the continuity of the current showed the cable to be defective, and the *Agamemnon* and *Niagara* had again to meet and recommence their labour. The start on the 28th was equally or more unsuccessful, for after a run of 142 miles on that day, the cable suddenly snapped at the stern of the British ship. About 200 miles of cable had thus been lost, in addition to the 380 miles sacrificed in 1857. The expedition rendezvoused in Ireland, and sailed again in July to make a final, and, this time, successful attempt. On the 29th July the ends were connected, lowered to the bottom, and seven days afterwards (5th August) the *Agamemnon* and *Niagara* landed their respective ends, the one in Newfoundland and the other in Ireland. The sailors and engineers had done their work; it only remained to be seen whether the electricians were right in attempting so long a circuit as 2100 miles in one stride; and alas! whilst the cable was running out from the ships, the instruments which were testing it were already indicating a deficiency of electrical current, and only too plainly warned them that that telegraphic cable would soon be an inert mass at the bottom of the sea. From the 5th August to the 1st September, spasmodic telegraphic signals were occasionally passed to and fro, just enough to say that it had been

* *Encyclopædia Britannica*, 8th edition.

done; but at the end of that time all hope was at an end, and a cable worth £365,000 sterling was lost. Nothing could be more liberal than the support given to this company (The Atlantic Telegraph) by the Governments of Great Britain and America. No doubt the influential personages who had become shareholders and participators in the undertaking, would have at all times secured official sympathy; yet, apart from all personal interest, every one in the two countries felt that it was a matter of the most vital importance to connect brethren separated by an ocean of water; and that not only our own commercial, political, and social interests called for every effort to be made in furtherance of such an object, but that the interests of humanity and the happiness of all mankind were involved in this connection of the Protestant freemen of the Old and New World; and they were right. All honour to those who promoted that enterprise from such motives! and never has half a million been spent to better purpose, or in a nobler cause.

The questions which the laying down of that cable has solved are endless in number, and they afford us certain data upon which to calculate future undertakings. Neither the depth nor breadth of an ocean offers any insurmountable difficulty in placing telegraphic cables; the nautical obstacles have resolved themselves into mere ordinary risks, since the stormiest region in the world has thus been spanned in a week. On the other hand, there was much for electricians and telegraphists to ponder over, and it does appear to us as if they had not sufficiently heeded the warning voices of those

who in America as well as in England had confidently stated, as practical men working electric telegraphs on shore, that it would be impossible to send such a current through one circuit of 2000 miles, so as to make it in any respect commercially remunerative or practically useful;* and we think that, having ascertained the depth of the Atlantic—ascertained that its waters might easily be sounded—the public should have been patient, urged upon the Governments of Britain and America thorough surveys of the North Atlantic from 65° N. to the tropic, and then looked to those stepping-stones which a beneficent Providence has placed across it in Madeira and the Azores on the south, and Iceland and Greenland on the north. However, one thing is certain; the Atlantic Telegraph Company had the hearty support of the public, and no one has upbraided them even for precipitancy or rashness; and we trust they will bear that in mind when others step forward to solve the problem.

The check given to enterprise in oceanic telegraphy by the failure of 1858, was still further confirmed by the ill-success attending the efforts made in 1859 to connect India with Alexandria by what is known as the Red Sea Telegraph. The public looked to the result rather than to the causes; they found so much capital sunk; and although a certain interest was guaranteed by the Government, still the enterprise was a failure in a commercial point of view, and capitalists buttoned up their pockets, determined to eye with more than ordinary suspicion further projects of a like character. But the fact was, that these failures to pass

* Amongst other opinions bearing upon this point, we find one in *Shaffner's Telegraph Companion*, in which that able practical telegraphist says: "It is a settled fact that a galvanic current is arrested in its transit through a long submarine or subterranean wire; this is now called retardation. I will not say that a galvanic or magnetic electrical current can never be sent from Newfoundland to Ireland; but I do say that, with the present discoveries of science, I do not believe it practicable for telegraphic service." This was written in February 1855; and a comparison of that statement with the able reports of Mr. Varley and Mr. Henley in 1858 upon the lost cable will be found curious and instructive.

electrical currents across ocean depths arose from a simple mechanical deficiency, which had been overlooked in consequence of electricians and engineers having exercised all their skill and ingenuity to meet other supposed obstacles, which indeed, upon being grappled with, resolved themselves into mere bugbears. They, in short, paid less heed to the perfect insulation of their conducting wires than they should have done, and, like our seamen in their early attempts to sound the ocean, they made their lines too strong and too heavy, in anticipation of finding great difficulty in running them out from their ships. The copper wire conductors were covered with gutta-percha, and the whole overlaid with iron or steel wire wrappings. This doubtless gave considerable strength to the cables, and justified the engineers employed in laying them down in applying considerable power in the shape of "brakes," so as to prevent it running out too freely from the vessels, and to economise a material, every mile of which was a man's fortune. The consequence was, that the cables, by no means perfect in their insulation in the first place, became strained rather than ruptured, and the moment there was a fissure or outlet formed, however minute, for the escape of the electrical current through the gutta-percha, a rapid action set up between the iron on the surface and the copper within. The mere contact or close proximity of iron and copper in sea-water has been long known to create active galvanic action; what must it be when that action was stimulated by such a perfect Leyden jar as a telegraphic cable? That such an action did take place, that the damage was progressive, though rapid, we have ample testimony in the fact, that both across the Atlantic and down the Red Sea electrical currents were sent for a short period, and that in a subsequent examination of portions of the latter cable, holes have been found in the gutta-

percha of considerable size, supposed to have originally been minute flaws enlarged by the escape through them of the electrical currents forced along the copper wires from the various stations. We think the supposed strength given by the exterior coating of iron led to the fatal error of attempting to lay down these cables with considerable strain and tension, and induced companies or individuals to economise material by the application of brakes, when the line ought to have been allowed to run very freely from vessels of great power and speed; and, moreover, we think our naval surveyors on both sides of the Atlantic, and especially the great American authority, Captain Maury, have jumped too hastily to a conclusion, which appears to have been accepted by our telegraph companies, that the bottom of the sea is so much more level than the rest of the crust of our earth, and have treated these cables as if they were always running down upon plateaus, instead of their spanning submarine valleys, ridges, dykes, and ravines, such as we meet everywhere upon the earth we inhabit. To try and convey an idea of what has been done, and what we mean, let us suppose that, upon the exterior surface of the atmosphere of our globe, there were certain people who dwelt in aerial ships or balloons, and that, desirous of knowing what was beneath their keels, they dropped down fine lines with heavy weights attached, and succeeded, spite of currents of air, winds, and suchlike, in striking the earth in about eight places between Edinburgh and the Land's End, thereby measuring the depth of the superincumbent element, but never getting a vertical measurement nearer than within perhaps half a mile,—about the height of our Derbyshire hills. How unlikely that the plummet would light exactly upon the summit of Snowdon, or the culminating peak of the Yorkshire hills, or strike the centre of the bed of the

Thames or the Bedford level, to detect in a measurement whose constant error was so very great, that there were variations in depths of 160 fathoms between the Devonian and Cumbrian hills—that there was a break in the Pennine range through which our Liverpool and Leeds canal is conducted; or that the plummet, striking in the valley of the Severn, would indicate any perceptible difference between the depth of air above Worcestershire, and that over the Lincolnshire fens. How we, who are really in the secret of the inequalities of the British empire, would smile if we heard those aerial navigators, theorising upon their few soundings, and roundly asserting that we were a mere mound or shoal rising from the greater depths of the Atlantic about Cornwall, preserving a uniform surface for the curve of five hundred miles over which they had sounded. Fancy what valleys, hollows, rivers, ridges, and hills, their telegraphic cable would have to span, if those individuals tried to run one from that same Land's End through Cornwall, Devon, Somerset, Gloucester, Warwick, Leicester, Nottingham, York, Northumberland, and across the Cheviots to Arthur's Seat! How the engineers would put on the brakes, when to their horror, they found the ten per cent of stray line running out too fast! How the aerial ship would press on to insure carrying the end from one terminus to the other! and the consequence would be, that instead of the cable finding its place fairly along the surface of England, resting everywhere, it would span many an inequality, hang cutting and fretting over many a cliff, and only require a few short days to strain and give way. Now, this is just what has occurred, we believe, with most of our oceanic telegraphic lines; and it appears to us that in future attempts the following conditions should be carefully borne in mind: That the principal strength of the cable should lie in the conductors; that the per-

fect insulation of the conductors be insured at the highest known temperature of the sea, and that the lines be made only sufficiently heavy to sink, or, if necessary, that weights be connected to such lines, upon the same principle as the sounding apparatus is fitted; lastly, that abundant scope in length be allowed, to insure the line covering all the inequalities of the bottom. Either this light line should be thrown across the Atlantic in the first place, to be followed annually by others, until we have sufficient for all telegraphic purposes; or else we must go to the other extreme, and construct something as strong as copper, india-rubber, gutta-percha, and hemp or iron can be manufactured into, and then, by main strength and stupidity, try to drag it across the Atlantic in spite of its submarine cliffs, hills, and ravines. For our part, we think the light line the simplest, the most economical, and the least likely to fail in the present condition of our knowledge of the Atlantic Ocean.

Just as these conclusions, derived from the bitter school of experience, are arrived at, an appeal is made to our faith; and we are asked to test them under conditions which appear in every way fair and promising. The new proposition consists in an endeavour to establish Transatlantic telegraphic communication by a series of short stages instead of the long route of 2100 miles which was first attempted; or, in other terms, instead of carrying a cable from Ireland to America in one length, to divide it into four parts, to go first to the Faroe Isles, then to Iceland, then to Greenland, and lastly to America—an ingenious mode of evading many of the difficulties and risk of Transatlantic telegraphy, for which we are mainly indebted to an intelligent American gentleman, Colonel T. P. Shaffner.

The early history of this project deserves some notice, and serves to show how much pertinacity, founded upon strong convictions,

combined with great energy, can achieve. We do not know that Colonel Shaffner claims this north-about route as the original discoverer of the idea ; but, at any rate, it is very certain that he was one of the first to think of the possibility of such a line for Transatlantic telegraphy, and to urge it upon the attention of his countrymen. His career appears to partake of the usual checkered features common to men of note in the United States ; and it need not startle us, who see Mr. Lincoln about to ascend the presidential throne at Washington, after having in his day toiled as a simple labouring man, when Colonel Shaffner comes to us, and says, "I will show you how to span the Atlantic with telegraphic cables that shall do their work," and does not deny that, in his youth, he worked in the wilderness of the far west, and as faithfully did his duty with strong hand and arm in conquering the forest to civilisation, as he is now willing to devote head and will to connect, with electric sympathies, the brethren of the Old and New World, in spite of Atlantic waters. From those backwoods he came eastward, educated himself, qualified for the bar, as many Americans do, and, early entering the field a candidate for literary fame, figures in 1844 as Secretary of the Kentucky Historical Society, and of the Home and Foreign Methodist Mission. About this time he became enamoured of telegraphy, and having mastered the subject, appears suddenly as the pioneer of electric telegraph in those western States where he had laboured in his youth ; and it is enough to say, that under his energetic guidance the telegraphic wire soon connected Missouri with Kentucky and Tennessee on the east, and New Orleans on the south. By 1850 his name stood high as one of the first telegraphic engineers of the United States ; and it must be remembered that the science of telegraphy is far more advanced in a practical

point of view amongst our American cousins than on this side of the Atlantic, and that many of the difficulties which are to the present day looked upon with alarm by European telegraphists — such as electrical storms, aurora borealis, sleet and snow-storms, hostilities of savages and destruction of property — have ever had to be encountered in America. And it was in mastering such difficulties that our American engineer won his spurs. Yet the field was not sufficient for the genius of the man ; and he tells the English committee appointed to inquire into his project, that as early as 1849 he pondered upon the best means of spanning the waste of water which separates his country from Europe. It was natural that he who had struggled through the wild prairie-lands reaching from the Mississippi away to the confines of civilisation — who saw nothing insurmountable in the obstacles raised by nature or red Indians to the establishment of telegraphy in one direction — should have lightly estimated the barriers which were to prevent his carrying a telegraphic wire from America to Europe. He had not then, perhaps, had the bitter experience of doing battle with British Bumbledom, vested interests, and prejudices. He might have held cheap the difficulties of running a wire across a rolling prairie, swept by snow-storm, or traversed only by savages ; he might have smiled at being told to cut his way through the virgin forests of Kansas ; but we dare say he would rather now undertake either, so far as mental and physical labour is concerned, than pledge himself by reason or argument to convince civilised men against their will and interests, that the icebergs and auroras of the north have not any especial mission to disturb a telegraphic wire laid down upon the route he proposes. We can easily fancy what an uphill task his has been ; and the history of his struggles against disappointment, misconstruction, and injustice

would be curious, instructive, and cheering to those of our day, who, with faith in the promptings of their own genius and reason, do battle on behalf of human progress with the hard vain world's supposed knowledge. This, however, we do know, that no sooner did Lieut. Berryman and Lee, of the United States navy, carry a line of assured soundings into and across the Atlantic valley, than Col. Shaffner quits the scene of his labours in the valley of the Mississippi, and proceeds to Copenhagen, to interest the Danish king in the employment of his northern colonies as stepping-stones for Transatlantic telegraphy. He does not appear to have had any difficulty in convincing the Scandinavians of the feasibility of his plans; and they who had most practical experience of the character of those polar seas—as the waters around Iceland are sometimes improperly styled—saw nothing rash or unreasonable in Colonel Shaffner's project. Whilst, therefore, England and the United States were making preparations for their great headlong effort upon the direct line, Frederick VII., "by the grace of God, King of Denmark, of the Vandals and the Goths," granted, on the 16th August 1854, the following concession to the American engineer, with the right to transfer the said concession to any individual or company. The concession runs as follows:—That Colonel Shaffner was to construct a line from America to Copenhagen, through the Danish territories of Greenland, Iceland, and the Faroes: that land should be made over to him on those territories for the purposes required, such as telegraphic stations, &c., upon certain conditions: that Colonel Shaffner was to complete the line in ten years, or expend at least £10,000 sterling upon it within three years, under a penalty of either forfeiting the concession, or paying a fine equal to the said sum. The Danish Government secured to itself certain petty advantages con-

nected with the transmission of messages to or from Copenhagen through Europe, and stipulated for the free transmission of three hundred words per month by the North Atlantic telegraph; and as a set-off, secured the concession to the American, or his representatives, for one hundred years, giving him the preference, at the expiration of that period, of a renewal of the grant against all other competitors. Colonel Shaffner was guaranteed the exclusive privilege of using the said route for Transatlantic telegraph, and Frederick VII. pledged himself, that when the communication was effected, the cable should be used for the transmission of despatches (provided not dangerous to the Danish State or the common weal) to and from all nations impartially and unhindered, and that he would bestow all care, vigilance, and means to insure the free use of the said telegraphic line. Finally, by article eleven of the royal grant, it was conceded, "That whenever it shall be deemed necessary or desirable to carry the said telegraph line in another direction than the one originally stipulated for, or that the same shall branch out in such a way that Copenhagen will not longer remain the only ending point of the said telegraph line, the said Colonel T. P. Shaffner may then expect the permission if he shall agree with the Danish Government about the way, means, and time for the completion and execution of such a proposition." The Russian war, and the sanguine feelings awakened in Great Britain touching the perfect practicability of the direct telegraph route from Ireland to Newfoundland, prevented the gallant colonel's plan receiving the support it deserved; he appears, however, to have found a few friends who gave him some encouragement; and, at any rate, firmly convinced of the soundness of his views—that the retardation of the electric force, upon the long and direct route, would eventually prove the necessity for shorter circuits, and cause the adoption by

Great Britain of the route he had secured—he confidently and patiently awaited the issue, and in the mean time proceeded to advocate his scheme, and seek the support of European powers, such as Norway, Sweden, Russia, and France.

The Czar Nicholas inquired into the plans of Colonel Shaffner, and expressed in forcible language his admiration for the boldness and originality of the scheme, and asserted his faith in its perfect practicability. At war with Western Europe, it was hardly to be expected that the Russian potentate would be able to do more than offer kindly encouragement, and a promise to concede certain rights in connecting the telegraph cable with St. Petersburg. Further than this, the Czar promised that none but Colonel Shaffner's representatives should have the concession of telegraphic cables through Siberia to America and the United States; for he acknowledged that such a route could never be commercially remunerative, and that if it was sought by others, it was merely with a view to frighten capitalists off the real route to America.* The Czar decided upon using the telegraph within his dominions as a strictly government undertaking, and the scheme of a commercial telegraph round the world must necessarily be postponed. The concession of exclusive rights and privileges by the court of Sweden and Norway was acquired in 1855; but Colonel Shaffner, although he received every consideration and encouragement at the hands of the Emperor of the French, found the attention of the ruler and people of that nation too much engrossed in the war with Russia to enter heartily into the question of Transatlantic telegraphs; although there is now every reason to believe that France is most anxious to promote such an

undertaking. We will not pause to relate how misconception and slander naturally dogged the steps of the enterprising American—it was even said that his interviews with the Czar Nicholas were for the purpose of submitting a plan for blowing up the Allied fleets with infernal machines!—in short, nothing was too bad for such an enthusiast. Stranger still, it appears from official documents before us, that he had to fight hard to prevent other disinterested individuals from knocking his grant upon the head, and undertaking the project themselves. And amongst the Washington State Papers we find in a long and able memorial laid before Congress May 1858, convincing proof of his having almost foretold the failure of the direct line then about to be laid down and a strong protest against the treatment he had received.

Hardly had the direct telegraphic line across the Atlantic failed, when Colonel Shaffner commenced to take another important step in the execution of his project,—that of personally exploring the intended route by Greenland and Iceland. Hitherto he had been arguing from the data furnished by travellers and seamen whose observations were not, of course, immediately directed to the object he had in view. He saw good grounds for his opinions; he felt convinced that he was right in looking upon the ice of Labrador and Greenland as having nothing more to do with the safety of a cable laid upon the bed of the sea in latitude 60° N., than the heavy westerly seas of 45° N. had with the repose of the lost cable between Valentia and Newfoundland; he could see no reason why the region of volcanic activity about South Iceland should or could not be avoided; he did not know any good reason why the aurora borealis, or other electrical condi-

* The distance for a telegraphic message to travel from St. Petersburg *via* the Amour, Aleutian Isles, Sitka and San Francisco, to New York, would be about fifteen thousand miles; whereas, by the Transatlantic route, it would be only four thousand five hundred miles.

tion of the atmosphere on the route he proposed, should be so much more troublesome to telegraphy than in similar latitudes of Norway, Sweden, Russia or America. He could find no good grounds for the assertion that Providence had created an especial submarine telegraphic plateau in favor of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, and placed irregular soundings, profound depths, and strong currents, as well as all the before-mentioned obstacles, in the way of any other company which should attempt to cross that valley of water. Yet Colonel Shaffner, whenever he advocated his new project, had been met by all these and many more equally plausible objections. There was but one way of meeting them,—that was, to go himself and examine and test the bugbears. But what was a single-handed individual to do? Who would help a Kentucky engineer to solve these questions? Who would give him a ship, sailors, and means?

Men shook their heads, and smiled: he was a rash adventurer. He might have replied, and Americans might have remembered, that Columbus was nothing more. But they did not, and left their countryman to work out his object almost single-handed. At the sacrifice of all his private property and such funds as his credit could raise, he chartered a small sailing bark of 197 tons, embarked his wife and all his household gods; and, in spite of the sad forebodings of his friends, as well as the sneers of high authorities, put forth from Boston, on the 29th of August 1859, to sail over that supposed ice-infested track, beneath which he hoped one day to see the electric current flashing intelligence between Europe and his native country.

After an interesting and successful voyage, the earnest American reached London in November 1859, and having communicated his intelligence to several friends, funds were found to secure an undertaking which his cursory survey fully proved to possess such remark-

able advantages. Colonel Shaffner is next heard of at Copenhagen, where, on the 20th December 1859, he, in a letter to the Minister of Finance, states that, although he had already spent more than the £11,000 stipulated in the concession within the three first years, nevertheless, rather than raise any doubt of his good faith, or the sincerity of his convictions as to the eventual establishment of a North Atlantic telegraph, that he would, if time were given him until 20th March 1860, pay down a further sum of 100,000 Danish dollars. To this proposal the Danish government agreed, and subsequently, with great liberality, on the 16th February 1860, pledged itself that if, upon further survey, "the enterprise, on account of physical difficulties, be found impracticable," the said 100,000 dollars should be refunded; and a year was given in order that a careful survey might be made for the purpose of testing the practicability of the route, and to see whether the volcanoes, ice-fields, auroras, and the nature of the bottom of the North Atlantic, were really the insurmountable obstacles that some people declared them to be.

It will be remembered that, when the concession for the North Atlantic telegraph route was first obtained from Denmark, Shaffner's principal idea was to connect all Europe, as well as England, with America; and when the Atlantic Telegraph Company (*direct*) entered the field, he naturally had to look to Europe alone as his clients. But when that company had failed to supply the British mercantile interest with the means of communication, it was natural that Colonel Shaffner and his associates should appeal to the public of the United Kingdom for their support; and they therefore proposed, instead of carrying the cable from the Faroes to Norway, and thence to Denmark, that they should take it through Scotland so as to give us the advantage of the telegraph without sending all our communications to Copen-

hagen. On the 16th February 1860, Colonel Shaffner applied to the Danish Ministry for the right of so diverting his line when established, and in an official Danish letter from the Minister of Finance we read as follows: That, on the payment of the 100,000 dollars caution-money, he undertakes to move his Majesty the King of Denmark to modify the royal grant to this extent, "that instead of the telegraph line being conducted from the Faroes directly over Norway and Sweden to Copenhagen, it will be permitted to Colonel Shaffner, or his company, to conduct a line from the Faroes to Scotland, Shetlands, or Orkneys, on condition that the said line continues on to Jutland in Denmark." But to this very rational improvement in the original concession, the Danish Minister of Finance has tacked on a postscript which exhibits too much of the cloven hoof of monopoly. It runs as follows:—"The line from the Faroe Isles to Scotland to be only used for correspondence between North America on the one side, and Great Britain and Ireland on the other side; consequently, not for the correspondence between North America and the continent of Europe, that correspondence being exclusively reserved to the line conducted to Denmark!"

Now the honest Danes have exhibited a great deal too much liberality in the other terms of the concession for us to suppose that they really are in earnest in a desire to monopolise, for the benefit of certain Danish telegraphic lines, all the messages sent *via* Scotland, for every part of Europe; or that all European messages for America must

travel through Denmark. It is simple nonsense to suppose that such an arrangement would be heeded by the public, supposing the telegraph was really at work; and the sooner, therefore, the Danish Minister of Finance erases that clause the better. It will redound to his credit, prove the disinterestedness of the Court of Copenhagen, and remove a mare's nest out of the way of obstructionists, who are ever ready to magnify a simple desire to benefit native enterprise into some deep-laid political scheme on the part of that worthy monarch Frederick VII., King of the Goths and Vandals.

In the winter of 1859 our American seems to have addressed himself to by no means the smallest of the obstacles which lay between him and the realisation of his long aspiration;* and this was to persuade the British public that the groove they had been led into in supporting the direct route was an error, in the present condition of our knowledge touching electricity and telegraphic wires.

Hi, diddle-diddle! what a tempest there was immediately. Here was a Yankee backwoodsman, a colonel forsooth, come to teach us how to convey the electric telegraph across the Atlantic! Trip him up, whispered Vested Interests. Pile up volcanoes, icebergs, and ice-fields, on his proposed route, muttered Prejudice. He is going upon a polar expedition with a telegraphic wire, and about to hand us over, body and soul, to the mercy of Europe, exclaimed Ignorance. Fancy the foolish man contemplating the possibility of maintaining electric telegraphs amongst those wild Icelanders,† those dreadful Esquimaux,

* As a practical nation, we like to see a man put his purse as well as his labour into an enterprise, as a proof of sincerity. We have seen an official notarial certificate, showing that Colonel Shaffner has sunk no less than 106,281 dollars in promoting the North-about Telegraph; and this exclusive of the 100,000 dollars fine, paid in 1860.

† In the examination of Colonel Shaffner by an especial committee appointed by our Ministry in March 1860, the question was actually put, whether the Icelanders were really civilised; and this of a people whose literature dates back centuries before our own!

and Hecla, and Geyser, and all those horrors poor Dr. Kane told us of in his charming book, shrieked the Dame Partingtons. All this, and much more, was said; but in spite of all, the project worked its way quietly into public attention, and Colonel Shaffner had more than one opportunity given him of making known the results of his explorations during the autumn in 1859. He told how, detained by private opposition and public indifference in America, he had with difficulty sailed from Boston, in the tiny bark *Wiman*, in the month of August, to visit Labrador, Greenland, and Iceland, at perhaps the most tempestuous season of the year; how wise men shook their heads, and foretold a sad fate for him and his companions amongst the icebergs and floes which they all knew would lie in the track of the gallant adventurers. He showed how he reached Hamilton's Inlet on the coast of Labrador, and ascertained that it was well fitted as the spot for establishing the American terminus of his cable; that the discharge of water from the region drained by this inlet sent such a current to seaward, that the natives and fishermen dwelling at its entrance had never seen icebergs enter the inlet, or ground across its entrance. Crossing from this place to Greenland, he found that the deepest water was about 2090 fathoms, and although icebergs were frequently seen, no field-ice whatever was met between Hamilton's Inlet and Julianashaab, a Danish settlement on the west coast of Greenland, and not very distant from Cape Farewell: this, it must be remembered, was in the end of September. The exploration of Greenland in the neighbourhood of Cape Farewell was equally satisfactory, and in the month of October there was no field-ice seen on the east side of Greenland up as high as lat. 61° N. The soundings across to Iceland indicated that on this, the longest sea-stretch upon the route, the depth of the sea would be less than on the Labrador length, the soundings being only 1500 fathoms in the deepest place; and, better still, the arctic or Spitzbergen, current, which was supposed to run so strong down between Iceland and Greenland, was hardly perceptible, and that only to a small depth from the surface. Between Iceland and Scotland there were really no physical difficulties whatever. The volcanic activity was confined to the southern shores; and the Icelanders assured Colonel Shaffner that the cable could be carried northward of all such disturbances—the landing on either side of the island could be so arranged as to be secure from ice action, during summer and winter: indeed, the natives asserted, upon the testimony of the oldest inhabitant—an authority usually considered conclusive by our countrymen—that the sea never became frozen along the southern shores of Iceland, and that the south-east coast was only occasionally visited by drift-ice during a long prevalence of northerly gales. So far as the Faroes were concerned, the only apparent difficulty lay in the strength of the Gulf Stream; but the small maximum depth of water, never exceeding 800 fathoms on the other side of those islands, rendered that obstacle very insignificant. Such was his report upon the physical difficulties involved in the route proposed. Of course, it was considered an *ex parte* statement, and there was but one way of resolving the doubts which still held their ground in the minds of those people who are haunted by the hobgoblin stories of arctic navigators, and who persist in confounding the state of the seas in lat. 74° N. with those of 60° N. Arctic authorities were appealed to: they had none of them, in their wanderings in those regions, ever taken the question of ice-action upon telegraphic cables into consideration, for the very good reason that the question had not then arisen. They ranged themselves into two parties; one maintain-

ing that icebergs would certainly pick up any cable placed in their path; and that the ice-fields, although they do spare shells, weeds, and corallines, would infallibly bear especial malice to the poor telegraphic wires, even if they were laid in deep coves, or between hard reefs of rock. Another strong arctic party held exactly opposite opinions, and readily endorsed the ingenious suggestion of the American telegraphic engineer—that to insure safety to a cable or wire in ice-infected regions, there was one sovereign rule, just to lay it down in the deepest water-channel that could be found, because the shallows on either side must infallibly stop all ice, cause it to ground, and hold it fast until its thickness was so reduced that it must float off and over that shallow; and, as a natural consequence, when that ice ceased to touch the ground in a shallow place, it must float harmlessly over the deep spots in which lay a cable half an inch thick. However, it was the old story of the Franklin expedition over again; and we might have been pottering over the question until to-day, but that, on the 15th May last, the Premier was induced to grant an audience to an influential deputation, headed by the Right Hon. Milner Gibson and four other members of the lower House, to solicit the assistance of our Government in making the necessary official survey of the proposed north-about route. To the honour of Lord Palmerston be it said, that he appeared fully to appreciate the practicability of the route, as well as the telegraphic advantages in a commercial point of view; and the Admiralty were soon directed to send the necessary expedition for the formal official survey of the route. The Royal Geographical Society at the same time lent its aid, under the able direction of the Presidents, Earl de Grey and Sir Roderick Murchison, and the Secretary, Dr. Norton Shaw. Public sympathy and interest were fairly enlisted; and although a dog-in-the-manger attempt was made by par-

ties interested in the old direct route to throw impediments in the way, it utterly failed, because all men who looked alone to the solution of the difficulty of how the Atlantic was to be spanned by a telegraphic cable, felt that those connected with the Direct Atlantic Cable would be much better employed in carrying out what they declared to be a practical scheme, than in merely snarling at others who were labouring for the common weal. To give an instance of this ill-conditioned spirit, and to show what opposition was thrown in the way of the north-about route, we need only quote one case. It appears that as early as 15th April 1854, the New York, Newfoundland, and Telegraph Company secured, and subsequently passed over to the Direct Atlantic Telegraph Company, the sole and exclusive right, for fifty years, to work telegraphs on all the shores of Newfoundland, its dependencies, and *all the coast of Labrador and adjacent isles*; and this they held under the sign-manual of T. Kent, Colonial Secretary for Newfoundland. Now was the time to use it. They declared that the north-about route was a fallacy, that no cable could stand if laid on the bottom anywhere north of their pet corner, Trinity Bay; yet—and it makes one's blood boil with indignation as we write it—they proclaimed the above exclusive right as an impediment to the establishment of direct communication between Britain and her noble colony of the Canadas by the route proposed by Shaffner. A fig for their objection! but the animus, the inconsistency, and disingenuous selfishness of those who would use such a right, if they had it in their power, to stop a great enterprise of national importance, is not the less deplorable; and it is our duty to denounce emphatically such a course of opposition.

The Admiralty selected, for the duty of surveying and reporting upon the proposed north-about

route, Captain Sir Leopold M'Clintock, LL.D., an officer whose recent long experience of ten years in the navigation of the arctic seas rendered him singularly fitted to command such an expedition. He was not merely an excellent sailor and cool leader under all the trials of ice-work, but he was likewise a highly scientific officer, and known for his researches in the natural history and geology of the arctic zone. Sir Leopold M'Clintock was given a paddle-wheel corvette, and supplied with all the necessary sounding-gear, and every assistance that the Hydrographic Department of the Admiralty thought likely to be necessary. On the part of the public, the Fox, formerly employed in the successful search for the remains of the Franklin Expedition, was purchased by Mr. Croskey, and the services of Captain Allen Young, an officer of our mercantile marine who was well known for distinguished labours under M'Clintock in 1857, 1858, 1859, were secured. Dr. Rae, a gentleman whose name is now a household word as an intrepid arctic explorer, likewise volunteered to join the Fox, and take charge of the overland explorations in Iceland and Greenland. Whilst Col. Shaffner, on behalf of the projected company, and two delegates on the part of the Danish Government, Lieutenant Th. Von Zeilau, and Arulgotr Olafsson, a member of the Icelandic Diet, were likewise sent to report upon the route. Last, but not least, under Captain Allen Young, our Admiralty lent an excellent and zealous surveyor, Mr. J. E. Davis, Master, Royal Navy. In short, nothing was spared to render these two expeditions perfect, and to insure that their result should be decisive. Captain Sir L. M'Clintock sailed on July 1st, and Captain Allen Young on July 18th, 1859. They both returned in November, sadly battered by the tempests of the past autumn, but in all other respects safe and sound, to report, as we will show in detail, that they

considered the Transatlantic Telegraph Route *via* Greenland and Iceland perfectly practicable!

Sir Leopold M'Clintock undertook the sounding of the deep sea throughout the route, and a partial investigation of the coast of Labrador about Hamilton Inlet. Between the Shetlands and Faroes, where the chart led him to expect to find 680 fathoms water, there was only 254 fathoms. From the Faroes he steered for Ingolfs-Holde, an inlet on the south east coast of Iceland; "the depth was generally less than 300 fathoms;" near Ingolfs-Holde the bottom was irregular, and he, as well as Captain Young, obtained one cast of the lead in 680 fathoms, from which we infer that that will be found the greatest depth between Iceland and the Shetlands. Starting then from Faxe Bay, on the opposite side of Iceland, where Sir Leopold was assured "*no drift-ice ever enters,*" and where the sea "*never freezes over,*" and consequently a place where the cable would lie as secure as in Valentia Bay, he directed his steps towards Greenland in about 61° North lat. Beautiful weather enabled soundings to within 25 miles of Cape Valloe to be accurately obtained. They were remarkably regular; the depth increased steadily from Iceland towards mid-channel, where the maximum was 1592 fathoms; but on the Greenland side they passed suddenly, in 3½ miles, from 886 to 228 fathoms, a submarine accent very similar in character to the one discovered west of the coast of Ireland. The coast of Greenland between 61° and 60° was found to be infested with drift-ice, brought there by violent storms which raged with unmitigated fury from the 19th July to the 18th Aug., and prevented even soundings being obtained from the Bulldog. This weather, however, like that which has prevailed in our seas during the past year, was quite exceptional; and on reaching Goodhaab, a Danish settlement in 64° North, they were informed that the Spitzbergen

stream-ice was this year unusually heavy, but their fiord *never freezes over*, and that it was usually free of drift-ice from December to July, when the Spitzbergen ice floats up with the current and impedes navigation for about a month. The Bulldog had, in fact, arrived just as that stream set in; and, in proof of this, the Danish store-ship had visited Goodhaab in May without being troubled with ice; and the Fox subsequently visited this same coast, as we will show, and found the Spitzbergen pack dispersed, as the inhabitants of Goodhaab had assured Captain M'Clintock it would do. Passing from Greenland to Hamilton Inlet, Sir Leopold confirmed Colonel Shaffner's statement, that the deepest water would not be found to exceed 2030 fathoms, and that the bottom was regular, and of soft substance. Mr. Reed and the naval surveyors satisfied themselves that the inlet ran fully 114 miles into the interior; and the people frequenting the inlet reported that icebergs "rarely drift into the mouth of the inlet, and only during easterly gales of long continuance, and that no icebergs ever come inside the Hern Islands," a group of islets at the entrance of this arm of the sea. Outside of Hamilton Inlet Sir Leopold's labours convinced him that there is a continuation of the great Newfoundland Bank, with a breadth easterly of 110 miles; but about 60 miles to the north it terminated, and the depth of the sea showed a channel of 950 fathoms water, whereas on the Bank there was only from 100 to 200 fathoms. Local information, in short, as well as his own observation, all tended to show that off Cape Webeck, a point 35 miles north of the inlet, the deepest water would be found, and that northward of that again the coast was reported to be rocky and comparatively shoal. Leaving the Labrador shore on September 17th, the Bulldog retraced her steps towards Greenland, confirming her soundings on the way. The ice still engirdled Julianshaab; the Danish residents de-

clared that for thirty-one years they had not seen such a season; and they assured Sir Leopold that in a fiord close to Cape Farewell, called Tessermint, a great depth of water would be found; that icebergs never entered it, and that it was the most likely place wherein to land a telegraphic cable. Furious storms now set in, and the Bulldog, after some narrow escapes in a cyclone, arrived at Killybegs in Ireland to make this report, for an inspection of which we are indebted to the kindness of Captain T. Washington, F.R.S., Hydrographer to the Admiralty. The researches of the Fox under her gallant company were equally interesting. Honoured by a private visit from our august Sovereign and H.R.H. the Prince Consort, the little Fox eventually got away from England on the 18th July, but owing to summer gales did not reach the Faroes until August 2d. The close survey of Thorshaven Bay in Stromoe Island led Captain Young to the conclusion that a place called Sandy-gerde Cove, about half a mile to the southward, would serve admirably for the shore-end of the cable from Scotland or the Shetlands. On the opposite side of Stromoe there was an equally promising spot for the shore-end of the Iceland length of cable; and Dr. Rae, Colonel Shaffner, and Lieutenant Von Zielau traversed the island of Stromoe, and concurred in the report of Dr. Rae, "that there would be no difficulty in carrying a telegraph wire over the route they passed;" whilst they found the delighted inhabitants of those secluded islands ready to give all aid in their power to the undertaking. This work satisfactorily achieved, Capt. Allen Young weighed for Iceland, the next stage of his labours, on August 5th; and, steering more to the northward than his colleague M'Clintock, reached Beru-Fiord on the 12th August. Whilst Young and his loyal assistant, Mr. Davis, were exploring this fiord for a good landing-place for the cable, Dr. Rae, Colonel Shaffner, and Lieutenant

Von Zeilau prepared for their extensive overland journey across Iceland, and eventually started on August 15th. The survey of Beru-Fiord led to the discovery of an excellent station called Geutavig, where a depth of 30 fathoms could be carried to within a quarter of a mile of the shore. Captain Young learned that *no icebergs had ever been seen on the coast*, and although some washed sea-ice occasionally drifts into the fiord, that the fiord itself never froze. The only known or apparent difficulty in the way of running a cable from Iceland to Faroes was in the prevalence of fogs and mists upon the *east* coast of Iceland during the summer months. To meet this difficulty Captain Allen Young very ingeniously suggests that it only requires the vessel charged with that duty to go in the first place to Beru-Fiord, place her Iceland end on shore, and go then toward Faroes; in short, go from the fog instead of towards it, by which the danger of a bad landfall will be perfectly evaded.

Sailing from East Iceland, the Fox made a cursory examination of the coast as far as Reikavik, and Captain Young saw good reason to condemn all the intermediate region as unfitted for landing a cable upon—an opinion in which Mr. Davis fully concurs. The examination of Faxa-Fiord led our explorers to agree with Sir Leopold M'Clintock in thinking it in every respect the best spot for the end of the Greenland cable; but time did not admit of a sufficiently close survey to set at rest all questions connected with the most eligible place in which to land it, except that, in a general sense, Maria Haven was the most sheltered bay visited; and so far as the much-talked-of field-ice was concerned, "none had been seen in that neighbourhood since the year 1683, and that merchant vessels came and went throughout the whole winter season!" On the

29th August the overland party arrived from Beru-Fiord. They had travelled the 450 miles in fourteen days, and in Dr. Rae's report he says, "Although we by no means followed the shortest route, or that best adapted for telegraphic purposes, no obstacles, so far as I could notice, presented themselves to the erection* of a telegraph wire." It appears they passed for the most part through a fine grassy country to the northward of the Yokuls or glaciers, for the most part inhabited, except where they traversed the culminating ridge, 2400 feet high, between two of the Yokuls. No volcanic action of recent date was observed along the northern coast, with the exception of Lake Myvatn, with its hot springs and sulphur-beds; but the cable need not be carried anywhere near them.

From Reikavik Captain Young sailed on the last day of August, intending to strike the coast of Greenland in about the same latitude; but, like Sir Leopold, he found that coast on the east side belted with drifting pack for some miles off shore. The soundings obtained confirmed those obtained from the Bulldog, and the bottom was generally fine mud. Rounding Cape Farewell after experiencing some very bad weather, the Fox reached and refitted in a port called Frederickshaab, and on the 20th October proceeded down the coast to Julianshaab, where, on the 22d October, from the summit of a hill 1000 feet high, *not a piece of drift-ice was to be seen on the sea*; and a vessel with a telegraphic cable on board might have put an end on shore and started for Iceland without the slightest hindrance from the "packed ice." A satisfactory survey of this beautiful fiord accomplished by Mr. Davis, and another of the interior by Mr. Rae and Colonel Shaffner, the gallant Fox steered homeward, for No-

* We believe it is proposed to insulate the wires, and bury them in a rough trough or trench scratched in the ground.

vember and winter had set in, and it was too late to go to Labrador. Captain Young's report is so far conclusive, and fully supported by the testimony of Dr. Rae, as well as the two Danish officials, Lieutenant Von Zeilau and Mr. Olafsson; and it is to the effect that from Greenland to Scotland there will be found no insurmountable physical difficulties whatever in the laying of a telegraphic cable, or the safety of such a cable, when once laid. The combined reports of all these persons, as well as Sir Leopold M'Clintock's, confirm in a remarkable degree the modest, truthful report brought to us in 1859 by Colonel Shaffner; and his original project has received at their hands but one modification—namely, that instead of landing the cable on the east side of Greenland, and carrying it overland to Julianshaab or Frederickshaab, they suggest that it will be better to carry it round Cape Farewell to the latter spot, and have one station instead of two in Greenland. We need dwell no longer upon the testimony of these able explorers, and it only remains to produce the final and concise opinion upon the subject given by Sir Leopold M'Clintock in a letter dated December 6, 1860, to Sir Charles Bright, the able engineer who superintended the laying down of the Atlantic telegraph cable in 1858:—

“PORTSMOUTH, 6th Dec. 1860.

“MY DEAR SIR CHARLES,—You are very welcome to my opinion respecting the North Atlantic telegraph route; it has been formed solely upon what I have recently seen, and upon the local information I have gleaned whilst employed in sounding and surveying along the projected route in command of H.M.S. Bulldog.

“As for the short lengths of cable between Scotland and Faroe, and from thence to the east shore of Iceland, no difficulties need be encountered; there are certain channels between the Faroe Isles where the tides are very strong, but there are also still-water creeks, and these, I presume, will be selected for landing the shore-ends.

“Like most of my countrymen, I was

profoundly ignorant of the climatic condition of Iceland before I went there; and being desirous of obtaining authentic information respecting the ice-movements in the adjacent seas, a scientific gentleman, to whom I had an introduction, kindly met my wishes by hunting up for me such facts as I have required from the celebrated *Icelandic Annals*, which date as far back as the ninth century. Briefly, then, the shores of Iceland are only visited by drift-ice about seven or eight times in each century, and it is only upon two or three of these occasions that the drift-ice is sufficiently extensive to reach the south side and surround the whole island. True icebergs are never seen; the heavy masses often so called are small enough to float freely in comparatively shallow water, so that a cable would remain undisturbed at the bottom, the shore-end being carried up a fiord.

“I trust you will adhere to the original intention of a land line across Iceland to Faxa Bay, as by so doing you will avoid the only part of the sea where submarine volcanic disturbance may be suspected. Faxa Bay never freezes over, and I find no record of ice-drift within it since 1683. Merchant vessels come and go throughout the winter.

“From here the cable to Greenland will proceed. During the spring of the year South Greenland is usually enveloped with drift-ice and icebergs, whilst in the autumn it is for the most part free; it is, however, liable to be more or less obstructed throughout the whole year; the present, for instance, has been an extremely bad one, probably the worst for thirty years, and yet the Bulldog (paddle steamer), the Fox (screw), and the Danish sailing-vessel have visited Julianshaab in September, October, and November.

“My humble opinion is, that in two years out of every three the ice will be too inconsiderable to obstruct the laying down of a cable during the autumnal months; whilst, in my official report to the Hydrographer of the Navy, I have expressed a confident opinion that the shore-end may be carried into a fiord, where it will be secure from icebergs or drift-ice.

“It only remains for me to notice Labrador: the landing-place for a shore-end there has yet to be sought for; the interior, I was told, would present no difficulty whatever for a land-line.

“The contour of the sea-bottom and

depth of the ocean throughout the route is decidedly favourable; and here let me inform you that my report is misquoted in *The Engineer* of Friday last, the writer stating that I mention the soundings in one part as being 'very irregular,' whereas I reported them as 'very regular.'

"You cannot have failed to derive much encouragement from the explorations of the Bulldog and Fox. There are difficulties, of course, in so great an undertaking, but they are not by any means insurmountable. To me it will always prove a source of real gratification to have been actively employed in the advancement of an object of such vast national importance.

"You must take my opinion for no more than it is worth; you are well aware of its chief merit—an entire absence of prejudice or bias of any kind.

"Should you desire it, I will be happy to explain to you in detail my grounds for every opinion, and authority for every fact which I have stated.—I am, dear Sir Charles, faithfully yours,

"(Signed) F. LEOPOLD M'CLINTOCK.

"To Sir CHARLES BRIGHT, &c., &c."

We do not intend to enter further into the question of how far or in what respect this route is superior to the direct Atlantic line, or the more southern route *via* the Azores. We wish well to them all, and only feel indignant when we see any one of them throwing obstacles in the way of the common object—telegraphic communication across the Atlantic Ocean. So far as distance

is concerned, there is nothing to choose between one and the other; and we deprecate one company toutting against the other upon the score of a saving of a few miles of cable. The secretary of the Atlantic direct line appealed not long since for especial public support, upon the ground that their messages would leap in one bound from Ireland to America. The bound was a very prolonged one, according to the official returns; but still that is the poetry of the undertaking. What the public require is certainty, and some prospect of the Atlantic telegraph companies being commercially remunerative; and upon both those points the north-about route offers many assurances. The coming season will, we trust, see some definite action upon the subject; England and the Canadas have an especial interest in the solution of the problem; and even should the *direct* and the *north-about* routes be attempted at the same time, we shall heartily wish success to both, confident that if both enterprises were carried out to-morrow, and both companies were prepared to forward messages between Europe and America as rapidly as the public would be glad to send them, at a moderate tariff, there would be work enough to insure the shareholders of both a fair dividend; and the competition would be most advantageous in securing us from the fleecing of a monopoly.

NORMAN SINCLAIR.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

PART XIII.

CHAPTER XLI.—THE PLOT THICKENS.

THE affair of the mysterious operations on the Stock Exchange seemed to have blown by without exciting any further notice. It was, indeed, alluded to in the House of Commons; but the innuendo was met by one of those vehement protestations of the absolute perfection of every part of the official machinery which it is so difficult to answer, unless the accuser is prepared with a specific charge and fortified by the strongest evidence.

"I take it upon myself, with the utmost confidence," said Sir George Smoothly, who appeared on this occasion, as the champion of red-tape, "to assert that at no former period, nor under any previous administration, was the public service performed with such singular purity as now. Not only is the work of the different departments intrusted to gentlemen of the highest honour, most upright character, and most approved fidelity; but such a system of checks has been devised, and is now in full operation, as, were I at liberty to explain their nature—which, however, cannot be done without impairing their efficiency—would set at rest his doubts and calm the apprehensions of even the most captious critic. Her Majesty's Ministers have no reason whatever to repress scrutiny or to shrink from investigation. Conscious of their own rectitude, and firmly believing in the integrity of their subordinates, they are ready to meet any distinct and articulate accusation; but they will not be so wanting in their duty to their Sovereign, their country, and themselves, as to attach the slightest importance to a vulgar rumour, which, like the vapours generated from corruption,

is at once phosphorescent and unclean!"

From this specimen it will be seen that Sir George was improving in oratory, being now able to handle a metaphor with impunity—whereas, a few months previously, he durst no more have attempted such a feat than have tried to pluck a lighted fuse from a bomb-shell. The explanation is that he was now in training for a seat in the Cabinet—a place of dignity which, according to his ideas, required the adoption of a loftier style of eloquence than was suitable for the use of a subordinate functionary. He carried his point, however, and no further discussion took place.

Calling one day on my friend Mr. Shearaway, I found him in sad tribulation.

"I am glad you have looked in, Norman," he said, "for, to tell you the truth, I was just going to seek you. Things are far worse than I supposed. That wretched creature, Jamie Littlewoo, has made a moonlight flitting."

"Do you mean to say he has quitted London?"

"Just so; and has left no more trace of his whereabouts than a trout does in the water. He has not even had the grace or common decency to resign his situation; for when I called yesterday at the office of the Board of Trade, they told me that he had been absent for more than a week without leave, and that he was as good as cashiered. Thinking that the misfortunate lad might possibly be ill, I posted off to his lodgings; but no sooner did the landlady hear whom I was asking for than she gripped hold of me, as ye may have seen a

cat stick its claws into a rotten, whirled me, *volens volens*, into the parlour, and then, setting her back to the door, asked what relation I might be to the base blackguard who had been devouring the widow's substance? It was long before I could pacify her so far as to get at the actual story; but when I heard it, I really could not but make some allowance for the woman's passion. It seems that for the last three months she never saw the colour of his money, though that was not for want of asking; but he aye put her off with one excuse or another, until one evening, about ten days ago, when she happened to be out, a black-looking fellow, who, she says, was never out of Jamie's room, and led him into all sorts of mischief, came to the door in a cab; and the two between them carried down his boxes, that were ready packed, and drove off without leaving any message. I asked if any letters addressed to him, had arrived since then. 'Letters!' cries she, pointing to a whole heap of them; 'there are letters enough, to be sure; but it's my opinion they are all of one sort—unpaid tradesmen's bills? And troth, Norman, I believe she was right; for they were very like the kind of documents that come dropping in about the end of the year, to the discomfiture of many an unthrifty household.'

"And you learned nothing more concerning him?"

"I heard a great deal, Norman, that I should be sorry to repeat. Drinking, dicing, and drabbing, have been the ruin of him; and if he had possessed the constitution of a Highland chairman, instead of being a shilpit creature at the best, he could not have stood it much longer. I was really sorry for the woman, who, bating that she was somewhat long in the tongue, which, however, is a fault not uncommon to her sex, seemed a decent kind of body; and I somewhat comforted her by the assurance that his father was a respectable gentleman, and would

doubtless in the long-run see that she incurred no loss. I have just finished a letter to my partner, in which I have told him exactly how the matter stands; and now I really am at a loss to know what further should be done."

"I think, Mr. Shearaway, it would be possible to trace him out, if you consider that advisable."

"It is not only advisable, Norman, but the right thing to do. Granting that he is a black-sheep—a fact which, I fear, will not brook denial—it behoves us to remember that we are all in some sort sheep that have gone astray; and that the very best of us, if left to ourselves, might wander blindfold to perdition. And I cannot help being wae for the poor thing that used to come to me for sweeties when he was a bairn, and hold up his wee mouth to be kissed: better if he had died then, young and innocent, than live to be a disgrace to his friends and a broken and worthless outcast! But it's no right to despair, Norman. While there's life there's hope; and if I could but learn his whereabouts, I would not rest until I had delivered the prodigal to the custody of his father."

"Well, Mr. Shearaway, I shall make inquiry without loss of time, and let you know the result. By the way, have you chanced to fall in with our old political candidate Mr. Sholto Linklater? He seems now acclimatised to London society."

"Ay—ye have not forgotten the old election splores? Those were fearsome times, Norman; and I thank God that there is little chance of our seeing the like again, at least in the present generation! But Sholto's not just an idiot, though he has made a narrow escape. The Whigs would have stretched a point for him, as they have done for many that are not half so honest—for, though I am mixed up with that party, I'll no deny that their abuse of patronage is a crying sin and scandal; but Sholto was a terrible bad hack, and, more than

that, he resisted. I have it on sure authority that, at a dinner given by one of the Whig grandees, Sholto, who had quietly sucked in two bottles of claret without uttering a word, suddenly enunciated his opinion 'that the Liberals were a pack of d—d scoundrels'—a sentiment, ye see, not just exactly suited to the occasion. They tried to muzzle him, but the malt had got aboon the meal. Sholto was not to be put down, and repeated the offensive phrase with the pertinacity of a parrot."

"As a matter of course, then, he would be set down in the black list?"

"Surely; for he had committed petty treason. But a handle to one's name is no bad thing in these speculative times. To be an honourable, or even a baronet, is worth an annuity; and Sholto has become valuable as a director of new banking companies, insurance offices, railway provisional committees, and suchlike, and pockets a guinea at the least for every meeting he attends. It's just wonderful how many ways there are in London of picking up a subsistence!"

"I am sure I wish him all manner of success. And now to inquire about poor Littlewoo."

Attie Faunce was the first person I applied to; but Attie could tell me nothing beyond the fact that Mr. Speedwell had not lately been visible at his accustomed haunts.

"I think it highly probable," said he, "that he has gone down to some of the north-country races. I happen to know that he does a good deal in the betting-ring, and even owns a horse or two, by which, through the connivance of the jocks and blacklegs with whom he is allied, he has carried off stakes of considerable value. If the young fellow in whom you are interested has money, Speedwell may be keeping him as a pigeon. If he is cleaned out, still he may be made useful in laying the odds, as it cannot much signify if he should prove a defaulter, whereas, if he

wins, the two divide the booty. I rather suspect that my old acquaintance Jack Fuller practised in that line of business."

"But how to find him out——"

"Nay, as to that I cannot advise you," said Attie. "And, to say the truth, I think it would be but a wildgoose chase. Depend upon it, Speedwell will find ways and means of keeping him out of your sight, if he has any interest in doing so; and you must judge for yourself whether, under any circumstances, it is likely that you could persuade the youth to abandon the Jew, and return to the paternal roof. When men have once broken out in so determined a manner they are not easily reclaimed. The only effectual way to convince a fool of his folly is to let him feel the consequences."

"As a general rule, Attie, I believe you are right; but this Littlewoo is such a very weak fellow, that if my friend Mr. Shearaway once got hold of him, I am convinced he would follow like a spaniel."

"And be lost again within six weeks, as sure as there are dog-stealers in Regent Street! There is one way, however, in which you might contrive it. Procure a writ against him for debt. I daresay his outraged landlady will accommodate you so far, and then fee an officer of the Hebrew persuasion to make the arrest—not one of the tribe but can form a shrewd notion of the locality which Mr. Speedwell is honouring with his presence."

"Not a bad idea! I shall certainly think it over."

"Do so. And now tell me—you who have the key to so many mysteries—what will be the probable effect of this astounding discovery which has thrown the City into an uproar?"

"What discovery, Attie? I have heard of none."

"Wretched and slothful feeder of the press!" said Faunce. "Is this the way you cater for the public appetite? Why, man, the news is running through the streets like

wildfire, striking terror into the souls of every caitiff who has committed dalliance with scrip, spreading dismay into bank parlours, and, for aught I know, carrying consternation to the Cabinet. There has been no such profound sensation since the detection of the Cato Street conspiracy."

"It must be very recent then, for I heard nothing about it this morning."

"Perhaps so; but in these rapid times the lapse of an hour is sufficient to rouse all London from Whitechapel to Kensington. Know, then, that the Stock Exchange is paralysed by the discovery that large quantities of forged railway scrip have been put into circulation."

"That news does not surprise me in the least degree, Attie; for, months ago, I advocated the propriety of making that kind of issue liable to stamp-duty, not more for the advantage of the revenue than for the safety of the public. But are the forgeries general or special?"

"So far as I can learn—for, to tell you the truth, I only heard of this within the last twenty minutes—the taint has as yet been discovered in one line only, but that involves immense liabilities. And, Sinclair, you may thank your stars that you have escaped entanglement in this matter, for the concern I allude to is that upon which Mr. Beaton has been hazarding his heaviest stake."

"How do you mean, Faunce? Is it supposed that this fraud is likely to affect him seriously?"

"It is impossible to conjecture the result. People are as yet merely shrugging their shoulders—that is, those who have none of the suspected documents in their desks; but you must be prepared to hear the very strangest rumours. They *do* say that the signatures are believed to be genuine, though the engraved part of the paper is counterfeited. But they may be conjecture, or rumour, or falsehood, which is much the same. Take it at the best, this

is a downright blow for Beaton, which must bring him to his knees."

"It may do so, Faunce; but, my life on it, it will leave his honour unimpeached. I have no reason to love the man, nor do I think him immaculate in his domestic relations; but I will not believe it possible that he could be cognisant of anything approaching to a deliberate fraud!"

"Far be it from me to contradict you, Sinclair," replied Attie. "I have not the advantage of knowing the gentleman. But we live in queer times; and, as Uncle Osborne remarked the other day, there is no trusting the solvency even of bankers who profess to be unusually pious; and to brood evangelically over the deposits of sanctimonious sisters. That, assuredly, is not Mr. Beaton's habit or propensity; but he is playing for the great game—gambling, in short, to the utmost of his ability; and a man may be ruined quite as fast on the Stock Exchange of London as if he went on staking thousands of pounds at the tables of Homburg or Wiesbaden."

"As to the ruin," said I, "you may be quite right; but the question of honour depends upon the fairness of the play. This, however, is important news, and interests me not a little."

I did indeed feel as if a crisis in which I was specially concerned was near at hand. Like the intrepid mariner in some unexplored strait which the plummet had never sounded, Mr. Beaton had held on his course, defiant of shoal or surge, to come at length within range of the sweep of a tremendous whirlpool. Would the bark still obey the helm, or would it be driven irresistibly to perdition? If quick foresight, rapid action, and strong nerve, could avail to prevent shipwreck, Beaton might yet escape; for all these qualities he was known to possess in more than common measure, and sheer audacity has oftentimes been able to conquer circumstance. That

was my first impression ; but a very little reflection convinced me that it was quite delusive as applied to the peculiar case. It is quite possible that a beleaguered troop should, in the energy of despair, hew a passage for itself through the array of an opposing army ; or, to pursue the other metaphor, that a vessel might be skilfully piloted between the dangers of Scylla and Charybdis ; but it is absurd to use such illustrations when speaking of the career of a merchant or a speculator. He is bound by threads as fine but as infrangible as those which witch Maimuna wound round the hands of unsuspecting Thalaba. If he has passed the safe boundaries of Capital, and wandered into the enchanted realm of Credit, he is at the mercy of a rapacious and malignant spirit. Rhetoricians may warn us against jumbling of metaphors, but I doubt whether any man who had an atom of fancy in his composition ever thought or wrote without committing that scholastic error. Setting metaphors altogether aside, the question really was this, Would not Mr. Beaton's creditors, on this new alarm, insist upon immediate settlement, or fresh security, which it hardly could be in his power to offer ?

Far be it from me to depreciate the splendid enterprise of our later times, or the vivacious operation of the new banking system, which, in the course of a year or so, can transform a salaried clerk of a hundred per annum into a merchant of ex-

tensive dealings, who entertains with a profusion which, a hundred years ago, would hardly have been expected from an earl, and whose sideboard glitters with plate that might have stirred the cupidity of Archibald de Hagenbach or the Wild Bear of Ardennes. But the old maxim of Bailie Jarvie, "Never to put out your arm farther than that you can easily draw it back again," has lost nothing of its pristine force and significance, and is to be regarded as at once the simplest and the safest rule of conduct. Well would it be for the interests of British commerce if the rule was more rigidly observed !

But those daring forgeries, following so closely upon the suspected operations on the stocks of the same company, did they not indicate some concerted scheme of deliberate villany ? The more I considered the matter, the more thoroughly did I become convinced that Speedwell the Jew was mixed up with both transactions. The remarkable words which I had heard him utter in the Arcade, in reference apparently to a job which had been offered to but refused by Flusher, recurred to my memory, and seemed to suggest a clue by which the mystery might be unravelled. I determined to lose no time in ascertaining the nature of the connection between Speedwell and the unlucky engraver, and with that object directed my steps towards the office in which Davie Osset was employed.

CHAPTER XLII.—MR. EWINS IN TRIBULATION.

On my way thither, whilst threading the Strand, I observed immediately before me, one of those strange figures which are seldom to be seen in the streets of London, unless when some extraordinary gathering at Exeter Hall, for the abolition of tithes or the revision of the Liturgy, allures from remote parts of the country those splinters of the scattered remnant who still

adhere to the traditions of Hugh Peters and the redoubtable Barebones. So preposterous was his array, that I could not help thinking of the description which Ewins had given me of his smart friend, Mr. Haman S. Walker, when he appeared in the character of the Reverend Issachar Quail. There were the broad-brimmed hat, beaver mits, and broken umbrella ; and

the shambling gait of my immediate precursor on the pavement materially enhanced the resemblance. In his hand he carried a heavy carpet-bag; and the folds of a thick muffler rising over the collar of his coat suggested the notion that the reverend gentleman was either suffering from an attack of bronchitis or nervously apprehensive of the same. I crossed over to the other side of the street, in order to obtain, without being observed, a glimpse of the facial lineaments of this remarkable personage; and, having done so, I formed the resolution of following the interesting pilgrim until he should come to some halt, or seek a convenient place of shelter.

His mind was obviously set above vanities, for he deigned to cast no look either at printseller's window or at silversmith's glittering gear; but his head did vibrate a little as he passed the door of a refreshment house, from which issued gusty steams, proclaiming the hour of early dinner; and as he came opposite the "Cock," there was a hesitation in his step, as though he had been sorely tempted by the inner man to order a beefsteak in that well-known establishment, to be followed doubtless by the pint of port, furnished by the plump head-waiter whom Alfred Tennyson has canonised in immortal verse. But possibly it occurred to the mind of the rigid Puritan that a house patronised by a poet must necessarily be frequented by swash-bucklers, and other rake-helly characters; so, passing a little further on, he dived into a passage, which I instantly penetrated; and I found him snugly ensconced—where does the reader think?—in a box of the coffee-room of orthodox Samuel Johnson's old tavern haunt, the Mitre!

Very few people frequented the Mitre then, for fashion changes absurdly. I do not know whether the establishment is still continued; but fifteen years ago it was a good house, in a quiet way, for a man who wanted a dinner which he

could discuss without molestation, or the gabbling of noisy clerks and small literary men, which is a decided impediment to the process of deliberate digestion. I always liked to have a steak at the Mitre. It was sure to be solid, and good, and, withal, well flavoured, as are the doctrines of the Church of England; and the odour of tripe, which dissenters most affect, never tainted its venerable walls. I had run my fox to his earth; and, having done so, I dispensed with all delicacy of introduction.

"Mr. Ewins," said I, "I am glad to find that you are about to take an early dinner. I saw you going along the Strand, and, not having any late engagement to-day, I feel inclined for a comfortable chat. If you have no objection, I shall desire the waiter to double the portion you have ordered."

However strenuously my Yankee friend might have denied his real character to one less acquainted with his physiognomy, he was quite candid with me, merely muttering—

"Wall, it's a rum go!"

"I do not exactly comprehend your meaning, Mr. Ewins."

"O, darn your 'cuteness, squire. You know well enough what I mean. But you've traced me cleverly, that's a fact; and I guess I may as well come down at once, as the 'coon said to General Scott."

"Why, Mr. Ewins, it was not very easy to recognise you in so singular a masquerading habit. But, my good sir, it strikes me that you have erred a little on the side of extravagance. Had you restrained your genius from running into caricature, and selected your garb more in accordance with the ordinary habits of society, you might have preserved your incognito, which, I presume, is at present to you a matter of some importance."

"That's it!" said Ewins, despondingly—"my motions are always too splendiferous by half. If you asked me to come out as an alligator, I'd be sure to show like a

snapping-turtle. But I'm glad, Squire Sinclair, that you were the first man to strike my trail, for I reckon you won't split; and, to tell you the truth, I feel rather slimy so long as I am in this here location."

"Meaning London, I presume? Admitting that to be the case, of which you are indisputably the best judge, may I be pardoned for suggesting that you have also taken no inconsiderable pains to afford an excellent trace to a detective officer."

So saying, I pointed to his travelling-bag, the label of which bore the name of "Rev. Caleb Legge, Passenger, Liverpool," in conspicuous characters.

"Darn me if I thought of that!" said Ewins. "I don't know what's come over me, but I han't the gumption of a buffalo-calf. I say now, squire—you'll be close as wax, won't you?"

"That must depend, Mr. Ewins, in a great measure upon yourself," I said; for I now felt morally sure that the Yankee was cognisant of all that had taken place, and could, if he chose, give me such information as would lead to the detection of Speedwell. "It is but right I should tell you that I am deeply interested in the affair in question——"

"Whew!—Then the prairie's on fire," said Mr. Ewins, "and I'm trapped as neatly as a beaver!"

"Possibly not, Mr. Ewins. But we are too public here, and liable to interruption. Let us adjourn to a private room, where we may confer together without risk of observation; and it will be your own fault if we do not agree upon some compromise which may screen you from ultimate danger."

The Yankee eagerly assented; and in a few minutes our banquet was served to us in privacy. I had heard some curious stories of the amazing rapidity with which our Transatlantic brethren are accustomed to bolt their victuals, but I was not prepared for the wolfish

ravenousness of Ewins, who pegged into the steaks with a voracity which I would have set down as miraculous, but for his confession, that he had been in hiding for four-and-twenty hours in a locality where boiled whelks, and such other trifling and stimulant nutritives, were more in request than the flesh of muttons or of beeves. Great was my joy in discovering that Ewins considered himself to be so seriously compromised.

When the poor remnants of the esculents were removed, I suggested *negus* as the proper libation to the *genius loci*; and, our wants being supplied, Ewins, to whom food seemed to have supplied courage, lighted his cigar, crossed his legs, favoured me with a snaky glance, and then resumed—

"Wall, squire, what's the next of it?"

"I fear, Mr. Ewins, you must be content in the mean time to forego your intention of bidding farewell to the hospitable shores of England. I say so with reference to your own welfare, for you cannot be blind to the serious consequences which would ensue were you to be apprehended in the act of flight."

"I don't know that," replied Ewins; "it ain't no sin for a chap to give leg-bail if he can't come down with the dollars."

"Yes; but this is not a case of simple debt. The law, my friend, has rather sharp claws for the seizure and punishment of delinquents of another kind. But let us come to the point at once. You were, I presume, cognisant of the way in which certain information was obtained from the office of the Board of Trade?"

"What's the good speaking of that?" said Ewins; "that affair is hushed up—dead and buried long ago. I guess, mister, if that's all your business with me, you'll find that you've been wakening up the wrong passenger."

"Don't be in such a violent hurry, Mr. Ewins; we shall presently reach the matter in which you are more

immediately interested; and I pray you to observe that, while you can do yourself no possible harm by telling me what you know of that transaction, your silence or obstinacy may compel me, however reluctantly, to adopt another course. Having given you that friendly hint, I now ask you plainly whether Speedwell did not derive his information from a young man engaged in the public service?"

"Wall, squire, I don't mind telling you that I guessed as much; but I took care to keep my own neck out of that halter, for I never set eyes on the young loafer whom Speedwell put up to the dodge."

"But you went into the speculation afterwards?"

"I allow I did. I wasn't to be hindered doing a good streak of business because I had rather a clear notion of the way the cards would turn up."

"We need not enter into the moral argument, Mr. Ewins," said I; "and now, as to the forgeries——"

Mr. Ewins sprang to his feet.

"Rope's the word!" cried he. "I know'd the murder would out. It's all up with Jefferson J. Ewins! Lynching ain't nice; but it's a mercy compared to being tuck'd up of a cold morning for Britishers to snigger at! and I all the while as innocent as an oyster! Oh, Squire Sinclair, don't you think it possible that I might somehow manage to absquatulate?"

"I fear not, Mr. Ewins," I replied. "If I, who certainly was not looking for, nor even thinking of you, could at once see through your disguise, what chance is there of your escaping the vigilance of officers who are regularly trained as detectives? Why, man, you would be apprehended at the railway terminus! But calm yourself, and sit down. You say that you are innocent; and I have every disposition to believe that you are so. I do not think you are a man who would wilfully commit a crime, but that you are very seriously compromised is unfortunately but too certain. It is therefore

your interest as well as your duty to try to clear yourself, by stating without reservation what you know of this nefarious business."

"I'll do it, squire!" replied Ewins. "I've a kinder notion you mean well by me; anyhow, I can't be in a straiter jam than this. Besides, I know right well that devil's bastard the Jew would swear me to the gallows if he got a chance of peaching first!"

"On that," said I, anxious to encourage the tendency of my estimable acquaintance towards confession, "you may reckon with perfect certainty. Speedwell will never stretch hemp if perjury can find him a substitute."

"Don't speak in that way, squire!" said the Yankee, with a spasmodic twitch of the mouth. "That's a kind of cravat I have no fancy to try on, if I can help it. So I'll even make a clean breast of it. You see the way was this. Speedwell and I had been doing a deal of business on joint hook in the shares of that particular consarn; and it so happened that when we got the information that was to send the line down, we were clean out of scrip. Of course our game was to sell before the secret oozed out, and that we did pretty largely; but when settling-day came we had no stock to deliver, and prices were rather higher than before. Fact is, we had poked the fire rather too early. I was for paying the difference, trusting to make all right by the next move; but Speedwell wouldn't hear of that—you might as well try to get honey-comb out of the mouth of a bear as extract a hard dollar from such a button-up'd file! He told me that he knew a chap who had lots of that paper on hand, and would lend it to us as a favour, if I would give my receipt; 'for,' said Speedwell, 'it's a rule among our people not to deal, by way of bargain, in such things with those of their own family and persuasion; and the cove who can give us the accommodation happens to be my uncle and a Rabbi. I'll make

all square with him if you'll grant the acknowledgment. We'll touch the money in the mean time; and next week, when the stock's at the lower figure, we can buy in, and hand over the paper to Lazarus."

"Then, Mr. Ewins," said I, "if I comprehend you rightly, Mr. Speedwell's proposal involved something resembling a fraud upon his uncle, if indeed such a relative existed?"

"I guess it might," replied Ewins; "but, you see, I wasn't bound to cough, if he thought he could get within reach of the old billy-goat on the blind side. I allow, though, I was a tarnation fool—I ought to have known better than to walk into such a trap. But I thought the dodge a right good one, and sure to succeed. I signed my name to a paper acknowledging the receipt of a huge lot of shares, with which we effected the settlement."

"Well, and what of that?"

"Don't you conceit it? Darned if every bit of that paper weren't a forgery! I took a note of the numbers at the time, it being my habit to chalk such things down—though, I recollect now, Speedwell pretended to be in a tearing hurry; and I learned yesterday morning, from a sure source, that the whole concern is forged! Weren't that a stunning fix? I sent to inquire about Speedwell: he had pulled up stakes, and made clearings, I can't tell where, carrying with him, too, every cent of the money that was paid for the shares! I saw clear enough that I would be nailed in the first instance as the utterer, so I notioned that it would be best for my constitution to take the benefit of sea air. That's the whole story, Squire Sinclair, and it's true, every word of it, or may I be clawed to death by wild cats!"

Notwithstanding the extreme elasticity of his moral notions, I felt rather sorry for Ewins. This revelation, of which I did not doubt the sincerity, showed me that his speculative and inventive genius had succumbed to that of the Jew, not be-

cause his sagacity was less, but because he paused upon mere roguery, whereas the Israelite launched boldly, and yet astutely, into crime. It is astonishing how many men there are, moving even in good society, who will cheat, though they dare not steal. The fine old ethical sense of the middle ages, when weighing the one offence against the other, was in favour of the bold marauder. Robin Hood makes free with the saddle-bags of the abbot, and is not thereby lowered in our estimation. Little John bestows upon the spendthrift nephew the purse which he has just extorted from the miserly old uncle, and the deed has a flavour of benevolence. Nowadays, though actual crime is justly and vigorously punished, chicanery does not enter into the black catalogue, and a man may dirty his fingers more than once before he is repudiated by society.

Ewins was beyond all doubt a most voracious leech; and had he been swindled by his more daring confederate out of the whole of his unrighteous gains—yea, fleeced, hide and wool—I should not have felt the smallest regret. But this was a different matter. No doubt he had been playing falsely, and therefore was answerable for the consequences; but he, too, had been imposed on by the bolder villain, and made an unwitting accessory to a deed for which he was answerable to the law. Appearances were greatly against him. The fact of the forgery once established, it would be easy, through the brokers, who were deeply interested in forwarding the inquiry, to discover the party who had delivered the scrip; and so Ewins would stand committed. Speedwell, it was to be presumed, had taken care that there should be no evidence of any further transaction; and the Rabbi Lazarus being obviously a myth, no means of proving his innocence seemed available to the unfortunate Yankee.

"Have you any suspicion, Mr. Ewins, from whom that scrip was actually obtained? Speedwell could

hardly have managed this without assistance."

"I swear I know nothing more about it than the babe unborn!" replied Ewins.

"Then I must needs say that, as matters stand, you are in an extremely ugly predicament."

"I guess, squire, that's my own notion too; but can't you contrive somehow to help me out of it? It's the reverse of pleasant, I can tell you, to be fixed like a wolf in a trap, looking out for the squatter, who, he knows, will knock him on the head."

"At present, Mr. Ewins, I can suggest nothing; but you have acted very wisely in confiding your story to me. I have special reasons of my own for desiring that the villany of this man, Speedwell should be thoroughly exposed and punished; and you may rely upon it that I shall spare no effort to accomplish that. If we can bring the guilt home to him, you may escape; otherwise you stand in some risk, not perhaps of suffering by the hands of Jack Ketch, but of increasing your experiences by a voyage to a penal colony. My advice to you is to re-

main here for the present, and to keep yourself quite private. If you show yourself in the streets, you may rely upon it that you will be instantly arrested; Speedwell will take the alarm, and go into concealment, for which, doubtless, he has many facilities, and your last chance of safety will be thrown away."

"Say no more, squire!" said Ewins. "I'll keep as quiet as a runaway nigger in a sugar-barrel. But you won't desert me, squire, at such a push as this?"

"Be assured that I will not, Mr. Ewins. I must now leave you for the purpose of making some further inquiries, but I shall return in the evening, when I hope I may be able to give you some comforting intelligence."

"Comfort!" said the Yankee. "I guess I shan't feel comfortable again till I suck a gin-sling in Charleston. But it's all my own fault. I've allowed myself to get off the rails; and I begin to think that the Methodist parson was right after all, when he said, 'Vice is a skunk that smells awfully rank when stirred up by the pole of misfortune!'"

CHAPTER XLIII.—A DISCLOSURE.

This was destined to be a busy day for me. Not encountering Davie Osett, I repaired to my own rooms, where I found him awaiting my return in a state of considerable excitement.

"Lord save us a', Mr. Norman!" he cried, "hae ye heard the wonderful news that has set London in a bleeze!"

"This story of the railway forgeries, I suppose you mean, Davie?"

"Ay, just that! I didna gie the folk here the credit of thinking they should be so easily skeered; but if a new gunpowder plot had been fand out, they couldna mak' mair o't. I have been down to the City; and I never saw anything to compare til't but a half-harried wasp's byke: sic fleeing, and buzzing, and

storming, and stinging as is ganging on yonder! They are a' crying out that they are robbed, and every man suspects his neighbour."

"Then the real criminal has not yet been discovered?"

"I'm thinking no. But a committee of investigation, as they ca' it, is sitting, and some of the City magistrates have taken the job in hand. But you'll no hinder people from saying that your friend Mr. Beaton kens mair than he should do about the transaction, and I heard tell that he was one of the first folk to be examined."

"I should wonder," I replied, "that any man in his senses could entertain so preposterous an idea for a single moment, were I not aware of the fact, that in times of

panic people will credit almost anything! Setting aside his undoubted high character, is it possible to conceive that a man in Mr. Beaton's high position would lend himself to a fraud which was certain to be immediately detected?"

"That's just what I said mysel'; but the chield I spoke wi'—he was a dour auld deevil o' a broker—gied a kind o' grunt, and speered if I had never heard tell of one Aislabie, a Chancellor of the Exchequer, who was drummed out of the House of Commons for some pliskie o' the same kind as this. And sooth to say, Mr. Norman, if one-half o' what I hae heard be true, Mr. Beaton will be sair put to it to gar folks believe that he has keep'd his fingers clean."

"Why, what have you heard, Davie, beyond mere vague and general suspicion?"

"I'll tell you that in a jiffey. First and foremost, they say that the local secretary, whose name was to the scrip along with those of two directors, of whom Beaton was one, has fled the country. He left London mair than a week ago, and has never since been heard of; and his liabilities are weel kenn'd to be enormous. Now it is not to be supposed that he has gane off altogether toom-handed; and, my certie, if he has gotten in his pouch onything like one-third of the money that was paid for the falsified scrip, he may cock his beaver in New York, and keep the crown o' the causeway!"

This piece of intelligence perfectly astounded me. If it were true that the secretary had really fled—and such disappearances were in those days very far from uncommon—the weight of suspicion would necessarily be removed from Ewins, and even Speedwell might have been imposed on. It was in the highest degree improbable that the Yankee could have made any mistake as to the character of the scrip which he had been induced to borrow and put into circulation. He was much too sharp for that. Besides, he had taken the precaution to note

down the numbers of the shares, which tallied precisely with those on the falsified paper. The missing secretary and Speedwell might possibly have been in league, and, from fear of detection, have fled together, or at least simultaneously. Such were the thoughts that rapidly crossed my mind; but I was anxious to hear more, and Davie proceeded.

"The next thing, Mr. Norman, that looks unco queer is this—that for some thousands of shares, representing I wotna what amount of money, there are duplicates in circulation; and the best engravers in London are ready to swear that the signatures are precisely identical. If that be sae—and I heard it on gude authority—there will be braw wark for the lawyers. Scrip's just like bank-notes: if twa of them bear the same number, it stands to reason that they canna baith represent the same amount of money; and if neither set are forgeries—that is, as regards the signatures—Beaton, and the other director that signed, are clearly liable. Doubtless they may have recourse against the company, but I take that to be a desperate chance."

"What you tell me now, Davie, establishes a strong presumption that Mr. Beaton, far from perpetrating a fraud, has been made the victim of a deliberate conspiracy. He may, indeed, unintentionally have signed a fraudulent issue, for which he may legally be liable; but that cannot in the slightest degree affect his character."

Davie shook his head.

"Mr. Norman," he said, "if you happened to have scrip in your pocket-book, for which you had paid—we shall say five thousand pound—and were told that it was as worthless for the purposes of negotiation as the notes of the Ayrshire Bank, it's my belief that you would not be just quite so charitable in opinion. And you'll pardon me for saying that your ain een might have been pyked out; for had you consented to take scrip instead of hard cash on a day that you may weel re-

member, I'se warrant you'd have been as mad against Beaton as the lave."

"Possibly, Davie, you are right; but, not being in that predicament, I am the more likely to give an impartial judgment."

"But, after all," said Davie, "what matters character in a case like this? Character's a grand thing for a pair chap like me, or for any lad that has to make his way in the world. It's our certificate, and what we must needs carry with us if we hope to hop up from ae branch to the ither of the social tree. But when a man gets to the tap he commonly does just what he likes best, without caring for the clash of those below him. However, the matter as it stands is a perfect puzzle. Ae thing is clear enough, and that is, that there has been foul play somewhere. The secretary chield will hae the wyte on't, for it's like by this time he's out of reach of fugie warrants; and Beaton, whether he can clear himself or no, maun abide the consequences. The banks will be down upon him now; and the wealth that he thought sae muckle o'—house gear, plenishing, and a'—will be swept away like the jingling river-ice when Tweed comes down after a thaw!"

"Unhappy man! he is indeed greatly to be pitied."

"Deil a bit o' me pities him!" said Davie. "Better folks than he have felt the black ox tread on their foot, and the world has made sma' maen for them."

"Fie, Osett!" said I—"that is not spoken like a Christian. All of us have our faults; and though pride is a very detestable one, it is not for us to rejoice when God sees fit to rebuke it. Mr. Beaton may have been arrogant, but I never heard it said that he was unjust; and if, in his attempt to climb high above his fellows, he has been so terribly stricken down, rather let us take warning from his fate than exult over his misfortune."

"I'm sure I bear nae ill will to the man," said Davie. "He never

did scathe to me or mine; but for a' ye say, Mr. Norman, ye'll no prevent me from thinking that he is gey like a blawn-up bladder, and that, ye ken, if it is fit for naething else, sorts grandly for a foot-ba'. But I should ask your pardon, for I hae observed, mair nor ance, that ye hae a kind o' hankering for thae Beatons, the cause of which I canna comprehend, for I trow ye hae little to thank him for."

"Never you mind, Davie, what I think or feel. I own, however, that I have strong reasons for wishing that no suspicion may rest upon Mr. Beaton's probity, whatever may become of his fortune; and therefore I am anxious that this strange business should be thoroughly investigated. What you have told me regarding the double issue of shares is certainly perplexing, and does not bear out some suspicions that were forming in my mind, for I have already received a curious communication on the subject. However, I must not neglect any possible chance of obtaining more accurate information. The first person I wish to see is Flusher, for whom you were kind enough to find employment."

"I can bring him to ye in five minutes," said Davie. "Troth, Mr. Norman, the obligation is on my side, for he is a handy creature and a willing, and never deserts his work for a spree."

"Then pray fetch him," said I. "And now, Davie, old companion, I must take you into my confidence, for I may need a friend on whom I can rely to help me, it may be with hand as well as head—"

"Not a word mair, Mr. Norman! I'm the man that will stick to ye like a brither; and though I am maybe no so learned as some o' thae parliamentary chields, 'od I whiles think that I hae as gude a grip o' common sense as the best o' them. If it comes to the use of hands, I fear no living man, if ye dinna bring sair odds against me, as you did down-by at Wilbury."

"Thank you, foster-brother! And

now let us ascertain whether Flusher can throw any light on the business on hand; afterwards I shall explain to you everything."

"So, then," soliloquised I, when Osett had departed on his mission, "all is over with the proud merchant! The men who fawned upon him yesterday, because they hoped to profit by his favours, will turn against him to-morrow, and swell with their voices the general chorus of obloquy. The summer friends will fall from him; those who have shared his feasts will be the first to denounce his extravagance; the politicians who pointed to him as a model of upright enterprise will denounce him as an impostor; the hypocrites who craved his advice will now revile him as a fool! Well, well, it is the way of the world, that recognises no standard of excellence save success, and regards failure as a crime! But Mary—here at least her persecution ends, for after this event she need not fear the renewal of the addresses of Lord Pentland. Strange, that the adversity of the man through whom I have been made independent should afford me the only reasonable prospect of attaining to the highest happiness I desire! Stranger still, that the antagonism which our only interview provoked should have forwarded the hope which at one time appeared to be entirely visionary! But, if I have estimated Mary Beaton's character aright, she will not stoop to accept, as a refuge from poverty, any offer that might be dictated by the mere selfishness of love. I shall strive to win her by vindicating her father's honour, and, that once established, why, let the world say its worst. No sage has yet been able to find a talisman against misfortune; and the only wise men of the earth are those who have borne it with equanimity. This man will not do so. He will chafe like the caged tiger, until his furious rage is that of self-destruction; for he falls from such a height that the brain must necessarily reel, and something like madness inter-

vene. Heaven help him! but let me strive to do my duty in that course which is dictated by honour and by love."

Davie Osett presently appeared, with Flusher in his train.

"Mr. Flusher," I said, "it may be in your power to render me an essential service. You once informed me that professional work had been offered to you, but that you declined undertaking it because it was of an illegal or criminal nature. Was not that so?"

"It was, sir—just as you say."

"Moreover, I remember that Mr. Speedwell, when you and he were conversing together in the Arcade, taunted you with squeamishness for refusing employment. Will you favour me by explaining the circumstance to which he then alluded—that is, if you are not bound by any solemn promise to secrecy?"

"I have given no such promise, sir, and I shall frankly tell you everything. When I arrived here from Manchester I was, as I think I told you before, in a very destitute condition—anxious to procure work, but unable to find any. I had applied in vain to several engravers, and was returning home one evening almost broken-hearted, when I chanced to observe, in the window of an obscure shop in a street leading from Seven Dials, a ticket bearing the words, 'Engraving done here.' I knew the locality to be one of indifferent reputation: the greater part of the shops were receptacles for old clothes or broken metal; and the men who lounged about the doors were obviously of that class which is especially liable to the scrutiny of the police.

"Determined not to throw away even the smallest chance of obtaining employment, and yet anything but sanguine as to the result, I opened the door, which gave motion to a bell fastened to a spring. It was a small dingy room, without any counter, but tapestried with cast-off apparel, and near the fire two men were seated, apparently in close conversation. One of them,

immediately on my entrance, turned his back, so that I could not get a glimpse of his features, while the other, a big strong man of repulsive appearance, who was apparently the master of the premises, demanded in a surly tone what I wanted.

"I replied by referring to the ticket in the window, and explained that I was an operative engraver, on the look-out for a job, and willing to undertake any for less than the usual wage.

"Then you may go about your business," said the man. "Bundle yourself off in less than no time; you're not wanted here. I take it you're none of our set, and we never trust jobs to any but our pals."

"At this his comrade plucked him by the coat, and muttered something which I could not hear.

"No, no!" said the other. "It's no good trusting to a cove unless you are sure sartain that he does not peach. For anything we know, this may be a trap, and I won't go out of the regular line of business to please you or any man!"

"Confound you for an obstinate ass!" was the reply. "You told me that you can think of no one fit to do the trick, and now, when an opportunity presents itself——" here he lowered his voice again, and the rest of the conversation was conducted in whispers.

"At length the master of the house apparently yielded the point, and sat down with a growl of disapprobation; while the other, still concealing his face, though he made a movement which enabled him to see mine, asked me several questions as to my circumstances, previous history, and professional experience—the answers to which seemed to satisfy him. He then took out a pocket-book, and, handing to me, over his shoulder, one or two slips of engraved paper, which purported to be railway obligations, inquired whether I could execute such work as that?

"Most certainly," I said; there is nothing in that requiring extraordinary skill."

"But can you execute a plate, the impressions from which shall be precisely similar to, and undistinguishable from, a copy placed in your hands?"

"That is not quite so easy; but it can be done, and I have no objection to make the attempt."

"I'll tell you what it is, master," interrupted the man of the house. "It's clear you are going to take your own way as to this, and it's no business of mine to prevent you. But if you will take up with a tramp who has never been on the regular lay, settle with him somewhere else than in my crib. I keep house for none but true boys; so, if you want to cut any more whids you must go and patter elsewhere."

"Well, there's sense in that," said the other, "though you need not be quite so grumpy. Hark ye, friend. Meet me to-morrow night, at ten o'clock precisely, at the place I have noted on this card. Inquire for Mr. Tibbetts, and the waiter will show you to a room. There we can confer further. Meantime, keep your tongue from wagging, and take this as an earnest."

"So saying, he threw me a crown-piece; and the landlord, growling like a mastiff, half jostled me into the street. On the following night, I went punctually to the place indicated—a small public-house in an alley off Holborn. I was ushered into an apartment, where I found the stranger with whom I had already communicated, and a flash-looking man, who was no other than Speedwell."

"I knew we should get on the trace at last!" cried I, interrupting Flusher's narrative. "Notwithstanding all his turnings and windings, the rascal could not escape. But the other person, Mr. Flusher—what sort of a man was he?"

"His real name," replied Flusher, "I have not discovered, nor did I ever see him again after that interview. But he was a middle-aged man, rather stout in figure, bald on the forehead, and with sand-coloured hair."

"And big red whiskers?" asked Davie Osett.

"Yes, they certainly were. And, now that I think of it, he bore a peculiar mark, for I observed that he wanted a finger on the right hand!"

"Huzzay! The murder's out now—I ken him brawly!" shouted Davie. "That was nae ither than the missing secretary! He's a Durham chield that, and his name's Dobbiging. His pirlie was obackit off by a machine."

"This is indeed an important discovery," I said. "Well, Mr. Flusher, what took place afterwards?"

"Why, sir, after a good deal of circumlocution—for they did not seem very willing to come to the point, and I had to answer many questions about my circumstances and position—they had a private colloquy of some length, which ended by Speedwell making a gesture of acquiescence. After doing so, he left the room immediately, without addressing a word to me; and the other produced the document of which he wished me to make a fac-simile. It was, to the best of my remembrance, a form of scrip certificate for an issue of new shares in the Pocklington Railway."

"The very line I imagined! Pray go on, Mr. Flusher."

"I was to have the plate ready within two days, for executing which I was to receive two pounds instantly, with seven more on delivery, which, you must understand, was a rate of payment far above the value of the work required."

"But," said he, "my fine fellow, there are two conditions with which you must comply. In the first place, after you have provided yourself with a plate and tools, and what other things you require, you must go to a place which I shall name to you, and there remain, under lock and key, until the work is done. This copy goes with me in the mean time. In the second place, you must take an oath, which I shall now administer, never, under any circumstances, to mention this transaction to a human being."

"That, sir," said I, stoutly, "I will not do; neither will I submit to be incarcerated even for a single hour. If the work is of a fair and honest kind, no such precautions are requisite—if otherwise, I am not the man for your turn."

"Why, you fool," said the other, reddening, "do you think I want to kidnap you! Don't you know that operative tailors—flints or dungs, as they are called—are always required, when they get a job, to finish it on their employers' premises? I know nothing about you beyond what you have told me yourself, which may be a parcel of confounded lies; and what security have I, if you are left to yourself, that you will perform the work within the allotted time? Do you think I will run the risk of your getting drunk and disappointing me? I am willing to give you two sovereigns just now, because you really seem to be a poor devil, and I want you to provide yourself with proper tools; but the work must be done under my superintendence, or not at all."

"Well, sir," said I, "there is reason in what you say, and in that respect I am ready to conform to your will. But as for taking an oath of secrecy, you will never persuade me to that."

"My good fellow!" said he, somewhat more confidently, I suppose because I had yielded a point; "how can you ever expect to get on in the world if you persist in such ridiculous scruples? Don't you know that the whole Privy Council are sworn to secrecy; and do you think yourself better than the first statesmen of the land? I could satisfy you at once, if I chose to do so, but really, when I engage to pay you three times the value of the work, I must maintain that you have no right to ask explanations. I might tell you, which is not far from the truth, that the plate from which this impression was taken has been mislaid or lost, and that the person for whom I act must have it replaced within two days, otherwise he will be liable to severe penalties. But I am not

entitled to disclose secrets; and, in availing myself of your skill, I must take care to have you equally bound."

"That, sir," I replied, "does not satisfy me. If there are secrets which you are bound to keep, I will not be mixed up with the matter. I am miserably poor, as you may see, but I must have a clean conscience; and there is that in your proposal that forces me to decline the job."

"Are you mad, idiot?" said the man, starting up—"do you know where you are?"

"Perfectly well," said I; "and my wife knows also."

"The man bit his nether lip savagely."

"Well, well!" said he, "since you are such an impracticable ass, the sooner you go the better. Yet stay—I owe you a day's wage; so there are the two sovereigns—I'll make them three. Go about your business; and hark ye—take a quartern or so of gin, and get as drunk as your heart can desire. That's the best regimen for a fellow who is troubled with such qualms. But—mark me—if you ever breathe a word of this, you would be safer to stand in the centre of a tunnel, with trains roaring down from opposite directions."

"And so, Mr. Flusher," said I, "your interview with this mysterious personage terminated?"

"It did, sir; and I have never seen him since, as I think I have already told you."

"And are you ready, if called upon, to say so much before a magistrate?"

"Certainly, Mr. Sinclair," replied Flusher, "for I undertook no obligation to the contrary."

"Then we may dismiss the subject for the present. But Mr. Flusher, I am bound to say that your conduct on that occasion was greatly to your honour."

"Ah! but," said Flusher, slightly hanging his head, "I took the three sovereigns."

"And you did right," said I, "for they certainly were fairly earned."

"And, mair than that, it's aye lawful to make spoil of the Egyptians," added Osett.

Flusher having departed, it was necessary for me, in fulfilment of my promise, to make rather a full explanation to my foster-brother, part of which was ready enough; but I own to feeling a little embarrassed when I was forced to refer to my attachment to Miss Beaton. Davie, however, like most other people, was delighted at being made the depository of a love secret.

"Wee!" said he, "that dings a'! Haith, Mr. Norman, it was bauld in ye to stand up sae stiffly against the auld man, when ye had a fancy for his daughter. But it's a great mercy that ye did it, otherwise ye might hae whistled for your gear. She'll be but a tocherless bride, though; but what o' that? Ye hae gotten enough for baith, and a canty hearth is a haundle better than a rich ane."

"True, Davie; but remember that I am by no means confident of success. Mr. Beaton will probably show himself quite as implacable in misfortune as in prosperity; and—and—in short—a thousand things may occur to render our union impossible."

"Fiddlesticks!" quoth Davie. "If you like her, and she likes you—about which, by this time, ye hae doubtless some inkling—it will a' come right in the long-run."

"Heaven grant it may!" I said. "You now understand why I feel so much interest in having this mysterious affair thoroughly cleared up; and it seems to me, after what Flusher has told us, clear beyond doubt that the forgery was committed by those two men, Dobigging and Speedwell. Yet, if the signatures are genuine, there is something still to be explained."

"I hae a kind of notion that the way they would set about it was this. It's a rule among the companies that an engraver, when he

gets an order, shall supply neither more nor less than the specified number, and these are carefully counted over by a committee of directors before they pass into the hands o' the secretary, whose business it is to see them signed. It's a wise precaution, but I doubt it never entered into the heads of ony of them to count the scrip a second time after it had been signed. Now, what's to hinder a rogue o' a secretary, if he has blank shares or counterfeits in his pouch, to slip them in among the rest? Signing's a fashious job, and directors are ower glad to get through wi' it to pay ony attention to the numbering. No respectable tradesman would exceed his order; but there's naething you canna get done for you in London—the mair's the pity!—if you are ready to pay for it. You see Dobigging was down among the thieves, looking out for a hand, when Flusher fell in wi' him, and doubtless he would hae nae great difficulty in finding anither person to engrave a plate."

"That's a shrewd conjecture, and one that seems entirely to solve the difficulty. I am glad, though, that there is no trace of Littlewoo having been implicated in this matter."

"Na," said Davie—"they wadna trust sic a kittle business to the like of him. But I canna help laughing to think that the lang shauchling Yankee has been sae cleverly let in. 'Od, that Speedwell maun be a sharp fellow!"

"He is certainly as deep a scoundrel as ever rubbed shoulders with the gallows! I wonder whether he has left the country?"

"You may be certain he has done naething of the kind," replied Davie. "What for should he? The secretary—that's Dobigging—behoved to take to his heels, for he was a ruined man otherwise, and it's to be supposed that nane knew that Speedwell had been trafficking wi' him. Then, ye see, Speedwell contrived to make the Yankee utter the scrip, after getting from him a written

acknowledgment; and I daresay he thinks that baith Ewins and Dobigging are at this moment cheek-by-jowl in a New York steamer. Then we hae heard that Speedwell didna say a word to Flusher about the engraving of the plate. It's my belief that, if it came to a trial, there wadna be evidence to convict him; for you may be sure that the man who made the plate—unless, indeed, he was an entered member of a London gang—was soon disposed of."

"Disposed of, Osett? why, what would you insinuate?"

"Just murder, Mr. Norman! D'ye trow that pair thing Flusher wad ever again have seen the blessed light o' day, if he had consented to gang into ane of these fearsome holes that are weel kent to exist in London? D'ye think they'd hae let him out wi' the power to blab sic a secret as that? Na, na! when his wark was done, they'd hae knocked him on the head like a beast in the shambles, and the corp wad hae been flung down a trap-door into a sewer. Ay, ye may weel look astonished; but no living man kens a tithe o' the villany that gangs on here."

"You make me shudder, Davie! Surely it is impossible that such atrocities can be committed in London."

"What for no in London, ony mair than Paris, where they tell me that ilka morning you may see the bodies of five or six murdered men that have been flung into the river laid out in a place they ca' the Morgue? Take a turn down-by in St. Giles, and see what sort o' looking lads you will meet wi' there. Our cairds and gypsies are whiles bad enough; but, my certie, they are angels o' light compared wi' the villains that are here!"

"Well—we must break off the discussion for the present. My first business will be to see Mr. Ewins, whose mind I may somewhat relieve, provided he gives me assurance that he will make judicial disclosures. As for you, Davie,

keep yourself in readiness to move, if your engagements will admit of your doing so. Otherwise——"

"Deil a fears o' my being out of the way," said Davie. "I've got three chaps under me now, and I can take things easy. But to redd out a ravelled matter like this, in which you, Mr. Norman, are concerned, I'd gang the length o' Tartary. Gude-night, sir; and, I say, dinna forget to give me due

notice o' the wedding. It's lucky, ye ken, for foster-brithers to take that kind o' loup thegither, and there's a lass down at Selkirk, Janie Leslie, that maybe wad hae nae objection——"

"No, no, Davie! Let us make no rash engagements. If you are married first, I shall appear at your wedding—if the priority should be mine, I expect the like favour from you."

BIOGRAPHIA DRAMATICA.

If you have the happiness to possess a garrulous and clear-headed old friend of seventy or eighty years of age, you will see what a hold the stage and its professors had on the generation at the commencement of this century. "John Kemble, sir, always wore knee-breeches of grey cloth when he was in the country. Mrs. Siddons, sir, once tumbled over a stile near Coventry, and bore the mark of the accident on the instep of her right foot to her dying day. She died on a Friday, sir, and I have heard she was married on a Thursday." The newspapers of 1809 are filled with more columns of discussion on the late quarrel between Y. Z. of the T. R. D. L. and X. Y. of the T. R. C. G. than of information about the armies in Spain. Who would trouble his head now if all the actors of Drury Lane libelled all the actresses of Covent Garden once a-week? Nay, put your hand to your heart, reader, and answer this, Do you know the name, the quality, the character, or appearance of any performer, male or female, at either of the above-named theatres? Would it give you any pain to be informed that the second murderer of the one had long been privately married to the singing chambermaid of the other? or that the youthful lover

of either had thrashed the heavy sather within an inch of his life? The marvel to us of this later generation is, how anybody could have had any greater interest in the private proceedings and previous history of the man who acted Friar Lawrence than in the parentage and education of the man who made his boots. If Crispin makes the Wellingtons easy yet close-fitting, with a flexible yet impermeable sole and glossy upper-leather, who cares whether his mother was at all times in possession of her marriage certificate or not?—who cares whether his father sent him very early to a school, or neglected his education till he grew up as ignorant as a young "honourable" of the Whig and evangelical persuasion? But nobody had so much reason to complain of this indecent prying into all their affairs—matrimonial, pecuniary, moral, and religious—as the unhappy actors themselves. Poor mimes for three or four hours a-day, making their bread in the contortion of their faces and inflation of their lungs, it was too bad that they should be followed from their uneasy position before the foot-lights, and traced, with the minuteness and accuracy of a detective, to the cider-cellar, to the finish, to the policy-office, to the van, to the bridewell; or, following

the sunny path of success, and changing the sex of the performers,—from the smothering pillow of Desdemona to the drawing-room, to the park, to the church, to the coronets of dukes and earls. It seemed as if the moment an unlucky person, whether an ambitious Hamlet or an aspiring Ophelia, set foot upon the boards, they were forced in all future time to dance a torch-dance down the great hall of life, like a set of princes and potentates at a Prussian wedding, and found repose and shadow never more. To exist for ever within the glare of lamps and the smell of orange-peel was a heavy price to pay for the chance of making a palpable hit as Laertes, or captivating a marquess in the white robes of Miranda. But this suffering actors were willing to endure and the public to inflict. Once encircled with the tinfoil crown—once robed in imitation ermine—once grasping the wooden sceptre—private existence was from thenceforth impossible to the vexed majesty of Sicily or the ill-favoured king of Denmark. His ways were marked in Wardour Street—his appearance was greeted in Martin's Lane. The first seat of the gallery recognised him as he dived into a ham and beef shop to cheapen a sausage; the waiter at the Tavistock door pointed him out to the rural clergyman who was waiting for a coach. "That's Mr. Brown, sir, of Covent Garden; he is going to appear to-night as the crabbed old gent in the *Winter's Tale*," or "That's Mr. Jones, sir, of Drury; he is to act Hamlet's uncle; a big man, and very strong. He began with gymnastics, but when he grew too heavy for the rope, he took to kings, sir; he has almost always a crown on his head. I've heard say, what with four hours' rehearsal and three hours' play, his reign would be nearly as long as George IV.'s, if they were all added together, without counting the time they're both asleep."

This morbid curiosity about the denizens of the stage has completely

died out. Sufficient interest, no doubt, is still felt about the gentlemen and scholars who were really lords of the scene, and whose tones and looks are remembered as, with the magic of eye and voice, they summoned a meaning from some hidden phrase which had hitherto escaped us, or gave bodily presence to the great thoughts which Shakespeare had condensed into the name of Lear. We may still inquire with interest about men of this mark and likelihood, and hear with pleasure that Charles Young led a life of honoured ease and social enjoyment till his many parts were played out—the Christian's the happiest part of all; that Charles Kemble showed the liveliness of Benedict and the grace of Anthony beneath the weight of years and the infirmity of deafness. But for the mass of the *dramatis personæ*—for the strong Gyas and the strong Cloanthus—there is no room in people's memories. They are now reduced to the rank-and-file of the great histrionic army, and are buried in *cumulo*, like the unknown yet useful heroes of Inkermann and Lucknow. The race, alas, of tittle-tattle critics and dramatic gossip-mongers, who would have made Havelocks and Nicholsons of the whole force—drummer-boys, pioneers and all—has passed away.

But the passion for dragging every one connected with the theatre before the public was not restricted, in that earlier day, to the mere wearers of the sock and buskin. Woe befall the aspirant for dramatic reputation in any shape or form! If poverty, and beer, and vanity, and a cousin promoted to be prompter, induced a youthful Shakespeare to write a farce, he was a public character till the earth was shovelled over him, at the parish expense, in the pauper's grave. Chiilds were among the audience, or in the orchestra among the fiddlers, or behind the scenes among the paint-pots, taking notes; and whether the poor effort succeeded or not—whether triumphant

shouts brought forward the author to the front of his private box, or indignant hisses drove him distracted from the house—the notes were printed; they were sent to a yearly volume of theatrical intelligence; they were incorporated with a thousand other records equally important; and he flourished for ever in a dictionary, with all his previous life, and vaticinations of his future destiny, inscribed at full length: and, to bar all chance of immunity from the world's research, this history of him was to be found in the index, either under the initial of his name or of the title of his work. A man might write an Epic, and be laughed at for a fortnight—or a History, and be forgotten in a shorter time; but if he tried a melodrama, or a tragedy, or a pantomime, or soared into opera and comedy, it was all the same—he was pilloried in the biography of dramatic authors; and the hiss of that furious pit, the groans of that frantic gallery, never left his ears; anybody that heard his name could turn to the book; and the misfortune was, that if his cognomen happened to be a common one, or if the biographer was deceived by the identity of patronymic, the wretched subject of commemoration was credited with the doings of his double, and had follies and iniquities of every kind to blush for, as well as the failure of his literary attempt. “Robinson, William, author of a farce called *Phantoms in Love*—hissed off in the middle of the first act; drove the Bristol mail, died of *delirium tremens*, August 1834.” What a perpetual source of irritation to our friend Mr. Robinson, who is churchwarden in our town, and president of the Teetotal Society, to have had his simple story so confounded by means of a literary escapade in his youth, when he was serving his time in a fleecy hosiery house in London, with the life and demise of another gentleman of the same appellation! His descendants will never be able to separate the amiable and unsuccessful

ful writer of the amorous phantoms from the charioteering skill and tipsy propensities of the other Dromio who drove the Bristol coach, and finally expired of gin-and-water.

People of unsympathetic minds feel a sort of scorn at the sufferings of those unwillingly-commemorated candidates for theatrical fame. “The fellow failed in writing a play, but who heeds the foolish books where his failure is announced? I wouldn't care sixpence to be called a rascal every day of the week in the *Chinese Times* at Pekin. Let the blockhead hold his tongue, and nobody is a bit the wiser.” But forty or even thirty years ago everybody was a great deal the wiser. The *Chinese Times* was written in good English, and published in London. Everybody read it. A man's sons at school turned to a passage like this: “Ephraim Blunt—educated at Oxford; expelled for thrashing the proctor; came to London; was refused admission to the bar; wrote for the stage. The following are the pieces, for which we are indebted to this gentleman: *Go it, Cripples*—a comedy of no merit, condemned the first night. *Hoky Poky Winky Wan*—a burlesque, so filled with insolent allusions to the king and ministers, that a justly-indignant audience desired the author to be delivered into their hands; and when they had discovered him in one of the private boxes, he was taken to a coach-stand in the neighbourhood, and soused with the waterman's buckets till his life was in danger. *Love Conquers the World*—a tragedy, hissed and laughed at. This gentleman, finding himself out to be the noodle his wisest friends had long pronounced him, retired from further intercourse with the muses; and on the death of his father succeeded to a good estate in Suffolk. He married Maria, eldest daughter of Joseph Muck, Esquire, the agricultural improver. He is chairman of the quarter-sessions, and stood unsuccessfully for the county at the last election.” Can young Reginald Blunt believe his eyes?

Can it be his father, the steady, turnip-loving, vagrant-quelling, dozy, prosy old squire and magistrate, who led such a terrible life in his youth, and left the university under a cloud, and wrote such dull, wicked, idiotic plays, that he was hissed, and sneered at, and ducked? Will his daughters see this hideous biography? If they do, will they have such respect and affection for the jolly, old, kind-hearted governor, or will they not hear perpetual sibyllations when they look at his benevolent countenance, and tremble when they see a horse-bucket at the stable door, remembering what a tremendous part it played in the reception of Hoky Poky? For you will observe that the biographer of the stage differs from almost all other biographers in the relation he bears to the subject of his labours. In ordinary cases, a life-writer is a life-embellisher. He sees no spots on the character of his hero, and presents him at the end of his work as a model for the imitation of mankind, though he began his inquiries in a very different spirit. Judge Jeffreys emerges from the beautifying hands of his recorder a firm and incorruptible magistrate, executing justice with a severity founded on the highest principles of loyalty and honour. As to Henry VIII. and Bloody Mary, let us be thankful we have such specimens of heavenly virtue surmounted by an earthly crown, for they compensate for all the crimes and monstrosities of all other rulers. But the dramatic biographer proceeds generally on a very different principle. If he can fling an orange or whistle a cat-call, he does it. Mossop is not genteel; Garrick is not more than five feet three; such an author was eaten up with jealousy; such an actor cheated his landlady; Desdemona drank; Ophelia deserted her children; Joseph Surface kept a spirit-shop in Drury Lane; and Dr. Dodd was hanged for forgery.

The reader will ask, what has Dr. Dodd to do with a theatrical biography? Didn't we tell you, that

if at any period of a man's life he appeared either as actor or author, or in the remotest way connected with the drama, he became the property of this gatherer up of all the scandals and failures of his whole life? Accordingly, we find not only the name of Dr. Dodd, who published selections from Shakespeare, but an incredible number of the clergy—rectors, deans, and bishops—who sighed for dramatic fame; for it seems that in ancient days a perfect mania of play-writing seized the thoughtful student in the dangerous two years between his degree and his orders. Æschylus, Sophocles, Terence, Aristophanes—all fermenting in those learned heads, foamed off into comedy or farce; and sticking up for ever in front of the gates of Bishopsthorpe or Lambeth, or the Deanery of St. Paul's, there was a glaring ticket with the name of some adolescent drama, or scholar-like play, or elegant and pathetic tragedy, of which the residents in those spacious mansions, though by no means ashamed of their performances, did not wish a perpetual memorial held up in the eyes of their rustic vicars or minor canons—not to mention their churchwardens and choir.

The particular work that has given rise to these learned and indignant remarks is called *Biographia Dramatica; or, a Companion to the Playhouse*. It was commenced by Mr. Baker, and brought down by him to the year 1764. Mr. Reed carried on the fatal record to the year 1782; and flowers and brickbats are distributed with impartial hand on all the sons and daughters of Momus who flourished or failed between that date and 1811 by Mr. Stephen Jones. Who may have been the continuators of this dramatic Newgate Calendar to the present time, we do not know. Perhaps the disregard for stage affairs of which we spoke a page or two ago had already set in, and the grinning, jumping, howling, and roaring histrians, and adapters from the French and Elizabethan of

our own day, may be allowed to rest in the shade. Baker, indeed, sets a very good example in this respect, in cases where he is obliged by his plan to immortalise an author or performer who won't stand the process of embalming. For instance, his first subject under the letter A is this—"A. R., gent. These initials we find prefixed to a dramatic piece, entitled the *Valiant Welchman*, tragi-comedy." Oh everlasting Muses, who sit for ever carving the names of the great and wonderful on the rock of immortality, is this all that can be said about the author of the *Valiant Welchman*? A vain guess is made, indeed, by the sagacious editor, that the initials represent a Mr. Robert Armin who wrote a comedy called *The History of the Two Maids of More Clacke*—"because," he says, "the dates of the two performances are within six years of each other, and the styles are similar." Bad jokes, ungrammatical expressions, dull situations, doubtless, were in both, as there were salmon, look you, in two rivers, one of which the Valiant Welchman knew from his boyish years. It is far clearer to us, that the initials represent Ap Ryce, or, better perhaps, Rice Ap Tudor, who claimed the great dignity of gent. on the title-page, on the strength not only of his dramatic genius, but of his royal descent from Cadwallader the First.

Next to him comes "Adams, George, M.A., Fellow of St. John's, Cambridge, in 1735." If the incumbent of Drizzle cum-Foggy, which is still in the patronage of St. John's and the county of Suffolk, died in 1746, when the too poetic Fellow published the drama which has procured him his niche in the *Biographia*, we may feel sure that George gave up his fellowship, and married not later than 1747. If George's son was born in 1748, he has probably a grandson at this moment, with the corners of his mouth very much bent down, and his eyes very much turned up, in expectation of an ultra-evangelical mitre, as the greatest theologian of modern times

is again prime minister; and how will that worthy and theatre-hating divine like to have it blown on trumpets all round the episcopal palace, that his ancestor, the Reverend George, was author of a profane stage-play called *The Death of Socrates*, which, with a sarcastic humour of which he was probably unconscious, Mr. Baker has described, by the abbreviations he uses for its nature or kind, as "A Hi-t. Trag." We have little doubt that it was a trag. which was very powerfully hist. Triumphant over George Adams, Mr. Baker goes back again to the Robert Armin whom he thought he perceived hiding himself in the gossamer disguise of A. R. He catches the author of *The Two Maids of More Clacke* by the throat, after the instructions of Dogberry, and asks whether he is a true man or a thief; and when Robert Armin contumaciously declines to answer, the biographer adds a paragraph, which throws a very groundless imputation on the honour and respectability of Mr. Armin's matrimonial connections. He says: "There was published in the year 1604 a pamphlet entitled *A Discourse of Elizabeth Armin*, who, with some other complices, attempted to poison her husband;" and in a manner, and with an evident animus, which would have procured a handsome sum in damages to the outraged feelings of A. R., he adds this frightful insinuation—"Whether this anecdote has any reference to our author, we cannot pretend to affirm, but think it by no means improbable, from the correspondence of the date with the time in which he flourished." It is a kind of relief to turn from these accusations of capital crimes to the milder punishments he administers to the follies and vanities of mankind. Poor Samuel Brandon, of whom nothing whatever is known but his name, and the title of his one play, called the *Virtuous Octavia*, affixed to his published work a motto from the Italian, which, by a good-humoured construction of the words,

may be made to appear a modest confession of his undeservings, "L'acqua non temo dell' eterno oblio"—"I have no fear of the waters of eternal oblivion," which, however, I know very well I have no chance of escaping. This, in the absence of all knowledge of who or what Samuel Brandon was, we maintain to have been the meaning of the quotation; but Mr. Baker, *more suo*, is down upon the unknown Samuel and the virtuous lady he celebrated with the acerbity of an inquisitor condemning a contumacious heretic to the stake. "What profession he was of," says the biographical Dominic, "or what rank he held in life, we have not been able to procure any information. He appears, however, to have been possessed of no small share of vanity and self-sufficiency, from the Italian verse he has subjoined to the only dramatic piece he wrote, and which, notwithstanding the high opinion he, and perhaps some of his partial friends, might entertain of it, is now entirely forgotten."

The war carried on against the forgotten and unknown is as bitter as if it arose from the refusal of the loan of half-a-crown, or any personal discourtesy of the same unpardonable kind. From the deepest stratum of clay at the bottom of the lowest depth of Lethe, an unhappy Anthony Brewer is hauled up, to be stripped of feathers which nobody except a few bookworms from the same layer of mud ever knew he wore, and to be reduced to the small amount of fame he was entitled to, of which nobody, with the above exception, has had a conception for two hundred and fifty years. Anthony is the undoubted author, the reader will be pleased henceforth to remember, of *The Country Girl*, a comedy, and of *The Love-Sick King*, a trag. hist.; but if he hears, as is very probable, violent discussions going on at his club, in his family, at dinner-parties, and on excursions to see a volunteer shooting-match, as to whether the said Anthony was also author of the

trag. com. of *Landgartha*, of the past. of *Love's Dominion*, and of the com. of *Love's Loadstone*, let him indignantly deny it on the authority of Baker; and explain, as that ingenious *Œdipus* does, the cause of the mistake. He points out that the plays attributed to this peerless Anthony all begin with the same letter—*Landgartha*, *Love's Dominion*, and *Love's Loadstone*—all commence with L; "and so," cries the triumphant biographer, "does Brewer's acknowledged historical tragedy of the *Love-Sick King*. Now, in the catalogue of plays printed by Kirkman in 1661, the author's name is set opposite his work, and where the writer of a piece was unknown, a blank was left. But Philips and Winstanley"—two wretches who ought to have been put to death for stupidity on a subject of such importance—"were not aware of this; and, seeing a blank following the name of Brewer, which was attached to the *Love-Sick King*, they mistook the alphabetical arrangement for a repetition of the same author, and ascribed these three L's in succession to the writer of that one play." Was ever such a confusion? Will the world go on much longer—will it last even to 1867—if this is not rectified, for the universal enlightenment of the ultimate generation of men? But the Chief Baker is like some husbands and Scotsmen of our acquaintance, who will allow nobody to abuse their wives or country but themselves, and breaks out in indignant denial when anybody else attempts to diminish the glory of Anthony Brewer. "Langbaine," he says, "absolutely denies that the comedy of *Lingua*—(mark the identity of initial)—is the work of this gentleman, yet assigns no other reason for so doing but his own bare *ipse dixit*." Winstanley, on the same classical authority, attributes it to him; so does Theophilus Cibber, on Winstanley's word; so does Doddsley on Cibber's; and so does Mr. Baker on those three excellent men's assever-

ation, with the additional argument in favour of the name of Brewer, that it was published without any name at all, which, says the acute logician, "makes his authorship more probable, it being much earlier in date than his other works, and therefore likely to have appeared anonymously." Capital news this for any obscure aspirant after notoriety, if the prodigious density of some future Baker endows some future Liggins with the fame of some popular work on the strength of its being anonymous, and his never having published anything with his name.

After this disquisition about Anthony, let us turn to Cæsar. Baker affirms that a passage in this comedy of *Lingua* struck the first spark of ambition in the heart of Oliver Cromwell. He tells us the play was acted at Cambridge, and that the future Protector took the part of Tactus, or the Touch, in a discussion between the senses, among whom *Lingua* was admitted as chief and ornament of them all. Mr. Foster, the eloquent and enthusiastic biographer of Old Noll, alludes to the fact, transferring the scene of it, out of deference to chronology, to Huntingdon Free School, but without endorsing the assertion of Mr. Baker, that the civil war and the death of Charles were caused by half-a-dozen lines of Anthony Brewer. Tactus, in coming on the scene, stumbles over a crown, and Oliver exclaims—

"Was ever man so fortunate as I,
To break his shins at such a stumbling-
block?
Roses and bays, pack hence!—this crown
and robe
My brows and body circles and invests.
How gallantly it fits me! sure the slave
Measured my head that wrought this
coronet!
They lie that say complexions cannot
change:
My blood's ennobled, and I am trans-
formed
Into the sacred temper of a king."

Whereupon, in the opinion of the worthy *Biographia* critic, the grasping soul of the little boy of fourteen (who was certainly flogged by Dr.

Beard for the false syntax of the crown *and* robe with the singular verbs) never forgot the glories of that hour, but mused on them at Worcester and Dunbar, and finally saw them nearly reproduced in soldier form when the sceptre of England was almost within his grasp. We maintain that, within one fortnight after the aforesaid flogging, Master O. Cromwell as completely forgot *Lingua* and Mr. Anthony Brewer as all the rest of the world, except the late Charles Lamb. The late Charles Lamb! with his Elias, and his quiddities—he also has found a place in this congress of immortals, in right of his unnameable and unnamed comedy. Let us see. "Lamb, Charles. Of this gentleman we only know that he is the author of *John Woodvill*, T., and *Mr. H.*, farce. But we suppose he is the same writer who, in 1808, gave to the public a very agreeable selection, entitled *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets who lived about the Time of Shakespeare*; and had previously published *Tales from Shakespeare*, a work of very considerable merit."

It is a pity for Mr. Baker and Co.'s gossiping propensities, that Charles Lamb had no brother with any peculiarity of adventure—no cousin who had made a fortune by the slave-trade, or been prosecuted for a libel. The touching and really romantic history of poor Mary Lamb, the sister, was yet to come; but wherever, in other instances, a collateral anecdote can be introduced, an ancestral indiscretion exposed, or a youthful dramatic failure recorded, of the most distant relation, or even a namesake, the curtain is infallibly drawn up, and we read—"We are sorry to say, a near relative of this gentleman, a granduncle by the mother's side, was hanged for uttering base coin in the reign of George II." Turning to the name next in alphabetical order to Charles's, we are pleased to see, "Lamb, the Honourable George. This gentleman, whom we suppose to be one of the sons of Lord Viscount Melbourne, is

author of *Whistle for it*, Op. piece." And this is all! No intimation of how *Whistle for it* was received, or whether it was praised or—not; no anecdote of the author, and no allusion to his brother, who afterwards achieved greatness, if indeed he had not greatness thrust upon him against his will. When *Whistle for it* was published, William, afterwards Lord Melbourne, was thirty years of age. Had all the inquisitive powers of the biographer failed to discover any remarkable incident in his past career, or to foresee any distinction in the future? No great blame can be attached to him if this was really the case, for "this gentleman," as he would say, reversed the ordinary course of human reputation, and only became illustrious after his demise. In 1837, five-and-twenty years after the publication of his book, surrounded with power and patronage, Lord Melbourne had credit, indeed, for being a cleverer man than he appeared—a Sardanapalus in a humble way, with his lottier qualities obscured by the carelessness of his manner and his hatred of intellectual display. But nobody thought of him as of a great ruler of men—a politician, philosopher, and scholar, of whom hereafter the land would be proud. He was an amiable, pleasant, unaffected, well-read country gentleman, of which noble race every county in England possesses "five hundred as good as he." So thought the public, the press, and both Houses of Parliament. Melbourne was delightful in private, and not more mischievous in affairs than he could possibly help. But upward from the very mouth of the river on which a man and his fortunes are generally floated off to oblivion, comes a backwater so strong that it reaches the scene of his exploits while alive, and shows him triumphant on the summit of that unexpected tide, "and blest with all the virtues under heaven." Sir Bulwer Lytton, than whom no man is more fitted to pass judgment on intellect

and acquirement, has pronounced his panegyric in terms which could only apply to a man of the highest order in genius and sagacity; and Sir Lawrence Peel, in his interesting sketch of the life and character of his great relative, Sir Robert, has corroborated the decision of the distinguished orator and novelist, in the same graceful and unbiassed spirit in which his whole volume is composed. Is this a reaction against unjust disparagement? or is it in both the Colonial Secretary and the Chief Justice—*jam rude donati*—a good-natured protest against the hustings brawlers and pot-house politicians of the present time, and a reminder to Birmingham and Sheffield, and even the city of London, that the gay and graceful William Lamb, the gentleman and scholar, was a far cleverer fellow and wiser man, in the midst of his apparent illiness and fashionable nonchalance, than the fussiest and most perspiring advocate of the paper-duty repeal, six-pound enfranchised pauperdom, and down with the House of Lords? But the fascinating Viscount Melbourne escaped the vengeful steel of the truculent life-writer by his obscurity in 1807. He would at most only have been consigned to fame as the relative of the author of *Whistle for it*.

We think we perceive a mellowing of tone as the dates approach the present time. Mr. Baker in 1764, or Isaac Reed in 1782, can say things which Stephen Jones, the continuator, would not venture on in 1812. Later editions may be softer still, and perhaps, to save the feelings of Mr. Froude, the notice of a certain Edward Lewis may be entirely missed out. A paradox is nothing if not new, and it will be seen from the following extract how very second-hand are all the virtues with which that eloquent and romantic historian has bedizened the husband of Anne Boleyn: "Lewis, Edward, M.A. Of this gentleman we know no more than that he is author of *The Ita-*

lian Husband; or, the Violated Bed Avenged. A Moral Dram., 1754." The "Moral Dram. has had a tremendous effect on the easily intoxicated biographer; and, having confessed how little he knows, he proceeds to display what a quantity he can guess. "We suspect him, however, to be the same Edward Louis, M. A., who, in the year 1769, published a work, entitled 'The Patriot King Displayed in the Life and Reign of Henry the Eighth, King of England, from the Time of his Quarrel with the Pope to his Death. Printed for Charles Dilly in the Poultry.' In the title-page to this performance he styles himself Rector of Waterstock and Emington, in Oxfordshire. We would, if possible, avoid leading our readers into mistakes, and yet it is natural for us to suppose the author of the two most ridiculous of all dramatic performances might likewise have written the absurdest of all historical productions, especially when there occurs such a coincidence between dates and names. The tendency of the latter piece is to represent our lewd and sanguinary tyrant Henry VIII. as an exemplar of chastity and mercy."

This has the bite of Reed, who seems never so rabid as when he can tear up the reputation of some ludicrous old parson who has been long in his grave. Even Baker the Bitter is more pitiful, and tries to cast a veil over some of the foibles of his subjects, and to evoke romance from what to ordinary eyes seems very like profligacy and degradation. Turn to Mrs. De la Rivière Manley. This eighteenth century Aspasia had the remarkable fortune (according to her biographer, whose strong point was not geography) of being born in the county of Southampton and the island of Jersey, during the governorship of her father, Sir Roger Manley. Sir Roger was more romantic than wise in his politics and conduct, for he followed the standard of King Charles I., and trusted for recompense to King Charles II.

The Merry Monarch, perhaps, had only a laugh the more at the want and weakness of the decayed old royalist, and gave no help to the gallant soldier who converted his sword into a pen, and recorded in choice Latin the victories and reverses of the civil war. If it be true that he was also the author of the first volume of *The Turkish Spy*, "which was continued after his death by his relative Dr. Midgeley, who never had the honesty to mention his name," the neglected Soldado was a man of as much talent as courage. We may therefore give him credit for educating his daughter, who lost her mother at an early age, with skill and success; but the mother's care was wanting. A childhood passed under the care of a disappointed cavalier—cherishing high notions of loyalty, and finding solace from penury and neglect in turning the fortunes of the Great Rebellion into Patavinian prose—was succeeded by her dawn of womanhood, under the guardianship of an aunt who has figured more than once in the pages of romance—a stiff, rigid, aristocratic, old spinster, contemptuous of the everyday world which neglected her charms, and living in a world of her own, in which cold lovers and butcher's bills are unknown,—casting a beautiful maiden of fifteen in her own formal and unnatural mould, and persuading her that there is a state of society somewhere—name of the country undiscovered—where all the men are heroes and all the women divine. This was the position and character of a sister of Sir Roger, who read the books of chivalry as models of sentiment and manners, and believed in them as sincerely as in her Bible. And to this spectacled and furbelowed Quixote, the cleverest, the loveliest, and most independent of young ladies was intrusted, when she had mastered the Roman and French classics, with which her father was familiar. She was now an orphan, beautiful as the day, full of spirit and accomplish-

ments, her head stuffed with learning, and her heart with dreams, when the old lady took off her spectacles, laid down *Amadis de Gaul*, and was buried. La Rivière and her sister found themselves poor and unfriended; and now, as might be expected, the villain of the story made his appearance. The fairy realm in which the maiden had hitherto lived was knocked to pieces, and the rude world came upon her in a storm of misery and shame. Her cousin, a son of Sir Roger's brother—a fellow evidently beyond the bounds of Baker's Christian forgiveness, for he had joined the Parliament, and borne arms against the King—revealed his hereditary disloyalty, and, as he had been false to Church and Crown, was now false to beauty and honour. Under what base pleas, and by what intolerable arts, he obtained his object, we need not inquire; but La Rivière found herself, with blighted reputation and broken heart, thrown entirely on her own resources. Shut out by the society in which she would otherwise have been received, she betook herself to the companionship of that half-and-half sort of world, where the restraints of propriety are thrown away, but the charms of manner and intelligence retained. There she shone beyond all rivals by the grace of her behaviour and brilliancy of her wit, and in a short time was admitted to the "inner ring" of that life of frivolity and excitement of which the King himself was the bright central star. She became a favourite with the Duchess of Cleveland, at that time the sovereign mistress of Whitehall, and perhaps excited her wonder as much by the correctness of her behaviour as by the quickness of her repartee. But the Duchess was as capricious in her female friendships as in love, and ere six months elapsed became jealous of the talents and beauty of La Rivière, and led a crusade against her—a happy circumstance for the object of her

hate, for it threw her into wiser counsels, and rescued her from the dangerous associations she had formed. Excluded from both the hemispheres into which the habitable globe of society was at that time divided, she betook herself to the point where both were united, and sent a tragedy to the theatre. It was received with universal acclamation, and her name became a household word in the assemblies of wit and fashion. The authoress of the *Royal Mischief* achieved an entrance into another and higher circle, where everything was forgiven to the possessor of genius, but where, probably, the only difference between the poetess and the purest of her admirers was, that she had been discovered and they had not. It was in the later days of our Merry Monarch, when the forced Puritanism of the Commonwealth had burst forth into universal licence. The salons of Versailles were imitated in their life and talent. Conversation was studied as an art, and everybody paid homage to what they called the charms of mind. But even here it was soon found out how amazingly the charms of mind are enhanced by a graceful figure and lovely face. All the great and rich and gay attended the levees of the new muse; and as she had hitherto shown great circumspection in her conduct, though sufficiently free in manner and conversation, fears were entertained that she would forfeit the world's good opinion, which it had cost her such trouble to regain. And in this the history takes a more ingenious turn than would have suggested itself to an ordinary concocter of a three-volume novel. Proof against the allurements of wealth and rank, rejecting the advances of any dangerous wooer, she gave herself up entirely to the delights of listening to the flatterers of her intellectual pre-eminence; and glozing old knights and superannuated courtiers mumbled her praises from morn to night, and "who peppered the highest

surest to please." General Tidcombe laid his poor, rusty old sword at her feet, and warned her against the designs of another aged swain, who was the silliest old noodle and basest liar of his time. This respectable character was a certain Sir Thomas Shepwith, who made up for his senility and unsuc-cess by boasting away the reputa-tion of any beauty who allowed him to visit at her house. What youth and elegance had failed in, the false tongue of this dotard at-tained. He spread reports and imagined victories, and the world, with a shrug and a laugh, believed in the fall of the wittiest and most celebrated of her sex. From that time no steadiness of life, no per-tinacity of denial prevailed. La Rivière was the victim of a sexa-genarian Lothario's unfounded cal-umnies, and fell upon evil tongues and evil days. New triumphs at the theatre only led to a wider dif-fusion of her fame and her fancied guilt. Losing at last the reality of virtue, as well as its reputation, she justified the fears of her friends and prognostications of her enemies by the irregularity of her course; but not without gleams of a nobler dis-position. Borrowing a romantic sentiment from her dramatic ex-perience, she persuaded the best beloved of her admirers to repair the fortune he had wasted in her ser-vice by marrying a rich widow, and retired for a while to lament over her separation, and triumph in her generosity. How long this lasted we are not told; but she came out in a new character when the cur-tain drew up again. Disappointed in love, and soured perhaps by the docility with which her self-sacrific-ing advice had been followed, she became a politician of the most rabid kind, and wrote libels on the ministry, for which she was brought up in custody before the Secretary of State. Her book was called *A New Atalanta*, and contained the most ferocious assaults on her poli-tical opponents, under false names. "Her defence," says Baker "was

made with much humility and sor-row, at the same time denying that any persons were concerned with her, or that she had a further de-sign than writing for her own amusement and diversion in the country, without intending particu-lar reflections on characters." When this was not believed, and the con-trary urged against her, by several circumstances, she said, "Then it must be by inspiration, because, knowing her own innocence, she could account for it no other way." Lord Sunderland replied, "that in-spiration used to be upon a good account, and her writings were stark naught." She, with an air of peni-tence, acknowledged, "that his Lord-ship's observation might be true, but that there were evil angels as well as good; so that, nevertheless, what she had wrote might still be by in-spiration." This—said, we have no doubt, with a pretty laugh and a coquettish toss of the head—seems to have silenced the eloquence of Lord Sunderland. He took his re-venge, however, in sending her off in custody of a messenger, and did not relax his hold until her *habeas corpus* was sued out, and she was set at liberty by law. Poor shaky, quaky, old General Tidcombe had been in agonies on her account. He had begged her to fly to France to avoid her examination, and had offered, says Baker, his purse for that purpose; but as we feel cer-tain, judging from the persevering gallantry of that military Methuse-lah, that he offered himself at the same time "for that purpose," we need not feel surprised that the heroine refused the offer, and faced the Secretary of State, in hopes of an easy martyrdom and eventual triumph.

As beauty decayed, the pamphlets grew. They were a sort of eruption, betraying a gradual corruption of the blood and decay of teeth and blushes. Her enemies were now turned out of office, and the day of retribution had come. Every month saw an assault upon her ancient foes and she became in-

valuable to Downing Street (if such was the haunt of the triumphant party at that time). Bitterness, falsehood, hatred, and unscrupulous assertion, were so characteristic of these locubrations, that they moved the sympathetic feelings of the great satirist and traducer of the day, and Dean Swift extended the hand of fellowship to the equally fierce but less malicious Mrs. Manley. We confess it is a relief to get her into connection with a personage of flesh and blood; the Tidcombes, the Shepwiths, the Tillys, and even her villanous cousin and foolish old aunt, are like the well-imagined but rather feebly sustained characters in a romance; but the touch of Swift's most unromantic finger dissipates the suspicion, and we are informed that, "after he relinquished the *Examiner*, she continued it with great spirit for a considerable time, and frequently finished pieces begun by that excellent writer, who also used often to furnish her with hints for those of her own composition." It is a pity the biographer gives us no specimens of these Siamese productions, where the rage and venom of a neglected woman and disappointed priest must have been as inextricably mingled as the poetry and passion of Beaumont and Fletcher. But here ends the tale of the beauty and adventuress. Her beauty and adventures probably came to a close together; and passing some years of age and idleness in the house of Alderman Barber, she saw the curtain fall without any demonstration of applause, and "was buried," says the chronicler of her life, "in the middle aisle of the church of St. Bennet, Paul's Wharf, where a marble gravestone was erected to her memory."

We have dwelt on this account of Mrs. Manley because it reproduces a state of manners of which we have no specimen at the present day. But even in the interval between the flaring patronage of the Duchess of Cleveland and the

decent dulness and pious hypocrisy of Queen Anne, she must have outlived her period, as if a flying serpent had survived to be contemporary with the dodo. The nearest approach to the wit and profligacy which had formed the atmosphere of her youth was supplied by the Dean of St. Patrick's; and audiences had turned so absurdly respectable, and language and literature had grown so polished and gentlemanly, that Swift must have endeared himself to the congenial La Rivière by the contrast he offered to the improved spirit of the time. In him she recognised the coarseness, the immorality, and debasing tendencies which had won her earlier admiration in Wycherley and Congreve, and she must have clung to that impure concentration of humour and ferocity as her protection against the humanities of the *Tatler* and the frigidity of Cato. The list of her plays is as follows: 1. *The Royal Mischief* (Trag.); 2. *The Lost Lover; or, the Jealous Husband* (Com.); 3. *Almyna; or, the Arabian Vow* (T.); and 4. *Lucius, the First Christian King of Britain* (T.). What we have said may give an interest to the works of this "ingenious gentlewoman," if perchance they present themselves on a book-stall at a price not exceeding half-a-crown.

But the list of dramatic author-esses of this period would be incomplete without the name of Mrs. Aphra Behn. Like her contemporary, La Rivière Manley, "she devoted herself," as Mr. Baker observes, "to love and the muses;" but Aphra was of a nobler spirit of self-dedication than the other, and made no attempt to conceal the objects of her worship. No half-way resting-place between the temples of Venus and Diana would have been satisfactory to this priestess of obscenity and vice; and with a redeeming touch of self-knowledge, the society which had looked coldly on the slightly-veiled improprieties of the writer of *The Royal Mischief* was ten times more in-

du'gent to the unconcealed iniquities of the authoress of *The Lucky Chance*. The nude was thought less offensive than the inadequately draped. Plays, romances, and novels, rushed down from that polluted pen like the contents of a sewer after rain, and for a quarter of a century after her death formed the favourite reading of respectable English homes. It is of this amazing perversion of literary taste, and the rapid steps by which it was finally improved that Sir Walter Scott speaks in his letter to Lady Louisa Stuart: "A grandaunt of my own, Mrs. Keith of Ravelstone, who was a person of some condition, being a daughter of Sir John Swinton, of Swinton, lived with unabated vigour of intellect to a very advanced age. She was very fond of reading, and enjoyed it to the last of her long life. One day she asked me, when we happened to be alone together, whether I had ever seen Mrs. Behn's novels? I confessed the charge. Whether I could get her a sight of them? I said, with some hesitation, I believed I could; but that I did not think she would like either the manners or the language, which approached too near that of Charles II.'s time to be quite proper reading. 'Nevertheless,' said the good old lady, 'I remember her being so much admired, and being so interested in them myself, that I wish to look at them again.' To hear was to obey. So I sent Mrs. Aphra Behn, curiously sealed up, with 'private and confidential' on the packet, to my gay old aunt. The next time I saw her afterwards, she gave me back Aphra, properly wrapped up, with nearly these words: 'Take back your bonny Mrs. Behn; and if you will take my advice, put her in the fire, for I found it impossible to get through the very first novel. But is it not,' she said, 'a very odd thing that I, an old woman of eighty and upwards, sitting alone, feel ashamed to read a book which, sixty years ago, I have heard read aloud for the amusement

of large circles, consisting of the first and most creditable society in London.'"

An old woman of eighty and upwards, when Walter Scott was a very young man, was probably born at the end of the previous century. If she listened to these delectable scenes when she was sixteen years of age, it will take us into the decorous period preceding the first George. We must take the fact, therefore, of the continuance of Aphra's novels as favourite reading at that time as a proof of the survival of some old and highly-respectable noodles of both sexes who were yet unaware of the change of taste, and had not perceived the clearing of the air. The theatres became comparatively purified before "the first and most creditable society in London" when confidentially gathered round its tea-table. For public taste and morality have always a higher standard in England than private conduct; and who knows but in some quiet libraries and prettily furnished drawing-rooms the novels of Mrs. Behn or plays of Mrs. Manley may not have continued their course till they were succeeded by the French literature of the present time? But Aphra was a heroine as well as an authoress, and met with as strange adventures as she invented. Born in the reign of Charles I., she came to the maturity of her vice and beauty in the palmy days of the Restoration. Her father, a Mr. Johnson, had died at sea, on his way to take possession of the governorship of "Surinam, and six-and-thirty islands" (of which one, we think, must have been Barataria); and the family had persisted in their voyage, and landed in the unknown land. There she made acquaintance with Oroonoko and Imoinda, who furnished South-eme with a subject for his tragedy; and, narrowly escaping the breath of scandal for her regard for the heroic prince, she returned to her native country with her way to make—and wit, beauty, and fascination to make it. In a sort of parenthesis, the

biographer informs us that at this time she became the wife of one Mr. Behn, a merchant residing in the city, but of Dutch extraction. What became of this convenient Hollander nobody knows, and nobody cares; but Aphra, availing herself of the amphibious qualities of her mate, made herself equally at home in both countries, and was employed by the congenial Charles to act as his confidential agent at Amsterdam during the Dutch war. None of the many-trousered ministry had a chance with the new ambassador. She ogled, and whispered, and beguiled them out of all their state secrets, and no small amount of their solid florins, and communicated the former results of her political courtships to the dastardly buffoons at Whitehall. If she had sent them the florins, they would have been better pleased; but, despising the information which had been won by the wheedling endearments of this irresistible representative, the King made many excellent jokes on the news she gave him of the intended attack on Chatham and London, and only was convinced of her value when he saw the flames of the English dockyards and heard the booming of De Ruyter's guns. Disgusted with the disregard shown to her despatches, her Excellency resigned her post, and coquetted with admirals, and swindled burgomasters on her own account. Alas, alas! for the ephemeral nature of the qualities which conquer admirals and set burgomasters on fire! Mr. Baker, forgetting that his hurried narrative, though consisting of only three pages, contains the experience of forty years, becomes pathetic at the end of his account. "Nor does she appear," he says, with tears in his eyes, "to have been any stranger to the delicate sensations of the passion of love, as appears from some of her letters to a gentleman with whom she corresponded under the name of Lycidas, and who seems not to have returned her flame with equal ardour, or received it with

that rapture her charms might well have been expected to command." We come, shortly after this, to her epitaph, for she died in 1689:—

"Here lies a proof that wit can never be
Defence enough against mortality."

We shut up our account of the Behns and Manleys, and the other revolting reactions against the lawless period of the Rebellion, and the hypocritical pretences of the Republic, well pleased to accept a little less brilliancy, in consideration of a great deal more modesty, and trace the upward course of the modern drama, past the quiet dullnesses of Rowe and Thomson, till, passing through Murphy and Goldsmith, we come at last to wit and propriety such as the Stuart theatre never knew, combined in the plays of Sheridan. From that period the motto was still "Excelsior," if not in dramatic merit, at least in purity of tone, till a vulgarising spirit of parody and burlesque banished sobriety and literature from the stage, and supplied the attraction originally found in gross situation and coarse expression by glittering and meretricious display. The eyes are now offended where the ears are spared; but it needs the accuracy and fury of some future Baker to apportion just degrees of punishment among the syllable-catching punsters who conceal the poverty of their invention behind the scanty dresses and exposed limbs of a line of fascinating *figurantes*. We doubt whether the spoken ribaldry of Aphra Behn was more objectionable than the short-robed indecency of the actual boards.

Back, as into a purer atmosphere, we go to the days of intellectual effort, where the actor did not depend on the upholsterer or the petticoat-maker, but produced his effects by the passionate utterance of the great sentiments he had to display in act. People have accounted for the paucity of great actors by telling off upon their fingers the numerous

qualities required—voice, eye, figure, height, and motion; knowledge of the heart, susceptibility to strong emotion, appreciation of poetry, and dramatic perception of the shades of character; these, and many more, are the indispensables sentimentiously annexed to the aspirant for Othello's jealousy and Shylock's revenge. As to the personal requisites, we think very little of their absence, unless it is so very observable as never to be lost sight of by the attentive pit. A Coriolanus five feet high would never do—a humpbacked Hamlet would philosophise in vain; but a moderate amount of personal advantages is quite enough. Macbeth need not be like a hero of romance in beauty of feature and form. He can slay King Duncan even though slightly bandy-legged, and woo and win the Lady Anne though a little husky in his speech. Let him have the one great and indispensable qualification of being able to feel his part, and show his feeling in judicious action, and he may laugh at the blockheads who say his nose is scarcely Roman enough and his limbs are a trifle too strong. Now we will dip into the earlier pages of Baker, and under the letter B we come to Betterton.

This was the greatest actor the English stage ever possessed, with the exception, perhaps, of the more versatile Garrick. Almost incredible accounts remain to us of the effects produced by his performance. The magnetic influence of tone and expression seemed to mesmerise an audience, and make them the followers of his slightest intonation. Almost without speaking, he could let them into the workings of his mind, and anticipate his next motion, as if it arose from their own volition. And yet, cheer up, our dumpy friend with the passionate will to tread the boards! If you have only the tremendous energy which likes to surmount difficulties rather than glide along without an obstacle, never mind your inelegant figure and utterly ungracious face—your scrambling walk and clod-

hopping calves. If you feel the divine fury in your heart, and know it to be no exhalation from the stagnant marshes of your self-conceit, but the genuine fire that warmed the stuttering Demosthenes till he became an orator, and the skeleton Luxembourg till he rivalled the Cæsars and Alexanders of ancient story, be not afraid of external deficiencies. We don't see them when our eyes are filled with tears. We don't believe in them when the pulse is stopped in terror and surprise. Read the following description of Betterton, and take courage. It is quoted from a pamphlet by Anthony Aston, called "A Brief Supplement to Colley Cibber, Esquire, his Lives of the Famous Actors and Actresses." "Mr. Betterton, although a superlative good actor, laboured under an ill figure, being clumsily made, having a great head, short thick neck, stooped in the shoulders, and had fat short arms, which he rarely lifted higher than his stomach. His left hand frequently lodged in his breast, between his coat and waistcoat, while with his right he prepared his speech. His actions were few but just. He had little eyes, and a broad face, a little pockpitted, a corpulent body, and thick legs, with large feet. He was better to meet than to follow, for his aspect was serious, venerable, and majestic—in his latter time a little paralytic. His voice was low and grumbling; yet he could time it by an artful climax, which enforced universal attention even from the fops and orange-girls. He was incapable of dancing, even in a country-dance, as was Mrs. Barry, but their good qualities were more than equal to their deficiencies."

Surely this is the picture of a chawbacon, qualifying, by a long course of awkward stolidity of look and attitude, to grin successfully through a horse-collar at a fair! Yet this quintessence of the sublime and beautiful threw the brazen Duchess of Cleveland into hysterics, and moved the talkative Nell Gwynne to silence. Of him

also Addison wrote a criticism distinguished by his usual refinement:

"Such an actor as Mr. Betterton ought to be recorded with the same respect as Roscius among the Romans. I have hardly a notion that any performer of antiquity could surpass the action of Mr. Betterton in any of the occasions in which he has appeared upon our stage. The wonderful agony which he appeared in when he examined the circumstance of the handkerchief in the part of Othello, the mixture of love that intruded upon his mind upon the innocent answers Desdemona makes, betrayed in his gesture such a variety and vicissitude of passions as would admonish a man to be afraid of his own heart, and perfectly convince him that it is to stab it to admit that worst of daggers—jealousy. Whoever reads in his closet this admirable scene will find that he cannot (except he has as warm an imagination as Shakespeare himself) find any but dry, incoherent, and broken sentences. But a reader that has seen Betterton act it observes there could not be a word added—that longer speeches had been unnatural, nay impossible, in Othello's circumstances. This is such a triumph over difficulties, that we feel almost persuaded that the deficiencies themselves contributed to the success." We can now understand how our cripple and grimy friend Vulcan cut out the well-made Mars. We can understand, in short, how a real dramatic genius will carry a man to the top of his profession, though his defects of expression and articulation might seem to condemn him to continue a candle snuffer to the end of his life. This, perhaps, is better expressed in the words of Voltaire, when he accused Mademoiselle Dumesnil of not having rage enough in one of her speeches. "It would require, sir, to have the *diable au corps* to do as you wish me." "Exactly, mademoiselle," said the great man; "one must have the *diable au corps* to excel in anything!"

In all the pages of Baker we can find nothing to guide us to a judgment of the style of the actors of the various periods. There seems, indeed, to have been a regular ebb and flow of the natural and the artificial, the declamatory and colloquial, in the personations of the stage. If Burbadge was easy and lifelike, his successor got on stilts, and taught the myrmidons of the pit that a stage hero was not a sort of fellow you could see any day of the week, but a portentous apparition, embodying all lofty thoughts and glorious passions, and therefore not to be criticised by ordinary standards, nor expected to have the modes of expression, or even the style of walking, of common men. If it were not for the admiration we are all bound to profess for the Greek drama, we should say that this supernatural and imaginative representation was the offspring of a semi-barbarous age; but as we remember the two feet thick buskin heels and the enormous mask for the countenance with which Œdipus or Ajax was lifted out of the category of everyday people, and elevated into a region proper only for demigods and mythical kings, we accept the impassive face of the vizard, the stilted increase of the stature, and the ear-splitting thunder of the speaking-trumpet (with which the actors electrified the farthest denizens of the theatre), as something sublimely intellectual, and carefully designed to draw an impassable distinction between the looks, manners, and sentiments of the stage and those of the street or forum. On the French boards, also, as long as the personages of a play were taken entirely from the accomplished cavaliers who fought before Troy, or distracted Greece with their crimes and dissensions after their return, it was all right and proper that a severe dignity of language and statue-like attitudes should characterise Monseigneur Achilles or his Majesty Agamemnon, because those gentlemen could not be judged by any code of sentiment or be-

haviour recognised by the citizens of Paris. The shopkeepers, therefore, who would have been quick in discovering any departure from probability in a farce of Molière, accepted with entire submission the grandiloquent orations and pompous action of *Rodogune* or *Pompey*. That either the sister of Phraates the Parthian, or the great rival of Cæsar, should call a spade a spade, or express the slightest longing for a glass of beer, never entered into the expectation of the enraptured auditor, who felt no slight increase of self-respect from the ennobling fact that he had been called on to listen to a conversation carried on in the tone and manner peculiar to conquerors and queens. Talma was the first man on the modern French stage who made the discovery that kings, after all, were only men, and was bold enough to explain his novel method of representing monarchs, by stating his belief that the most overbearing of potentates, with his crown on and his courtiers round him in the reception hall, was a very different personage in the privacy of his own room; that probably Semiramis herself answered her friend in a mild tone of voice when they were *tête-à-tête*; and Orestes was not always on the high ropes when having a confidential conversation with Pylades. He therefore moderated his roar and softened his look till people changed their sentiments about the individuals he represented, and saw the distinctive peculiarities of his tragedy kings and murderers as clearly as we see the differences between Hamlet and Macbeth. His object was to give the fictitious personages of Corneille and Racine back to nature—in short, to Shakespeareanise the stage; and he offended the classicists accordingly. For we are not to take for granted the undeniableness of our superiority to the laboured and declamatory school, because we have had Edmund Kean and Macready to give passionate motion to the stately castings which awed and charmed our forefathers.

Some people prefer Madame Tussaud to the *poses plastiques*. The stage, they say, is the home of the artificial; you can't attempt to deceive us into a belief of the reality of the men or events you show us. Let us have it all, therefore, artificial—voice, attitude, expression. Show us you are acting, only act "excellent well;" declaim your speeches, exaggerate your movements, aggravate your voice. Don't try to pretend you are a Danish prince or a Scottish thane. Show us what Shakespeare meant to be the spirit of the scene, but don't pretend that you are deceived by the witch's caldron or the old gentleman's ghost. Start in a heroic manner, avoiding the natural expressions of fear, as unworthy the rank of the personages whose words you repeat. Above all things, be neither below nature, nor exactly like nature—be above it. Lekain was the ornament and exemplar of this school; and see what such a judge of men and things as Frederick of Prussia said of him, his criticism exhausting all that can be advanced in favour of presentation as opposed to personation: "Here is what I thought when I saw Lekain. The first time I saw him I compared him only with the nature we are in the habit of seeing. I found he was not the least like it, and I considered his acting false and exaggerated. The second time I saw him, I thought he was practising an art, and that his art had rules which he had carefully studied and followed out with great intelligence. I still thought, however, that he made too much of his art, and that he should have stuck closer to nature. But now I think I have got to the point of view from which an actor should be judged. High tragic poetry should only copy a particular nature; therefore the actor cannot copy ordinary nature, such as encounters us every day, without producing an unfaithful likeness. Besides, the scene which the poet puts on the stage is not a scene in an ordinary circle of society, or in the

bosom of a family. It is transported to the boards of a great theatre, and appears to the eyes of nations. What an immensity of preparation this requires! And can the actor forget this great consideration? Is he, indeed, on the same ground with us? By no means. We only see him in the distance, indefinite and diminished according to the rules of perspective. Must he not proportionally aggrandise all he says and does? Everything in Lekain is gigantic, or rather heroic and colossal. He is on a pedestal, and he could not appear otherwise without being awkward and false." The result of all these conflicting judgments is, that stateliness is good, and impulsiveness is good, when each is the best of its kind, but which is best in itself nobody can tell.

Caustic and bitter as Baker and his continuators show themselves too often, they are not without the faculty of perceiving the soul of good in things evil, and bring forward the better qualities of their victims at the very time when they are plying their heaviest cudgel. Less tiresome is this mixture of praise and blame than the unvaried song of glorification to which more modern biographers of the stage

have descended. With these we will not meddle. The subjects and writers are excellently matched. Yet an exception must be made in favour of the *Memoirs of Charles Matthews*, in which the merits of a first-rate actor and excellent man are lovingly commemorated by the hand of true affection, but not of undistinguishing panegyric. Charles was perhaps the last survivor of the period we spoke of, when the dramatic world was separate from our own, and examined with more curiosity than we now bestow on ministers and kings. The attention paid to the proceedings of the green-room was an indemnification for the social disabilities to which custom (and at one time law) had condemned the whole profession. It was, in a certain degree, like the interest we took in the lives of the pirates or highwaymen; and we shut up this laborious compilation of dramatic lives with the comfortable assurance that it will be the last of its kind, for the social bar is withdrawn. Actors live in the full view of the everyday world; they are no more separated from the rest of us than curates or attorneys; and furnish no more inviting subjects for biography than the law-list or a catalogue of the unbeneficed clergy.

JUDICIAL PUZZLES—ELIZA FENNING.

IMMEDIATELY adjoining to High Holborn and parallel with the southern side of Red Lion Square runs a long, narrow, gloomy lane, called Eagle Street. Sickly children dabble in the gutters, and gaze wistfully at the sugar-plums and hard-bake, painfully suggestive of plaster-of-Paris and cobbler's wax, which are displayed in the windows of the better class of shops, in company with farthing prints of theatrical characters, peg-tops, battledores, and other objects of attraction to the youth of London. Vendors of tripe and cats'-meat, rag and bottle dealers, marine-store keepers, merchants who hold out temptations in prose and verse, adorned with apoplectic numerals, to cooks and housemaids to purloin dripping, kitchen-stuff, and old wearing apparel, barbers who "shave well for a halfpenny," shoe-vampers, fried-fish sellers, a coal and potato dealer, and a bird-stuffer, share the rest of the street, with lodging-houses of the filthiest description.

In the month of July 1815 a remarkable scene was witnessed in this lane. In a back-room of the house No. 14 (since pulled down to make way for Day & Martin's blacking manufactory), the body of a young woman, who had a few days before been executed at Newgate for poisoning the family, in which she was cook, with arsenic, was exhibited by her parents to all comers. The street was filled with crowds of compassionate or inquisitive gazers. Money was freely given and readily received. This extraordinary exhibition continued for five days. On the 31st of July, a funeral procession wound its way up Lamb's Conduit Street, to the burial-ground at the back of the

Foundling Hospital. The Pall was borne by six young women, robed in white. Thousands of spectators (it is stated in the papers of the day, as many as ten thousand) followed the coffin to the grave, and crowded round as it was lowered into the earth. It bore upon its lid these words—"Elizabeth Fenning, died July 26, 1815, aged 22 years." From that day to this, the case of Eliza Fenning has been cited as one in which an innocent person fell a victim to the hasty judgment of a prejudiced and incompetent tribunal. Nor must it be supposed that this feeling has been confined to an ignorant or angry populace. Sir Samuel Romilly recorded his belief in her innocence. Curran was in the habit of declaiming in glowing words on the injustice of her fate; and even recently an able and kind-hearted man, whose experience of criminal inquiries was most extensive, and certainly not of a kind to induce him lightly to assume the innocence of a convicted felon, has told the story of Eliza Fenning, and concludes his narrative in the following words: "Poor Eliza Fenning! So young, so fair, so innocent, so sacrificed! Cut down even in thy morning, with all life's brightness only in its dawn! Little did it profit thee that a city mourned over thy early grave, and that the most eloquent of men did justice to thy memory."*

On the other hand, it must be remembered that Fenning was defended by able counsel; that after her conviction the case was again investigated by the law advisers of the Crown; that the trial took place on the 11th of April, and the execution was delayed until the 26th of July—a period of more than three

* *Vacation Thoughts on Capital Punishments.* By CHARLES PHILLIPS. P. 102.

months, during which time every opportunity was afforded for bringing forward any circumstance that might tell in the prisoner's favour; that the result of this inquiry, the patience and impartiality of which there seems to be no reasonable ground to doubt, was a confirmation of the verdict of the jury. Here, then, we find the remarkable fact, that in a case unattended by any of those circumstances which would be likely to excite popular sympathy on the one hand, or to pervert the judgment of the ordinary tribunals on the other, there is a distinct issue between the decision of the law and the verdict of public opinion. It speaks well both for the people and for the tribunals by which justice is administered, that such a case is of extreme rarity; and it is an interesting and curious inquiry to examine the facts from which it arises.

Eliza Fenning was cook in the family of a Mr. Robert Gregson Turner, a law stationer in Chancery Lane. The family consisted of Turner, his wife, two apprentices named Gadsden and King—youths of seventeen or eighteen years of age, who lived in the house—a housemaid of the name of Sarah Peer, and the prisoner. Turner's father, Mr. Orlibar Turner, was a partner in the business, but resided at Lambeth. On Tuesday the 21st of March, Orlibar Turner dined with his son and his daughter-in-law. Part of the dinner consisted of some yeast dumplings, of which all three partook. They had hardly done so, when they were attacked by violent pain, accompanied by the symptoms of arsenical poisoning. Soon afterwards Gadsden, one of the apprentices, who had dined at an earlier hour, came into the kitchen, and finding the remains of the dumplings, which had been brought down from the parlour, ate a small piece, when he was attacked by similar symptoms. The next sufferer was Eliza Fenning herself, who was taken ill in a like man-

ner, later in the afternoon. Sarah Peer, and King the other apprentice, who had dined earlier and did not eat any part of the dumpling, escaped.

The first inquiry is, In what medium was the poison conveyed?

All the persons who had partaken of the dumplings were attacked in a greater or less degree. The flour from which they were made was examined, but no poison found; and Fenning, Peer, and King, had dined on a pie, the crust of which was made of the same flour, without any ill effects. The poison, therefore, was not in the flour. Some sauce had been served in a boat, separate from the dumplings, and of this sauce Mr. Orlibar Turner did not partake, yet he was one of the sufferers. The poison, therefore, was not in the sauce; nor was it in the yeast, the remains of which were also examined. There was what would now be considered a most unaccountable amount of carelessness in the examination of the dumplings themselves; but the remains of the dough left in the pan of which they were prepared was examined, and unquestionably contained arsenic. Indeed, no reasonable ground has ever been suggested for doubting that the poison was contained in the dumplings, and that it was placed there by some one during their preparation.

The next inquiry is, How was the poison procured?

Mr. Turner had been in the habit of using arsenic for the destruction of rats and mice, with which his house was infested; and the poison was kept with the most culpable negligence. It lay in an open drawer in the office, unlocked, and in which waste paper was kept. It was urged that Fenning was in the habit of taking paper from the drawer for the purpose of lighting the fire, and an inference was sought to be drawn from that circumstance unfavourable to her. It is manifest that nothing could be more groundless. The arsenic was no doubt

obtained from the drawer—the packet in which it was kept having been mislaid a few days before—but there was not one particle of evidence, with regard to the abstraction of the arsenic, affecting Fenning more than any other member of the family; for to that drawer all the persons in the house had easy access.

Fenning had been in the service about seven weeks. Soon after she entered it, her mistress observed some levity of conduct on her part towards the apprentices, and reprov'd her severely for it, threatening to discharge her; but this passed over; and, with this exception, she does not appear to have had any discomfort or ground of ill-will against her mistress, or any others of the family. We look in vain, therefore, for any adequate motive for so horrible a crime. We must now trace the few circumstances, and they are very few, which the jury considered sufficient to lead them to the conclusion of the guilt of the prisoner.

On the morning of the 20th of March some yeast was brought to the house by the brewer's man, which had been ordered by Fenning, without the knowledge of her mistress, a day or two before. The yeast was received by Sarah Peer the housemaid, who poured it into a white basin, and gave it to Fenning. The remains of the yeast was afterwards examined, and found to be perfectly pure. On Tuesday morning, the 21st March, Mrs. Turner went into the kitchen and gave Fenning directions as to preparing the dumplings. Fenning kneaded the dough, made the dumplings, was in the kitchen the whole time until they were served up to table, and during the greater part of that time was there alone—Mrs. Turner having left her soon after giving her orders, and Sarah Peer the housemaid being engaged on her duties in other rooms. Fen-

ning, therefore, had ample opportunity to mix the poison with the dumplings, and it is difficult to suppose that any other person could have meddled with them without her being aware of the fact. Indeed, she herself stated that no other person had anything to do with the dumplings*. On the remains of the dinner being brought down into the kitchen, Gadsden, as we have before stated, came in, and seeing one of the dumplings, took up a knife and fork and was going to eat it, when Fenning exclaimed, "Gadsden, do not eat that: it is cold and heavy; it will do you no good." Gadsden, in his evidence, adds: "I ate a piece about as big as a walnut, or bigger. There was a small quantity of sauce in the boat: I took a bit of bread and sopped it in it, and ate that."† Gadsden was taken ill about ten minutes afterwards. He was not, however, too ill to be sent for the elder Turner's wife, Mrs. Margaret Turner. On her arrival, she found her husband, son, and daughter-in-law extremely ill; and very soon afterwards Eliza Fenning herself was attacked with similar symptoms. Here, then, we find this curious fact—all the persons who have partaken of the dumplings at dinner are ill: Gadsden is warned by Fenning not to eat them; he neglects the warning, and is almost immediately taken ill in the same manner; he is sent to Lambeth to fetch Mrs. Margaret Turner; and Fenning is not taken ill until after her arrival. Considering the distance from Chancery Lane to Lambeth, this must have been a considerable interval. As the effects of the poison (even when taken in so small a quantity as by Gadsden) were almost immediate, it follows that Fenning did not take it until some time after these symptoms were apparent in the others, and subsequent to the warning she gave Gadsden. This seems to dispose

* 71st Q.

† Short-hand Copy of the Trial, 8th Q.

of the arguments in favour of her innocence, which have been founded on the fact of her having been herself a sufferer from the poison. What might be her motive is a matter involved in great obscurity, but there seems to be no doubt that she took it, for some reason or other, after she had seen its effects, and after she had seen cause to warn Gadsden against the dumplings.

This very slender evidence is all that exists apart from that which is derived from Fenning's own statements, and which we shall consider presently.

It amounts to little more than proof that Fenning might easily have committed the crime, and that it is difficult to suppose that any other person could. The poison was unquestionably in the dumplings; it was unquestionably placed there during their preparation. Who but Fenning could have done this? But we now come to the consideration of what appears to us to be by far the most important evidence in the case—namely, the statements made by Eliza Fenning herself.

Mrs. Turner the elder arrived at the house, as we have seen, in the afternoon. She is asked whether she had any conversation with Fenning on the subject:—

"90th Q.—Did you say anything to her while you were there that day respecting the dumplings?

"A.—I exclaimed to her, 'Oh, these devilish dumplings!' supposing they had done the mischief. She said, '*Not the dumplings, but the milk, madam.*' I asked her, 'What milk?' She said, 'The halfpenny worth of milk that Sally had fetched to make the sauce.'

"91st Q.—Did she say who had made the sauce?

"A.—My daughter. I said, 'That cannot be; it could not be the sauce.' She said, 'Yes; Gadsden ate a very little bit of dumpling, not bigger than a nut, but licked up three parts of a boat of sauce with a bit of bread.'

During the whole of the next

day, Fenning, in reply to repeated inquiries, persisted that the poison was in the milk which was fetched by Sarah Peer, and used for the sauce; that it was not in the dumplings; and that no one had mixed anything in the dumplings, or had anything to do with them but herself. (Q. 69, 70, 71.)

We have already adverted to the fact that Mr. Turner, who did not partake of the sauce (94th Q.), was as ill as any of the others. This is of course conclusive of the fact that the poison was not in the sauce, or at any rate not in the sauce alone.

The arguments in favour of the innocence of Fenning have been almost entirely based on the fact that she herself partook of the poisoned dumplings. As we have already seen, she did not do this until after the effects had been produced upon all the other sufferers, and after she had warned Gadsden that the dumpling was "cold and heavy, and would do him no good." Now, in order to support the hypothesis of her innocence, it must be supposed that, feeling certain that she had mixed no deleterious article in the dumplings, and that no other person could have done so, she eats a portion of them to prove her conviction of that fact; otherwise, why, when she had dined a short time before on beefsteak pie, should she eat the "cold and heavy" dumpling which she had warned Gadsden not to meddle with? She is then immediately taken ill. Supposing she were innocent, her first exclamation would have been one of surprise. "The dumplings are poisoned! who has done this?" Instead of this, she seeks to divert suspicion from the dumplings, and to cast it upon the milk which had been fetched by Sarah Peer.

This ready falsehood, and attempt to divert the suspicion which was pointing at her towards an innocent person, appears to us to afford strong evidence of her guilt; and this evidence is strengthened

by the fact that even in her falsehood she was not consistent. The next day, when she was taken into custody, she changed her story. We find no more about the milk. She tells the constable that she thinks the poison was in the yeast, that she saw a red sediment in it. We have already stated that the remains of the yeast was examined, and nothing whatever of a deleterious nature discovered. On her trial she abandoned both these stories, and confined herself to a general assertion of her innocence, in which she persisted on the scaffold.

Such, then, are the facts proved in evidence in the case of Eliza Fenning. We have purposely abstained from alluding to the utterly irrelevant matter with which the papers of the day were filled. On the one side, Eliza Fenning was represented as a paragon of beauty and virtue; on the other, as a monster of depravity and vice. There is not one particle of reason for believing either one statement or the other. Until she was charged with the crime for which she suffered, she seems to have been very much like any other commonplace servant of a somewhat low class. Is there, then, evidence sufficient to lead us, after a dispassionate consideration, to a conclusion either one way or the other? We confess that we think there is; and the conclusion at which we arrive is, that Fenning was guilty.

By a process of exhaustion we arrive at the fact, that it was hardly possible that any person but Fenning could have introduced the arsenic into the dumplings. This, alone, would perhaps not justify us in coming to a positive conclusion; but her own conduct, her false and contradictory statements, her warning Gadsden, and her eagerness to throw the blame on a person who was undoubtedly innocent, leave in our minds no doubt of her own guilt.

We are met, however, by two difficulties. First, the absence of any adequate motive for the crime; and, secondly, the fact that she herself partook of the poisoned dumplings.

With regard to the first, all persons who have any practical experience of criminal courts know how slight and insignificant are the motives which sometimes impel to the commission of the most appalling crimes. The poisoning even of children by their own parents, to obtain the paltry allowance made by burial-clubs on their deaths, became so common a few years ago, as to occasion the express interference of the Legislature. We were ourselves present at the trial of Betty Eccles. That wretched woman had contracted a habit of poisoning. If a neighbour's child cried, it was quieted with a dose of arsenic. One poor little victim, not suspecting the cause of her agony, besought the murderess to take her to the pump to get a drink of water, to allay the burning thirst with which she was tormented: "Thee mayest lie where thee art," was the reply; "thee won't want water long." When incendiary fires were rife, many instances occurred in which there seemed to be no assignable motive at all beyond the mere desire to see a blaze and to cause an excitement.

The genius of Scott was never displayed in greater vigour than in the scene where Elspeth of the Craighurnfoot discloses to Lord Glenallan the conspiracy which resulted in the death of Eveline Neville; nor is his knowledge of the human heart more completely shown by anything, than the trivial cause which he assigns for Elspeth's bitter hatred and deep revenge: "I hated Miss Eveline Neville for her ain sake. I brought her frae England, and during our whole journey she gecked and scorned at my northern speech and habit, as her southland leddies and kimmers had done at the boarding-school, as they

ca'd it." Most of our readers, we fear, if they look honestly back through their own experience, will be able to recall some domestic tragedy which has originated in as trivial a cause. It is equally true of crime as of other things, moral and physical, that the most monstrous growth often springs from the most minute seed.

With regard to the second argument, it must be owned that, if the dumplings had been prepared for the dinner of which Fenning was to partake, it would have been one of considerable force. But this was not so. Fenning had prepared the dinner for herself, her fellow-servant, Gadsden, and the other apprentice. She made the crust of the pie from the same flour which was used for the dumplings, but no one suffered from sharing that meal. She ate the dumpling after the ill-effects had been experienced—after she had cautioned Gadsden. Whether she ran the risk for the sake of concealing her crime, or whether she desired to destroy her own life, it is impossible to say. It has been asserted that, after the execution of Fenning, some person confessed that he had been the murderer. This rests on mere rumour. We have reason to believe that there is more ground for the statement which has also been made, that though Eliza Fenning persisted in the assertion of her innocence in public and to the ordinary of Newgate, yet that she confessed her guilt to another person. Neither of these reports, however, have ever assumed a tangible form, or one which would enable them to be submitted to that kind of scrutiny which alone could give them value. We have, therefore, disregarded them altogether in considering the case, and confined our attention to legitimate evidence alone. We attach but little value to Fenning's assertion of her innocence on the scaffold. Few weeks have passed since Mullins was executed, making similar protestations; yet we presume that no doubt exists in the

mind of any sane man that he was the murderer of Mrs. Emsley. Gleeson Wilson, the murderer of Mrs. Hendrickson and her children, persisted to the last in asseverations of his innocence.

We have said that it is rarely that public opinion fails to confirm the decisions of our criminal courts. We attribute this most happy circumstance mainly to three things: the publicity of all judicial proceedings; the placing all issues of fact in the hands of the jury; and the freedom of the judge from any part in the conduct of the trial. But we shall probably startle many of our readers when we say that, in one most important particular, we think that one of the oldest and best established rules of our criminal law might be considerably modified with advantage to the ends of justice. We allude to the rule which, under all circumstances, prohibits the examination of a person charged with crime, and the correlative or complementary rule which precludes him from giving evidence in his own behalf. No rule is more strictly observed in English jurisprudence. From the moment that a man is charged with a crime until he is placed at the bar for trial, he is hedged round with precautions to prevent him from criminating himself. Upon his trial he cannot be asked to explain a doubtful or suspicious circumstance. Whether he will or not, his mouth is closed, except for the purpose of cross-examining the witnesses, until all the evidence has been heard against him, and then he addresses the jury with the disadvantage (and, supposing him to be innocent, it is a very serious disadvantage) that even the jury or the judge cannot put any question to him which might enable him to clear up what was obscure, or to explain what might appear to be suspicious in his conduct. The armour with which the law thus shields the guilty becomes an incumbrance upon the innocent.

The rule originates, no doubt, in a love of fair play. Every man is entitled to be considered innocent until he is proved to be guilty. You must not make a man criminate himself. These are aphorisms in which we fully agree. But it is equally true that you ought to give every man the utmost freedom to prove that he is innocent, and to exculpate himself.

We are fully aware of the evils that arise from the system pursued in the French courts, where the judge interrogates the culprit (we use the word in its legal sense of an *accused* person, not in its popular meaning of a *guilty* one), where the grave judicial inquiry degenerates into a "keen encounter of their wits," and the hand which ought to hold the balance steady wields, instead, the sword of the combatant. We know, too, the still greater evils that attend the system of secret examination by the judge, which prevails in other continental states, and with which the readers of Feuerbach are familiar; and we would far rather retain the imperfections of our own system than adopt the infinitely worse mischiefs which are attendant upon either. Still the reverse of wrong is not necessarily right; and our own course of proceeding, might, we think, be modified with advantage.

In the present state of the law this curious anomaly exists, that in the very same state of facts, it depends upon whether the proceeding is civil or criminal whether the mouth of the accused person is closed or not. A and his wife, walking home at night, are met by B and his wife, when B knocks A down. A indicts B for the assault, and this being a criminal proceeding, A and his wife give their evidence upon oath, whilst neither B nor his wife can be examined at all. But suppose that, instead of indicting B, A had brought an action against him, the whole case is changed. Now A and B, and their respective wives, can all be exam-

ined and cross-examined. Can there be a doubt which course is most conducive to the elucidation of the truth, and can a grosser absurdity be conceived than that the same court should adopt modes of procedure so inconsistent in an inquiry into the same facts, before the same judge and the same jury, and practically between the same parties?

A case occurred last summer which excited great interest, and which forcibly illustrates the evil we complain of.

A clergyman of the name of Hatch was indicted for a gross offence alleged to have been committed upon a child of tender years, who had been intrusted to his care as a pupil. The charge rested almost solely on the evidence of the child, a girl of the name of Eugenia Plummer. Neither Hatch nor his wife could be examined, and, as theirs was the only testimony by which, from the nature of the case, the charge could be rebutted, Hatch was convicted. Under the circumstances, it was hardly possible that the jury could come to any other conclusion. A few weeks elapsed, and Eugenia Plummer was placed at the same bar, charged with perjury. Then the tables were turned. Hatch and his wife were examined: the child's mouth was closed. The jury convicted Eugenia Plummer of perjury. On the evidence before the jury no other result could reasonably have been expected. Both the juries discharged their duties with honesty and intelligence. Both were assisted in their deliberations by judges of the highest character and the greatest experience and ability, yet one jury or the other convicted an innocent person. If Plummer was guilty, Hatch was innocent; if Hatch was guilty, Plummer was herself the double victim of his brutality and his perjury. We express no opinion whatever as to which jury was right, but it is manifest that both could not be. It must, we think, be clear to every

one that the only way in which a case of this kind could be satisfactorily tried must be by confronting and examining both the parties. To attempt to try such issues separately is like trying to cut a knot with the two disunited halves of a pair of scissors.

If, upon one trial, both could have been examined, the inquiry would very possibly have terminated in the acquittal of both. In other words, the jury might have found the evidence of both so unsatisfactory that they could not find any decision upon it. Such a result, certainly, would not have been desirable, yet it would have been far less objectionable than what has actually taken place. The conviction of Eugenia Plummer for perjury has operated as a virtual acquittal of Hatch. But every one must feel that that acquittal having been obtained when the mouth of the only material witness against him was closed, is far less satisfactory than it would have been if it had resulted from the decision of a jury who had heard the evidence of Plummer.

The case of Elizabeth Canning, which we examined at length in a former number, was of the same description. Squires was convicted of felony on the evidence of Canning, and Canning was subsequently convicted of perjury committed in that very evidence. On the first trial Squires could not be examined; on the second, Canning was silenced, and both the accused persons were convicted. Such cases are of frequent occurrence, and they are always attended by this evil, that, whether rightly or not, public opinion will unavoidably be divided as to the result. The conviction of Canning hardly diminished either the number or the zeal of those who had espoused her cause; and it would probably be found that the juries who came to conflicting decisions in the cases of Hatch and Eugenia Plummer represent, not unfairly, the diversities of public opinion.

The remedy we would suggest is, that in all cases a culprit should be permitted to tender himself for examination. We think that to allow the prosecutor to call the culprit, and to examine him whether he would or no, would be attended with evils greater than any advantage to be derived from such a course—evils less in degree, though the same in kind, as those which make us shrink with horror from the idea of extracting even truth by the means of torture—means which have never been used in our courts since they were adopted by the express command of that Queen whom Lord Macaulay has held up to us as the pattern of every gentle and feminine virtue, and her ruthless husband. If an accused person choose to remain silent, or to make his statement to the jury without the sanction of an oath, and without submitting its truth to the test of cross-examination, he should be fully at liberty to do so, subject of course to the unfavourable effect which such a proceeding would unavoidably have on the minds of the jury. That this would be the line taken by the guilty we believe would frequently be the case; but every innocent man would, we believe, gladly adopt the other course. We have heard it urged that the ignorant, the stupid, or the timid man would be thus placed at a disadvantage when exposed to the cross-examination of an experienced, acute, and possibly not very scrupulous counsel. We believe, on the contrary, that such a person is the very one to whom (supposing him to be innocent) the course we suggest would be of the greatest advantage. What is the position of such a man now? He is left to blunder his story out as best he may, casting it before the jury in a confused unintelligible mass, with, very possibly, the most material parts wholly omitted. If our suggestion were adopted, the thread of his narrative would be drawn from the tangled skein by

the hand of an experienced advocate—its consistency and its truth would be tested by cross-examination and confirmed by re-examination. A greater boon to the ignorant or timid man falsely accused of crime, than such a mode of exculpating himself, we can hardly conceive.

The ultimate object of all criminal jurisprudence is the safety of society. When a crime is committed, especially if it is one of a nature to excite extreme horror and detestation, the first and most natural impulse is, to fix the guilt upon some one. Outraged humanity and public indignation demand a victim. In the case of the Road murder, we have seen persons who, from their position and education, ought to know better, calling out for the abandonment of the established forms of law and justice, and the adoption of some new and inquisitorial mode of proceeding. We have seen a magistrate holding a sort of extrajudicial court, listening to, and even asking for,

the most absurd and irrelevant gossip, covering himself with contempt, and exposing the gravest and most serious inquiry to ridicule.

To attempt to remedy these evils by adopting any exceptional course of proceeding in an individual case, would only be to introduce a mischief of far greater magnitude. It is far better that an individual crime, however horrible, should remain unpunished, than that rules established for the purposes of justice should be strained or set aside. But it is well that we should consider carefully whether those rules rest on a sound foundation. We have, with great advantage, abandoned the rule which formerly excluded the parties to civil suits from giving evidence. We believe that nothing but good would result from the removal of the anomaly which still exists in our criminal courts when the accuser is sworn, and gives his evidence on oath, whilst the accused is refused the same sanction to his denial of the charge.

THE FOREIGN SECRETARY.

Who can ever forget Mr. Disraeli's famous announcement, that the reputation of Lord John Russell is one of the precious possessions of our country? The character of our public men ought, indeed, to be precious in our eyes. The safety and honour of the nation depend upon it; and it is now a trite remark, that there is no worse sign of the times in which we live than the low esteem in which leading statesmen are held. It is better, however, that in these matters the truth should be spoken, that evil should be called evil, and that good should not be lowered by companionship with bad. The attempt to bolster up rotten reputations will by no means tend to raise the character of our statesmanship. The attempt to represent a little man standing on the shoulders of the Whig aristocracy as a great minister, can do no good either to the little man himself or to the ministerial office. When the history of our day and generation comes to be written with that nakedness of statement which has already laid many a cherished reputation in the dust, what will then become of the precious Whig whom Mr. Disraeli has so enthusiastically praised as a thing of beauty and a joy for ever? That Mr. Disraeli is perfectly sincere in the praise which he has lavished on the Foreign Secretary we do not doubt; for he has from the first consistently held the same view—giving honour to Lord John Russell even while he withheld it from Sir Robert Peel. It is usual, in our mild epoch, for a politician to temper his opposition to the principles and practice of his antagonists, by expressing admiration of their eloquence and respect for their characters. They do not fight now with poisoned weapons; they do not denounce each other as monsters; they do not propose to impeach one another. In recoiling

from the bad habit of former years, in which the ministers in office abused the statesmen in opposition as traitors to their country, and the statesmen in opposition treated their foes in place as rogues and tyrants, Mr. Disraeli, among others, is generally at great pains to throw a sop to the Cerberus whom he means to defy, and to salve the wounds which he is determined to inflict. The historian and the publicist are not in the same case; and we may be permitted to differ from Mr. Disraeli in our estimate of Lord John Russell, the preciousness of whose reputation consists in this, that, of all the statesmen of the present century, he is the most notorious bungler, the worst of leaders, the most unreliable of colleagues, the most ridiculous of despatch-writers, the most factious of Whigs, the most egotistical, and therefore the most impracticable, of ministers.

Our condemnation of the man who was for half a decade Prime Minister, who is now, at a time of unexampled difficulty, honoured with the direction of our foreign affairs, and who looks forward, at no distant period, to leading once more the Liberal party in the House of Commons, is so grave, that we shall naturally be asked to explain how it is that Lord John Russell ever obtained a great position in the councils of the nation. He owes that position partly to his own activity, but chiefly to the accident of his birth. His activity has been extraordinary. It has for the most part, however, been the activity of a weak, restless nature. Lord John Russell has never been a strong man, either intellectually or physically; but he has had that tenacity of purpose which gives to many weak men a success denied to their betters. His ability is an indefinite quantity, a slovenly sort of power, which has no particular

bent, which is everything by turns, which does nothing very well, but which does a few things pretty well. He has always been a meddling man, and his activity has generally been little more than the irritability of an egotist incapable of concentration, and believing himself capable of anything. Sidney Smith expressed this pungently enough in illustrations which it is needless for us to quote. There are few things which Lord John has not attempted, and he has done almost all badly. He has tried his hand at history, and nothing can be more stale and unprofitable. He has produced a couple of biographies—both miserable daubs. He has written a historical tragedy, which, besides being neither poetical nor dramatic, has not even the merit of historical accuracy. He has attempted political philosophy, and has achieved political platitude. He undertook the duties of an editor, and we all know how disgracefully he sent forth to the world the papers of his friend Moore. He has all his life been fumbling at politics, and his name is not identified, save by courtesy, with a single great measure; for Parliamentary Reform, which he is pleased to regard as his own particular province, is no more his than Free Trade belonged of right to Peel—indeed, far less. He was truly enough depicted, ten years ago, as the little boy who wrote “No Popery” on the wall, and then ran away; and that is the character of his statesmanship from first to last. He is great in speech, little in performance. If he cannot do a thing himself, he can prevent others from doing it. He is the “Johnny who upset the coach;” and if he has one particular function in the State which is exclusively his own, and by which he will be known to posterity, it is that of upsetting the political coach. He is notorious for knocking down governments, no matter whether he is in or out of office; and it seemed as if he had crowned his career of mischief when, a few years ago,

like Barnum winding up his concerns with a lecture on humbug, he took to lecturing the young men of London “on the obstacles of government.” Thus, not strongly, but irritably active, he might, had he been born in a lower station, have passed through life as a pettifogging lawyer, a desultory parson, a doctor of all things, or a Jack-of-all-trades. Born the son of a duke, the son of the leading Whig duke, the hope of this mighty duke when his party was singularly barren of political talent, Lord John stepped at once into great place, and has been permitted to conduct a party in the senate like a cabal of grocers in a vestry.

When the Whigs entered upon office in 1831, their position was peculiar. The Whig party was essentially an aristocratic one. It counted, in the olden time, most of the great families. It was the party of the upper classes and the upper crust of the middle classes. The Tories, on the other hand, in these ancient days, boasted some of the older families—families of great distinction, but many of them, on account of their religious bias or disaffection to the reigning dynasty, glad to withdraw into the shade; and these naturally allied themselves with the great mass of the people, in combination with whom they formed the Country Party, by which name they were distinguished from the Court Party, or the Whigs. In the lapse of time, however, this arrangement was completely subverted. The Tories became, through long continuance in office, the Court Party, and embraced nearly the whole of the British peerage; while the Whigs, finding themselves in a hopeless minority in the House of Lords, had nothing for it but to appeal to the country and coalesce with the masses. The Tories, on becoming the Court Party, gradually lost their power, long years having in some degree (we confess it) blinded them to the popular wants; while the Whigs, in throwing themselves upon the peo-

ple, gradually gained influence, until, in process of time, they found themselves, to their great amazement, installed in Downing Street. But, in thus changing places, the Whig and Tory leaders still retained the traditions of their several parties—to this extent at least, that whereas the Tories were willing to intrust power to men of the people, such as Canning, Peel, and Disraeli, the Whigs maintained their jealousy of any politician not belonging to the charmed circle of the oligarchy. Now the Whig oligarchy at the time of the Reform Bill was very small—had dwindled away to but a few families; and, shrinking from a distribution of their power with men of plebeian origin, it became extremely difficult for them to find Whigs fit for places of trust. It was only, indeed, by means of a junction with such Tories as Lord Palmerston and Lord Melbourne that they were at all able to maintain themselves in office. In the House of Commons they were as weak as they were in the House of Lords, where, indeed, the party were reduced to a mere “Rump.” In the Upper House, their great names were Lords Grey, Lansdowne, and the newly-created Brougham; but who were the young Whigs of the Lower House? where were the scions of the great Whig families who still held to the party? There were but two men among them of any mark, Lord John Russell and Mr. Stanley—the Duke of Bedford’s son, and the Earl of Derby’s grandson. But these had never been in office before, and they were men of promise rather than of performance. The younger was a strong man and first-class orator, who soon became disgusted with the Whigs and went over to their enemies. The elder, close upon forty years of age, was a fidgetty, eager man, continually bustling about something, never doing anything well, but always impressed with the idea, and forcing the idea on his friends, that nobody could do anything but himself. Lord John was a perfect god-

send to the Whigs. He might be little in reality, but he was great to them. He was not only the son of the most powerful Whig nobleman, he was literally, with the exception of Mr. Stanley, the best and ablest of the Whig aristocrats in the House of Commons. Thus rose Lord John Russell to the highest places in the councils of the nation, not because of his real greatness, but because the Whig oligarchy were barren of brains, and it was against their traditions to throw open their ranks to outsiders.

Such, then, being Lord John’s advantages and his easy path to place, let us see what he has done, and how far he has justified the confidence of friends and of the country. He entered Parliament in 1813, when he was barely of age, as member for the family borough of Tavistock. Immediately after the war the Radicals began to cry out for retrenchment and reform, and the Whigs began to foresee that if ever they were to gain power it could only be by a reconstitution of the House of Commons. They made young Russell the spokesman of their views in the Lower House, both with regard to that question and with regard to the propriety of repealing the Test and Corporation acts. Lord John originated nothing. He did as he was bid, making his speeches to order as a very subordinate member of the opposition camp. Sometimes the Marquess of Blandford, sometimes Joseph Hume, sometimes O’Connell, sometimes Lord John Russell, moved resolutions in favour of reform, and in no respect was he before others in its advocacy. Even when he was intrusted, in 1831, with the duty of bringing in the Reform Bill, which was ultimately carried, he was not a member of the cabinet, he was only Paymaster of the Forces, a lucrative but irresponsible post, and he took his orders from his superiors. That Reform Bill which he introduced to the notice of the House of Commons

on 1st March 1831 was put into shape by three members of the Government besides himself. The Cabinet intrusted to Lord Durham, Lord Duncannon, Sir James Graham, and Lord John Russell, the duty of preparing such a Reform Bill as, after having been approved by the ministry, might be submitted to Parliament; and it is pretty well known that the most important provisions of the bill were due to the suggestions, not of Lord John Russell, but of Lord Durham, a Cabinet Minister. *Sic vos non vobis*. It necessarily devolved on some member of the House of Commons to explain the provisions of the bill; and because Lord John was the most conspicuous member of the committee of four in the Lower House, he takes all and he gets all the credit of it. Curious it is to see how easily history can be perverted, and in how short a time after the events have taken place! That Lord John Russell was the mouthpiece of his party in introducing the Reform Bill to the House of Commons, and that he accomplished his task respectably, are two facts which everybody sees. But on the strength of these small facts people leap to the conclusion, and Lord John Russell himself half believes, that the Reform Bill is his property—his great gift to the nation—that he originated its provisions, that he fought its battle, and that he carried it to a triumphant issue. Imagine a turnspit, with cock-up tail, boasting to his master of the good dinner which was set on the table to-day! Because, like a good little dog, he turned the spit, he claims the credit of having provided the joint and cooked the dinner! Anybody who will take the trouble to look into the Reform Bill debates will see that in these discussions Lord John was by no means the mighty man which his followers now represent him to have been, forgetting the part which Stanley, and Macaulay, and Sheil, and others of the same standing,

took in the battle. He did his business well enough, but to suppose that the country owes him eternal gratitude for the little all he did, and that his party is to overlook his subsequent misdeeds, is really too much of a good thing. It reminds us of the electors of Marylebone exalting Mr. Edwin James as a great patriot because he defended Bernard when he was accused of plotting against the French Emperor. Of course it was Mr. Edwin James's eloquence, and not the patriotic sense of a British jury, that saved Bernard! Of course Mr. Edwin James, if he had been offered a retainer by the other side, would have scorned the dirty pelf in order to afford his services gratis to the friend of liberty and advocate of assassination! Of course, in like manner, it was Lord John Russell's good genius that invented the Reform Bill, and cast all its details with the foresight of a great statesman, because he it was that explained all its provisions! Of course it was his eloquence that ever carried the day when Stanley and Macaulay failed, for was it not his duty to have the last word before the division-bell called the members to vote?

It was not long before Lord Grey's Ministry broke up, through the secession of Mr. Stanley, Sir James Graham, and some others; and it became clearer than ever that Lord John Russell would succeed to the leadership of the House of Commons, in the interest of the Whigs. Lord Melbourne's Administration had been formed and had failed. Sir Robert Peel succeeded, and was in turn overthrown by Lord John Russell in his characteristic style. The Whigs had expected that, in consequence of the Reform Bill, their lease of office was eternal, and they were never more astounded than when, three years after the House of Commons had been thoroughly bewigged, they saw a Tory Government on the Treasury benches. It was necessary to oust that Government at

whatever cost. The Opposition exposed their eagerness in the fidgetty tactics of poor Lord John, who was apprehensive lest his prey should escape just as it appeared to be within his grasp, that he actually rose in the House of Commons to ask Sir Robert Peel whether or not it was the intention of the Government to dissolve Parliament a second time, and, in case the Mutiny Bill were not passed, to rule the army and the country without it. But this is nothing to what followed. Lord John Russell brought forward a motion which it was calculated would upset the Ministry, that the House of Commons should resolve itself into a committee to consider the temporalities of the Irish Church. He carried his motion, and then with equal success made other motions, the gist of which was, to provide for the general education of all classes from the surplus revenues of the Irish Church—a proposal best known under the name of “the appropriation clause.” The Government being beaten, went out, and Lord Melbourne’s Administration followed, in which Lord John Russell had the honour, for the first time, of leading the House of Commons. Evidently these men came into power in order to carry out their resolution. Did they do so? It was never more heard of. Lord John Russell’s former colleagues, who knew him and the Whigs well, predicted that he would never more mention the subject, and they were right. The resolution which he had carried was a mere dodge—a manœuvre most discreditable, but also most characteristic. Lord John Russell turned out of office the chosen servants of the Crown, not because they were unworthy, not because they had committed a fault, but because they were weak in the House of Commons. Their successors entered upon office pledged to do what they could not, what they dared not, what they never attempted to do. These are the acts which lower public men in our esteem. It was a disgraceful intrigue worthy of the

Whig oligarchy, and consistent with the Whig dogma that the wish of the Sovereign in the choice of his ministers is to count for nothing—is to bend before the necessity of having ministers elected and thrust upon the Crown by the Whig aristocracy.

Of Lord John Russell’s share in the Melbourne Administration we have not much to say. It was a sickly Administration, that held together solely through the weakness of the Opposition. The Tories were dispirited; Conservatism was at a discount; they were without a cry, and, loosed from their ancient moorings, they were casting about for a policy. In front of so much disorganization, it was comparatively easy for the Whigs to hold their places, and for Lord John Russell to lead the House of Commons. But the Whigs did nothing more than hold their places. It was only in the Foreign Office, under the guidance of that old Tory, but very juvenile Whig, Lord Palmerston, that there were any signs of vigour. We do not commend what Lord Palmerston did, but it must be admitted that to him at least could not apply the charges of inefficiency and ineptitude which were poured on the Ministers generally, and on Lord John Russell not less than on the others, for he was leader of the House of Commons and supreme in the Home Office during one of the worst periods of disaffection, sedition, and distress, which has ever been known in this country—the time of the Chartist riots. What did the Whigs then do to appease the people, to still the tumult, and to mitigate starvation? Nothing. They could do nothing. They did worse than nothing. They never had a financier among them, and they contrived an annual deficit in the revenue. If Lord John Russell were a great statesman, why did he not do something to save his party? He could do nothing. He had come to the end of his tether. He had no policy. He had exhausted his little all upon the Reform Bill. What more was there for him to do?

Clearly it was not yet time to get up a new reform bill. Too much pleased with what he had already helped to achieve in that line, he denounced any further meddling with the British constitution, and obtained for himself the name of "Finality Jack." He had not yet discovered that although it is a necessity of the British constitution that he should always be in office, still there was only one way of his retaining power—namely, by threatening the demolition of that constitution. What then could he do? Nothing—and he did nothing. In home policy the great question, after reform had been settled, was finance, and Lord John Russell, who could never repeat the multiplication table, was more unfit than any of the Whigs to touch it. In foreign policy there was something to be done, but it would not do for Lord John, even if he had an idea on the subject, to poach upon Lord Palmerston's ground. He was helpless and effete.

At last the ministry went out, like a candle in the socket, of sheer exhaustion, and surely never were the Whigs in such bad odour. Their exit from office was not merely defeat—it was disgrace. Peel came in triumphant, soon put our finances straight, and relieved the distress of the country by giving an impetus to trade. Lord John Russell conducted the opposition, but he had really nothing to say—no cry, no policy. His conduct of the opposition led to nothing. He does not appear again as capable of anything striking until the close of the year 1845, when, by one of his usual manoeuvres, he stole a march upon Peel. Famine was imminent. The *Times* newspaper announced that the Government were about to yield to the representations of the Anti-Corn-Law League, and to repeal the duties on grain. The ministerial organs denied it. The *Times* reiterated its statements. Lord John Russell, seizing time by the forelock, sent a letter to the electors of the city of London to say that his views had undergone a change, and

that he thought the corn laws should be modified. It was very neatly done; but no one could be deceived as to the character of the proceeding, which was intended to prevent the appearance of his following in the footsteps of Peel, should the rumours of his change of policy prove to be correct, and to take the wind out of his sails should they prove to be incorrect. It is one of the points of Lord John's career, small in itself, but important when taken in connection with the whole.

We all know how that complication ended—how the Tory party was broken—how the Whigs, profiting by the disorganization of their rivals, again came into office, and how they retained their places, with Lord John Russell at their head, until they were once more proved to be utterly effete, and were driven from the Treasury benches. In all this, the great fact which superficial observers dwell upon is, that Lord John Russell held his place at the head of his party so long. From 1835 to 1841 he led the House of Commons in Lord Melbourne's Ministry; from 1841 to 1846 he led the opposition against Sir Robert Peel; from 1846 to 1852 he was Prime Minister and leader of the House of Commons again. This looks very brilliant upon paper. People at once conclude that Lord John Russell must be a very great man indeed. But, pray, let us gauge Lord John's merit in the matter by considering the circumstances under which he held this advanced position, and of what avail it was to him. In the first of these periods Lord John Russell had to conduct the business of the House of Commons in the face of an opposition that despaired of ever again seeing office, and that had no favour with the great masses of the people. Yet, having it all their own way, the Government became utterly contemptible, stank in the nostrils of the nation, and by the feeble management of its leaders lost its hold of the House of Commons. Here, then, it would have been no

great matter to boast of had they actually succeeded, and yet they did not succeed. Again, with regard to the second of the periods above named, when Lord John Russell led the Opposition to Sir Robert Peel, it is enough to say that never was opposition more insignificant. Lord John was a mere feather before Peel; he made no impression whatever upon the Treasury bench; his leadership was a name; his action was naught. As for the third period—namely, that of his own premiership—he had again the easiest of tasks to perform, in the face of a disheartened and disunited Opposition; and the historian must pronounce his performance a failure. He sickened the country by his feebleness. His Ministry would have been even more contemptible than that of Lord Melbourne, but for those financial reforms originated by Peel, the benefit of which he reaped. The shoe did not pinch, and so long as it did not pinch, these commonplace Whigs were allowed, in memory of their services as reformers, to mumble and mouthe their platitudes in peace upon the Treasury benches. Any one who duly remembers these facts, will not see, in the prominent position occupied by Lord John Russell in the House of Commons during a space of seventeen years, a proof of extraordinary ability, especially when we know that at the end of that period he was dethroned, for incompetency, from the leadership of his party. While he was in office that party was too strong, while he was in opposition too weak, to afford to onlookers a fair test of Lord John Russell's powers. In the one case their strength concealed his weakness; in the other their weakness excused his. It was when parties became equalised that his incompetency became palpable. His followers fell away and declined his lead. There was the test, and there the result.

For two great events Lord John Russell's administration was distinguished—the Ecclesiastical Titles

Bill, and the intrigue by which Lord Palmerston was deprived of office.

With the story of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill everybody is well acquainted. Lord John Russell managed to thoroughly disgust everybody—to alienate the Catholics, who were hitherto the great supporters of the Whigs, and to astonish everybody by the contrast between his professions and his practice. Then it was that the caricature appeared of the little boy who wrote "No Ropery" on the wall, and ran away—a caricature which, because of its wonderful truth, has made a deeper impression than any other that has issued from the same inexhaustible portfolio. If in this affair we had a touch of the noble Lord's statesmanship, his treatment of Lord Palmerston exhibited for the first time to the public what were his ideas of loyalty to a colleague, and that colleague the most distinguished member of his government. Lord Palmerston's offence was that he had, in an unofficial conversation with the French Ambassador the day after the *coup d'état*, stated that in his opinion Louis Napoleon was justified in what he had done. It was an offence which Lord John Russell had himself committed on the very same day, having, on the evening of the 3d of December, in Lord Palmerston's house, expressed to the French Ambassador the private opinion which his Foreign Secretary had expressed in the morning. Lord John, forgetting this little circumstance, took occasion, when it appeared from certain despatches that Walewski had given a high colouring and a peculiar official significance to Lord Palmerston's expressions, to advise her Majesty to dismiss her Foreign Secretary. When the affair came to be discussed in the House of Commons, Lord Palmerston showed very clearly that Lord John Russell and almost all his colleagues had committed precisely the same offence for which he was deprived of his post; and then he pertinently asked whether the Foreign Secretary was the only one

of all the ministers who was to withhold his private opinion, and to remain dumb as a dolt or the mute of an Oriental pacha? The fact is, that the Prime Minister was jealous of his rival's growing power and popularity—remarkably contrasted as it was with his own declining reputation, and he was willing to ingratiate himself at court by a sacrifice of Lord Palmerston, which would indicate on his part a punctilious respect for her Majesty's feelings. Lord Palmerston went out of office very quietly, and a few weeks afterwards took his revenge by rising in the House of Commons, and in the most polite manner kicking the Government off their green morocco benches.

Lord Derby's Government came in. No sooner was it constructed, than Lord John Russell might be seen, with all his irritable activity, moving heaven and earth, and trying all the little dodges of faction to get it overset. In the end he succeeded. The Whigs united with the Peelites to form a broad bottom administration, under the leadership of Lord Aberdeen. In this Cabinet he was first of all Foreign Secretary, then he was a member without office, and, lastly, he enjoyed the dignity of President of the Council. His position was by no means to his liking. He had not enough to do. In all the turmoil of the Russian war, he must make capital for himself by reforming the House of Commons. His friends were willing that he should amuse himself by bringing in a bill, but they took good care that it should die as soon as possible a natural death. A much more important matter, however, was a further illustration of his loyalty to a colleague in his repeated attempts to get the Duke of Newcastle removed from the War Office, and in his own resignation, when he saw impending a vote of censure on the Government for its conduct of the Crimean war. He had deemed it wise to remain in the Cabinet, and by his presence to sanction all its acts, until it was evident, from the outcry in the press and in the coun-

try, that the public were indignant with the Government, and would not long endure its intolerable mismanagement. Then he resigned, not only to avoid the censure cast upon the Ministry, but in order to show that he also, not less than Mr. Roebuck, condemned the Government of which he was a member. It was another most disgraceful manœuvre, which everybody saw through; and it is not too much to say that, of all the torrents of indignation which were then poured upon our public men by an incensed people, the most burning stream fell upon the head of the minister who could act a part so mean. His conduct excited but one feeling of contempt throughout the country, and excited so much disgust in the breasts of his late colleagues, that some of them were reported to have breathed a vow never again to sit in the same Cabinet with him. If the vow was ever uttered, it has certainly not been kept, for there sits Lord John in the same Cabinet with the man whom he had most cruelly injured—the Duke of Newcastle. Political enmities are wonderfully soon healed, when it is discovered that, by a little conciliation, the spoil may be divided, which otherwise would be lost for ever. The common enemy, the Tories, were too strong to permit of the Peelites or the Whigs keeping apart. They know it, and they smother their mutual hate in order to unite against the dreaded foe.

Lord Palmerston succeeded Lord Aberdeen as Premier. He had the Peelites under him, and there was no room in the Ministry for Lord John Russell. As luck would have it, however, the Peelites one day resigned, and Lord Palmerston reconstructed his Cabinet, offering in his desperation a post to Lord John Russell. Lord John, who had so recently turned Lord Palmerston out of his Cabinet, was now glad to serve under his adversary in the Colonial Office, which had become comparatively unimportant since the war department had been severed from it. Not content with placing him in

the Colonial Office, the Premier did a further good turn to his former chief: he sent him to Vienna as a diplomatist to negotiate peace. Is it necessary that we should recapitulate his blunders in the prosecution of that mission? Surely never was diplomacy in more wretched hands. Lord John Russell excited the inextinguishable laughter of men and gods. He went to negotiate, with instructions which he very soon "exhausted," to use his own queer phrase, and which he supplemented by others of his own devising, directly opposed to their tenor. In point of fact, he gave up everything which he had been told to bargain for, and he was willing that the war should at once come to an end as a drawn game. He conceded to Russia the right of protecting the Christians throughout the Ottoman empire, and he left Vienna in company with M. Drouyn de Lhuys, giving his cordial assent to Count Buol's proposals for peace. Neither the French nor the English Governments could accept these proposals, and endorse the pledges of their Plenipotentiaries. The consequence to the French Plenipotentiary was, that he resigned, and has never since been heard of in public life. Did Lord John Russell resign? On the contrary, having pledged himself to the opinion that the Russian war was no longer necessary, that the combatants ought at once to sheathe their swords and return to peace, neither having attained anything, he came back to England; and finding that his views were scouted by the Government and the people, coolly took his place in a Cabinet pledged to prosecute the war with vigour. It was not enough that his diplomacy had been a fiasco: he now crowned it with contradiction. He went to Vienna to negotiate for peace, on condition that the objects of the war should be conceded by the enemy. Here was a definite object. The moment he got to Vienna, he was in the hands of the enemy: he gave up his opinions; he agreed that the object of the war had been attained; he admitted

the continuance of the war to be unnecessary; and he consented, as far as he individually could, that peace should immediately ensue. That was a diplomatic blunder which, if at the time it brought upon him the fiery denunciations of a people eager for the war, would, now at least, when passions are cooled, and when not a few among us think that the Russian war was from the first unnecessary, be regarded with leniency, and, it may be, interpreted into an act of supreme wisdom. But Lord John showed that he had no opinion whatever on the matter. When he came home and found his friends unconvinced, he changed colour again, became himself convinced of the justice of the war, and shared in the deliberations of a Cabinet bent on increasing the vigour of hostilities. He abandoned the views which suited the atmosphere of Vienna, and returned to those which accorded with the temperature of London. Poor man, being incapable of an opinion on foreign policy, he tried to please everybody, and pleased none. He was forced to resign.

If he resigned his place, his temper was by no means resigned. He was not resigned to see Lord Palmerston or anybody else in office, and himself shivering on the back benches. He joined in that vote of censure on the Chinese war which would have driven Lord Palmerston from the Premiership, had he not appealed to the country and dissolved the Parliament. He joined in that other vote against a Conspiracy Bill which eventually overturned the Government, and led to the advent of Lord Derby and the Tories. When it was anticipated that Lord Palmerston would defeat the Government by rejecting their bill for the abolition of the East India Company, Lord John Russell came to the rescue, determined that the Liberal party should not again enjoy the sweets of office until they consented to a leading place in the Cabinet for himself. Before another year had elapsed,

the noble pair of rivals had contrived to swallow their differences and to shake hands again. Their reconciliation came about in this wise. The Derby Government had a reform bill which Lord Palmerston was, but which Lord John was not willing to let pass. He would not let Lord Palmerston turn out the Government, but he would do it himself, in the expectation that it would fall to the conqueror to divide the spoil. He laid a cunning trap, which caught all the liberals, including Palmerston : and on the strength of his success he was able to treat with his rival on something like equal terms for a division of the spoil. We shall not now vex our readers with a history of the intrigue by which the Reform Bill of Lord Derby's Government was rejected without even being discussed. We may be content to characterise it in the plain and unparliamentary language of Sir Hugh Cairns, who told Lord John Russell some severe truths. "There is one subject," he said, "upon which the people of this country are entirely agreed. They do not like anything which bears the least appearance of or approach to artifice, or—I must use a homely phrase—a dodge. They do not like it in business, they do not like it in politics, but least of all will they admire it in a man, who, at a time when the best interests of his country at home and our most peaceful hopes abroad demand all the patriotism, all the candour, and all the forbearance of a statesman, approaches the consideration of a great national question like this, not fairly to criticise, not boldly to reject, but with a crafty and catching device to confuse, and, if it may be, to dislocate parties, and on that confusion and dislocation to secure his own political aggrandisement and private advantage." The end of all this was, that after the dissolution of the Parliament Lords Palmerston and John Russell were installed in office—the one as Prime Minister, the other as Foreign Secretary—and both of them more or

less pledged to introduce a reform bill.

If Lord John Russell had not insisted on obtaining the post of Foreign Secretary, the Cabinet would have had a better chance of fulfilling its pledge with regard to parliamentary reform, although even then the chance would have been dubious, while the minister of finance had all Mr. Gladstone's fluency of speech and fertility of ideas. As it was, Lord John probably found his energies sufficiently exhausted with the toils of the Foreign Office to excuse his wasting much strength on what Mr. Disraeli happily termed "the degradation of the franchise;" and we will not dwell further on his failure in that respect. We do dwell, however, on the fact of his obtaining the Foreign Secretaryship at a time when such is the troubled state of Europe and the whole world, that we required our very best man to fill that post. In the foregoing analysis of Lord John Russell's career, we have shown that, if there was one statesman more unfit than all others for the duties of a foreign secretary, it is the man who is now in possession of that post. We have shown that he has proved himself to be singularly barren of ideas. Questions of foreign policy are almost new to him. He has all his life been engaged in studying our domestic wants, and, study them as he might, he came rapidly to the end of his resources. No one can venture to say that in our domestic affairs there is not still ample room for the display of legislative genius ; but we can and do say that Lord John Russell and the Whigs did nothing, and could do nothing, for they saw nothing to be done. The ministries of Lord Melbourne and Lord John Russell fell to pieces really through an internal exhaustion. Domestic policy was their pet province ; and in their pet province they had found the bottom of their well, were eating their last crusts, and husbanding their cheese-parings. A man who had thus exhausted his stock of ideas

was obliged to threaten the country with another reform bill as the only means of sustaining his reputation for conjuring, turned his attention, as a last resource, to questions of foreign policy. What was to be expected in foreign policy from the man who had made domestic policy the theme of his life, and had proved it to be waste and barren? But yet, again, to conduct a foreign policy requires a peculiar knowledge of men, and tact in dealing with them. Has Lord John Russell displayed this tact? That he can intrigue is well known, but intrigue is not the quality that England desires in her diplomats. She desires to see power of a more manly sort; and we do not find that Lord John Russell's management of the House of Commons, when he was leader of it,—the art with which he dismissed Lord Palmerston from the Foreign Office in 1852,—the manner in which he withdrew from the falling cabinet of Lord Aberdeen,—the weakness by which he so alienated his followers as ultimately to lose his party altogether, or any one act of his long and checkered career, raised the least expectation that he was equal to that peculiar method of dealing with men in which a foreign secretary must excel. His exhibition of himself at Vienna illustrated very clearly what he was, both as the upholder of a policy and as a manager of men. In that tremendous blunder he showed that he was a plaything in the hands of his opponents, and that he had not an idea in his wallet. As he had exhausted his domestic policy, so he announced to his antagonists that he had "exhausted his instructions," and did not know what to do, except to give in.

All sensible men heard with consternation that Lord John Russell had insisted on being Foreign Secretary in Lord Palmerston's administration; for, warned by sad experience, they knew that no man could be more unfit, while they also saw that the situation of affairs in Europe was more dangerous and diffi-

cult than it had been since the Napoleonic wars in the commencement of the century. But they had this consolation, that Lord Palmerston was Prime Minister, and would prevent his ignorant colleague from doing anything very absurd. The little boy, it was certain, would get into scrapes; but the big boy, it was hoped, would pull him through. Alas! it was not so to be. For the manner in which this country was "supremely diddled" in the affairs of the Commercial Treaty and the annexation of Savoy, the colleagues of Lord John Russell must bear a large portion of the blame. But not on that account is Lord John himself to escape condemnation. Upon him, indeed, must the greater share of the blame lie. He was in constant communication with the French court. It was his business to follow every indication, to penetrate every design, and, by a bold face, to shame the adversary. He had warning enough. Again and again he was told of the Emperor's designs upon Savoy. In the simplicity of his heart, he could not believe it. He was as blind as the bats that cling to the crevices of the Foreign Office. He saw nothing till the deed was finally determined on. Then he wrote letters of remonstrance, of indignation, of argument, that read beautifully in the newspapers, in spite of the jumble of metaphors with which they were filled. He was roused at last, and was determined to show the people of England how well he could storm when he pleased; how he could threaten an emperor; how, when great deeds were impossible, he could fill their places with big words. He scolded the Emperor, held him by the button, and told him a bit of his mind. But all too late. Napoleon was committed to the annexation of Savoy, and could not well draw back. Lord John was allowed to write his metaphorical despatches, the French minister not replying to them, and not even showing the courtesy of asking for a copy of them, when the writer, in the end of his precious epistles,

had stated to our Ambassador that if the French Minister, after hearing the despatches read, asked for a copy of them, the copy should be given. If Lord John Russell had from the first shown a firm front, and exhibited a disposition not to be misled by the Commercial Treaty and by asseverations that, in the presence of great arguments, really meant nothing, he might have prevented the annexation of Savoy. He was gulled into believing that he had influence where he had none, and he had the mortification of being obliged to rise in the House of Commons and eat his own words. Having vouched there for the character of the French Emperor, and the certainty of the French alliance, he had to get up and calmly announce that the former was no longer to be trusted, and that the latter was at an end. Never has a Foreign Secretary in this country had to confess so inglorious a defeat. In the face of the most ambiguous conduct, he gave implicit confidence to his French allies, who, taking the full measure of him, used that confidence and abused it. The reply, no doubt, is ready, that Lord Palmerston and Mr. Gladstone were equally befooled. That may be, but the fact remains that the conduct of affairs was not in their hands, but in those of Lord John Russell. We deny what Lord John's advocates assert, that any other Foreign Secretary would have been in the same plight. Another Foreign Secretary might not have been able to prevent the annexation of Savoy, but would have averted the disgrace of exchanging treaties and flatteries with the prince who was about to commit such an act of profligacy, would have seen through his intention betimes, and would have shown him clearly that the Foreign Secretary of England's Queen is not a man to be trifled with. Lord John was trifled with, and it was not his misfortune, but his fault. Disaster such as these do not fall by luck. If Lord John Russell had never gone to Vienna, people might then talk of his bad

luck in having met with such a defeat. Knowing what we know of the Vienna affair, we can only say that the deplorable bungling of the Savoy business is of a piece with the not less celebrated bungling of the Viennese conferences. It is impossible to mistake Lord John Russell's feeble hand and clumsy touch.

As if in these exploits we had not blunders enough for one year, the country was favoured, amid the dullness of the shooting season, with one of those displays which cover a statesman with ignominy, and would compel any man less confident or less petted than Lord John Russell to hide his diminished head for ever. He wrote those two miracles of letter writing to Sir James Hudson, which have been not the least among the marvels of a year of wonders. The first of these was indiscreet enough, but was so indefinite, that we are not disposed to make much of it. Lord John Russell warned the King of Sardinia from attacking the Venetian possessions of Austria, and pointed out that he had no excuse for breaking the Treaty of Villafranca, recently ratified at Zurich. He went on to say, that interest as well as duty indicated to the Turin Government the necessity of refraining from an attack upon Venetia. "The only hope left to Sardinia," he said, "in such a conflict, would be to bring France into the battle-field and excite an European war. We trust Count Cavour will not give way to such dangerous illusions. The Great Powers are bent upon the maintenance of peace, and Great Britain has interests in the Adriatic, over which she keeps a most careful watch." No doubt Lord John Russell's intention in penning that last sentence was good, but we have yet to learn that the end sanctions the means. We regard that last sentence as a useless piece of bullying. Who told Lord John Russell that the Great Powers, bent upon the maintenance of peace, mean, as he would lead Count Cavour to infer, to prevent war? Who gave him

authority to suggest that Great Britain, ever watchful of her interests in the Adriatic, is likely to interfere in the Italian struggle in order to protect them effectually? We commend him for attempting to dissuade Count Cavour from his Venetian enterprise; but we deny most emphatically that he had any right to threaten the interference of the Great Powers in general, and of Great Britain in particular. We are pledged to the principle of non-interference, and it is the part of a mere bully to threaten what he has no certainty of being able to perform. Lord John Russell soon discovered that he had committed a great mistake. The Italians were in dismay. The shallow so-called liberals of this country, who ask for they know not what, spoke weepingly of the fall of Lord John Russell from the heaven of their regard to the hell of their contempt. He was in danger of losing the last remnants of his little following by the absurdity of that letter; and he came to the conclusion that he had better retrace his errant footsteps. On the 27th of October he wrote a second letter to the British Minister at Turin, in which he defended, on abstract principles, the right of the Sardinians to invade the Roman and Neapolitan States, and, *a fortiori*, to invade and subvert the Venetian Government; for whereas the Roman and Neapolitan powers were groaning under the yoke of an oppressive native rule, the Venetians had a farther cause of complaint, since the oppressive rule under which they lived was not native, but foreign. His defence is so extraordinary, that unless we quote some of it our readers will not be willing to trust their recollections so far as to believe that the noble Secretary could be guilty of it. "That eminent jurist Vattel," he observed, "when discussing the lawfulness of the assistance given by the United Provinces to the Prince of Orange when he invaded England and overturned the throne of James II., says: 'The authority of the Prince

of Orange had doubtless an influence on the deliberations of the States-General, but it did not lead them to the commission of an act of injustice; *for when a people for good reasons take up arms against an oppressor, it is but an act of justice and generosity to assist brave men in the defence of their liberties.*'"

Here we must interpose to remark—what a quarterly contemporary who has taken the trouble to refer to Vattel has pointed out—that Lord John Russell, in making that quotation, conveniently forgot to finish it; for his authority goes on to say; "When, therefore, a civil war is kindled in a state, foreign powers may assist that party which appears to them to have justice on its side"—a perfectly legitimate deduction from the principle previously laid down, though a deduction which it was not in Lord John Russell's interest to quote. Overlooking, however, this *reductio ad absurdum* of his favourite principle, the Foreign Secretary took up his parable as follows: "Therefore, according to Vattel, the question resolves itself into this: Did the people of Naples and of the Roman States take up arms against their governments for good reasons? *Upon this grave matter her Majesty's Government hold that the people in question are themselves the best judges of their own affairs.* Her Majesty's Government do not feel justified in declaring that the people of Southern Italy had not good reasons for throwing off their allegiance to their former governments: her Majesty's Government cannot, therefore, pretend to blame the King of Sardinia for assisting them." In this remarkable despatch some have pretended to discover the fine Roman hand of the Prime Minister himself. That it was issued with his sanction, we do not doubt; but we cannot believe that it was in his nature to originate anything so stupid. In thought and in style the despatch is the Foreign Secretary's. There is no mistaking Lord John's paternity.

First of all, observe the beautiful

antithesis between this and the previous despatch of 31st August. Nothing can be more complete. Our Plenipotentiary at Vienna vowed that the Crimean war was no longer necessary, and he returned to London to prosecute it with vigour. Even so, our Foreign Secretary declared, on the 31st of August, that the King of Sardinia had no excuse for assisting the Venetians if they should rise against their government, although that government was a foreign one; and before two months had elapsed he had changed his mind, quoted Vattel to the effect that it is but an act of justice and generosity to assist brave men in the defence of their liberties, and stated that her Majesty's Government cannot blame the King of Sardinia for aiding the people of the Roman and Neapolitan States in the subversion of their indigenous rulers. The Foreign Secretary had lost his head. He fell into these contradictions because of his irritable activity—because he would be talking, would be doing something. It was evident that his despatch of 31st August had done no good. It had not prevented the Sardinian army from the invasion of the Roman and Neapolitan States; it had only made Lord John's dear friends, the Radicals, out of temper with him. He must be the great man once again: he must do a deed that will excite wonder, and make him the hero of the hour; and he did not scruple to stultify the foolish despatch of the 31st August by the still more foolish despatch of the 27th October.

That it was a contradiction, however, is its least fault. Its stupidity is suicidal. The principles which it enunciated are destructive of the British Empire, and would lead to universal anarchy. We are told, in the first place, that when a people, for good reasons, take up arms against an oppressor, it is but an act of justice and generosity to assist brave men in the defence of their liberties; we are told, in the second place, that the people them-

selves are the best judges whether the reasons for their insurrection are good or not. Who does not see that these principles lead at once to the conclusion that an Irish rebellion, an Ionian disturbance, or an Indian mutiny, is a sufficient *casus belli* for any of our neighbours who wish to pick a quarrel with us, besides affording a justification for the treasonable conspiracy of the rebels? Our Irish friends saw it pretty clearly. The O'Donoghue and his tribe began to bluster about the sword of Macmahon, and based upon Lord John Russell's Italian Letter some very justifiable resolutions, which would end in the severance of Ireland from the British Empire. We cannot blame these Irishmen, with all their folly. They merely proposed to practise what the Foreign Secretary preached. Their error consisted in that they were disposed to venerate the oracles of the Foreign Office, and to take the drivelling of Lord John Russell for holy gospel. If the people of this country will place upon the heights of power a man capable of such drivell, they must take all the consequences. The Irish are not the only people who have taken the Foreign Secretary at his word. The Ionian Islanders have been in the like case. Signor Dandolo has written to Lord John Russell—has pointed out the degradation of his countrymen under a foreign yoke—has begged that he and they may be relieved of it in a peaceable manner, without the necessity of appealing to arms, or invoking external assistance—and has pointedly clinched his argument by a reference to the principles laid down in the celebrated despatch of October 27th. Signor Dandolo is quite logical, though it is difficult to apply the rules of logic to a statesman capable of contradicting himself so strangely as Lord John Russell, who, if he prates sedition to-day, would to-morrow trim his sails for the opposite tack, could he thereby only catch the breath of popular applause. It is evident

that the noble Lord does not know what to do. He was helpless before the Emperor of the French in the early part of the year, and only blustered. He was helpless before the Italian movement towards the end of the year, and fell to talking nonsense when bullying was useless. Is this how the people of our country can wish to be represented in the eyes of Europe? Is this the grand object and result of that mighty coalition which was to save the country from Tory governance—to place in the Foreign Office the last faded rose of the Whigs—to make us a spectacle to Europe, and a shame to our-elves—to have our ears insulted with sedition—to have our policy ridiculed throughout the world—to have all our interests endangered, and all our friends alienated?

In the present year we must look forward to troubles even greater than any which Lord John Russell has yet had to deal with—greater troubles in Europe, and, added to these, an unexpected trouble in America. There is a question of immense moment rising across the Atlantic, which we have no confidence in his being able to handle at any time, least of all when his energies are more than occupied by the events taking place in Europe. It was only the other day that he was snubbed by the American Minister in London, who told him that his letters were superfluous, and that he had better mind his own business. He had been worrying the American Government on the subject of the slave-trade, and that is precisely the great difficulty which he will have to contend with, if the Southern States of the American Union can form themselves into a separate community. Is it probable—is it possible—that the man who has been worrying a Government in principle opposed to the slave-trade, and who has managed to excite their contempt, will deal judiciously with the new Government which may rise up in the south, having the development of slavery

for its avowed object, and the encouragement of the slave-trade as a suppressed motive? But overlooking this, the complication of affairs in Europe is to the last degree alarming. We are threatened with a general war. We know that the Emperor of the French is straining every nerve to increase his army and to multiply his ships. Garibaldi is bent on creating insurrection in Venice in March, and calculates on a simultaneous rising among the Magyars. Vessels loaded with arms have been seized on their way to Hungary. Nothing less is threatened than the disruption of the Austrian Empire, while in this fearful conflict it is impossible to say what part France will play. Certainly she is preparing more vigorously than any power for the fight, and the probabilities are that she will engage in it. Certainly, again, if she sides with Italy in the struggle, as most probably she will, it will not be for the sake of Italy, which Napoleon has again and again stated that he wishes to see united, not under a single sceptre, but under a diversity of sceptres united in a great federation; it will be for the sake of some ulterior gain to herself—a good slice of territory in the Mediterranean or on the Rhine. Obviously, in these circumstances, we require a diplomacy conducted with a spirit and an intelligence which Lord John Russell has shown that he is utterly incapable of giving to it. There is hanging over our heads the dread possibility of war—the greatest war which Europe has had since those terrible campaigns which received their consummation in Waterloo. Is Lord John Russell—he who had exhausted his instructions at Vienna, and blandly wore the fool's-cap which the enemy placed upon his brow—he who by a feeble interchange of courtesies and treaties, at a most inauspicious moment, had the mortification of announcing to the House of Commons that he had been insulted and duped by the French Emperor—he who wrote those contradictory despatches, first

telling Count Cavour to beware, and then to go ahead, arming his advice with seditious nonsense from Vattel, which all the enemies of England may at any moment turn against her,—is he the man to deal with such a tremendous difficulty? is he the man to avert war and to pour oil upon the troubled waters? Is he not rather the man to induce the combatants to take their courses, irrespective of the opinions of a minister so weak? He is not only weak, he is inconsistent—therefore the most dangerous of all men, and we should wellnigh despair of the country if we thought that his continuance in the Foreign Office were a necessity of the Government.

If Lord Palmerston is wise, he will take a hint in time. Not only the Tories, but the country at large, are unwilling to tolerate the ineptitude and inconsistency of Lord John Russell's foreign policy, worthily seconded as it is by the financial vagaries of Mr. Gladstone. At a time when it is plain to the commonest apprehension that the French Emperor intends a vigorous interference in Italian affairs for the furtherance of his own views, the Government and the Government organs are labouring under the same delusion as they suffered for in the commencement of last year. They believe that the views of France and England with regard to Italy and Europe generally are identical. In his famous letter to Persigny, Napoleon stated that he desired nothing better than an accord with the English Government as to a common course of action in Southern Italy. Where was the common course of action? Did not the French Emperor, in spite of the remonstrances of

the English Government, resist the Sardinian troops, and defend the King of Naples at Gaeta, until he had rendered reaction throughout the kingdom sufficiently powerful to get on by itself? In spite of this, our Government cherish the superstition,—that our most "precious" Whig is to walk over Europe arm-in-arm with Napoleon, and, it may be, to train him in the path wherein he is to go,—and some private members of the House of Commons propose that Lord Palmerston should in conformity with this idea, retrench our expenditure, and let the Chancellor of the Exchequer have his way in the abolition of our taxes. Certain we are, that neither the House of Commons nor the country will stand another year of such folly as we witnessed in the last session. The Tory party—which has, in the recess, been gradually increasing in strength—is willing, indeed anxious, to support Lord Palmerston in maintaining the honour of the country in a crisis of no ordinary complexity; but it will not support such men as the Foreign Secretary and the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Lord Palmerston is a staunch ally, and it is not in his nature to throw over a colleague, even when he is grossly in fault. That is a question for his serious consideration. If friendship has its claims, patriotism has still greater claims; and it is for Lord Palmerston to consider whether he is willing to receive the support of the entire country, including the Conservative party, at the price of breaking with Lord John Russell and Mr. Gladstone, or whether he is willing to share in their obloquy, and fall enfolded in their arms.

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THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE: ITS RISE AND FALL.

PART II.

THE nineteenth century dawned hopefully upon the Indian Civil Service. Lord Wellesley was Governor-General of India. Lord Olive, son of the great reformer, was Governor of Madras; and Jonathan Duncan, who had risen from the ranks of the Civil Service, was Governor of Bombay. They were all high-minded, honourable men, and they laboured zealously for the public good.

The East India Company was still a trading company. It had all its commercial privileges intact. The business of providing the investment was still a part of the duty of its servants. But although they were called merchants, factors, and writers (as, indeed, they were long afterwards), the commercial duties of the Company's civil servants were dwarfed by the other responsibilities which had fallen upon them. The traders of Leadenhall Street, sorely against their will, under violent protest, weeping and grimacing at their hard fate, had been beaten by inexorable circumstance into shape as princes and rulers of the land. Greatness had been thrust upon them. Honest John Company was master no

longer of certain factories upon the coast, but of three great presidencies or governments. He had armies, and councillors, and ambassadors at foreign courts. The "pure mercantile bottom," on which he had been wont to sit, and to which he clung with all the dogged tenacity of his race, had expanded under him into an imperial throne;

"What seemed his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on;"

and sorely bewildered it was sometimes under the pressure of this unlooked for encumbrance.

His greatest trouble, at this time, was Lord Wellesley. That ambitious little Irishman had great schemes with which there was no sympathy in Leadenhall Street. Among them was one for the advancement of learning generally, but more especially among Mr. Company's civil servants. Now Mr. Company, as we have seen, was very eager to promote the moral welfare of his young people; but as long as they wrote good hands and could cast up accounts with precision, he does not appear to have troubled himself much about their intellectual elevation. He had fin-

telling Count Cavour to beware, and then to go ahead, arming his advice with seditious nonsense from Vattel, which all the enemies of England may at any moment turn against her,—is he the man to deal with such a tremendous difficulty? is he the man to avert war and to pour oil upon the troubled waters? Is he not rather the man to induce the combatants to take their courses, irrespective of the opinions of a minister so weak? He is not only weak, he is inconsistent—therefore the most dangerous of all men, and we should wellnigh despair of the country if we thought that his continuance in the Foreign Office were a necessity of the Government.

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THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE: ITS RISE AND FALL.

PART II.

THE nineteenth century dawned hopefully upon the Indian Civil Service. Lord Wellesley was Governor-General of India. Lord Olive, son of the great reformer, was Governor of Madras; and Jonathan Duncan, who had risen from the ranks of the Civil Service, was Governor of Bombay. They were all high-minded, honourable men, and they laboured zealously for the public good.

The East India Company was still a trading company. It had all its commercial privileges intact. The business of providing the investment was still a part of the duty of its servants. But although they were called merchants, factors, and writers (as, indeed, they were long afterwards), the commercial duties of the Company's civil servants were dwarfed by the other responsibilities which had fallen upon them. The traders of Leadenhall Street, sorely against their will, under violent protest, weeping and grimacing at their hard fate, had been beaten by inexorable circumstance into shape as princes and rulers of the land. Greatness had been thrust upon them. Honest John Company was master no

longer of certain factories upon the coast, but of three great presidencies or governments. He had armies, and councillors, and ambassadors at foreign courts. The "pure mercantile bottom," on which he had been wont to sit, and to which he clung with all the dogged tenacity of his race, had expanded under him into an imperial throne;

"What seemed his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on;"

and sorely bewildered it was sometimes under the pressure of this unlooked for encumbrance.

His greatest trouble, at this time, was Lord Wellesley. That ambitious little Irishman had great schemes with which there was no sympathy in Leadenhall Street. Among them was one for the advancement of learning generally, but more especially among Mr. Company's civil servants. Now Mr. Company, as we have seen, was very eager to promote the moral welfare of his young people; but as long as they wrote good hands and could cast up accounts with precision, he does not appear to have troubled himself much about their intellectual elevation. He had fir

service to be kept together, under proper discipline, during the dangerous years of their novitiate as public servants. It was too grand an idea for the atmosphere of Leadenhall Street ; and Mr. Company, a plain matter-of-fact man, said that he would have nothing to say to it. Disappointed, hurt, perhaps irritated, Lord Wellesley said that he had nothing to do but to obey ; and his project, in all its vastness, was folded up for ever. But what he had already done was not violently undone ; and the College of Fort-William, though shorn of the beams which were to have radiated from it, still remained a substantial fact. The young writers were, from that time, compelled to "pass college" before they could obtain employment in the public service ; and from that time there is no doubt that the efficiency of the civil functionaries of Government was greatly improved.

The College of Fort-William, with its disputations and diplomas, held a high place in the history of the Bengal Civil Service, until, a few years later in the century, the College of Haileybury was established. An Act of Parliament, passed in 1807, declared that, whereas the Company had lately established a college in England, for the appropriate education of young men designed for their civil service in India, it was expedient that the time passed in that college, after the student had attained the age of seventeen, should count as time passed in India. The establishment of this institution checked at once the tendency to that early initiation into public life, which may be supposed to have occasioned the wreck of so many promising youths. We know that some, who were thrown thus early into the troubled waters, swam bravely, but no account is given of those who sank ; and even the Malcolms and Metcalfes, strong swimmers as they were, were nearly sinking in the whirlpool of trial and temptation. That there were temptations at Haileybury may be conceded, but

no greater than at other large scholastic institutions. Indeed, the situation of the college, at some distance even from the county town—and that, too, a town duller and drearier at its zenith than most—was by no means of a perilous character. On the whole, we cheerfully admit that the institution admirably fulfilled the purposes for which it was established. Among its professors were many of the ablest and most enlightened men whom our country has produced—Mackintosh, Malthus, Empson, Le Bas, Melvill, Jones, Stephen, and other distinguished names are to be found in the list of those who trained the youth of England for the great Indian service ; and a long, long list of bright Indian names might be readily cited if we turned to the list of those who profited by their lectures—the Clerks and Thomasons and Lawrences and Trevellyans—the Grants, the Elliots, the Edmonstones, the Montgomerys, the Freres, the Beadons ; and, among a younger generation, the Temples and the Seaton-Karrs, who are still sowing seed in India. The College is now a solitude, waiting, we believe, the hammer of the auctioneer ; but it was during the existence of the institution that the Indian Civil Service was in its palmiest state. It may be said, without exaggeration, that an abler or more honourable body of public servants has never been engaged in the administration of any country in the world, than those who graduated at Haileybury, and "passed college" at Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay.

The original notion of Sir Thomas Roe, that the only way to obtain good service was to pay the public servant well for his work, had by this time been fairly realised. The general scale of salaries was undoubtedly high. The official earnings of the most prosperous civilian were not equal to the gains of successful professional exertion in England, but they were far higher than those of the public service at home ; indeed, taken as a whole, it must be regarded as the best paid

service in the world—but it was service, and hard service too. If the reward was great, the sacrifice was great also. Men cannot be expected to spend the prime of their lives in India for nothing. The distance from home—the life of isolation which many are compelled to lead—the dangers of sickness and the risk of death—the dreary discomforts of existence under the fiery skies of the East, and the painfulness of exertion under all the debilitating influences of the exhausting climate—are penalties which few are disposed to incur, unless the inducement to face them takes the shape of a large pecuniary reward. Some may think the reward not great. What it is has been stated thus fairly by Macaulay, in his essay on Lord Clive:—"At present a writer enters the service young; he climbs slowly; he is fortunate if at forty-five he can return to his country with an annuity of a thousand a year, and with savings amounting to thirty thousand pounds. A great quantity of wealth is made by English functionaries in India; but no single functionary makes a very large fortune, and what is made is slowly, hardly, and honestly earned." Very few men, it may be observed, bring home fortunes of £30,000 after twenty-five years' service; and one-half of the retiring allowance is of the nature, not of a pension from the State, but of a deferred annuity, purchased by himself out of his official salary; and that the fortune, or the annuity, or both, are slowly, hardly, and honestly earned, we may say a few words in proof.

"Slowly,"—for it is only by length of service that officers in the Indian Civil Service can attain to the legal right of drawing large salaries. There are express limitations, by Act of Parliament, as to the amount of salary which may be drawn after certain periods of service; and practically, it may be added, the legal maximum is very rarely attained. The instances of younger members of the Service drawing large salaries are few.

There is commonly a progressive rise, by a hundred or two pounds annually at a time, as the civilian passes from one office to another: the system in force attaching a distinct salary to each individual appointment. Whether this system is, on the whole, advantageous to the Public Service may, at all events, be considered an open question. Its tendency, of course, is to detach a man from his office as soon as he has become conversant with its duties. There are salaries of almost every amount, from 300 rupees to 8000 rupees a-month, and through these the more fortunate civilian may slowly progress to a seat in Council. The rapidity of his progress depends mainly upon his own capacity and his own exertions. Neither incapable nor indolent men attain speedily to the enjoyment of high salaries. The distribution of the loaves and fishes of the State is in the hands of the local governments. The authorities in England make it a point of honour never to interfere; and, perhaps, no patronage has ever been more fairly distributed than that of the Indian governments during the present century. There is a fair race for the prizes of the Service, and the best men are pretty sure to win.

"Hardly." The Indian Civil Service is no soft cushion for its members to repose upon. Every man on entering must make up his mind not to shrink from labour. There is a life of strenuous activity before him. There are few posts in the administration of India which do not involve an amount of hard work far exceeding the requirements of ordinary official life in England. The amount of public correspondence is immense. But this paper-work is but a small part of the duty which he discharges to the State. In most situations he is continually, from daybreak to sunset, in personal intercourse with the natives of the country. He knows nothing of "ten to four." He has often done a good day's work abroad before he returns to his early breakfast, and commences another day's work in

the *bureau*. A few years ago there was contributed to an Indian periodical an animated sketch of the daily life of a revenue officer in the northwestern provinces of India. He was painted "stretching at an unsparing gallop" through the early morning mist, on his way to some distant point, "where measurements are to be tested, doubts resolved, or objections investigated;" then, returning to his solitary breakfast, cheered by a book, or, better still, by English letters, and devoting the rest of the forenoon to the reception of reports from his native functionaries, to the direction of their operations, and to the examination and collation of the various information that comes to him from different parts of his district. "As the day advances," we quote the graphic language of the writer, himself an eminent member of the Bengal Civil Service, "the widespread shade begins to be peopled with living figures. Group after group of villagers arrive in their best and whitest dresses, and a hum of voices succeeds to the stillness, before only broken by the cooing of the dove and the scream of the paroquet. The carpet is then spread in the open air, the chair is set, litigants and spectators take their seats on the ground in orderly ranks, silence is proclaimed, and the rural court is opened." And thus till night falls, and he takes again a solitary meal, and a cheering book, and retires early to his couch, that he may rise before daybreak on the following morning. Perhaps, when this was written, the writer had in his recollection the circumstances of his daily life on a day in the cold weather—we may see how it is in the hot. Another Indian civilian—one of the most distinguished in his generation, Mr. Charles Raikes—has placed on record some account of a day's work in July—"a burning day in July." "The rain," he says, "kept off, and the sky was clouded with dust, which obscured the sun, like the ashes from a volcano. We used just then to have the cutcherry open from before six in the morning till

eleven; but even at that early hour the poorer of the Omlah and suitors, who had to walk home, were occasionally struck down by *coup-de-soleil* on their way." It is, indeed, thoroughly hard work, for which the Indian civilian has to train himself; and hard work, too, under trying circumstances, which test, as in a furnace, the stuff of which he is made.

"Honestly." There are many, doubtless, who, experienced only in the ways of the western world, will say that honesty in a public servant—such honesty, at least, as is here signified, for we are writing of pecuniary recompenses—is a matter of course. But the true temper of a man's honesty is not known till it is tried. We must judge it by the temptations which beset it. Now these temptations in India are out of all proportion to those which surround the life of a civil servant in England. For the Indian civilian has to deal with a race of men versed in all the ways of official corruption, who never, until they have been taught the lesson by long official intercourse with English gentlemen, can believe that every man in office has not his price, and who even then are prone to experimentalise on the powers of resistance possessed by the functionaries with whom they are brought in contact. There is something so easy and apparently so safe in the whole process—the bribe is often so large, the service sought so small—that the temptation is unusually great. There is, in such cases, no pledge exacted; everything is done silently and by implication. The English gentleman is petitioned only to gratify the wishes of a devoted friend by accepting a small earnest of his esteem. The native's point is gained if the English functionary accepts the money. All the rest is understood. There is no coarse bargain. Not a word is written; not a word is spoken; but what the Englishman is desired to do is often that which his own natural sense of justice teaches him to do, and which he would surely do without a bribe. We think, then, that it may fairly be stated, to

the honour of our countrymen in India, that these temptations are withstood. It is very rarely that a public servant brings to England a fortune, for every rupee of which he cannot honestly account. That there have been some public scandals in the course of the last half-century, is well known; but the cases are so few that they may be regarded as the exceptions which prove the rule; and that it is so we have the best possible proof in the fact that there never was a case of suspicion fairly attaching to an Indian civil servant that did not elicit the eagerness of the members of his own service to see a searching investigation into the conduct of their comrade. It is by civilians that the wrongdoings of civilians have been exposed. They hunt down and expel black sheep from their flock. They "stand by their order" only in the right. There never was a case known of civilians endeavouring to screen the offences of an erring brother. Their only wish in such a case is to purge their body of the impurity which has been engendered in it.

And that they were not only an honest and a hard-working set of men, who earned their modest fortunes slowly and laboriously, by long years of diligent service, but that they were men of great energy and ability, is proved by the uses to which they have been put, and the great things which they have done, beyond the circle of their own immediate sphere of action. The Service is just now not very popular in high places. A Government which, little by little, has been destroying it, is not likely to stultify its own acts by a public recognition of the merits of an institution which it is dooming to death. It is the fashion, therefore, rather to pool-pool the claims of the old servants of the Company, and to speak of them as men with peculiar turns of thought, disqualifying them for any but the narrowest sphere of action. But

before there were any past measures to be justified, or any future objects to be gained, by the depreciation of the Indian Service, her Majesty's Government were glad, in their difficulties and embarrassments, to seek among the servants of the Company for men qualified to aid them in readjusting the disordered affairs of our Crown Colonies. If an experienced administrator—a man of more than ordinary ability and integrity, of more than common energy and courage—was wanted, in a difficult conjuncture, in the West Indies, in Canada, in Ceylon, at the Cape, or any other remote dependency of importance, a civil servant of the East India Company was sought, and was found, to do the work; and when, at home, a man of high administrative ability, unflinching honesty, and assiduity of the most laborious kind, was sought for, to be placed at the permanent head of a department of the Public Service second to none under the Crown, a civil servant of the East India Company was again selected to fill that honourable and responsible post. We are now reversing this old order of things; the Crown Colonies are indented upon for governors to serve in our Indian possessions, and English civil servants are sent out to preside over important departments of Indian administration; nay, more, the whole exclusive Civil Service of India is doomed to speedy extinction.

Up to the year 1853, the Company's Civil Service had retained all its privileges intact. Twenty years before, the Company had ceased to be a company of merchants. The Ruler had altogether supplanted the Trader, and the Court of Directors had developed into a great administrative Board. During that period, the young men who had gone out as writers to India had been in no-wise inferior to their predecessors. Indeed, it may be said that in their early years of service they were steadier and less extravagant;* that

* The exhibition of the distinctive character of Writers' Buildings—a row of houses in the centre of Calcutta, where the young Bengal civilians were lodged

they were more devoted to literature, and had a higher sense of the duties and responsibilities of their calling, than the youth of the previous generation. Still they were a fine, high-spirited race of youngsters. They brought with them from Haileybury a common love of athletic sports; they frequented the racket-court and the cricket-tent; and, in the cold weather, they rode to the hounds. But debt was no longer the normal condition of the young writer. If he amused himself, when the weather permitted out-of-doors recreations, he did, at other times, a fair amount of work, and entered upon the duties of his profession certainly as well prepared for the serious business of administration as any young men who had gone out to India under previous charters. It is true, of course, that family convenience, and nothing else, had directed them to the Service—that they had entered upon this career, with all its grave duties and solemn responsibilities, for no other reason in the world than that they had a father or an uncle—a father's or an uncle's friend—in the East India Direction. But their brothers and their cousins had done the same when they had entered the church, the law, or the army; they had embraced those professions, not on account of any special fitness for them, but because it conformed with family arrangements that they should follow this or that course of life. In India, indeed, there were families which seemed to have a pre-criptive right to Government employment. The same names met you everywhere. It was sometimes observed by men who made affairs of this kind a study, that a *new name* seldom or never appeared in the Indian Civil List. We believe that there was some exaggeration in this; but it is certain that the old names were to be found at the beginning, in the middle, and at the end of the muster-roll of civilians. But these men were good public

servants; none the worse, we may be sure, for having the distinguished careers of grandfather and father to emulate; none the worse for having an ancestral reputation to maintain. The natives of India, too, respected them for their names. Whatever we may think in England of a governing caste in India, at all events, it is an institution which the people know how to venerate.

In 1853, then, there was no especial reason why a blow should be struck at the exclusive privileges of the Indian Civil Service. It happened that the old Charter, or rather the old Act of Parliament, under which India was governed, was about to expire. But, as the day approached, it was commonly held that the Act would be renewed without the introduction of any important changes. When the subject was first mooted in the House of Commons, a Conservative Government was in power; and it was clear that there was no intention to remodel the administrative agencies at home or abroad. But before the new India Bill could be brought forward, there was a change of Government, and there was a change of feeling in the House of Commons. A strong pressure from without was brought to bear upon the Whig Ministry, who, without such pressure, would in all probability have left things much as they found them. Mr. Bright and the Indian Reform party got up a cry; and Ministers found that they must do something. The East India Company was evidently unpopular. Its omissions and shortcomings were constant subjects of reproach from men who knew neither what the Company had done nor what it had left undone. But there was nothing which rendered it so obnoxious as the vast patronage which it exercised. That a retired major or ship-captain, or a partner in a banking-house in Lombard Street, should, by a nod of the head or a stroke of the pen, distribute posts,

during their novitiate, had, so far as that presidency was concerned, doubtless, a good effect.

enabling the holders of them to rise in time to the enjoyment of salaries double the value of a Cabinet Minister's, was something more than the patriotism and propriety of Young India could bear. So, mainly as a concession to this party, it was determined that the Company should be deprived of all its civil, and part of its military, patronage. In the draft of the new India Bill, it was provided that, "subject to such regulations as may be made by the Board of Commissioners for the Affairs of India, any person, being a natural born subject of her majesty, who may be desirous of being admitted into the College at Haileybury, or Military Seminary at Addiscombe, or of being appointed an assistant-surgeon in the Company's forces, shall be permitted to be examined as a candidate for such admission or appointment." This was in effect to throw open the Civil Service, the Medical Service, and the Company's Artillery and Engineers, to public competition. It was discovered before it was too late that the Company's Artillery and Engineers were the best in the world, and that any change might be for the worse. The words "or Military Seminary at Addiscombe" were therefore subsequently omitted from the Bill in Committee; but the patronage of the Civil and the Medical Services was lost for ever to the Company.

The nominee Civil Service of India being thus destroyed, it then became a question whether the College at Haileybury should be maintained, or whether education for the Indian Civil Service might not be as well conducted at the ordinary scholastic institutions of the country. Sir Charles Wood was then President of the Board of Control. He submitted to the consideration of a committee, consisting of Mr. Macaulay, Lord Ashburton, the Rev. Henry Melvill (Principal of Haileybury College), the Rev. Benjamin Jowett, and Mr. J. Shaw Leleuvre, the very important question of the best means of giving effect to the provisions of the Act of Parliament

opening the service to public competition. That Act evidently contemplated the maintenance of the Company's College; and the Committee did not think that they were called upon to consider whether it should or should not be maintained. But the Act of Parliament obviously, at the same time, contemplated the competency of the Board of Control to frame regulations, whereby persons who had not studied at Haileybury might be admitted into the Civil Service. It appeared, therefore, desirable that there should be some alteration of the law, and essential that there should be some very great change in the existing regulations of the College. Indeed, the maintenance of the institution seemed to be hardly compatible with the new system; and every one soon predicted that the College would be abandoned.

Indeed, virtually, the report of Macaulay's Committee, though not addressed to the consideration of the question of Haileybury or no Haileybury, was virtually one long argument against its maintenance. It descanted on the advantages of University education, and expressed a hope that among the successful competitors for the writerships in the Company's Service, would frequently be "young men who have obtained the highest honours of Oxford and Cambridge." After taking the highest honours of Oxford or Cambridge, it seemed plainly unnecessary to spend a certain number of years within the precincts of the Haileybury quadrangle.

And so, after nearly half-a-century of good service, the College was left quietly to die out under mere force of inanition. On a damp December morning in 1857, the last public examination was held. The times were not inspiring; the neck of the great Indian mutiny had not been broken; and there were some there who, seeing the last batch of students clear out of the quadrangle, never to return to it, said prophetically that the Company would go next. By this time the new system of competitive ex-

amination had been fairly inaugurated. Upon the subject of competition we have so often expressed our opinions, that we do not purpose to return to it here. We will only remark that, whatever advantages there may have been in the plan of substituting, for an exclusive academical course, a system of general educational training—bringing the youths of Oxford to contend with the students of Dublin, and the scholars of Cambridge to try a fall with the sturdy athletes of our northern colleges—there were certain special benefits derivable from the gregariousness of the old time. It was no small gain that young men should arrive in India with characters and acquirements well known to their contemporaries. "The boy is father of the man." We do not mean to say that, every now and then, a promising student does not disappoint, or an unpromising one surprise, his class-fellows in after life. Intellectual superiority may develop itself at different ages—an argument, it may be said *en passant*, against the competition-system. But during two years of student-life—say between the ages of eighteen and twenty—it is hard if discovery is not made of the good or bad moral stuff that is in every youth that passes out of college. And we hold it to be of no small moment that this knowledge should exist; that men should meet on the great theatre of professional action, knowing and understanding each other. The anticipation of such meetings in after life is a great incentive to good conduct. How can a youth, known to have been guilty of mean, unworthy actions at college, face his contemporaries in the Indian presidency? This consideration, we may be sure, has a restraining and subduing effect upon many at that dangerous period of incipient manhood, and tends to the elevation of the general character of the class. Certain, at least, it is, that among those who have gone forth from Haileybury, a generally high tone of feeling has prevailed. There may have been thoughtless,

extravagant, even dissipated youths among them; but they have been honourable gentlemen, nevertheless; and we shall esteem the country fortunate, if those who, streaming from a score of different educational institutions, meet in India as utter strangers to each other, are as good specimens of the youth of Great Britain as those who went out from Haileybury in the old time, clansmen, and often fast friends.

We have said that when Haileybury fell, it was predicted that the Company would not stand much longer. And when the Company fell, it was predicted that the exclusive Civil Service of India would not much longer endure. Under the provisions of the Act of 1853-54 the Civil Service still remained an exclusive service. Though patronage was not, and Haileybury was not, there was still a Covenanted Service, to the members of which, and to them only, the principal offices under the State were intrusted. Whatever may be the open competition in England, in India the competition is confined to those who have gone out, under the prescribed regulations, carrying their credentials with them. An appointment in the Civil Service once obtained, the civilian still finds that he is a member of a close service. No one who has not graduated in like manner can jostle him in his professional career. But the exclusiveness of this Service is now threatened. Among the dropped measures of the past session, which were not carried through only for want of time, was a Bill for amending the laws relating to the holding of certain appointments in India. It was known that the intent of the Bill, whatsoever might be its phraseology, was to confer on the governments in India the power of appointing to certain offices, now held exclusively by covenanted civilians, men who have not graduated in the Service—men, perhaps, fresh from England, or whose experience in India has not been of an official kind. It need not be said that this is virtually to destroy

the Indian Civil Service, and to inaugurate altogether a new system of Indian administration.

For good or for evil? We desire to consider the question with all due candour and impartiality. But before we weigh the effects of the change upon the general efficiency of the Public Service, we must say something on the subject of the claims of existing members. We do not refer so much to the old nomination servants as to those who obtained their posts by public competition. The former, at all events, received their appointments as free gifts; and if the conditions of the gift were subsequently somewhat changed to their injury, the gratuitous character of the transaction renders that injury comparatively light. We do not say that they have no right to complain when first one innovation, then another, diminishes the advantages of a profession to which, perhaps, they would never have been devoted, if such inroads upon its privileges had been contemplated by themselves or their guardians. But the case of the competitive members of the Service is a much stronger one. Their appointments have not been received by them as free gifts from powerful patrons—they have been earned by their own exertions. The Government of the country invited the Youth of England to come forward and to contend for these great prizes. If there was no actual specification of the nature and value of the appointments to be contended for, there was certainly a sort of implied contract that the successful competitors were to be admitted to the privileges of an exclusive service. Such was the understanding under which these young men competed—under which they abandoned the thought of professional advancement at home, and devoted themselves to an Indian career. If they had known or suspected, that within a few years of their entrance into the Service, all the conditions of that Service would be fundamentally changed, a large number of them would have

hesitated before they accepted the invitation of the Government. There was an implied contract, we repeat, of which these young men have fulfilled their part; and we cannot help thinking that there will be something very much like a breach of faith on the part of Government, if the men who have earned their appointments by their successful labours do not receive the *quid pro quo* which they were induced to expect. It will not be any great perversion of language, if they declare that they have been lured into the Service under false pretences.

In what we should once have called the Civil Service of the Crown, but which, now for distinction's sake, we must call the *Home* Civil Service, it is esteemed a hardship that men who have not graduated in that service are sometimes appointed to offices of high responsibility and emolument. In a lecture recently delivered on "the Civil Service as a Profession," by Mr. Anthony Trollope, a not undistinguished member of the Home Service, he gives expression to what we believe to be the general sentiments of his class upon this subject. But in England the Civil Service is not by legal provision or general acceptance, an exclusive service. It is both the law and the practice that men who have not graduated in the Service should be admitted into it as often as the State requires. The Legislature, indeed, has declared it to be expedient to hold out inducements to such persons to enter the service of the Crown. If, then, the civilian finds that interlopers of this kind injuriously affect his chances of rising to the higher offices on the permanent staff of the Government, he may complain that the usage diminishes the general value of the profession to which he has attached himself, but he cannot complain of any actual or constructive breach of faith. It always has been so; and we presume that it always will be so. It may be unwise, but it is not dishonest. A man, however, who enters the In-

dian Service, who severs his connection with home, and directs all his energies towards the acquisition of that knowledge which specially fits him for professional exertion of a particular kind in the Eastern world,—a man who does this under the protection of an Act of Parliament, and who subsequently finds that his prospects of professional advancement are greatly diminished by the admission of strangers, who have not graduated in the Service, to the higher offices of the State—has, we submit, fair grounds of complaint against the Government for what may not improperly be described as a breach of faith. We always thought that it was an admitted principle, that when an exclusive privileged service or profession of any kind is thrown open to the general public, the class of persons thus deprived of their privileges are entitled to compensation. When the Proctors of Doctors' Commons were deprived of their exclusive privileges, and their business thrown open to the legal profession at large, Parliament determined that it was a fitting case for compensation by the State, and very liberal compensation was granted. And we cannot help thinking that, if the emoluments of the Indian Civil Service are to be scrambled for by the community at large, the members of that service who have entered it as an exclusive privileged profession (and especially those who have been invited to enter it, and have earned it, by exertions and sacrifices of their own) will be entitled to some such consideration at the hands of the State.

Such appears to us to be the justice of the case. We now come to consider the grounds of expediency on which the contemplated change is based. Theoretically, there is much to be said in its favour; for the theory is, that it is greatly to the advantage of the State to obtain the services of the very best men that can be found for the performance of particular duties. Standing *per se*, this must be regarded as

an abstract truth. And there are many, doubtless, who, thus considering it a "self-evident proposition," will be astounded at our presumption when we declare, that in reality it is nothing better than a clap-trap. The public service of a country is not a number of detached parts, but a great whole, the different components of which are dependent on each other for their effective working. And there is no single fact which ought to be held in higher regard than that whatever tends to diminish the zeal of the general body is an injury to the public service, for which no special advantages can adequately compensate. It is not in the particular qualifications of the Few, but in the general efficiency of the Many, that good service to the State is to be found. If you dishearten and discourage the general body, you may be sure that you do more harm by selecting from the outside public particular men to be set over them—no matter what the qualifications of those men—than by bestowing the vacant offices upon public servants of inferior special acquirements and smaller intellectual calibre who have graduated in the service. And that the general body of the Indian Civil Service will be disheartened and discouraged if they find that honourable and lucrative situations, which had been to them from the commencement of their career laudable objects of ambition, are snatched from them by men who have not borne "the burden and heat of the day" (no metaphor in India), we have not the least reason to doubt. No benefit to be derived from the occasional appointment of a first-rate man from England to an office for which he is peculiarly fitted, can ever compensate the State for the general discouragement of the whole Service.

But are we likely to see first-rate men, selected from the outside Public, appointed to offices in India for which they are peculiarly qualified by nature, education, or experience? We confess that this appears to us to be extremely doubtful. We do

not refer to such exceptional cases as that of the late Mr. James Wilson, or of Mr. Laing, who went out under peculiar circumstances, to fill a seat in council, just as Mr. Macaulay did, and for which seat, whether legislative or financial, doubtless able men will always be found. We speak of lower, but still honourable and lucrative offices, to which any "barrister of seven years' standing"—that great type of the expectant placeman—may reasonably aspire. Now, it has been shown that when the competition system was first established, Mr. Macaulay and his colleagues expressed their expectation that men who had taken the highest honour in our great English universities would be found among the competitors for the Indian Civil Service. No such competitors have come forward. The fact, indeed, is, that the Indian Service has few attractions for men before whom anything like a brilliant European prospect lies or appears to lie. A man who has taken a "double first," or is the senior wrangler of his year, is pretty sure to think that it rests with himself only to decide whether he shall, in due course, occupy the Woolsack, or Lambeth Palace, or the bureau of one of her Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State. Of course, there is often singular delusion in this; and the expectant chancellor or archbishop, in the course of a few years, subsides contentedly into a college tutor or a country curate, with or without "pupils." Still there are great prizes at home to which a brilliant academical career points the way of the young aspirant,—whilst, in his estimation, India is the grave of Fame. The men who go in for the Indian Civil Service, under the competition system, are for the most part men who neither have nor think that they have any brilliant prospects at home, and who are content to earn a competence, isolated and forgotten, in a remote Eastern settlement, rather than to incur the risk of being utterly beaten in the great battle of life at home—of being

left stranded and forlorn, without profit and without preferment, in some precarious profession, the prizes of which, if great, are few, and only to be won by men of greater ability and perseverance than themselves. And, such being the case—the ascertained facts, as well as the reasonable probabilities, showing that young men of high attainments and good promise of success in life will not "go in" for Indian appointments—what hope is there that men, not of good promise only, but of good performance, to whom success in life is a present reality, will leave England, with all its imperial attractions, for the dreary isolation of an outlying dependency? No: the men who, in mature life, are likely to seek Indian preferment, are not men who have succeeded, but who have failed in England, or, perhaps, failed at Calcutta or Madras. For the short roads to Fortune in India are not through "the Service," but through the Supreme Court or the Agency House; and what successful lawyer or merchant would ever abandon his independent calling for a place under Government, except of the very highest class? If the Civil Service of India, then, is to be thrown open to the general public, the interlopers to be looked for are the failures of the imperial country, with a slight sprinkling from the Presidency towns.

We have put the case very mildly—and with intentional mildness. We do not believe that, under any system or no system, the Indian service will ever be made what it was a century ago—the recipient of men of broken fortune and broken fame, whom England had, in emphatic Scriptural language, "spued out,"—ruined gamblers, fraudulent debtors, and other reprobates of that class. When we speak of "failures," we attach no dishonour to the word: we indicate only the unsuccessful state of respectable mediocrity, deficient energy, or irregular misapplied talent. Failures of these different kinds are very likely to seek employment under Government, and, having good in-

terest, to obtain it. For what is to be said against them? They have good character and fair capacity on their side, and it cannot be discreditable to patronise them. "Will," it may be said, "if these men have good moral character and tolerable intellectual capacity, is there any harm in employing them? Is the average worth of the exclusive service any higher?" To this we promptly reply, that it lies with those who would break in upon the existing system to show, not that the new men to be introduced into the service, at any odd time of their lives, are equal in ability and integrity to those who have graduated in the service, but that they are far superior. Any assertion of equality in such a case is an admission of defeat: firstly, because it is only under the plea of some great public good that a great injustice to individual interests can be defended; and secondly, because, if the interlopers are not in themselves greatly superior, they must, by reason of their deficient training and experience, be vastly inferior as official functionaries. Indeed, it may be fairly questioned whether any amount of natural superiority will compensate for the absence of the training and the experience which are only to be acquired on the spot.

The strong point of the advocates of the interloping system has always been the defective legal education of the Company's servants. That the judicial administration of India has been the least successful part of our English rule has, indeed, generally been admitted. But the admission by no means carries with it the inference that there has been too little English law. The fact is, that there has been, if not too much law, at all events too much legal procedure; that we have multiplied forms and processes to a most inconvenient extent; and that we administer substantive justice in proportion to its promptitude and simplicity. To the purely English mind—especially to the mind of Westminster and of the Inns of

Court—it may appear a self-evident proposition that an educated member of the bar must make a better judge, all the world over, than a member of the Indian Civil Service, who is now a revenue officer, now an Under-Secretary, now a diplomatist, and now suddenly turned into a judge. But, however patent this may be to the home-bred understanding, it disappears beneath the influence of local experience, after a very short sojourn in India. Ask an unprejudiced English judge from one of the Indian Crown Courts what he thinks about the matter. All his natural predilections are likely to be in favour of English law and English lawyers; but he will not tell you that they are the proper remedies for the defects of our judicial administration in India. We could cite no higher authority on such a subject than that of Sir Edward Ryan. He was, for an unusually long period, Chief-Justice of Bengal; and his evidence now derives an extrinsic value from the fact that he is a member of the Civil Service Commission. When he was examined before the Committee of the House of Commons previously to the passing of the Indian Bill of 1853, the following question was put to him—"Do you believe that the administration of justice would be improved in India by the selection of barristers from England and from India for that purpose?" And Sir Edward Ryan answered, "*I do not think so.* Barristers from England, I presume, could not go out until, perhaps, the age of twenty-five; they would hardly be barristers till that time. I do not know what would tempt many barristers of that age to proceed to India, because it is quite clear that, upon their first arrival in that country, they would be quite incompetent to fill the offices of judges in the interior. The first thing they have to learn, of course, is the native languages, which would not be so easily acquired at that age as at the earlier age at which civil servants proceed to India: they would have

no opportunity of becoming familiar with the natives in the transaction of business in the various ways in which civil servants obtain that familiarity in the office of the collector. Not possessing this knowledge of the languages, nor this familiarity with the manners and usages and habits of the natives, I do not see how they could become efficient judges in the interior of the country. . . . It is not the knowledge of the science of law which is so much required; it is the administrative art which is so required, and that can only arise from familiarity with the people, and a knowledge of the people themselves."

Now, if the plea fails upon these special grounds, we are quite sure that nothing can be made of the general argument in favour of the admission of untrained administrators to the public service of India. If it be not desirable for the public interests to send English lawyers to hold judicial situations in India, we are quite sure that no good can come from sending English merchants to collect the revenue, or English politicians to conduct negotiations at our native courts. If such men have really any good stuff in them, they will not have failed to find free scope for the exercise of their abilities in Europe. The attractions of Indian employment are not such as to induce men to seek it who can make their way to the front nearer home. Who would give up an appointment of £1200 a year in one of our public departments at home for an office in India yielding its £3000? Who would not rather be secretary of legation at a first-rate European court, with the scanty diplomatic salary of such a post, than political resident at an Indian court, with the magnificent allowances of the office? And if men who have achieved success, or are capable of achieving success, in Europe, are to be found willing to proceed, in mature years, to India, to pick up some of the stray loaves and fishes of the Indian Civil Service—what then? We confess that we should

regard such English successes with greater alarm than English failures. A clever successful man, carrying with him to India a heart stored with European systems and theories, and having learnt from Lord Palmerston to treat with habitual contempt all Indian knowledge and experience, would be likely to do more harm in India than respectable mediocrity, less self-sufficient, and therefore better disposed to fit itself into the groove, and to work its way along the common track. It is impossible in these times to be impervious to the fact that there is a growing disposition in this country to *de-orientalise* Indian government and Indian administration, and to transplant English theories to a soil which is wholly unsuited to their reception. The greatest danger of all in India is rash innovation. As soon as we close our eyes to the truth that the people of India are a peculiar people, we place ourselves straight upon the road to ruin. Those "peculiar turns of thought" at which some jaunty English statesmen are wont to sneer, are the salvation of our Indian empire. Imagine a newly-appointed Governor-General, fresh from the atmosphere of the House of Lords, carrying his secretariat out with him to India. He would upset the coach in a single cold season. It is the Indian knowledge and experience ready at his elbow on his arrival which keeps him from going wrong. His systems and theories are soon melted down in the crucible of hard fact. His English statesmanship is, of course, an advantage. But for an occasional infusion of new blood into the Government, there would be a tendency to stagnation. A little too much of Oriental rust would gather about it. But this English statesmanship is of advantage to India and to the empire only because the agents of his policy are thoroughly orientalist. If there were any number of men in high place with as little knowledge of India as himself, we might lose the country in a year.

We repeat, then, that there is great danger in throwing open the public service of India to the untrained energies, the undisciplined activities, of the English community. A knowledge of the country and of the people is the first thing, the second thing, and the third thing, in an Indian administrator. We do not mean that this knowledge is all-sufficient. There are, doubtless, other requisite qualifications; but this one holds a place far in advance of the rest, and without it all others are useless. Now it is only in men trained to the Indian service that this knowledge is to be found. Are we to allow it to be superseded by English theories and systems? It may be true that if the Civil Service of India be thrown open, certain regulations may be devised rendering any very atrocious jobs absolutely impracticable. We have already said that we are not afraid of such jobs. We are rather afraid of what would, by the uninitiated, be commonly called "good appointments." But can we devise regulations whereby the possession of the necessary amount of Indian knowledge and experience by every one holding office in India may be secured? We have observed with satisfaction the rules which have been made for the exclusion of incompetency from the Indian Staff Corps. No officer can be nominated to the Staff until he has served two years with his regiment in India; and then he is only to be appointed experimentally; he is to be put on his probation; and not until he has been reported fit for staff employment can he be permanently attached to the corps. But it would be impossible to apply this system to the Indian Civil Service. Men going out to India, and having their regiments to fall back upon, may consent to be experimentalised upon in this way; but they will not go out to India on a chance. If there be any rule as to residence even, the choice must be confined to the lawyers and merchants of the Presidency towns, or to the indigo fac-

tors of the Mofussil; and Government employment is not so good a thing in these days of retrenchment that successful men, either legal or commercial, will quit their professions to take it. Either, then, we must consent to the appointment of men fresh from England, or must be satisfied with such legal and commercial failures as are to be found in India ready to our hands.

We do not, therefore, plainly see what is to be gained by the proposed innovation. To our thinking, it is only a sounding clap-trap. When you come to inquire into the matter, you find it nothing but air. A close service is always unpopular. There are ever people to be found to cry out against monopolies. "We want," they say, "the best men that we can get. Let the labour-market be open to all." Well, and is not the Indian Civil Service open to all? May not any man obtain entrance to it? It is required of him only that he should enter at a certain age, and that he should graduate in a certain manner. Are these requirements peculiar to the Indian Civil Service? We are not aware that either the Lord Chancellor or the Archbishop of Canterbury can pick a man out of the streets and make him an archdeacon. Can any patronage in the world turn an outsider suddenly into a Queen's counsel, or a lieutenant-colonel, or a doctor of medicine? Are not all of these close services in one sense? They are closed against men of mature years who have not graduated in them. Are they, therefore, to be called injurious monopolies? Our lives and limbs are happily protected against ignorance and inexperience. Why, then, is not the body politic to be protected in the same way? We only ask for such protection as is afforded by ordinary professional restrictions in all civilised states of society. Let the Indian civilian graduate in due form. If he is to be supposed to acquire preferment *per saltum*, alas, for those who are intrusted to his care!

THE PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY OF THE SEA.

It was not until very recent times that physical geography assumed a form capable of being appreciated by the ordinary reading public. In our school days, a mass of dry geographical facts were laid before us; the areas of lands and waters, their products, peoples, and climates, were classed without any attempt at generalisation, without any effort to attract our attention, and explain, in simple yet engrossing language, the beautiful laws which govern sea and land. The scholar was alone supposed to be capable of appreciating the wonderful mechanism of land and water, and, consequently, to him alone was unfolded the origin of the manifold phenomena of God's earth.

In this respect, however, a vast change has been wrought within the last few years, and geography, in its widest and most catholic sense, is now placed before us in forms as palatable as they are instructive. To no one are we more indebted for this pleasing improvement than to Alexander von Humboldt. With a prodigious knowledge and grasp of intellect, Humboldt was able to reassure ordinary mortals of the possibility of their understanding and enjoying the contemplation of the universe as a whole; and he it was who, breaking away from the old tram-road of physics, first showed us that it was time to generalise upon the knowledge which had been stored up for ages; and his charming writings convinced men of science, and especially geographers, that if they desired all mankind for disciples, and not mere scholastic *coteries*, they should take care to combine philosophical research and breadth of argument with the charms of eloquence and enthusiasm for the subject under

discussion. The lesson has not been lost; and it appears to be now very generally acknowledged that the writer who can clothe his information in language intelligible to the majority of educated people, popularises, and at the same time utilises, science, attracts fresh votaries, and enlists a host of allies, whose labours, humble or trivial as they may appear, will still promote science and enlarge the boundaries of human knowledge.

But the order of intellect which is merely capable of collecting scientific data, placing them under their respective heads, and serving them up a cold, inanimate, though possibly a very learned mass, is far more common than that genius which, having arranged those facts, is able to abstract from them general principles, and, striking at some great law therein involved, places before the brain-wearied student or desultory reader draughts of knowledge so refreshing, that both are encouraged to dive deeper towards the sources of a science whose waters reach them at the outset so clear and sparkling,—such, for instance, as we have before us in the beautiful Physical Atlas of Alexander Keith Johnston, an able embodiment of a suggestion made by the illustrious Von Humboldt. There the philosopher may at a glance refresh his memory, or add to his store from maps and diagrams, embodying, far more concisely than type can ever do, the latest additions to our knowledge of the phenomena of earth, air, and water, as well as that of the animal and vegetable kingdoms; and there the professional over-worked lover of science may, with a facility our forefathers knew not of, cul formation of true practical value

The Physical Geography and Meteorology of the Sea. By Captain MAURY, LL.D., Superintendent of the National Observatory, Washington. Sampson Low, Son, & Co., London.

without any great tax upon his time or memory. Geography in such form does not alarm the humblest capacity; and we turn again and again to such a work, because it instructs, enlightens, but never wearies or frightens us. Another excellent exemplification of the old and the new modes of treating scientific subjects, is to be found in two other works of recent publication. Both are especially intended for the enlightenment of the world in general, and sailors in particular. One comes from the Admiralty of the United States, the other from that of Great Britain. One is called *Maury's Sailing Directions*, and out of it has sprung a work* which has already gone through nine editions; the other is a *Manual for Naval Officers*. Both are lures to sailor-students. Let any one compare them, and say which is the most useful and interesting, which the most likely to lead a sailor to note and observe all the phenomena with which he is ever surrounded, or to induce landsmen and navigators to investigate the mechanism of our globe.

In the British work, correct as it unquestionably is, fair Science unfolds her store in the most unpalatable form: she is highly orthodox, but appears almost to defy you to master her difficulties. Each learned contributor sits, Minerva-like, on the summit of a lofty height, points to all the difficulties of the ascent, assures you that on the summit of that Mount Delectable there are pastures pleasant; but never holds out a cheering hope to the student that his labours can be of the slightest value to her great cause, until he actually sits crowned in the Walhalla of the Royal Society; and, above all, she appears to deprecate any ambitious efforts to scale the cliffs of learning by short or pleasant paths. How different it is in the American work before us! Here is a subject, in the ab-

stract hopelessly dry, treated in a manner that, from the opening of the book to its close, never tires; and we shut it with a determination to know more of the many interesting features of the ocean. The American hydrographer, in nervously-eloquent language, has summed up the evidence of man upon the laws governing the great watery element called ocean, and of the atmosphere which envelopes it, and well describes the close affinity between the two. He dwells upon the temperature of each, and its life and death creating consequences—of the winds which blow over the surface of the waters, and of the climates through which they together roll. Not only does he treat of the animate and inanimate products of the sea, and of the currents which circulate through its wastes, and impart life and action to the uttermost depths; but to Lieutenant Maury we are indebted for much information—indeed, for all that mankind possesses—of the crust of the earth beneath the blue waters of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. Hopelessly scientific would all these subjects be in the hands of most men; yet upon each and all of them Captain Maury enlists our attention, or charms us with explanations and theories replete with originality and genius. It is, indeed, a nautical manual, a handbook of the sea, investing with fresh interest every wave that beats upon our shores; and it cannot fail to awaken in both sailors and landsmen a craving to know more intimately the secrets of that wonderful element. The good that Maury has done, in awakening the powers of observation of the officers of the Royal and Mercantile navies of England and America, is incalculable. His corps of voluntary assistants may be numbered by thousands: every ship that floats in which the English language is spoken carries some one who is recording information, according to a uniform sys-

* *The Physical Geography of the Sea*: MAURY.

tem suggested by the gallant American at the Brussels Conference, and the consequent, a rapid yearly increase of information, has taken a practical shape in the construction of a series of Wind and Current Charts. By these charts the mariner, wherever he may be, sees at a glance what are the prevailing winds and currents over the space he proposes to traverse, and shapes the course of his ship accordingly; indeed they are now found to be as useful out on the wide ocean as the charts of soundings, dangers, and coast, are necessary when the land is approached. How cheerfully all these data are furnished, is well attested by one honest sailor, who, writing to the man who laboriously collates this information, and gives them its useful practical result—"It is with pleasure," he says to Maury, "that I contribute my mite towards furnishing you with material to work out still further towards perfection your great and glorious task, not only of pointing out the most speedy routes for ships to follow over the ocean, but also of teaching us sailors to look about us. I am free to confess that for many years I commanded a ship, and although never insensible to the beauties of nature upon sea and land, I yet feel that until I took up your work I had been traversing the ocean blindfolded. I did not think—I did not know the amazing and beautiful combination of all the works of Him whom you so rightly term, 'The Great First Thought.' Apart from any pecuniary profit to myself, from your labours you have done me good as a man. You have taught me to look above, around, and beneath me. I am deeply grateful for this personal benefit."

And this, let the reader remember, was written by a horny-fisted sailor, master of the good ship *Gertrude*, bound to the Chincha Islands for guano; and if the genius of the American hydrographer can thus touch and illumine one who honestly acknowledges that his "capa-

city to comprehend all those beautiful theories is but small"—if, as Admiral Fitzroy justly believes, these researches are exercising the most beneficial effect in improving and elevating the minds of our seamen in general—who can doubt the charms such a subject, so treated, must possess for the educated, intelligent officers of the war navies of England and America?

A knowledge of the physical geography of the sea, it should be remembered, only dates from the fifteenth century—from the voyage of Columbus, and the penetrating of those watery deserts dividing the old world from the new. Then it was that its shape, limits, and character were first appreciated, and that the accumulated errors of past ages touching the relative proportions of earth and water were dispelled. Men commenced to form thoroughly correct ideas of our globe as a whole; and, awestruck as those first great explorers of the unknown were with the wonders of the new worlds and nations unrolled to their ken, still they acknowledged that the grandeur of that blue ocean, whether it washed the sunny shores of Mexico and Ind, or lashed itself in majesty and wrath around the Cape of Torments or Terra del Fuego, was a thousand-fold more sublime. Since then, the enterprising and adventurous of all nations have sought to rob the ocean of its secrets—some by seeking the lands and isles hid in its wide skirts, others by penetrating beyond those limits where its congealed surface seems to say to man, that there are solitudes on the globe which he must not enter; and when it appeared as if our sailor-forefathers had left us nothing fresh to discover, the physical geographer comes forward and shows us how rich is the sea in half-explored wonders, and urges on the ardent and energetic to dive into mysteries of which our ancestors never dreamed in their most imaginative moments. The opening chapter of Mr. Maury's book brings this vividly

home to us. We are at once carried, not to the surface of the sea, but down into its bosom—nay more, down to the crust of the earth, the hills and plains beneath that blue Atlantic. In terse and graphic language, we learn that all sea is not an inert mass of brine, but that it is, with the exception of a thin substratum, as constantly in motion, changing its position and component parts, as the atmosphere which surrounds us. Immediately connected with the atmosphere by a constant reciprocating action, there appears to be motion down—down into the darkest depths of the sea. Here, acted upon by heat, the particles are ascending until formed into vapour—pure water sucked up in an invisible form—to be carried away to do its office, and then again return to the ocean; there, the particles, increasing in density, are sinking, whilst nature, abhorring a void, strives to fill up the vacuum. A current is created, motion is imparted, and then we observe the horizontal action of currents of water, arising from exactly similar causes to those of the currents of the winds. We mark all the wealth of those waters, in the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms. Earth, dry earth, is not more peopled: take up a pinch of the soil over which lie 2500 fathoms of sea-water, submit it to a microscope, and behold! though it looks and feels like fine clay, it does not contain a particle of sand, earth, or gravel. Every atom under the lens tells of life and living things; the bed of the Atlantic is strewn with the bones and shells of the myriads of creatures inhabiting its waters—creatures so numerous, that figures fail to convey an idea, or the mind to embrace their vast profusion. The navigator traversing the blue sea sails for days in a fleet ship, through waters so thickly covered with small pulpy sea-nettles, or medusæ, that it looks to him like “a boundless meadow in yellow

leaf.” The savant,* following on his trail, places a single one of these sea-blubbers under a lens, and in one of its nine stomachs finds 700,000 flinty shells of microscopic diatomaceæ, one of the many animalcula of the sea. Thus each creature in this thousand square leagues of medusæ was sucking from the sea millions of these diminutive creatures, and ejecting their shells, to fall, in a gentle yet perpetual shower, down to the bed of the ocean, and there in time form strata of siliceous or chalky matter for future geologists to ponder over. And, remember, that upon all these medusæ prey legions of bigger creatures, and that into these helpless colonies sails the huge whale with cavernous mouth, and gulps down as many of them at every feast as they do of the minute diatomaceæ.

The sea has its forests as well as its barren grounds. We see the sargassos, or seas of weed, in huge prairies spreading over areas as large as our continents—that of the Atlantic tropic covers a space, according to Von Humboldt, of seven times the area of the French Empire; and we know that every leaf in all that “oceanic meadow” is the home of a host of living creatures. In other places, and over regions as wide as the tropics, the palm of the sea, the kelp, throws up its graceful stem and beautiful leaf; whilst about the equator, as well as in those glacial regions around our northern pole, on the rich vegetation of the bed of the ocean, graze the walrus and the dugong, and endless colonies of creatures dwell amidst watery forests. All this, and much more, is shown us in the nervous language of one who writes of an element which he loves with a sailor's pride; and then, ever keeping in view the necessity for a matter-of-fact application of the knowledge he possesses, he tells us how, across those waters and down

* See the voyage of Piazzi Smyth, the Astronomer-Royal of Edinburgh, to Teneriffe, in 1856.

upon what he believes to be the *silent* bed of the Atlantic, man may stretch those telegraphic cables by which in time all mankind shall become united into one family. How eager America and Britain are that this result should be achieved, is best attested by the haste with which a cable was run across in one great stretch from Ireland to Newfoundland. Half a million sterling sunk beneath two and a half miles of water, with the very best intention! Mr. Maury, with that enthusiasm for expenditure characteristic of his countrymen, calls the attempt "a splendid failure." We think so too, and trust it may not be repeated. Now that sailors and engineers have satisfied themselves they can run a line or rope across any depth, it is high time that the electricians satisfied us that submarine cables will work over a distance of a thousand miles, before we proceed to send more capital to the same limbo as the Atlantic and Red Sea telegraph cables. Lieutenant Maury shows a telegraphic route which will run from France *via* Portugal, the Azores, and Newfoundland, with the merit of breaking the distance across the Atlantic into two stages. It must be a source of congratulation to our countrymen that the Emperor Louis Napoleon "has given his sanction, with the most liberal encouragement, to this project;" and, considering that the cod-fishing establishment of St. Pierre is at the one end of this proposed line and Cape Finisterre at the other, nothing could serve better, unless it be Mr. Cobden's assurances, to convince us of the genial disinterestedness of the French potentate, than such liberality upon a point in which French commercial interests are so very trivial. We wish our Gallic friends, and especially the *Credit Mobilier*, every success; but would advise British capitalists to wait until the north-about route through Iceland, Greenland, and Labrador, be thoroughly explored, and submarine telegraphy be more assured. The

researches of Captain Sir Leopold M'Clintock and Captain Allen Young in that direction have been most satisfactory, in spite of a singularly severe and tempestuous season.

It is time to return from the bottom of the Atlantic to the surface of the waters generally, and to contemplate some of those phenomena of the sea which must strike the most superficial observer; and nowhere does the freshness, combined with sound argument, of the American sailor shine more than in that portion of the work which treats of the Atlantic gulf-stream, and its influences upon climates and commerce. Here, striking out an original view, and accepting only in part the explanations hitherto given by philosophers of the physical forces which support and feed that wonderful current, the author places before us, in a very clear light, the causes of that constant and copious flow and re-flow of water between the tropic and frigid zones in the Atlantic Ocean, without, of course, pretending to show why it should have pleased Providence to constitute a certain spot in that ocean a caldron, out of which hot water is flowing from the surface, whilst cold water is running in below; a fact well assured in the Caribbean Sea, where the surface water has been found to raise the thermometer to 83° and 85° Fahrenheit, whilst the same thermometer, lowered to a depth of four hundred fathoms, indicated a temperature of only 48° or 43°. The old theory of this gulf-stream originating in the rush of water into the Gulf of Mexico from the mighty Mississippi, has been long dispelled; and then the one attributing the velocity of the gulf-stream to the movement of the sun in the ecliptic shared a similar fate. Dr. Franklin imputed this stream to the escape of a mass of water forced into the Caribbean Sea by the north-east trade-wind, forming a sort of "head-water," which sought a natural level by flowing

north-east into the Atlantic again. Indeed, a distinguished English geographer spoke of the gulf-stream "as an immense river descending from a higher level into the plain." Recent investigation has likewise destroyed this ingenious but unsound theory. For, touching the pressure of the trade-wind in forming such a head-water in the Caribbean Sea, it has been discovered, by the discussion of 380,000 observations made in the North Atlantic upon positions between the equator and 25° north latitude, that the N. E. winds are not in excess of those from the opposite direction—indeed, Maury shows that over that area the S. W. wind is really the major atmospheric current. Yet the trade-wind theorists would have had us suppose that the piling up of the waters in the Caribbean Sea by this minor current of air was so prodigious as to create a power capable of discharging across the Atlantic a stream fully one thousand times the volume of the Mississippi. In the next place, so far from the hot waters of the gulf-stream at their source being at a higher level than in other parts of the current, the observations made by officers of the United States navy, during their coast survey, go to show that the gulf-stream, in its passage through the Straits of Florida, as far as Cape Hatteras, far from descending, is actually forced up an ascent of about a foot in the mile; and the descending current theory is fully confuted. That the action of the trade-winds causes what sailors term a surface-drift of water, and therefore in some degree assists the initial velocity of this Atlantic stream, is generally allowed; but most men practically acquainted with the action of winds upon oceanic surfaces will agree with Maury, that that force is quite insufficient of itself to force such a body of water into the Caribbean Sea as to occasion a recoil which would project a volume of heated water in a great arc from the Straits of Florida as far as Cape

North, in Lapland. We are, however, bound to say that a great authority, Sir John Herschell, appears to think that the trade-winds are sufficient for the purpose—not, indeed, by causing a great head of water in the seas engirt by the West Indies, but that, by a sort of billiard-ball process, the particles of water roll along before the winds, until they "cushion off" the shores of Mexico, "cannon" here and there between Cuba and Hatteras, and eventually make "a pocket" upon the coast of Western Europe. Indeed, our Goliath of science appears somewhat irritated that inquisitive sailors should dare to question theories which are so utterly at variance with their knowledge and observation; for we find, in the last edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, a complaint that "the dynamics of the gulf-stream have of late, in the work of Lieutenant Maury, been made the subject of much, we cannot but think, misplaced wonder, as if there could be any possible ground for doubting that it owes its origin *entirely* to the trade-winds." Maury, however, like another David, in no wise daunted by a reproof which, had it been applied to an ordinary man, would have caused him, like the sons of Israel, "to be dismayed and sore afraid," chooses his smooth stones from the brook, and calls the sea and sailors to witness that not one of the constant currents of the ocean either sets with the winds or makes such a rebound as some theorists are anxious to establish. The gulf-stream actually drives, as even landsmen know, to windward for hundreds of miles in the teeth of the trade-wind. The Mozambique current, which is as wide as the gulf-stream is long, cuts across the path of the south-east trade; the arctic currents of both poles drift the iceberg athwart the brave west winds of the temperate regions; and the Japanese gulf-stream carries the stout ship up at a railroad pace, in spite of the furious north-east monsoons and gales of China and

Tartary. The bottles which have been thrown into the sea to test currents have floated across and against prevailing winds; and they, too, vindicate Maury's assertion that, although winds do to a certain extent create surface currents and sea-drifts, they are ephemeral in their existence, limited in their effect, and have no connection with those great currents, the real arteries of the ocean. He then proceeds to show that the general circulation of the sea is dependent upon its specific gravity, and the constant and successful efforts of that element to preserve a uniform condition, illustrating his idea in the following ingenious manner:—

"Let us suppose a globe of the earth's size, and with a solid nucleus, to be covered all over with water two hundred fathoms deep, and that every source of heat and of radiation be removed, so that its fluid temperature becomes constant and uniform throughout. On such a globe, the equilibrium remaining undisturbed, there would be neither wind nor current. Let us now suppose that all the waters within the tropics to the depth of one hundred fathoms suddenly become oil. The aqueous equilibrium of the planet would thereby be disturbed, and a general system of currents and counter-currents would immediately commence—the oil, in an unbroken sheet on the surface, running towards the poles, and the water, in an under-current, towards the equator. The oil is supposed, as it reaches the polar basin, to be converted into water, and the water to become oil as it crosses the tropic, rising to the surface in the hot region, and returning as before. Thus, *without wind*, we should have a perpetual and uniform system of tropical and polar currents, though *without wind* Sir John Herschell maintains we should have no 'considerable currents whatever in the sea.'"

Mr. Maury then proceeds to show how, by the rotatory movement of our planet, these currents, instead of flowing due north and south, are thrown to the right; and that if, in addition to this cause for deflection, you introduce a series of obstacles in the shape of continents, islands, and shallows, you would

easily create those cross-currents, those variations in volume and velocity, which are met with in the circulation of the ocean of our planet; and he concludes by asking whether the cold waters of our northern regions, and the warm waters of the Gulf of Mexico made specifically lighter by tropical heat, do not, in their present system of currents, represent in a great degree the relation of the imaginary oil and water? We dare not follow the writer into all the ingenious proofs adduced in support of his views, but agree with him that the grand currents of the ocean are occasioned by the endless variations in temperature, specific gravity, and saltiness of its waters, as well as a multitude of other agencies which extend from the poles to the equator; and that, of those causes, the winds represent merely a unit, and act solely on the surface of the sea, or to the extent of a few fathoms below it. The rain and the snow which fall upon its surface serve equally to disturb the equilibrium, as well as evaporation in one quarter, congelation in another; and although the sea has its deserts as well as the land, yet its waters are far more densely filled with animal and vegetable life than either the air or *terra firma*; and every creature, every coral, every phosphorescent molecule and weed, is ever abstracting or adding to the component parts of the waters in which they exist; their action is as ceaseless as the variations of heat and cold which cause our atmosphere to be ever in motion, thus calling for perpetual oceanic currents to undo their perpetual work.

As the best known and longest studied of oceanic currents, the gulf stream affords us a perfect picture of the other, perhaps greater, but less appreciated rivers of warm and cold water which traverse our seas. Heated in a tropical furnace to about 86° Fahr., a current of hot water, with a sharply-defined edge on either side, and flowing over a cushion of cold water running down from the arctic zone, rushes with a force equal to that of the Amazon,

but with many times its volume, out of the Gulf of Mexico along the shores of Florida. There curving upon a great arc to the north-eastward, it flows three thousand miles, into the 40th degree of north latitude; yet such is the volume of that heated water, that its temperature through so long a journey only falls to 83° or 84°. In that latitude the gulf-stream overflows its banks, and, flaring out over many thousand square leagues, diminishes much in heat and velocity, yet reaches our shores, retaining enough of the former to rescue us from the horrors of a Labrador climate—to keep our seas open up to the 60th degree of latitude, when, on the opposite side of the Atlantic, the American continent is sealed up with ice, 960 miles south of the Orkneys; and that warm current of water causes the vapour-laden atmosphere of Britain, which, although much abused, is still, we believe, preferable to the six months of frost to which Canada and Russia are subjected in similar latitudes. Such a torrent of hot water traversing the Atlantic wastes naturally occasions great perturbations of the atmosphere, and the gulf-stream may justly be called “a foul-weather breeder.” The English trader knows this well, but it must come much more home to the American navigator, because, on either quitting or sailing towards his shores, he has invariably to traverse the gulf-stream, and stretch across a belt of cold water, the arctic current, which intervenes between it and his home. There, and especially in the winter season, the storm, cyclone, and cross-currents raise such a sea as shatters the best found bark, and tests the skill and hardihood of the seaman. From New York to the Bay of Chesapeake, snow-storms and gales are encountered which mock all human skill and nerve. The trader from the Pacific or China finds herself in a few hours an ice-encumbered wreck, with the crew paralysed by cold, and, but for the beneficent gulf-stream,

would assuredly be lost. Then the cunning master-mariner, undismayed by the battle of the elements, occasioned by the contact of the gulf-stream with the arctic current, turns his ship's prow again towards the former, and confidently steers towards its well-defined limits.

“His bark reaches its edge, and, almost at a bound, passes from the midst of winter into a sea at summer-heat. Now the ice disappears from her apparel: the sailor bathes his stiffened limbs in tepid water. Feeling himself invigorated and refreshed with the genial warmth about him, he realises, out there at sea, the fable of Antæus and mother Earth. He rises up and attempts to make his port again, and is again perhaps as rudely met and beat back to the north-west; but each time that he is driven off he comes forth from this stream, like the ancient son of Neptune, stronger and stronger, until, after many days, he at last triumphs and enters his haven in safety, though in this contest he sometimes falls to rise no more, for it is terrible.”

Such, in brief, is the cause, the purpose, and some of the phases of this river of the sea. We must pass on to other features as wonderful and strange—although, before doing so, we cannot help remarking, that if these currents which flow through the surface of the waters are awe-inspiring, how much more so are the still more mysterious “under-currents,” some of which, rolling over the rugged surface of the earth's crust beneath, tear up the surface-waters which are superimposed, and occasion those strange “overfalls” or “rips,” whose waves, even in calm weather, will throw their crests upon the decks of tall ships; and the force and direction of which the inquiring mariner may occasionally ascertain by lowering objects down through the ocean until they are gripped and swept away in the submarine river. Capitally do the officers of the U. S. brig *Dolphin* describe such a recent experiment. They sent a log of wood five hundred fathoms

down in the Atlantic, and attached a cask as a float to the upper end of the line. Down sinks the loaded log of wood through the still depths of the upper waters, until it strikes a seam of under-current. It is then at once grasped by mysterious hands, and, to the astonishment of the sitters in the boat, the float moves off at the rate of a mile, and sometimes at two miles an hour, up in the eye of the wind, and in spite of the wash of the sea! Well might the blue-jackets rub their eyes, and wonder what monster of the deep had swallowed the tough bait, and doubt the explanation given by their officers; for even we, who may daily witness two currents of air overhead carrying the clouds in opposite directions, or observe the mountain-tops lashed by a storm, whilst the valley rejoices in calm, cannot help expressing admiration and wonder at a system of circulation in the ocean, more grand because more mysterious than "the circuits of the winds." The perfection of the circulation of the sea is best attested by the fact that, as a general law, the component parts of the water in one part of the ocean and another are as like as those of the air. Currents of air and currents of water each so well do their work, that what is abstracted from either sea or atmosphere by all the million agencies ever at work is rapidly and beneficently replaced by the ceaseless machinery of nature, all working harmoniously to make the earth beautiful, and to fit it for the dwelling-place of man. They who desire to appreciate some of those wonderful laws will do well to read the chapters in Maury's work upon the atmosphere, rains, rivers, trade-winds, monsoons, and hurricanes. They are too intimately connected with the physics of the sea to be neglected by the intelligent student, and the sailor who would comprehend the character of the shoreless ocean below which he creeps upon the surface of the sea. But we must back to the ocean, and again ask

our reader to descend into its blue waters, and take a survey of the floor of the North Atlantic as spread before us, thanks to the deep-sea sounding explorations carried out since 1854. How beautifully the foundations of Europe, Africa, and America are there laid bare. Mark that on our side of the Atlantic, a long valley, of about a mean depth of two and a quarter geographical miles, separates us from a great submerged area, on which there is a mile less depth of water; and in the centre of this shoal region rises the volcanic group known as the Western Isles, or Azores; and then again, beyond this middle ground, another valley runs down the American shore—a valley which, in the course of the swiftest portion of the gulf stream, attains to the remarkable depth of four miles; so that, if we stood on the bottom of that depression, the grand banks of Newfoundland and the shores of America would bound our western and northern horizon at an altitude equal to the mighty Himalayas, and we would see, rising sharp and precipitous in the south, a lofty group of mountains, the Bermudas, whose summits now only rise above the tempest-tossed waters of the gulf stream. Such is the general aspect of the bed of the ocean between the Old and New World in what we call the temperate zone; but it remains yet a question to be solved whether the gradations from the "middle ground" are gradual, or whether the depths of the sea have their cliffs and ravines, such as we observe on the earth we inhabit. We incline to think that the latter will be found to be the case; because, on passing down into that portion of the Atlantic bed between the northern tropic and the equator, we are struck with the prodigious elevations and abrupt depressions, such, indeed, as the earth above water never presents. Maury has given a graphic plate exhibiting a section of that ocean between the Cape de Verd Islands and Central America—a most ghastly valley

were it laid bare of water. We see the summits of the West India Isles rising like needle-points 10,000 feet, or a mile and a half, high, out of the bed of the Caribbean Sea; and then, from the heights of the Windward Group, a sheer precipice runs down 19,000 feet to form a hideous and yawning gulf, with here and there a sharp peak thrown up, until we reach the western base of the Cape de Verdes, where another series of needles rear themselves from the crust to the awful height of 22,000 feet—thin sections, as it were, of "Aconcagua's tremendous peak." This strange region beneath the sea may fitly be called the Passes of the Atlantic Ocean.

Other still more startling phenomena, the researches and industry of hydrographers will, no doubt, before long wring from the secrets of the sea; for as yet we know nothing of the bed of the Pacific, Atlantic, Indian, or navigable portions of the arctic and antarctic seas. The field is great, but the labourers are many; and whilst we are writing, the British expeditions sent forth by our Admiralty and private enterprise to explore the depths between England, Iceland, and Greenland, have returned with a fresh store of facts and information.

It is impossible, however, in treating of our present knowledge of the physical geography of the sea, as developed in Mr. Maury's work, to avoid pointing to one very prominent feature in his writings, and that is, his earnest advocacy for further arctic and antarctic explorations. To those two unknown regions he cleverly leads us, whether we be discussing sea, air, or sun-beam, for the especial purpose of proving that, inasmuch as they are the focus of his inquiring mind, so are they deserving of every sacrifice, rather than that we should leave them unexplored. We cannot object to this craving after the unknown: it is begotten of energy and genius; but let it be stated frankly by those who desire to devote themselves to a task which has baffled a

James Ross and Edward Parry enterprise is their motive, the of honour their guerdon. We esteem them not a jot the less whether they be successful or not in our but we protest against their open water at the North, and ed continents at the South supported by such testimony poor Dr. Kane's sea of open in a narrow arctic strait, or ingenious use of the drifts of navigators out of Baffin's Arctic polynias have been the o'-wisp of the north ever Admiral Wrangel fancied he one. Parry went in search and could not even find, in a midsummer, a polynia big e to float a boat, although he degrees to the north of where Kane's second-mate and s ever reached in their rema trip. The sea of water wh astonished Captain Penny at Haven in 1850-51, up Well Channel, was found to be a hole in the ice occasioned by currents; and Lieutenant should remember, that a hi and odd English sailors, in 18 54, were trudging about with sledges over a frozen sea far north of and beyond that polynia. Then, touching the ing out of the *Resolute*, the *F* and the *Fox*, surely candour acknowledge that there is no culty in accounting for that ci without supposing that there body of hot water or clear from which that stream of pac iceberg flows south. The travels down into the plain nature is ever filling up the v the source with fresh snow an so it is with the polar curren all that great region of ice floe-encumbered sea between ring's Straits and Baffin's Bay is only one free vent into th lantic. Let Maury and the p advocates read the voyage of Investigator, think of that area of ice-choked waters, by Captain Collinson and Sir M'Clure, and then say whether

is not material enough there to furnish half-a-dozen, instead of one, such arctic current as that of Baffin's Bay. Arctic polynias! had there been one, Parry would have found it when he was in $82\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ north, within four hundred and fifty miles of the pole. The Erebus and Terror would not have turned back, as their record tells us they did, had one existed in 77° north, nor should we have to mourn to-day a gallant leader and two noble crews, whose bones lie beneath the snows of King William's Land, if open water at our northern pole was not the dream of theorists. It is not with a view of deprecating further arctic research that we say this much; for we know too well that it were as wise to attempt to check the flow of the Thames from its source as to restrain the love of adventure inherent in sailors; nor do we desire to damp that enterprise, which is the soul of such professions as the navies of England and America. We can well understand how, on perusing that terribly interesting voyage of Sir James Ross in antarctic seas, all its perils, all its hardships, are lost sight of, and that, if Maury call for volunteers to open up that Victoria continent, where the volcano belches forth its fires amidst the ices of eternal winter, there will many brave men step forth to execute, if it please God, their self-imposed task. But, we say, let the question rest on its own merits, as one of geographical discovery and adventure, and do not throw out mere traps for the credulous in promises of open water at one end of our globe, and warm continents worth exploration at the other. It is with regret that we dissent on any point from one whose heart is so thoroughly in the advancement of geographical science as the American hydrographer; but we cannot help thinking that, apart from the vast labours which he points out as being necessary in the explorations of navigable seas—when we look at a map of the world, and see that all Central Asia, China, Japan, and three-fourths of Polynesia and Australia, as well as broad regions of the Americas, are still a sealed book to us, and unexplored by the European traveller and geographer—there is at present an extensive field lying fallow for all the enterprise and hardihood of our inquiring race, without sending them to the poles.

LEE'S HISTORY OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

It may be a question whether it is a good or a bad thing that there should exist in Great Britain two ecclesiastical establishments so much alike in doctrine and practice, and yet so different in constitution and character, as the Church of England and the Church of Scotland. We incline to the opinion that the advantages of this diversity are greater than its drawbacks. We may be allowed to think that some benefit generally has accrued to the empire, from Scotland, at the Union, having retained a part of her independent position and separate institutions, instead of sinking into a mere province of England. A counterpoise has thus, in some degree, been provided against the preponderance of the imperial metropolis. An additional nervous centre has been preserved in the system, which may diffuse a fuller flow of life and force to the adjacent parts; and in science and literature a useful emulation has been kept up between the different divisions of the United Kingdom, and a competition secured, in which the superiority has not always been on the side of numbers and magnitude. With regard to the two Churches, the maintenance of their several peculiarities was a necessary tribute of respect to national feelings, while it also tends to show that piety and pure religion may subsist under a variety of external aspects, and that there may be true Unity where there is not Uniformity. We admire and reverence the decent splendour and harmonious diversity of the English Church, so well calculated to reach the different ranks and conditions of so great and rich a people, and so well adapted to their love of comeliness and order; but we also

appreciate the simplicity of the sister institution, and feel that it may be better suited to the wants and wishes of a poorer nation, having homelier habits, and a more austere tendency to seek for the substance of things and to disregard externals.

The history of the Scottish Church has many points of interest apart from local associations. The popular manner in which the Reformation was here effected, the power and universality with which its spirit pervaded the mass of the population, and the tenacity with which the people continued to cling to the simple forms of ritual and government which they had originally chosen, are remarkable features in the picture; but a special importance attaches to the subject, from its exhibiting during the latter part of the sixteenth, and almost the whole of the seventeenth century, those contests between civil and ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and between the conflicting principles of conformity and toleration, which are ever recurring in the annals of religious strife, and which it is so desirable, but at the same time so difficult, to settle in a satisfactory way. Let it be added that, in consequence of the mutual relations then subsisting between the two countries, the history of the sister kingdom during the period just mentioned can only be well understood with the help of a good knowledge of Scottish affairs.

Of histories of the Church of Scotland there were already plenty of all kinds and complexions, exhibiting the usual mixture of good, bad and indifferent. A few books of the subject are excellent; but the most of them are distorted by pre-

Lectures on the History of the Church of Scotland, from the Reformation to the Revolution Settlement. By the late Very Rev. JOHN LEE, D.D., LL.D., Principal of the University of Edinburgh. With Notes and Appendices from the Author's Papers. Edited by his Son, the Rev. WILLIAM LEE. William Blackwood & Sons

judice, disfigured by inaccuracy, or rendered unreadable or useless by dulness or confusion. On the internal history of the Church, we feel assured that the volumes now before us will become the standard work. Their distinguished author, so much revered in his lifetime and so much regretted at his death, had precisely those qualifications of learning, ability, and honesty, which are needed for such a task; and it has been performed in a manner in which no other man could have done it. Although the original text, consisting of academical lectures, was put together many years ago, and might have been made more valuable if the author himself had revised it for the press, with all the advantages of his accumulated information and matured reflection, the book may still be considered as setting forth the sentiments which he ever maintained; and the editor has with filial diligence, and with great care and judgement, brought together much additional matter of value from his father's other writings.

The ecclesiastical opinions which the work asserts are, as might be expected, decidedly Presbyterian; but they are moderate and liberal. There is a calm dignity about its tone which is eminently impressive. The narrative is full and comprehensive, and yet so clear and concise as to conceal the amount of labour which must have been expended in making so good a use of the materials employed. The authorities are most frequently cited; but Principal Lee was one of those rare men of whom, from their erudition and accuracy, it may be said that their own assertion is of itself an authority.

The history touches little on the earliest period of Christianity in Scotland. That era is involved in clouds and obscurity, though some bright and steady gleams of light are visible through the gloom in the life of Columba as recorded by Adamnan, and in the sketches of Boisil and Cuthbert as painted by Bede. But these instances, however

interesting, are rather the efforts of missionary enterprise or of insulated monastic foundations, than the results of permanent and regular ecclesiastical institutions. The history of the Church in Scotland begins practically where Lord Hailes has placed the commencement of her civil annals—at the accession of Malcolm Canmore in 1056.

The reign of that monarch may be regarded as a crisis in Scottish character and nationality. Though of Celtic descent, he was thrown by circumstances upon English aid for restoring him to the throne of his ancestors; and his marriage with a Saxon princess tended strongly to introduce or develop those Teutonic elements which have since gained an ascendancy in Scotland. The Norman conquest also, by inducing some of the Saxon nobles to seek refuge in the north, contributed largely to the same result; and in the course of another century the Celtic race, with their rude manners, their fierce passions, and their half-clad persons, came to be regarded as the great opponents of order and hindrances of civilisation.

Malcolm's queen, Margaret, is a pleasing example of those religious virtues which so often distinguished the Christian Saxons of high rank in England. Her character was so truly saint-like that she was early canonised, though Principal Lee only refers to the change of her day in the calendar which took place towards the end of the seventeenth century, at the request of James II. of England. The happy effects of the union between Malcolm and Margaret were strikingly seen in the character of David I., their youngest son, who has always been regarded as a model of royal virtue; and who, though said to be a "sore saint" to the crown, was a true benefactor of the Church and of the country.

The Scottish Church had for some time a severe struggle to maintain in asserting her independence against the see of York, which claimed a supremacy over her; but whether from

its distance or its supposed insignificance, Scotland either escaped, or was allowed in a great degree to disregard the thunders of the Vatican which were then rolling on every side. In the competition for the crown which followed the death of Margaret of Norway, Boniface VIII. demanded Scotland as a fief of the holy see; but when opposed by Edward, he abandoned his pretensions and left Scotland to her fate.

It is satisfactory to think that, in the wars of Bruce, some of the leading dignitaries of the Scottish Church exerted themselves warmly on the patriotic side. "William Lambertson, Bishop of St. Andrews, and Robert Wishart, Bishop of Glasgow, themselves took up arms in his support; and David Murray, Bishop of Moray (the founder of the Scots-College of Paris), preached to the people that the cause of Bruce was as meritorious as a crusade against the infidels. They have received the greater applause for their manliness, as their conduct was not very acceptable to the court of Rome. Bruce and all his adherents were indeed excommunicated by the Cardinal Legate about the beginning of the year 1307."

It may not be uninteresting here to introduce an adventure of another bishop during the same reign, as recorded in the pages of Barbour, which, we fear, are not so familiar to many of our readers as we could wish them to be. A naval invasion from the North of England having been attempted in the western portion of the Firth of Forth, the Earl of Fife and the Sheriff assembled their men, and followed the ships along the shore to prevent a landing. Taking fright, however, at the number or boldness of the enemy, who disembarked, the Scottish party began to retreat, when they were met by the "good bishop" of Dunkeld, "William Sancler," riding with some sixty followers along the road. The Bishop having asked the Earl and Sheriff the cause of their hasty movement,—

"They said their faes, with stalwart hand,
Had in sic folsom taken land,
That they thought them all out too *sele*,
And them too few with them to deal.
When the Bishop heard it was sae,
He said, 'The King ought well to ma'
Of you that takes so well on hand,
In his absence to *weir* the land!
Certes, gif ye *gert* serve you *wode*,
The gilt spur is right by the heel,
He should in his *ger* hew you *frac* :
Right would with cowards men did sae.
Wha loves his lord or his country,
Turn smartly now again with me!"

The party rally upon this summons; and, under the leadership of the Bishop, who rides foremost in the van, they attack the invaders and drive them to their ships, after such a slaughter that all the field was strewn with the dead bodies of Englishmen.

Military bishops, like the good William Sancler, were no rarity in the middle ages. Absalon, a Danish primate of the twelfth century, was a most pious, amiable, and accomplished man, but also a warrior and sea-hero of the most brilliant character, having displayed his valour in more than twenty great battles against the enemies of his country and the Cross, not reckoning smaller skirmishes and engagements. An amusing and comparatively recent instance of military ardour in a Protestant prelate is to be found in Compton, Bishop of London, who, at the Revolution, sallied forth in defence of the Princess Anne, arrayed in the military costume which had been familiar to him when an officer in the guards, and, somewhat to the scandal of High Churchmen, consented to become colonel of the volunteer corps who served as the Princess's body-guard. We believe there are not a few instances of modern military chaplains, who, like Adam Ferguson at the battle of Fontenoy, have refused to be treated as non-combatants, and have wielded another sword than that of the spirit in defence of their country.

After maintaining for some centuries a high degree of comparative independence and purity, the Scottish Church began rapidly to deteri-

orate in the weak and corrupt reign of James III., when ecclesiastical preferments became openly venal, and, where not sold for money, were bestowed from influence or favour, with no reference to piety or learning. From this time, A.D. 1460, we may date the beginning of that degradation both of monastic institutions and of episcopal power, which, rapidly increasing with the lapse of years, led in the course of a century to the vehement reaction exhibited in the Reformation.

In 1479 we meet with the first instance in Scottish history of a trial for witchcraft, twelve women having then been burnt for practising with magical incantations against the life of Lord Mar, the King's brother. This melancholy commencement of a miserable system has afforded Principal Lee an opportunity of refuting an opinion rashly promulgated by Hutchinson, and repeated by Harris, that Scotland was the source from which the English penal laws against witchcraft were derived—a view which seems to have led Dr. Johnson to ascribe Shakspeare's use of that kind of machinery in *Macbeth*, to a fashion of believing in witches introduced into England by James I. Principal Lee's dissection and exposure of that opinion was perhaps superfluous at the present day, but it is complete and conclusive. It required, indeed, that an Englishman should entertain that preference of his native country over truth which is generally imputed to this side of the border, before he ventured to explain, by any external influence, the tendency in the native English mind to believe in the supernatural. That common but dangerous element of character was conspicuous in the Saxon customs. It appeared in the English rulers, in 1431, in their cruel persecution of the Maid of Orleans; it continued unabated even after the Reformation; and it showed itself in full force in Elizabeth's reign, in the trial of the Witches of Warbois, "whose conviction," Dr. Johnson

says, "is still commemorated in an annual sermon at Huntingdon." The Principal's dissertation on this subject is very curious and characteristic.

The execution of the Scotch witches in 1479 was but the operation of the belief, then widely diffused through Europe, that murders and other acts of personal malice could be accomplished by necromancy. Thirty years before that date, the Duchess of Gloucester had been imprisoned in England on a similar charge; and during the whole of the fifteenth century the public curiosity was occupied, and the minds, even of men of learning, were fermenting with these calamitous ideas and speculations. We have already alluded to the unhappy Joan of Arc, who, after being forced to recant her supposed illusions, was convicted and burned as a relapsed heretic, for resuming her male attire, which had been left in her prison to tempt her to wear it, and which was alleged to have a connection with her magical practices. The University of Paris gave out at that time a declaration condemning her proceedings as erroneous and heretical; but this was only in accordance with a previous decree issued by them in 1398, enumerating, in twenty-seven articles, the errors prevailing as to magic. In the view of the Church it was equally heretical to deny the existence of witchcraft as to practise it; and some well-known and elaborate works were written about the middle of the century to prove its power and explain its operations. In 1484, Innocent VIII. inaugurated his pontificate by issuing the Bull, *Summis desiderantes*, which, followed as it was by the *Malleus Maleficarum* of Sprenger, one of the inquisitors of heresy, supplied, at least for Germany, an ample code of witch-law and procedure. It would be rather too much to suppose that the Papal edict was the result of the Scotch proceedings five years before, instead of regarding both as symptoms of the morbid delusion

then raging throughout Christendom.

The first example on record in Scotland of a capital execution for religious error of another kind, seems to have occurred in 1408, when "James Resby, an English priest, of the school of Wickliffe, was condemned for heresy by a clerical council, presided over by Laurence de Lindoris, an inquisitor, and delivered to the secular arm, and to the flames, at Perth." In 1438, Paul Craw or Cwarar, an eminent German physician, and supposed to have been a Hussite, was, under the auspices of the same venerable Laurence de Lindoris, burnt to ashes for attempting to disseminate his tenets at St. Andrews. But persecution was soon about to become more severe and sweeping, and to touch more nearly the feelings of the nation. In the next century the two Betons, by their many cruelties, and particularly by the execution of Patrick Hamilton in 1528, and of George Wishart in 1546, gave an impulse to those feelings of horror and indignation which accelerated the downfall of their name, and of that form of religion which they had sought to support by such unholy means.

The assassination of Cardinal Beton assembled in the Castle of St. Andrews a number of those who rejoiced at that event, and who were thereby encouraged in their endeavours to disseminate their views of Reformation. Among these was Knox, whose life and influence have of late years been fully sifted and analysed, and whose character has received that justice which was at one time withheld from it. Yet the account of him given by Principal Lee may still take a high place among the delineations of that eminent man, as presenting a truthful and striking portrait.

That Knox had considerable faults cannot be denied; but these, perhaps, were even useful as an alloy in fitting him for the arduous task which he so successfully performed.

For the degree in which his character combined courage, consistency, and integrity, he will bear a comparison with any of the great reformers, and was, perhaps, superior to them all. He was more consistent than Luther, more honest than Cranmer, more courageous than Calvin. The charges made against him are groundless or frivolous. He could not avert, and he ought not to be held responsible for occasioning, the demolition of cathedrals and other religious edifices, in which the "rascal multitude" at once indulged the wantonness of their fury, and gave proof of the ignorance and rudeness which had been fostered in them by their former teachers. He was no systematic persecutor, though, as a matter of doctrine, he denounced the mass as a pernicious and idolatrous service. He was no bigot in the matter of forms or ceremonies, though he preferred simplicity of worship and of church government to the authority of traditional observances. His conduct to Mary may have been harsh and severe in manner, but it was not to be expected that a man in his place and position should compliment away, to a fair face or a graceful demeanour, the civil and religious liberties of his country in all time to come. He believed Mary to be a willing instrument in the hands of her relatives the Guises, and he believed the designs of those princes to be of the darkest and most dangerous kind. His suspicions and anticipations, not always shared even by his own friends, were fully borne out by subsequent events, and received their crowning justification in the massacre of St. Bartholomew, of which the horrible intelligence reached Scotland in time to rouse the last embers of feeling in his soul, and to call forth from his dying lips a cry for divine vengeance against the execrable perpetrators.

The exertions of Knox, for a period of more than twenty years, were eminently instrumental in preventing Scotland from becoming the tool by which France hoped to

weaken and undermine the power of England. He assisted largely in forming and cementing that alliance between the sister kingdoms which afterwards led to the easy accession of James to the English throne, and to the pacific rule which he was able to maintain over all his dominions. The services thus rendered to the English nation by Knox and his followers, were too little remembered by that party in the English Church who thought more of ecclesiastical forms and ceremonies than of the interests of pure religion or true patriotism.

The Reformation in England, unlike what occurred in other countries, was accomplished mainly by royal influence. The English monarch threw off the power of the Pope before he countenanced further changes; but the succeeding sovereign gave his full sanction to a measure of reformation which, perhaps, went even beyond the general wishes of his subjects. The short and unpopular reign of Mary reinstated for a while, but did not in the end give strength or stability to, the Catholic party; and Elizabeth had little difficulty in establishing, with the general consent of her clergy and people, that form of Protestantism which was best adapted to her situation or most congenial to her tastes. But the position of England under Elizabeth would have been very different, and her fate might have been seriously influenced, if Scotland had remained subject to the control of the Court and of the higher clergy, who, from personal as well as religious considerations, were devoted to French interests, and to the cause of Papal supremacy. The Scottish Mary was formidable enough to her English cousin, even as a dethroned princess and an imprisoned captive; but she would have been much more dangerous as the popular queen of an energetic Catholic nation, and as the firm ally of the leaders of the French League, bent upon extending her own sway and religion over a country like England, so pliant at that period

under the influence of its sovereigns, and to the crown of which she had such plausible pretensions.

In Scotland the Reformation rose and advanced in its progress in opposition to the whole influence of the Crown, while the Church generally, and the bishops in particular, opposed or kept aloof from the movement. In a provincial council held at Edinburgh in 1559, the very year before the establishment of the Reformation, canons were promulgated, enforcing as stringently as ever some of the most obnoxious doctrines of Popery, such as the invocation of saints, the use of images, purgatory, transubstantiation, communion in one kind by the laity, and the profit of the sacrifice of the mass. The change in religion was effected by other influences. It was promoted by many humbler members of the clergy; while the higher and middle classes of the laity had undoubtedly been prepared for the new opinions by the tendency which had long existed in Scotland to promote national education, and in particular by the Act of Parliament passed in the reign of James IV. (1494), ordaining, under a penalty, "That all baronnes and free-holders that ar of substance, put their eldest sonnes and aires to the schules, fra they be six or nine zeires of age, and till remaine at the grammar schules quhill they be competentlie founded and have perfite Latine: And thereafter to remaine three zeires at the schules of art and jure, sua that they may have knowledge and understanding of the lawes." This system soon bore good fruit; and within half a century, even in the lifetime of Cardinal Beton, the Parliament, in the face of opposition by all the prelates, passed an act authorising the Scriptures — or, as it was limited by the proclamation that followed it, the New Testament — to be used by the lieges in the vulgar tongue, either "*Inglis or Scottis*" — a permission which was freely used, and which led to the importation of many copies of the English Scriptures.

The popular character of the influences which thus led to the Reformation, was one reason for the system of parity observed among its ministers when the Church was constituted, and for the exclusion of the episcopal rank from its polity. The reformers, here as well as elsewhere, had no belief in the divine origin of episcopacy, a tenet on which Papists themselves were much divided, many of them denying that the episcopate was an order at all, or anything more than a higher degree of the priesthood or presbyterate. Knox, though the fact has sometimes been denied, was not favourable to the episcopal office. The superintendents established by his authority were certainly not bishops in the Anglican sense: they were temporary officers, and were strictly amenable to the General Assemblies of the Church. Still, it seems clear that the machinery thus provided for the superintendence of the clergy assumed that there was a power in the Church to establish a certain subordination among her ministers. Knox lived to see a reintroduction of Episcopacy; and although he may have disapproved of it as not enjoined by Scripture, and not necessary or expedient, and may have denounced the manner in which it was employed to rob the Church of her patrimony, there is no proof that he considered it as unlawful, or as fatal to the constitution of the Church, so as to form a ground for disclaiming her actings or withdrawing from her pale. One of his last acts was to sign his approval of David Fergusson's sermon underneath the episcopal signature of "J. Sanct-androis."

The divine right of presbytery, meaning thereby the divine institution of the Christian ministry, of which presbyters or Christian priests are the ordinary organs, is a doctrine common to all, or almost all, of the Churches that have ever possessed a church government. But the divine right of presbytery, as implying the scriptural unlawfulness of any order

or degree in the Church higher than that of presbyter, is a very different dogma, and was, we are convinced, the introduction of an era and school posterior to those of Knox, without any sanction either from him or Calvin. It seems to have arisen from some extreme opinions expressed by Beza, which were adopted and propagated about the time of Knox's death by those English Puritans with whom Hooker contended; and it was promulgated in Scotland by Andrew Melville, a friend and favourite of Beza's, though it was not even then affirmed by the Scottish Church. It was, in our opinion, a doctrine as false and mischievous as that of the divine right of diocesan episcopacy, which, under the form and impulse given to it by Bancroft, may be said to date its commencement in the Church of England from nearly the same era with the rise of the opposite error in Scotland. It is probable, indeed, that these two antagonistic extremes were mutually instrumental in exciting and confirming each other.

The Presbyterian polity adopted by the first reformers was congenial to the character and circumstances of the Scottish people, and has been highly favourable to the development of those qualities for which they are most entitled to praise. It was not designed as an attack on learning or literature; on the contrary, it was the desire of the reformers to combine with it a system of national education, both of a useful and of a learned kind, according to the wants or talents of the different orders of the people. Next to purity of faith and morals, no object was more dear to their hearts than this noble aim; and it was only through want of means, and by the unprincipled appropriation of the patrimony of the Church to personal enrichment, that their efforts were unsuccessful. It cannot, indeed, be said that they failed in maintaining a general system of education for the humbler classes, since the parochial schools of Scotland, insufficient as they now may seem for their im-

portant purposes, have all along subsisted in full force, and have been productive of signal advantages. The universities, however, have not hitherto been endowed as they deserve to be; and there has been a glaring want of those intermediate grammar schools which, if established upon a right footing, would have raised the general standard of educational attainment, and placed the universities themselves in a higher position.

Neither can it be said that the Presbyterian polity leads necessarily to an ascetic or gloomy form of religion. Its character or its reputation, in that respect, is in a great degree accidental. The Scottish people are not naturally of a mercurial or buoyant disposition. Their very mirth is grave and sedate compared with that of other nations, and their history has tended to confirm that tendency. The connection into which they were driven with the English Puritans was not calculated to improve their animal spirits. That party being a minority in England, and kept down by many oppressive acts of the Government, became unnaturally strict and severe in their habits and temper, and we think the Scotch caught from them a good deal of the Judaical rigour which they afterwards showed. In process of time, too, when the Presbyterians in Scotland came themselves to be a persecuted body, their sternness and austerity increased and deepened till it became a fixed peculiarity in a great part of the population. There has always, however, been in Scotland a strong element of an anti-Puritanical character, not only among Episcopalians, but among Presbyterians also. And it may be affirmed that, while many of its divines during a more troubled period were kindly and learned men, and neither more rigid nor more intolerant than their neighbours, the Church of Scotland can boast of ministers and members, both now and from the Revolution downwards, as truly liberal and catholic in their feelings and opinions,

and as free from either superstition or fanaticism, as any other Church in existence. Nowhere in the world is there a less degree of priestcraft or priestly influence than in the Established Church of Scotland as it now exists.

It would involve too much detail to follow Principal Lee through his minute but highly valuable analysis of the early proceedings of the reformers, of the documents which they put forth as embodying their views of doctrine and policy, and of the transactions of the first General Assemblies which were convened. On these points we must refer our readers to the book itself, as containing a fuller and much more masterly account of all these matters than has before appeared.

We think it conclusively made out that many claims or pretensions then put forward by the Church were never sanctioned by the State. The Church, for instance, demanded that the whole patrimony of the religious establishment, as formerly constituted, should be dedicated to ecclesiastical objects, including, however, the maintenance of education and the support of the poor; but it is needless to say that that point was never conceded. It asserted also an extent and independence of jurisdiction which was only partially allowed. Its claim to have the cognisance of matrimonial and other consistorial causes was put an end to by the formation of the Commissary Court, and its pleas of exemption from civil responsibility in reference to ministerial preaching were expressly negatived. It protested against patronage, but the rights of just patrons were never legally abolished or practically excluded; and Principal Lee shows that the Church, in its best days, did not point at popular election, which, indeed, would have tended to endanger and not to promote the interests of religion.

After many struggles and oscillations of movement, the framework of the Church was at last settled in the Presbyterian form by the Act of

Parliament of 1592. This was the great constitutional charter of Presbytery prior to the Revolution; and beyond the limits there fixed, the liberties and privileges of the Church, however talked about or contended for, had no legal existence. The members of the Church in those days never said or insinuated that they were bound or entitled to leave her communion because they did not get everything their own way in the Parliamentary constitution which was thus conferred upon her. They wisely took what was offered them, and reserved their right to ask for more; but they did not broach the doctrine that the imperfect development or partial denial of their views in the system that was established afforded any ground for separation or schism. They knew, we presume, that an Established Church is a human institution, that no human institution is perfect, that no theory of government in things sacred or profane can ever be carried fully out in practice, and that it is the duty of good men to put up with the best thing they can get when they cannot get the best thing they can imagine.

The peculiar position of James VI. in reference to Presbytery deserves attention. He was probably never much enamoured of it. But his dislike or disinclination to it was increased in the process of time by various influences and considerations. The speech which he is reported to have made in praise of the Church in 1590 was in all likelihood a piece of hypocrisy, but it was fairly enough followed out by the Act of 1592. The prospect, however, which approached, of his ascending the throne of England—the obvious or apparent advantage of a uniform ecclesiastical system in both countries—the offensive and sometimes unwarrantable interference of the Edinburgh ministers in public affairs—and the expediency of having some of the clergy connected with Parliament, and rendered more amenable to political

and courtly influence—afforded inducements which strongly recommended the introduction of Episcopacy. This project became still more agreeable after he had tasted the sweets of that abject adulation which was paid to him by the English bishops on his removal to England, and which contrasted so strongly with the bitter truths and uncereemonious criticisms which he was accustomed to hear from the northern presbyters. His favourite maxim was then fully adopted: *Nullus episcopus, nullus rex.*

Principal Lee is not slow to acknowledge the undue and injudicious interference which had all along been attempted on the part of the clergy, with secular affairs as well as with the private and personal conduct of individuals. Their claim to a right of domestic control and discipline over the laity must have been as obnoxious to many of the Scottish nobility and gentry as their pulpit censures were to the King himself.

Be this as it may, many of the Scottish nobles began to abate of their zeal for Presbyterian simplicity. From the first, perhaps, there was a mixture in their minds of selfish and of higher motives. By reducing the clergy to a low and uniform level of mediocrity, some of them had hoped to facilitate the seizure of those revenues that had been attached to the higher preferments in the time of Popery. But afterwards they came to think that this sordid object could be better effected in another way—by keeping up the nominal rank of bishop, and making a bargain with that functionary to communicate to them the lion's share of the emoluments attached to his office. The dignitaries so appointed formed the well-known class of Tulchan bishops—so called from the term applied to the stuffed skin of a dead calf, by which the cow was induced to yield her milk as if to her living offspring.

It cannot be denied that at an earlier period the minds of the reforming ministers themselves were

not always firm on this subject. Some of them, particularly among those of the older school, who had no rigid views as to the unlawfulness of Episcopacy, had at one time begun to think that its honours might afford a graceful and easy refuge from a collision with younger and more violent men; and although this tendency must have been repressed by the Act 1592, and by the lapse of time and the change of persons, yet such feelings are too deeply seated in the human heart to be easily extinguished. Parity itself, too, might possibly have been sometimes found to be what liberty and equality have since proved,—little more than a name. Under a system of the strictest Presbyterianism, eloquence, intellect, or intrigue may convert some men not merely into bishops, but into popes; and the precedency of personal influence or superiority may, in the Church as in the State, be found more galling and offensive than that of external rank. There could never, therefore, be wanting Churchmen, even in Scotland, who would desire or be willing to acquiesce in the introduction of such a form of prelacy as could be safely and successfully established.

From these and other causes it arose that in a few years after the Act 1592 James was enabled, by dexterous and persevering management, to restore a system of Episcopacy in the Scottish Church, and to introduce several of the ceremonies and usages which the English reformers had retained, such as the form of kneeling at the sacrament, the rite of confirmation, and the observance of certain festival days, as embodied in the Five Articles of the Perth Assembly. But the peculiarity of James's proceedings was, that, for the most part, he succeeded in effecting these changes under colour of law, with the apparent consent of the Church as well as of Parliament. The Assemblies, indeed, which sanctioned his views, were packed and tampered with; and there were the strongest grounds

for saying that the feelings of the nation had not gone along with the innovations. But still it was some security against violent resistance that the forms of the constitution had been observed; and although many refused to conform, there were not a few who, disapproving of what had been done, were yet induced to be silent in the hope of some future opportunity of rectifying what they thought wrong. His unhappy successor was destined very soon to follow up his measures in a more extreme and less skilful manner, and so as not only to draw failure and misfortune on himself, but to bring down the whole edifice that his father had so artfully and elaborately reared.

The Scottish people soon found not only that they had nothing to hope from the accession of Charles, but even that the yoke was to be made more galling and oppressive than it had yet been. The baleful influence of Laud over the young king, which may be considered as a main cause of the calamities that ensued, was exercised toward Scotland in the most arrogant, illiberal and injudicious manner. His High Church principles, which he enforced with the blindest disregard of seasons and circumstances, were offensive to many persons in Scotland who were episcopally disposed; and to make him an object of perfect abhorrence to the Scottish nation, there only wanted the addition, which was soon supplied, of his advocating Arminian views in matters of faith. Abbot, his predecessor in the see of Canterbury, had been a decided Calvinist; and, if we mistake not, Laud was the first of the eminent English Churchmen who showed so decided a leaning in the opposite direction. We cannot suppose that the common people of Scotland understood thoroughly a controversy which has distracted the minds of good men in all ages, and upon which diversities of sentiment are unavoidable; but Arminian opinions were regarded among them as if they had been essenti-

ally Pelagian; and thus they were thought to be contrasted, in an irreconcilable and dangerous manner, with those Augustinian views of Nature and Grace which the Scottish reformers had implicitly adopted, and from which few of the early Protestants anywhere would have ventured to dissent. The feeling in England on this subject, so far as could be conjectured by the views expressed in Parliament, was not materially different from what it was in Scotland.

It is needless here to trace the progress of those well-known occurrences which led to the ecclesiastical revulsion of 1638, and the calamities of the immediately following years. The attempt ultimately made to impose on the Scottish Church a liturgy and canons containing new ceremonies was for some time delayed, from causes which have not been well understood; but Principal Lee explains that it arose from remonstrances by some of the most intelligent of those who had conformed to the changes already made. Undeterred by these warnings, and stricken with that infatuation which is the forerunner of ruin, Land and the King proceeded, on the royal authority merely, without consent of Parliament, or any General Assembly, and with the sanction and assistance only of the younger bishops in Scotland, to prepare and promulgate their new observances, including that unhappy and short-lived Service-Book which, falling like a spark upon tinder, kindled the disastrous conflagration that followed. Well might Archbishop Spottiswood exclaim, when he saw the effect produced, "Now is all our labor during the last thirty years destroyed at once."

The changes which led to the restoration of Presbytery in 1640, have sometimes been designated as the Second Reformation—a name, neither well nor wisely chosen. Such language, indeed, is both false and foolish, as proceeding on a comparison of things which bear no proportion to each other. The

intellectual, moral, and, religious benefits attending the Reformation, are too transcendent to admit of our placing upon the same level with them any advantages that may have flowed from the choice of one Protestant form of church government or ritual in preference to another. The principles of the true Reformation could not be relinquished without a relapse into gross error and superstition. The reasons, on the other hand, which recommend a parity of ministers and a freedom of prayer in public worship may, to Presbyterians, seem to be many and strong; but, at the best, these points are secondary to matters of faith and manners, and are not so imperative and inflexible as to exclude modifications of arrangement, whether as to the superintendence of presbyters by presidents and overseers, or as to the use of a set form of sound words in the ordinary supplications of a congregation. As already indicated, the early reformers in Scotland and elsewhere would have been slow to condemn every aspect of the episcopate, while the most of them made use, at least partially, of a formulary of common prayer; and it was an outrage on truth and reason to declare, as some Presbyterians seemed afterwards to do, that Prelacy was as bad as Popery, and the Service-Book as bad as the Mass. This was as much as to say that Popery was no worse than Prelacy, and the Mass not more erroneous than the Service-Book—propositions equally false and dangerous, as tending to confound the distinctions and overlook the relative magnitudes of the objects compared.

In a national and constitutional point of view, indeed, the success of the popular cause in the contest between Charles I. and his Scottish subjects was of great value and importance. It was right to resist the introduction of the Service-Book and the new ceremonies, whether these were in themselves objectionable or not, as the attempt was

based upon pretensions dangerous to the liberties of the Church and the country; and it was right, too, that when the conflict began, the nation should press, and should prevail in its demands, to have the church government settled on the simple plan most suitable to the genius and feelings of the people, and which might seem the best safeguard against a repetition of similar attempts.

It is another question, however, whether the means by which this end was accomplished were so legitimate and unexceptionable as the end itself.

The NATIONAL COVENANT was the grand instrument by which Presbyterian ascendancy was regained. It may find its justification or excuse in the plea of necessity arising out of the exigencies of the times, but on general grounds such an expedient is open to grave objections. A vast confederation of men united together *by an oath* for the accomplishment of a political purpose, is an anomalous and dangerous power in the State. Promissory oaths ought to be resorted to as seldom as possible, and never without the warrant of public authority. If employed as a sanction to plain and undeniable duties, they are of little use. If used in order to create new obligations with reference to doubtful lines of action or distant tracts of future time, they are almost sure to embarrass the conduct and perplex the consciences of those who take them, by bringing them into conflict with unexpected events or higher claims of duty. If they are sought to be imposed by any kind of coercion upon those who are unwilling to embrace them, they become a cruel engine of tyranny and a fertile source of moral corruption.

The *original* Covenant of 1580-81 was a laudable or innocent engagement. It was authorised and enjoined by King James the reigning sovereign, and did not exceed the fair limits of a solemn profession of the reformed religion, an abjuration

of Popery, and an oath of allegiance to the King. Nothing can be more fair and candid than Principal Lee's observations on this document, which fully bear out the view that it was not directed against Episcopacy, or founded on any peculiar system of church government. Notwithstanding, however, this limited character of the King's confession of 1580, the Presbyterian leaders of 1638, while they professed merely, or mainly, to renew the old Covenant, added, of their own private authority, a new series of declarations and vows much more stringent and vehement, and by which, without any clear warrant, the former abjuration of Popery was made to extend to the minor differences that had recently arisen as to Prelacy and other matters; and the subscribers were sworn to resist the errors and corruptions complained of in terms that too easily admitted of being afterwards wrested to a seditious meaning.

The adoption of the National Covenant has been sought to be defended by a reference to precedent; but, unfortunately, the case most in point is the Catholic League of the preceding century, which produced in France so much misery and crime. The object and motives of the confederates in the two cases were widely different, and the words of the Covenant are in several points properly softened and qualified; but there is still an awkward resemblance between the terms of the engagements thus entered into. In both there is the same avowal of zeal for the true religion, and of abhorrence for recent innovations; the same profession of loyalty and fidelity to the sovereign, but with a suspicious reference to the maintenance of the true religion as the basis and condition of that allegiance; and there is the same undertaking, on oath, to make common cause in resisting the religious errors which were to be opposed. It is to be feared that of the Covenant, as well as of the League, it may be said that, while it was so

framed as to gain the adhesion of many good men of confiding dispositions, it was calculated to incite unscrupulous spirits to dangerous or criminal attempts.

Considerations, however, of constitutional law or general expediency were not likely to be listened to amidst the clamours and alarms of that time: nor even if we disapprove of the Covenant, must we condemn the men who resorted to it. Some among them there doubtless were who had less noble feelings; but the great mass of the people were animated by a genuine enthusiasm for what they believed to be the cause of pure religion, of national independence, and of political liberty; and perhaps the error was less in then adopting the Covenant, or some similar declaration, than in afterwards regarding it as an irrevocable oath or engagement of permanent and indissoluble obligation.

THE SOLEMN LEAGUE AND COVENANT which followed in 1643, was a measure much less doubtful in its character, and one which at the present day, would probably find few defenders. Scarcely had the people of Scotland succeeded in defeating the threatened introduction into their own country of a foreign ritual, and in throwing off the incumbrances of episcopal government and adventitious ceremonial to which they had so unwillingly submitted, when it seemed as if they entered upon an enterprise for inflicting upon their English neighbours the very same kind of insult and injury from which they had themselves with such difficulty escaped. In apparent disregard alike of the spirit of Christian charity and of the principles of liberty and justice, they prepared and carried into effect a bond of alliance, confirmed by oath, with persons of the like way of thinking in England and Ireland, not merely for the preservation of the reformed religion in Scotland, "in doctrine, worship, discipline, and government," but for the reformation of religion in the same points in the kingdoms of

England and Ireland, and for the extirpation of "Popery and Prelacy, superstition, heresy, schism, and profaneness," and the denunciation and punishment of all malignants or others who might oppose them.

We must not, indeed, judge of this matter by our present lights merely. We know now that the great body of the English people never were inclined to Presbyterian principles; but the Scotch Covenanters thought they saw proofs of a determination in England to get rid of the hierarchy, and they too fondly supposed that its place could only be supplied by their own favourite system. The success, perhaps, of their National Covenant had unduly elated them, and they thought that the hand of God which they saw in that work would continue to assist them in a wider attempt to propagate a Church policy which they believed to be of divine authority. Some of them seem to have believed that a way was about to be opened for Presbyterianising the whole of Europe up to the very gates of Rome; and they entered upon this project, so far as England was concerned, as the first step in a new and universal crusade. Others with more prudential views were naturally alarmed at the possibility of Irish Papists being brought in to overcome the English Puritans, and they feared that, if the hierarchy were again firmly settled in England, it might not be long before an attempt was made to re-establish it in Scotland. To them, as well as to others, a uniformity of discipline in the two countries seemed a desirable object; and they did not remember how this argument had operated to their prejudice formerly, or anticipate how it might be made a pretence for oppressing them afterwards.

In such circumstances of difficulty and danger, it is not wonderful that the Scotch should have entered willingly into some alliance with England for the purpose of securing each country against arbitrary power or foreign dictation,

whether in civil or in sacred matters. But the League and Covenant, as we are now able to regard it, went far beyond those legitimate bounds. Charles, as the sovereign of Scotland, had, in the Parliament of 1641, conceded all that his people in that country demanded; and now this League and Covenant was made with persons in another realm without the sanction of the King, to whose authority, in both countries, it was opposed, and against whose friends or followers it was directed. It originated, in Scotland, with the Church, which, in the distracted state of the nation, was allowed to assume an undue and dangerous influence in civil affairs; and it was entered into with the English Parliament not as a merely defensive alliance, nor as an association for the mere use of moral means in the dissemination of true religion, but as the basis or accompaniment of a treaty under which the Scotch were to furnish an army to assist the English Puritans to put down the Royalists, and to establish by force, in England and Ireland, the forms of religion and church government which they might think proper to impose.

Both of the Covenants are marked by an intolerant spirit; but intolerance was the general fault of the age, and would not afford a ground for a specific charge. Toleration is a plant of slow growth, and some of the best influences of our nature are unfriendly to its progress. Minds of a sceptical or indifferent turn find it easy to be tolerant. As they attach little credence and little importance to any truth, they naturally feel little apprehension as to the diffusion of falsehood. But those men who, after an earnest search for the truth, conceive that they have found it, and who, at the same time, believe that its adoption is of vital importance to man's highest interests, are naturally prompted to urge it zealously upon others, and to employ every possible means to suppress dangerous error. A Spanish Catho-

lic of the sixteenth, or a Scotch Covenanter of the seventeenth, century, could scarcely be expected to refrain from measures of coercion for protecting and extending those religious beliefs which they thought essential to the honor of God and to the eternal welfare of themselves and their dependents. It is only from experience that true toleration is learned—when even those who most highly value truth and abhor error are content to leave the issue to moral controversy, and to the innate vitality which truth possesses, and which, by the providence of God, may be expected ultimately to secure its triumph.

The great blot, then, in the Solemn League and Covenant was not simple intolerance, but that which we have already indicated—the obligation which it imposed on those adopting it to interfere with the affairs of England at all hazards, and irrespective even of the feeling of the English themselves and to extirpate in that country the opinions that were adverse to their own. The evil involved in this engagement was aggravated by the view, that the Covenant once entered into was ratified by God, and became perpetually binding. Supposing the Scotch Covenanters to have had, in the first instance, some warrant for an alliance with the English Parliament for the promotion of objects which were common to both, that Parliament could not, if it would, bind the English nation to adhere for ever to its temporary views of church government; and whenever the public feeling in England showed its inherent predilection for a gradation of ranks among the clergy, the League and Covenant was a nullity, and ought to have been considered at an end.

Very early the Scotch might have seen that their opinions were not popular in England, nor likely to be prevalent there. The republicans derided the League and Covenant as soon as it had served its purpose; and, finally, the Eng-

lish nation rose in a mass to assert their attachment to Episcopacy as well as to monarchy, and showed that, though not unwilling that some of the evils attending them should be retrenched, they were yet ready to take them back unconditionally rather than remain longer under the stern and gloomy sway of a military despot and a fanatical sect, or, in what was still worse, the anarchy, both religious and secular, of no government at all, and of a swarm of the most heterodox and heterogeneous opinions.

Amidst all these changes, however, the strict Covenanters in Scotland remained true to the Solemn League, not as an engagement merely for the defence of their own privileges and institutions, but as an obligation binding them by the most sacred ties to extirpate Prelacy in England, and to force their own discipline, or something like it, upon the English people, even against their wills. It was nothing to them that the majority of that nation were of another way of thinking. Truth was absolute and eternal, and was wholly independent of numbers. Neither was it of any importance that the English nation on their part threw off all respect for the League, and all recognition of its authority. The Covenanters in Scotland had entered into a bond with their Maker which could not be cancelled: "We have sworn to extirpate Prelacy, and we cannot go back." Has God, thou presumptuous man, accepted thy oath thus to seek out and persecute, even in another country, the creatures He has made—men who believe in His gospel, and who may even agree with thee in all points of faith, though they differ as to a matter of church officers? The delusion which founded and maintained in its permanence such a pernicious sense of obligation, was, indeed, deep and strong, but it can be easily traced to one great parent error—the belief that the discipline of the Church was of equally divine right and indispensable authority as its doctrine and moral precepts.

It cannot be matter of regret that the designs of the Scotch Presbyterians in this matter should have been ultimately defeated, and that the same narrow-minded self-sufficiency which prompted their interference should have led them blindfold into a snare which was from the first prepared for them. They undoubtedly anticipated, or hoped, for the establishment of the Presbyterian polity in England as the result of the success of the Parliamentary cause, and they thought that they had secured that object by the terms of their League. But the English Independents, who were as much opposed to Presbytery as they were to Episcopacy, had had the address to get the stipulation framed in general terms so as merely to bind them to a form of discipline and government "according to the Word of God and the example of the best reformed churches"—a phraseology which left ample room for subsequent debate and loss of time. Whether the Independents originally explained their differences of opinion or not, the Scottish Presbyterians were undoubtedly deceived. In their unbounded admiration of their own system, they did not sufficiently estimate either the strength of the objections against it, or the great ability and perseverance, and the growing influence of the Independent and Erastian parties in England; and they probably understood still less the very moderate views of many of the English Presbyterians, and the feelings of the English people at large, whose strong love of private and personal liberty was utterly averse from the domiciliary visitations and inquisitorial tendencies of the Presbyterian judicatories as then conducted. The English Parliament, with all its Presbyterian tendencies, would not give the Church courts the power of ecclesiastical censures, without allowing an appeal to Parliament; nor would they give their sanction to Presbytery as *jure divino*—a claim which the Scotch Covenanters would never waive, and which they con-

tinued to assert till they endangered and ultimately lost the great object of all their struggles.

The errors of their position and the evils of their extreme opinions became peculiarly conspicuous after the King's unhappy death. The League and Covenant, still considered to subsist as an obligation to interfere in the religious matters of England, and to put down the Episcopacy which was the favourite polity of half the Royalists in that kingdom, was forced upon Charles II. at his accession, and was held up as still binding upon him at his restoration. It must be obvious that, situated as he was, the monarch not of Scotland only, but of England and Ireland, where Presbytery was not popularly acceptable or legally established, an attempt to fetter him by such an engagement was not only in the highest degree embarrassing and unjust, but was inconsistent with his plain duty to the rest of his dominions. False and unprincipled as Charles II. was, it is difficult to say how far the determination of the Scotch Covenanters to maintain and to force upon the new king the obligations, not merely of the National Covenant, but of the Solemn League and Covenant, may have had a share in occasioning or aggravating the misery and persecution with which Scotland was visited under that monarch.

This subject has not been so fully discussed by Principal Lee as we could have wished, in consequence, apparently, of his regarding it as belonging to the external rather than to the internal history of the Church. It is of so much importance as well as interest, and such extreme and mistaken views have been entertained with regard to it on both sides, that it may deserve further illustration on another opportunity.

In the mean time we repeat that our objections to the Covenants, and particularly to the Solemn League and Covenant, ought not wholly to determine our opinion of the individuals who originated or adopted them. The name of the Scottish

Covenanters ought never to be mentioned without honour, though its lustre may be tarnished by dark and disastrous spots. We may reject some of their opinions—we may condemn or denounce the acts of some of their number; but, as a body, they deserve our admiration, for many things; for the high value which they set on religious truth, on personal piety, and on simplicity of worship; for the courage and constancy with which they asserted their principles; and for their readiness to sacrifice and suffer everything for conscience' sake. We owe them a deep debt of gratitude for having contributed so much to secure for Scotland the blessings of civil liberty, and even for promoting that which they themselves repudiated and detested, religious toleration.

It is a subject for just feelings of satisfaction, that at the Revolution, and by the Union, Scotland attained all the legitimate objects which the National Covenant had proposed; while the pretensions put forward in the Solemn League and Covenant were positively and peremptorily negatived.

Independently of the matters to which we have adverted in the preceding pages, Principal Lee's book will be found to contain much valuable information on the following topics: The origin and history of the Scottish universities; the management of parochial schools; the views of the Church as to forbidden degrees in marriage, and particularly as to marriage with the sister of a deceased wife; the progress of printing and of importing books in Scotland, and the use of translations of the Scriptures; the exercise of Church discipline; and the provision for the poor.

We conclude by again expressing our sense of the high value of these volumes, and recommending them strongly, not only as indispensable for every student of Church history, but as necessary for fully understanding the progress of civilisation and civil history in both portions of the kingdom.

IRON-CLAD SHIPS OF WAR, AND OUR DEFENCES.

We endeavoured, in two preceding articles, to place before the public the circumstances which induced many naval officers to distrust ships of war built of wood as a means of national offence or defence in these days of horizontal shell firing and rifled guns; and we pointed out the various ingenious methods by which it was proposed to make iron a substitute for wood, and thus still preserve to Great Britain that command of the seas which is the life-blood of her national greatness. Three months have elapsed since those articles were published: ample time has been allowed for counter-statements, and for errors to be detected in what we put forward. It is with no small satisfaction that we are able to say that we have to-day nothing to retract, no opinion to modify. On the contrary, the question of iron ships of war, carrying a panoply which shall enable them to scorn the long ranges of Armstrong or Whitworth guns, has gained steadily upon public favour; and the launch of the first of our future fleet of fighting ships has been hailed with genuine satisfaction from one end of Britain to the other. We never had a doubt but that it would be so. We felt there was no necessity for feverish haste in contradicting opinions which had no foundation except in ancient prejudices. If one anxiety upon the ultimate issue ever troubled our repose, it was the fear lest the change should be so rapid, so sweeping, that from utter disbelief in iron ships the authorities should jump to the conclusion that wooden ones were utterly useless. Every attempt to dam up the current of public opinion, and to divert the general issue into questions of the honesty or personal rank or merits of the opposing advocates, added, we felt, much to this danger; for such expedients could only be temporary,

and the reflux all the more serious and damaging. One such effort deserves a passing notice, and that not so much from the skill or ability evinced, as from the fine chivalrous display of feeling on behalf of the expiring fleet of wooden ships by that gallant and veteran soldier, General Sir Howard Douglas. It was very generous, but very Quixotic; though there is little doubt, had the argument in favour of iron-clad ships not rested on very excellent data, that even a purely military authority such as Sir Howard Douglas might have effectively breached or demolished the iron ship question. But he did not; and, as the *Times* very justly said, as recently as February 2, "We are only at the beginning of the commotion which our French neighbours have caused by the production of the *Gloire*. She has already upset all our ideas of marine architecture, and she is likely enough to revolutionise all our theories of fortification. The wooden walls of Old England are getting out of favour, despite the gallant stand made in their defence by Sir Howard Douglas." The fact is, that an exaggeration of the errors in certain inventions, or specifications of inventions, affected the question little; and the "bunkum" about the British sailor being such an extremely fine fellow that he scorned the shelter from shot or shell of which his brethren of the Royal Regiment of Artillery gladly availed themselves in deep trenches and thick parapets, was still more foreign to the subject. The embryo Nelsons on Board H.M.S. *Britannia* might cheer at such a statement, and request, under momentary excitement, to be allowed to dance a hornpipe to the melodious tune of "Damn me, I'll be bound to say that Jack's the lad!" but those feelings, however much they may touch young hearts at school, or warm the blood of fire-eating veterans, will

have but little weight with those who have taken part in modern warfare, and assuredly would be protested against to-morrow if our Ministry were to send for Admiral Smart, and desire him to lead the Channel Fleet against the works of Cherbourg. We should then much like to see the value of Sir Howard Douglas's arguments when applied to the officers and seamen about to be sacrificed against those granite walls and rifled cannon. We can fancy the look of incredulity with which his dictum, that "the fire which did such damage to the British ships, and from which they were forced to withdraw, was not horizontal fire, but plunging, direct fire from the Wasp and Telegraph batteries," would be received by those who were actually present in the action of the 17th October 1854. And Jack "might be so bold as to ask," if those two batteries alone beat off that powerful fleet, what chance another fleet of wood would have against the 314 guns and 32 mortars said to be mounted at Cherbourg? The men, however, who were present in that action know that the horizontal fire of the enemy was especially inconvenient; that the effects of the hot shot and shell were better known to themselves than to the good people at home; that, considering the Allied fleet was repulsed although engaged at the distance of *a mile*, the probabilities are that, had they fought at half that range, the repulse would have been converted into an utter defeat, and had that fleet, then or subsequently, attacked the forts at Sebastopol at close quarters, its fate would have been exactly the fate of the Turkish fleet at Sinope—annihilation. That all this was patent to the naval officers employed during the subsequent operations in the Baltic and Black Sea, no unprejudiced man can doubt, who goes carefully over the course pursued by Admirals Lord Lyons and Sir Richard Dundas at Kertch, Kinburn, Sveaborg, and Cronstadt. The line-of-battle ships, the old

battering-train of a fleet, merely assumed a place of pomp and show, ready to fight any wooden ships that were geese enough to come out and fight them; now and then carrying troops about, but religiously avoiding close action with shore batteries and shell guns.

If it was otherwise, why did they not lead into Kinburn? if it was otherwise, why did they not go in and finish Sveaborg? if it was otherwise, why did they not dash in and destroy the bridge across Sebastopol harbour when the Russians were retreating from the south side? The ships were better, fleet-er, handier than ever our sailor forefathers possessed; their guns heavier, and their crews as good men as ever fought with Nelson at Copenhagen. Why were not the exploits of the great war repeated in '54-'55? Because our seamen had learnt that a wooden fleet might go in to be sunk, blown up, or burnt, when fighting against shell and hot shot, fired from land-batteries well manned; but that they could not go in to conquer. This, and nothing but this, we maintain, was the cause. Gloss it over, distort it, forget it, if you please, but so it was; and to prevent all misapprehension, we again say, that first our sailing ships of the line, and then our steam ships of the line, proved utterly unfit for the purpose for which such vessels were created—to batter down an enemy's fortifications or destroy his arsenals.

There may be those who are perfectly satisfied with the results of the naval operations in 1854-55, who say ships have no right to expect success in attacking fortresses; who insist upon ignoring the inventions of to-day, and accept as oracular the Report of the Commissioners upon the Defences of the United Kingdom. With such people we entirely differ. We maintain that under the fire of iron-cased ships the advanced works of Cronstadt would have tumbled down like a place built of cards; that, although granite fortresses defy wooden ships,

they will stand no chance against such moving ones as the French Gloire; and that the greatest power of offence and defence still remains in the hands of the navy of Great Britain, provided that that navy be given the proper vessels and the proper weapons.

The very circumstance, that since this question has been taken up by the press our military authorities have adopted two novelties in their land fortifications, is an unexpected triumph for those who believe in iron-clad ships of war. In the first place, we learn, on pretty good authority, that iron is to be largely employed as a defensive armour for our new fortifications. We have merely to point out that, if it is thus allowed to be good for a fixed fortress, how much more serviceable it will be when that iron-cased battery can move its position at the rate of ten miles an hour; and, secondly, the experiments with Martin's shell—a hollow projectile filled with molten iron—have been so satisfactorily conclusive in its power of setting *wooden ships on fire*, that it is said cupola furnaces for our sea fortifications have been contracted for in large numbers. These shells will of course be in no way injurious to such iron-cased ships as we have advocated, for no artilleryman has yet succeeded in driving any shell through a 4-inch plate at even a yard's distance. We claim these two measures, therefore, as the most recent official recognition of the soundness of our arguments upon the invulnerability of iron and the destructibility of wood. At the same time, we are assured by obstructionists, in tones of no small exultation, that some public department has ordered large numbers of a late publication,* and disseminated them as their justification. We must, therefore, meet such objections in that work as are worthy of notice, in order that those who peruse it may not be led astray.

We will not pause to discuss the question with the gallant Peninsular officer, whether the Gloire is or is not a failure. He says "that ship is not a success." The *Moniteur*, in republishing the official *exposé* of the forces of the French empire, just laid before the Legislative Council, replies, that the result of the trial of the Gloire "presages a great progress in the art of naval construction, which is due to the Emperor. Looking to the results obtained, the Government could not but at once adopt this system (iron-plated swift frigates) in reference to those vessels already commenced." This report, we would submit, fully meets all the gallant General's doubts. The Gloire and Warrior, however, are vessels intended to resist shot by sheer strength of side; but it will be remembered that we have recommended an improvement upon that idea in *deflecting* rifled balls or shells. The General is candid enough to allow that, although Mr. Jones's angulated target was fired at with 68-pound ball with 16 lbs. of powder, at even 200 yards "the angulated side was not penetrated, nor the timber-work by which the plates were backed up injured." One such fact is worth a ton of prejudice or opinion; and every naval leader will smile at the idea of the fragments of the deflected shot being so fatal to his rigging or the deflected shells setting his masts and sails on fire. Better that, he will say, than that hull and men should suffer, or my magazines be reached. The objection made to the sloping side being unseaworthy we were the first to point out, as well as the remedy, in a diagram of Captain Coles's ship; the objection is therefore no longer tenable. With respect to the assertions made by Sir Howard Douglas, questioning the statements of Captain Cowper Coles as to the weights of his cupolas when complete, the manner in which the centre of gravity in those

* "An Answer to the *Quarterly Review* on Iron-Cased Ships," by General Sir HOWARD DOUGLAS, &c.

cupolas could be made coincident with the centre of motion, so that they should be truly balanced, and the power with which they could be handled in a seaway, we leave to the gallant officer the duty of refuting the doubts in detail; but we maintain that the weight of the cupola complete, fitted for sea-service, will not be greater than forty-five tons, and that that comprises all the moving weight. Sir Howard Douglas has, in all probability, taken a cupola over which the War Office have been dozing for months, as his standard: that cupola was intended for shore defences, where weight was not of much importance. We say, that Captain Coles has most accurately balanced his weights, by the peculiar shape of his cone, and the position of the guns and men within it; and, furthermore, having done so, that there will not be any great mechanical genius needed to make it revolve freely when required, or to be fixed at the will of the gun's crew. In saying this much, we are supported by the opinion of one of our most eminent civil engineers and constructors of naval machinery. The feeling to which Sir Howard Douglas gives utterance, that ships carrying a certain weight of iron armour and cupolas "cannot swim upright," is very natural to a military man; we have often heard landmen express astonishment, in still more nervous strain, at our ships of the line, and wonder when they roll over twenty-five degrees how they ever recover themselves. We can only assure him that they will recover themselves; and if we cut down the *Royal Albert* to a height of fourteen feet above water instead of thirty feet (her height at present), and put into her an iron armament equal to 1123 tons, instead of the 1921 tons we should remove, that most naval officers and all sailors will agree with us, that the small hull and smaller weights will not tend to make the new fighting *Royal Albert* a worse sea-boat than the

mighty structure at present floating on our narrow seas.

When Sir Howard Douglas merely satisfies himself with asserting his faith in wood *versus* iron, we would, with all courtesy, accept it for what it is worth; but when he quotes the *Birkenhead* and *Royal Charter* as proofs that directly an iron ship is staved she breaks in two, or directly she strikes a rock that she becomes a wreck, we maintain that he has written of the subject without mastering the details, and has allowed temper and prejudice to blind a judgment naturally defective upon nautical matters. Did Sir Howard Douglas never hear of the *Nemesis*, commanded by Captain W. K. Hall; how, more than once, a hole was knocked in her bottom by unknown rocks—holes which would have sunk any wooden ship; how the water was properly confined to one compartment, and the ship afterwards laid on a beach, the hole covered over with a plate of iron, and in the course of a few hours the *Nemesis* again ready to do good service? Did the gallant General never hear of that transport full of troops, during the mutiny, which caught fire in the Indian Ocean; how she burnt for days, brave men fighting against the flames, and struggling to confine it to one end of the shell of iron which intervened between them and eternity; how, thanks to that ship being of iron, they were saved, for the fire was confined to one compartment; and that, had she been of wood, all those gallant soldiers would have perished, as they did in a cavalry transport during the Crimean war? In short, instead of bringing forward one case, in which the vessel was notoriously defective in longitudinal strength, and another, where an ill-fated ship struck against an iron-bound precipitous coast, where nothing created by man's hand could have otherwise than broken into fragments, it would have been but fair to have taken an equal number of wooden and iron ships running upon any

given track, and compared the loss by shipwreck in each description of vessels, or turned to our marine insurance offices for information as to extra risk or premiums upon iron vessels against wooden ones. This, however, would not have served the purpose sought, to revive faded prejudices against iron ships touching their seaworthiness. But we say that such a one-sided course of argument will not do, and that an iron ship, with proper water-tight compartments and a due amount of longitudinal strength, is a safer ship to go to sea in than any craft made of wood. One would suppose that the advocates of wooden ships were able to point to instances of such vessels, when perforated with shot, being able to float, although they leaked more water than their pumps would throw out! On the contrary, every sailor knows that the moment the leakage is in excess of the pumping power, down goes the wooden ship, because she has no water-tight compartments, and our shipwrights insist that they cannot construct such compartments. How different it is in an iron vessel, properly constructed: one section fills, the vessel is immersed deeper, but the other sections keep her afloat, and enable her to proceed to the nearest port. Two accidents which recently occurred in the navy are illustrative of these points. In 1855, H.M.S. *Royal Albert* was returning to Malta from the Black Sea to refit. She was steaming through the Grecian Archipelago, and had just bid it good-by astern, when a sudden leak had sprung out somewhere near the stern-post. One pump after another was manned, until all were hard at work, yet the water was rising in the ship's hold. The ship was soon found to be sinking; and the proud three-decker, with eleven hundred souls on board, only existed by the heroic efforts of that host pumping for sweet life. Happily the weather remained calm, the ship was put about, and by God's mercy, and the

skill of her gallant captain, she just reached a little cove in one of the islands of the Morea, and was beached to prevent her foundering, until measures would be taken to discover and secure the leak. Had bad weather overtaken the *Royal Albert*, or had the strength of her men at the pumps been taxed for another day, she would have gone down at sea. The leak was discovered to be in the dead-wood of the stern-post, or trunk of the screw-shaft; and had she been an iron ship, the water might have been easily confined to a particular section, and there never would have been the slightest risk to the safety of the ship. The other accident occurred to a vessel under the command of the writer. She was a long iron craft, divided by two water-tight compartments into three sections; the engine, coal-bunkers, and all the dead weight, were within the area of the centre section. We had never served in an iron ship before; we had little faith in her, and a mountain of prejudice in favor of wood. One September night, in the Chops of the Channel, we came in collision with another iron man-of-war. Her rudder of solid metal crushed the side of our craft in the centre section, and a torrent of water rushed in, extinguished the fires, laughed at the pumps, and filled all that area comprising the entire centre section and heaviest portion of the vessel. The deck was at once brought on a level with the sea, and with daylight an autumnal gale broke upon us. We were gallantly taken in tow by our consort, and, before the storm, made for Kinsale Harbor, a water-logged wreck; but we are bound to say, that although a wreck, and with the crest of every sea washing over her, the craft was wonderfully lively, and lost nothing off her decks. Her strength was sufficiently great to meet the enormous strain upon her frame longitudinally; and iron, since that day, has risen amazingly in our estimation. We maintain, therefore that a ship of iron, thus properly

built, will be safer than a wooden one under all circumstances of leakage, wreck, or fire. Having thus, we trust, disposed of the unexpected objection touching the seaworthiness of iron men-of-war, there is another point to which we must turn—the speed of these new engines of naval warfare. *Great speed* is insisted upon as essential to all war ships; and then it is roundly asserted by Sir H. Douglas that *speed and metallic protection are antagonistic properties*. Now, had it been said that great hulls and great speed were antagonistic qualities, we could not only have agreed in such an argument, but have materially aided in confirming it by proofs that up to the present hour neither England nor France possess a line-of-battle ship or heavy frigate which can boast of speed, except when the wind is fair and weather moderate. But if it is meant that we do possess ships of wood that can fight in line of battle, and that they command at all times a speed which cannot be obtained by mail-clad ships, we say that can easily be disproved. For instance, since we last wrote upon the subject of weights and displacement in the conversion of a wooden three-decker to a ship with armour and guns placed in Captain Coles's cupolas, we find that a naval architect has been employed to carefully compute all the weights to be removed from the one description of craft,* and to compare those weights with the iron plates, guns, and cupolas to be substituted. The result is a saving in weight of seven hundred tons. Now, merely looking to the question of speed, surely no one is going to persuade us that a hull so wonderfully reduced in area, and a weight of seven hundred tons less, may not be driven through wind or water as fast as before, with the same engines and power. Why,

common sense tells us, that not only will the "raaée" go as fast, but even faster—and *ergo*, speed and metallic protection are not antagonistic properties, provided the weight of armour does not exceed the estimated displacement, and that is a mere question of construction, which can be decided in any school of naval architecture. But since the *speed* of these showy, and, we say, now useless line-of-battle ships, is brought forward as an argument against the class of which the *Gloire* and *Warrior* are representatives, let us analyse that speed, and see whether we have succeeded in producing ships in wood of great fighting powers and great speed. We happen to be pretty conversant with, and to have closely watched, the passages made of late by line-of-battle ships and frigates of great horse-power, whose deeds in Stokes Bay or Plymouth Sound have rejoiced the *gobemouches* of the home ports; but as yet we have not seen the feats of old sailing ships eclipsed. We note that our Channel Fleet, composed of those new ships, cannot go for a cruise without coming back to be generally docked: it is the screw, we are told, which shakes them to pieces; and that they are very uneasy and very unhandy, we have ample evidence, in professional stories, of one noble ship pitching a bow gun overboard between Gibraltar and Lisbon, of others that almost rolled themselves keel out of water off Naples. One day H.M.S. — comes home with her steering apparatus out of order; then some other ship's Kingston valves leak; and so on. A line-of-battle ship and a frigate, the types of their respective classes, are sent to escort her Majesty to Antwerp. The frigate had recently discovered that she was too big for a new harbour expressly constructed at Jersey for frigates to lie in and

* We have excellent authority for saying, that we so far underestimated the weights to be removed in cutting down a screw three-decker, that instead of it being 1100 tons, as stated in our December number, they actually amount to 2307 tons—a proof that we have in no way overstated our case.

watch Cherbourg; and now the line-of-battle ship discovered that she was too big, drew too much water, and was too unhandy to go up to Antwerp. She struck on a shoal off Dunkirk, and came home to be docked. The frigate was taken up the Scheldt by a Belgian pilot, who still talks of handling that long ship as a feat he shall never forget. It may be supposed that in deep ocean, with a straight given course, these new leviathans would answer better, but it is not so: experience, there as elsewhere, points to the fact, that we have not yet succeeded in combining on one keel the swiftness of the hawk with the power of the rhinoceros. Last autumn the *Hero*, of 91 guns and 600 horse-power, was especially selected from our fleet to carry H.R.H. the Prince of Wales to Canada and back. We find that she had to be towed part of the way there; that her great draught or unhandiness caused her to ground so frequently during the voyage, that she lost fore-foot and false-keel by touching the ground; and all England knows what anxiety her melancholy long voyage back caused in every homestead. It is patent, therefore, that we have not secured speed, except under favourable circumstances, in even our crack line-of-battle ships. Is great speed to be found in our 50-gun frigates? We know of one that was tested in an emergency, and the result we believe to be illustrative of what would be the case with all. When the news of the Indian mutiny reached China in 1857, there happened to be available at Hong-Kong a considerable military force, and some reputed fast men-of-war; amongst others, the flying *Shannon*, a 50-gun frigate of 600 horse-power, supposed to be able to steam ten knots. The adverse monsoon was blowing, but with no great force, and the *Shannon* accordingly was despatched to the rescue of Calcutta and our viceroy. It was a point of the utmost importance that the aid should be quickly

afforded. The gallant *Peel* longed to be where his country's honour was imperilled; and had any man told him that his frigate would not steam down to Singapore direct in the teeth of the breeze, he would have laughed such an idea to scorn. However, he was soon undeceived. There was a short chop of a sea, and a stiff breeze against the *Shannon*; the speed gradually became less and less, down, we believe, to three or four knots per hour. Not all "the king's horses or all the king's men" could pull that heavy hull, those ponderous spars, up to windward; all her coal would be burnt out when half-way to her destination, and the vessel be too light for beating against a contrary wind. The *Shannon* had to be put under sail and steam, and work her way to Singapore; she took exactly twice the time to accomplish the passage that a *Peninsular* and *Oriental* steamer would require. The *Pearl*, a 21-gun screw corvette of still greater proportionate steam power, had to do likewise; and, as if to show that the fallacy called *great* speed prevails amongst foreigners as well as ourselves, in the following year, 1858, a French and an American frigate, each still more perfect than the *Shannon* as fast-goers in fine weather, failed to carry the ambassadors of their respective countries up against a force of monsoon which any of our packet-boats would have laughed at. So much for vessels that have been supposed to possess *great* speed, and what they have done when tested. Of course apologists will say, But look at our *Mersey* and *Ariadne*, the former of 40 and the latter of only 26 guns. We reply, Test them in a trip on end to Quebec and back; they may be wanted to do it on an emergency some day. The *Ariadne* fancied she could have done wonders during the late cruise if not foot-tied by the *Hero*. That is a very old naval fancy. We have seen enough to doubt the speed of our screw ships of large size when

steaming against a head sea; and although the *Ariadne* may do it, she is only a corvette, and we should be sorry to pay the bill for damages to hull and spars; and of her power of motion we need have no doubt when it stands recorded, that she lurched 36° to 38° to leeward, and rolled 24° to 26° to windward in an Atlantic sea, "with a deep, slow, heavy motion, as if almost at times about to capsize." We say therefore, again, that these fast ships are quite as uneasy, but without the speed of the *Gloire* or *Warrior*.

It must be clearly understood that we thus expose the fallacy of what is called great speed in big ships, merely with a view to cut the ground from under the feet of those who allow that the new class of war-ships have great fighting power, but must necessarily have less speed than those we at present possess; for we have no wish to urge the want of speed as an alarming deficiency in a class of vessels which, as line-of-battle ships, are intended to represent the heavy batteries of our fleet. It is not upon the score of want of speed we condemn those towers of wood; it is because they are unfit to cope with iron-clad ships, and because they are unfit to cope with land batteries firing shell and hot shot; and although we maintain that the new *Gloires* and *Warriors* will be as fast or faster than those hulks, still we deprecate most earnestly sacrificing fighting power in those vessels to the racing disposition of to-day. We cannot, with our widespread dominions, our colonies and commerce dotted all over the surface of the globe, expect to be superior at every assailable point; and we should utterly fail if, in the event of a war with a great maritime power, we attempted to be everywhere in force at the same time—a strategy which seems to be indicated by the powerful efforts made to produce that marine impossibility, great fighting-power and great speed. That it is an impossibility we verily believe; for, without at-

taining great speed, we have in our present fleet of liners sacrificed three great essentials—stability of gun-platform, the handiness of the ships, and the power of keeping the sea for lengthened periods.

To unprofessional men, great speed, 90-gun ships flying about like dolphins, must be a very taking spectacle; and to such it may appear that a fleet of fast vessels stationed off Cherbourg, another off Brest, and a third off Toulon, would be able to catch an enemy directly he issued from his port, and make him fight on our own terms; but remember you are then assuming that we have succeeded in creating an engine of naval warfare that the enemy cannot imitate, and does not possess. If his fleet seizes a favourable opportunity for a good start, and puts to sea, how are you going to catch him, when his speed is as great as yours? Why, it is mathematically demonstrative that the achievement is an impossibility, and that steam will enable an enemy's fleet to fight his battle where and when he pleases, far oftener than in the olden day. Nelson's chase of the French fleet across the Atlantic, to the West Indies and back again, will no doubt have again to be repeated upon a still grander scale. The conditions of relative speed will remain much the same; but the enemy will now have, in steam-engines, a much greater power of strategical combination; and as Louis Napoleon showed the Austrian generals in Italy, so will he one day show us, that the steam-engine is the secret by which plans decided upon at a council-table may be executed with certainty by sea as well as by land. We do not deny that fast vessels will be required—ay, faster than any Nelson, Howe, or Blake ever thought of; but such fast vessels must be the light-horse of our navy, to hang upon the enemy's track, to go ahead of his fleet, warn and prepare those who may be threatened with attack, and give us the intelligence in time to convert a temporary success upon

the part of a foe into a final disaster, or to foil a combination by assuming the initiative. To do that with success, our heavy ships must be handy, good sea-boats, and capable of closing with iron-clad batteries or granite fortresses. They may possess all these qualities, command a good speed of ten or eleven knots per hour under favourable circumstances, and from four to five knots against stiff breezes and a head sea. Such should be our sea-going heavy battering-ships, such would be the class of vessels to which we referred in our December number; and if we had them, God help all the flying Merseys built of wood, and carrying solid 68-pounders of 95 cwt., that fell into their clutches. Landsmen talk of ships carrying such guns as those 68-pounders, and fighting them in a sea-way when chasing at great speed. It is enough to make sailors, and especially seamen gunners, groan at such mistaken impressions of what artillery practice is upon the high seas. We know fast ships in which it would be dangerous to cast loose such guns, much less fire them, even when at anchor in open roadsteads with a sea running. Not one of our present despatch-boats will fight such guns in a sea-way; none of our two hundred gunboats can carry them at sea; and we would like to see the Mersey's practice with a moderate beam swell in the Bay of Biscay. No, no! believe us, reader, that the armour question was carried the day our sailors were obliged to cast aside their handy 32-pounder guns, and take to these huge 68-pounders, which weigh, with their carriages, nearly five tons. Such cannon can only be worked with safety or certainty in smooth water and then woe to those who have to fight them behind buttresses of wood over accessible magazines of powder, against the

men who are protected by iron bomb-proofs! There is no longer a doubt upon this point in the minds of our working officers and seamen,—"iron-clad ships can only be met by iron-clad ships," is the general opinion of those directly interested in the question; and to that opinion the country and its rulers must come, if they intend we should stand, as of yore, in the vanguard of nations. Upon that general ground, therefore, irrespective of the comparative merits of inclined or vertical armour, great speed, or steadiness of platform, let us discuss the character that this new navy should assume.

We cordially agree with Sir Howard Douglas, and with M. Richild Grivel, in his work entitled *Attaques et Bombardements Maritimes*, that navies should for the future consist of two distinct forces—the one intended for deep-sea cruising and fighting in line of battle on the ocean, which may be called the Offensive Fleet; and the other, an especial force to be retained at home or in colonies, as a defence against invasion, or the Defensive Fleet. The Frenchman justly says: "To the war fleet, composed of ships of the line, frigates, and other vessels of great draught, the command of the ocean and deep water will ever belong."* Who would question such a truism? Ships that cannot cruise in deep water and fight in deep water will most certainly not command the seas. But we do not see in this statement any ground for the English general-officer quoting it as an argument against the employment of iron-clad ships in the capacity of such deep-sea cruisers—it only means that you are not to send craft built for great speed, short cruises, and shallow water, to circumnavigate the globe on the trail of an enemy; and we may therefore say, that the necessity for

* "A la flotte de guerre vaisseaux, frigates et autres batiments d'un grand tirant d'eau, appartiendra toujours la souveraineté sur l'océan et dans les eaux profondes." —Page 69.

dividing our naval forces into two distinct bodies—the offensive and defensive fleet—is very generally established.

The offensive fleet should consist of iron-clad vessels, improvements upon the *Gloire*, and capable of fighting in line of battle, or of attacking maritime fortresses. If opposed to wooden ships, they will annihilate them—if to granite forts, they will breach and destroy them; and should they do battle with iron-clad fleets and forts, the conditions of the fight will be equal, and victory will go with the bravest, and not with the men who are best armed or protected. The power of closing with the foe will then be a certainty; for the issue we need have no anxiety.* But we contend that mere speed in weak wooden vessels will never give us the power of closing and achieving a victory against iron-clad ships of the line. For instance, if a martello tower were built on Plymouth breakwater, fixed and invulnerable, what prospect would the finest of our fast frigates have of capturing it, if she rushed round and round it, or at it, for any given number of minutes that we may suppose her to remain under its telling fire? "Oh! but we board and carry it, sword in hand." Yes, provided you reach it before you are in flames or blown up; and even then, let those who talk of boarding a vessel or fort, before it is beaten or surprised, take the trouble to inspect the model of Captain Coles's proposed ship, and they will be wiser upon that score. Boarding the *Gloire* before she was beaten by artillery practice would be very like our attempt of the 18th June 1855 to

board the *Redan*. Boarders would find themselves on an open deck, swept by a storm of bullets from a shell-proof redoubt, which has very properly been constructed upon her upper deck. Apologising for this digression, which we have been led into to meet one of the many ill-digested assertions against armour-clad vessels, we return to our offensive sea-going fleet.

The heavy sea-going frigate should be modifications of the *Warrior* class, the power of keeping the sea not being entirely sacrificed to enormous speed. Their armour need not be as heavy as that upon the new ships of the line, and the citadel might be, for the present, confined to the centre of the vessel, so as to insure good sea-going qualities, combined with the power of keeping at sea. All our corvettes, despatch-vessels, and gunboats capable of fighting their guns on the ocean should have their weight of armament, spars, and gear so reduced as to bear a coat of inch-iron, and be thus rendered shell and hot-shot proof. We are aware that experimentalists are prepared to dispute the policy of this measure by the assertion, that a vessel thus coated with iron is not invulnerable to ordinary shot at close quarters, and that every shot passing through the side of iron-coated vessels breaks into fragments, and becomes as langrage—more fatal to the guncrews than ordinary shell. We reply that we would prefer a quantity of cold iron occasionally flying amongst our men to the explosion of shell between decks or in the side, to the risk of blowing up magazines, or to that of having our vessel set on fire by Martin's

* Sir Howard Douglas, with much faith in wood, seems to think our 50-gun frigates could contend with the new French iron-plated ones. But, poetry apart, how a wooden *Mersey* is ever to close an iron-clad *Gloire*, their speed being equal, is a question which no seaman can resolve. And even supposing the *Gloire* generously allowed the *Mersey* to come within the 400 yards at which the *Mersey*'s guns would tell on the *Gloire*'s armour, the *Mersey* could only fire *solid cold shot* through that armour, whilst she would be as vulnerable as a wicker basket to every shell, hot shot, and combustible hurled from her enemy's rifled cannon. Can any one doubt the fatal issue of such a combat, unless he question the valour of the enemy?

molten iron. In the next place, we would construct for our sea-going fleet a particular class of very fast advice-boats, improvements upon the *Banshee* and *Caradoc*. They should mount a solitary rifled cannon, show very little hull above water, and only carry fore-and-aft sails. These would be the scouts of our sea-going fleet, and their size and capacity should be such that, without reference to their fighting qualities, they might in a stretch go direct to America or Constantinople. By them, a naval commander-in-chief will be able to give or obtain rapid information of an enemy's movements, without breaking down his fleet in will-o'-wisp chases. Rapid information is now more than ever essential to success in naval warfare, and he will win in future wars who is first aware of a false manoeuvre on the part of his adversary. Possessing, as we do, magnificent fleets of fast merchant steamers, it might, be suggested that they could be profitably employed, instead of such advice-boats. We demur to this, because we know that during the Crimean war all our merchant steamers were required for other service, and that, as it was, the communication between Britain and her colonies was inconveniently interfered with by vessels being taken up by our Government. In the event of a war with France, or against European powers allied against us, the demand for merchant steamers to support our fleets or armies abroad would be still greater than in 1854-55; whilst it would be perfectly suicidal to send abroad the whole of a mercantile steam-fleet so necessary for the defence of the mother-country. Moreover, we hold that vessels expressly constructed for especial service will always execute that service best, and assuredly "the eyes" of a fleet will in the next war, be as import-

ant an element of the British Navy as the "arms" and "legs" represented by the liners and frigates. Let it be borne in mind, that the remodelling of our sea-going fleet does not necessarily entail a frightful expenditure of public money. We possess, for the present, vessels which will cut down and adapt themselves to all but the last proposed class; and, if advisable, some of the dear wooden line-o'-battle ships may be preserved as curiosities in time of peace, or, in the event of a war, be offered to volunteer crews, of those who still have faith in such solemn shams. At the same time, build no more hulls of wood for line-of-battle or frigate work.

We now turn to the defensive fleet, and it is high time we did so, for soldiers and sailors have very recently been startled by a pamphlet* by a naval officer, which shows, upon incontrovertible data, that the elaborate Report of the Commissioners for the Defence of the United Kingdom, laid before the Houses of Parliament last year, dissolves into thin air before the novel appliances of naval warfare developed by the genius of the Emperor of the French. The *Gloire* may be said to have steamed through our Coast Defences. They as yet only exist on paper, but we have already paid the first instalment of fourteen millions sterling, which they are to cost.† Our naval officer places before us the chart annexed to the Report of that Commission, with all the proposed fortifications by which the dockyard and arsenal of Portsmouth are to be secured from a hostile attack by a fleet carrying rifled cannon. And then, drawing a few lines, he proves, in spite of all the bricks, granite, and guns piled at a cost of £2,400,000 sterling upon the shoals about Spithead, that an enemy's fleet might steer on a straight given

* *Our National Defences.* By Captain COWPER P. COLES, R. N. Mitchell, Charing Cross.

† The estimate is £11,850,000 for the coast alone; and the central depot, with connecting lines of railroad and electric telegraph, will cost at least £2,150,000 more.

course into that Spithead anchorage, and never pass within 1000 yards of any of the new fortifications. Remember, no one says that an iron-clad ship can be injured at a greater distance than 500 yards by even rifled cannon; and when arrived at Spithead, that that enemy's fleet will be 1900 yards, or more than a mile, from any fortification, and at the same time all Portsmouth lies within a radius of 8000 yards from the enemy. What the enemy could then do is well told by the Commissioners in their Report. "We have received evidence from high authorities, and we are ourselves persuaded of the fact, that a mass of buildings occupying such an area (551,760 yards), and containing such combustible materials as abound in Portsmouth dockyard, can be set fire to, and almost entirely destroyed, by rifled ordnance at a distance of 8000 yards." Nothing can be more conclusive; for to that very range Captain Coles shows a hostile mail-clad fleet, armed with rifled cannon, *can reach* with impunity, unless they be met by vessels of a similar character and equally well armed, and then the forts would be perfectly superfluous, because they would give no support to the British fleet, in consequence of being beyond efficient range, and they would stand merely to fulfil the friendly office of warning the foe off the shoals. We know that some engineers have already put forth, as remedies for these defects, the following proposals and statements,—That the number of forts should be increased. We reply, Then your original plan must be utterly defective; and, in the words of Captain Coles, "If these supplementary forts (five in number) are already proposed before the others are commenced, how many more will be found necessary before the arrangement is completed?"

Then "mortars from the new works would sink the enemy under a vertical fire." We don't believe they would: ships with inclined sides, and guns in cupolas moving

slowly, would disconcert the best mortar practice; and if vertical fire is so fatal, we should like to know why, under that "hellish fire" to which Sveaborg was subjected, no bombs sank the Russian three-decker which lay across the harbour's mouth. The fact is, vertical fire is all very well against large areas and fixed objects—it does not answer against movable ships of wood, much less bomb-proof ones. The Commissioners acknowledge as much in their report. "We construct lofty fortresses, and fire down upon your decks," urges a gentle warrior, well-up in Howard Douglas's valuable work, "and so outflank the vertical armour of your side." Ingenious, clever, but not sound argument, we say. A sailor, if he had vertical armour on his ship, would take good care to engage at such a distance that you should not enfilade his decks. For instance, a gun would require to be higher than the top of St. Paul's to enfilade the decks of the Gloire, as she steamed between the forts on the Warner and Horse-Tail into Spithead. The loftier your fortresses, the easier for the iron ship to assail them. If you go inland and try to get away from breaching range, you must go still higher towards the clouds; and if you come to the edge of deep water, we will close with your forts at once, and see whether, at a distance of sixty feet from your walls, you can depress any gun upon us to an angle of 58 degrees. Besides, why should we fight you with vertical armour when inclined armour is found to be so much better? And you will find—oh! credulous believer in such a mode of enfilading a ship's decks—that if you place the ship and fort upon paper, and, according to scale, work out the height and distance necessary for a gun to be placed so as to project a shot against an inclined plane, such as that proposed for the armour of a war-ship by Mr. Jones or Captain Coles, the depression of that gun would have to be greater than any gun was

ever fired at either on shore or afloat—namely, 58 degrees of depression below the horizontal *

This *exposé* of the fallacies involved in an attempt to transfer the defence of Britain to fixed batteries instead of movable ones—forts instead of ships—might, if it were advisable, be equally well done for all our other arsenals and commercial ports. We refrain from doing so; but at the same time earnestly beg our countrymen to believe that neither in forts of brick or stone, nor in the impediments offered by shoals or reefs, will there be any security against a steam iron-clad flotilla, provided there be a channel of deep water, however intricate. There is but one real defence for this empire—though God forbid we should be reduced to defensive measures—when an enemy really assails us; and that defence is to-day what it was in the days of Elizabeth of glorious memory—it is to-day what it was when George the Third and William Pitt tamed the pride of the Gaul and laughed at banded Europe. The waters which roll around our shores must be our battle-field. There was for a short time, we own, a crisis when the rapid development of artillery and steam *versus* the wooden warship, gave just ground for alarm for the safety and supremacy of a nation whose march was on the ocean. That crisis is past. No longer need fleets mounting a thousand guns, and manned by many thousand men, be kept at bay by a few forts, behind which the disturbers of peace or liberty may collect their armadas. We can, with the new engines of naval warfare, crush the brood in their own nests; and if that fortune which has so often crowned the efforts of our fleets should, at the outset of another war, humble us by the defeat of our offensive fleet, let the enemy be met,

when he attempts to follow up his success, by a defensive naval force—one capable of rapid concentration—one against the action of which no strategical skill or calculation of the enemy can be prepared—one of which no foreigner can say, as we heard a gallant officer observe of our proposed fortifications on the Isle of Wight and Portsmouth: "We should not hurt those pretty forts, and brave boys in them; they might burn their powder, whilst we shelled Portsmouth into flames, and polished off any wooden ships you might have in the Solent, Spithead, or Southampton; but it would not be chivalrous to injure those who were not hurting us. You know, *mon cher*, we never kill an enemy's sentries, and those forts just represent such a military idea. Mais comme ils sont chers, et ne croyez-vous pas qu'il soit mieux de construire des phares au lieu des forts? Néanmoins vous avez des fonds, et c'est vos compatriotes qui sait bien le dépenser en *gentleman*." There is a good deal of truth in our friend's persiflage; but we would suggest that, in this matter of defence, we waive the taste for extravagance, and study the warlike requirements. Give us, in short, a number of iron-clad vessels for the defence of our coasts and narrow seas. Let them be capable of going as far as Brest or Ocherbourg on the one hand, and Antwerp, Rotterdam, or Copenhagen on the other. Such a force would give more confidence to this country generally than if the whole south coast of England was bristling with batteries; whilst abroad, in our colonies, they would be far superior to any land fortifications, and far less expensive. Such a defensive flotilla would happily absorb vessels now rotting in the creeks of Portsmouth and Plymouth; and the conversion of that mass of useless material into

* Captain Coles has favoured us with a diagram, showing that against his inclined armour or that of Mr. Jones an enemy's gun, whether 120 feet above water-level or 30 feet, would still require 58 degrees depression to strike the side at right angles to its inclination.

an effective force, available for every part of our coasts, need not cost half the sum it is proposed to spend in the fortifications of ten specified points. A distinguished officer of our Royal Marine Artillery,* and whose service is of recent date, has pointed out very concisely the elements necessary for such a flotilla. Good speed, light draught, stability of gun-platform, and great handiness, are the first essentials. Stowage of provisions, stores, and water, or coal, except for short voyages, are secondary considerations. The Naval Committee, in their Report to the Commissioners, describe such a class of vessel. We repeated their representation in our December number. Twenty-five such batteries, mounting twenty rifled guns each, and commanding a speed of ten or twelve knots per hour, would be sufficient; and, in addition to these vessels, we ought to have a hundred small craft, composed of gun and mortar boats, clad in shell-proof armour, and a shot-proof fighting bulwark amidships—a modification of the cupola. The French have already many iron gunboats: we do not possess a single specimen. This defensive flotilla could be distributed at particular strategical points of our coast—the gunboats in every creek and cove, so as to give their commanders that thorough local knowledge which is everything in steam warfare, and our present coastguard officers would command them. Able seamen are not required for the guns' crews. Our naval volunteer force easily furnishes all the helmsmen and sailor-element necessary, and the guns could be manned by artillery of the line or militia. Indeed, why should we not have regiments of maritime militia, as Colonel Alexander very justly suggests? We will be bound to say that our marine artillery officers will far more readily make seamen gunners of Yorkshire or Devonshire ploughboys than they

will convert them into smart soldiers of the line; and anybody who has taken the trouble to study the tastes of our seaboard population will know that all their prejudices against men-of-war consist in a fear lest, if they take naval employ, they may at any moment be dragged out to foreign parts, and that fear would be at an end when they saw the vessels in which they were expected to defend their homes. To render the proposed flotilla perfectly effective, the establishment of a system of electric telegraph stations along our coasts is most essential; and we rejoice to hear that steps upon that head have recently been taken by our Government. At these stations there must be a means of communication by signal flags with vessels cruising at sea, in order that intelligence may be imparted without such cruisers coming into port. Then, with our volunteer riflemen and our vast fleet of mercantile steamers, we should indeed be ready for all eventualities. A combined action of our defensive and offensive fleets would, still more effectually than in great Drake's day, "sing the King of Spain's beard," by an assault on Cherbourg or Flushing; and if, whilst our sea-fleet was away, another and more formidable armada reached our narrow seas, directed by one who combines the subtlety of a Philip with the military genius of a Parma, we should still be prepared to follow and fight him—let England, Ireland, or Scotland be his object—"plucking their feathers, little by little"—repeating the tactics of those glorious seamen who, under Howard, Seymour, Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher, leapt to struggle with the foe on our native element, taught Europe a lesson which lasted two hundred years, and boasted with truth, that a hostile host, intended for the humiliation of the proud islanders, "did not even burn one sheep-cote in this land."

* *The Command of the Channel, and the Safety of our Shores.* By Lieut-Col. ALEXANDER, C.B. Bradbury & Evans, London.

NORMAN SINCLAIR.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

PART XIV.

CHAPTER XLIV.—THE STRONG MAN BOWED DOWN.

MR. EWINS received the intimation of his reprieve with great joy, which, however, was somewhat diminished, when he came to understand that confession to a magistrate could alone insure his safety. Accustomed to traverse the paths of that debatable ground which separates the realms of honesty and swindling, he had a strong antipathy to legal functionaries of every kind; and, considering that his revelations, even when leniently construed, were not likely to reflect much credit on his character, it was perhaps natural that he should display some symptoms of reluctance. However, there was nothing for it but submission; and he gave me his solemn word that he would speak with perfect candour, or at least with as near an approach to it as the infirmities of human nature would allow. It was arranged, moreover, that he should confine himself simply to the details of the scrip transaction, omitting all mention of Littlewoo, or the fraudulent arts that had been used for obtaining information as to the decisions of the Board of Trade.

I was also able in some measure to relieve the anxiety of Mr. Shearaway, by the assurance that ere long the myrmidons of the law would be hot upon the traces of Speedwell, after whose apprehension it would be comparatively easy to bring Littlewoo to a proper sense of his folly, and induce him to return to his father's roof. But I had now to undertake a much more difficult task, for the performance of which great tact and forbearance were required.

Although I was in possession of a clue by following which the

whole mystery could be discovered, I had no direct personal interest—at least none which I could openly avow—in forwarding the investigation. I was not authorised in any way to act for Mr. Beaton—nay, considering the terms upon which that gentleman and I had parted, any voluntary interference on my part with a matter so nearly affecting his character, could not be otherwise than offensive. Therefore, I had arrived at the conclusion that it was my duty, under the circumstances, to seek another interview with Mr. Beaton, even at the risk of exposing myself to further contumely and insult.

His mansion had already something of a melancholy and deserted look. No eager throng was at the door; most of the window-blinds were drawn down, and a sepulchral silence now reigned where the hum and bustle of active commerce had been so rife. The tall Swiss-like porter no longer occupied the chair in the hall, which had been taken possession of by a dirty, slovenly individual—just that kind of Cerberus whom you would expect to find on duty at a spunging-house. One or two other fellows of the same stamp were lounging in the lobby, and, from their appearance and free-and-easy deportment, it was quite obvious that some exceedingly vigilant creditor, despairing of Mr. Beaton's ultimate solvency, had put an execution into the house. From these gentlemen it was of course hopeless to expect any information; but, in answer to my repeated summons, a grave, respectable-looking man, whom I took to be Mr. Beaton's groom of the chambers, appeared, and gave me

to understand that an interview with his master was impossible.

"Mr. Beaton," he said, "was ill—in great distress—quite unable to attend to business, and had given strict orders that he was on no account to be disturbed."

"I have no wish, my friend," said I, "to be importunate; but suffer me to have a minute's conversation with you apart, out of the hearing of these men, and I do not despair of convincing you that it is absolutely necessary that I should see Mr. Beaton."

The man shook his head doubtfully, but ushered me into a small parlour, the door of which he carefully closed.

"Sir," said he, "I do not know who you are, but, being a gentleman, you would not, I am sure, intrude at a time of such sorrow. It is no secret now, for the newspapers are full of it, that Mr. Beaton has sustained great losses. His establishment is already for the most part broken up, and you will no doubt understand why these men are stationed in the hall. Now, sir, if you come upon business, I can assure you that Mr. Beaton is, for the present, quite unfit to attend to anything of the sort. I have been in his service for more than eight years, but I never saw him in such a distressing state as he is in just now. I do not think he has closed his eyes for the last two nights, and it is quite heart-breaking to hear him moaning and muttering in his room."

"But, my friend," said I, "suppose I come for the purpose and with the power of giving him relief, or, at any rate, of telling him that which will free him from the sorest anxiety?"

"I do not see how that can be, sir. What he feels, more than the loss of fortune, are the cruel reports that have been circulated reflecting on his character, and which are broadly hinted at in some of the papers."

"It is precisely on that account I am here. I have the means of

enabling him to refute those calumnies, and to expose a vile conspiracy of which he has been made the victim. But, in order to do so, I must see and confer with Mr. Beaton."

"Well, sir, if you will give me your name, I shall do my best to persuade him to see you."

"That is precisely what I cannot do," I replied. "I am known to Mr. Beaton; but if I were to send up my name without an explanation, I am almost certain that he would refuse to receive me."

The servant was evidently perplexed.

"I have positive orders," said he, "to admit no one; and I would not for the world be less attentive to my master's wishes now than in his most prosperous days. But your business, as you have stated it, sir, seems to be so important, that I should perhaps do wrong if I were to adhere strictly to his order. Therefore I shall at least make him aware that a stranger is most anxious for an interview."

He left the room, and presently returned.

"I don't know what to make of it, sir," he said. "I am not sure whether Mr. Beaton quite comprehended what I said, for he uttered no word, but simply waved his hand. I cannot tell whether he meant that as a sign of refusal or not; but, on the whole, I think I may venture to show you into his room. You must, however, be very distinct as well as short in your explanations, for I cannot help fearing that these calamities have somewhat affected his mind."

I entered the library without any announcement. There, at the table, his head resting on his hand, sat Mr. Beaton—not proud, vigorous, impulsive, and passionate, as at our former interview, but wan, listless, dejected, and apparently unconscious of my presence. He did indeed look up when he heard me enter, but there was no recognition in his eye, which presently began to wander, and he relapsed into his

former attitude. The strong man was bowed down. A ten-years' prisoner in the dungeons of the Bastille could not have worn a more melancholy aspect.

I addressed him by name; but he did not seem at first to recognise me. However, when I told him who I was, a sudden consciousness seemed to flash across him. He started and shrank, as if he had received a galvanic shock: he drew his hand across his forehead, and the light returned to his eye.

"Sinclair — Norman Sinclair?" said he. "Wretched boy! what devil has brought you here? Come you to exult over my ruin? — to gloat on the humiliation of the broken merchant? Hold — not a word! I see by your face that you are about to say you pity me. Dare not for your life—as you hope for salvation — say that to me! I am not mad yet, though the blood is seething in my brain; but your pity — yours — would make me more frantic than the veriest wretch that tosses his straw in Bedlam! Beware! madness has gifts of its own. If it robs a man of reason and awakes within him the ferocity of a beast, it endows him with the strength of a giant!"

"You quite misunderstand my purpose, Mr. Beaton," I replied. "Let what has passed between us be altogether forgotten. I come to you as I would come to an absolute stranger, bearing certain intelligence of the utmost moment, which, I pray, in justice to yourself, you will allow me to disclose."

"Oho! you have made a discovery, have you? Perhaps you have ascertained that I have been cheated by some of the hundred scoundrels in whom I was idiot enough to place confidence; and you think to gain credit for magnanimity by exposing the thefts of a petty rogue? What care I for their miserable larcenies? Let them go, and swindle elsewhere in a world that is made up of swindling! I have had enough of it. Fortune is gone; position is gone; and — O my God,

that I should live to say it! — my reputation is gone also! Boy — I bear you no love! You bearded me when my power was great — and in that perhaps you were wise — but I have not forgotten how you thwarted me! In prosperity I never would have forgiven what I held to be an insult — adversity makes me prouder still. I will take nothing from your hands. Leave me, sir! Your presence here is but an additional torment."

"No, Mr. Beaton," said I, "I shall not leave you until you have heard what I have to say. Both of us have Scottish kindred blood, and I hold, by the tradition of my country, that nothing can obliterate that tie. It is no petty larceny that I have discovered, but the actual fraud, forgery, and deep-laid scheme of villany that has led to such disastrous results. To you I wish to make the disclosure, leaving the action entirely in your power."

"Why, this is better and better!" cried Mr. Beaton. "It is not enough that I have been duped, cozened, betrayed, but you must needs come to enlighten me as to the manner of it, and explain the juggling tricks by which my fortune has been conjured away! But you know, you can know, nothing — absolutely nothing! That hound Dobbigging, whom I took from a garret to be my confidential agent, has sold me, and has fled. I care not whither he has gone. Let the deep swallow him up — let him perish in a stabber's brawl — let him haunt with the Mormons or join the Latter-Day Saints — what is his destiny to me? Heaven help me! I am too broken-hearted even to wish for vengeance!"

"It is true," I said, "that Dobbigging has fled. But there is another, his accomplice, still within reach, against whom there is damning proof. He can be convicted, and his conviction will at once clear your reputation. O sir! do not wrong me — do not wrong yourself — so far as to suppose that any meaner or baser motive than a sincere wish to serve you has impelled me to

intrude upon your privacy. I know that I offended you once, because I chose to act according to my own judgment, and you now almost admit that I was right in doing so. If my language was too bold or my manner too peremptory, surely these are faults which may be easily forgiven. Can you think that one who may unwittingly have failed in respect when he was poor and you were prosperous, would now come before you, entreating that you would listen to his story?"

Mr. Beaton regarded me wistfully for more than a minute without speaking, and then said—

"My brain is so perplexed that I cannot fathom motives. I don't understand you, young gentleman. The men whose fortunes I have made forsake and malign me; and you, whose fortune I nearly marred—though, God knows, without any ill intention—force yourself upon me, and say that you are willing and able to vindicate my honour. Come now—be candid! you must see some advantage to be derived from this. Friends, in the ordinary acceptance of the term, are always willing to oblige, until they are asked to strain friendship to that point that may compromise their credit or their purse. At one time I had friends upon whom I might rely; but it is the curse of the speculator, when he ventures upon dangerous ground, that he must thenceforth walk alone. His only followers are parasites, who desert the staggering man. And what are you? Kinsman, in some sort, you are; but you owe me no gratitude—have no good offices to thank me for. What am I to make of this?"

"You ask me for my motive," Mr. Beaton," I replied. "Is not duty a sufficient answer? If I know of a deed of villany by which an innocent man has been wronged, am I not bound by duty to disclose it to him, even though he were an utter stranger? But let that pass, for time is very precious. Of the value of my information you may form a clear estimate when I tell you that

I know the party by whom the scrip was forged and uttered, and that I have evidence to substantiate the accusation."

"And the man whom you suspect or accuse is still within the reach of justice?"

"He is—at least I have every reason to believe so. He considers himself safe from detection, for his plot was most cunningly contrived. But it will be necessary to act immediately; for, if he should once take the alarm, it may be difficult to have him apprehended; and, without a public trial, the particulars of the forgery cannot be ascertained."

"Not ascertained!" cried Mr. Beaton, almost savagely. "Let the liability fall on whom it may, if I—Richard Beaton—swear in the face of God and man that I never signed such documents, who will dare, fallen as I am from fortune, to disbelieve it?"

"Alas!" said I; "you do not yet comprehend the full infamy of the transaction. The forgery lay in the engraved body of your documents—the signature was your own!"

Beaton rose from his seat, reeled, and fell back heavily. I rushed to his assistance, and was about to give the alarm, when he caught hold of me convulsively, and said, in a choking tone—

"Stop, stop, boy!—don't—don't ring the bell!—I shan't have a fit now, if I can help it. Give me water—there!—now throw the window open! There is a sound in my ears like the surge of an angry sea! Keep quiet. I shall be better soon. You don't know me—I am subject to these attacks. Open that drawer, please—you'll find a phial—give me thirty drops in water—thirty, observe, not more! There is a measure beside it. Thanks! That, unless the doctors lie, will bring down my pulse. Now leave me for half an hour—not a word about this to my servant—and then come back. I shall be able to speak to you then."

I obeyed; but, notwithstanding his injunction, I could not help ask-

ing Barker, the valet, whether his master had recently taken medical advice?

"Not very lately, sir, though I am sure he needs it, for one day about a month ago, hearing a noise, I made bold to enter the library, and found master in a fit. Of course I sent for the doctor instantly, but he wouldn't bleed him—they never do bleed nowadays, which I think is rather queer, for when I was a boy they used to bleed us every spring. So he gave him some stuff in a small bottle, not bigger than my thumb, of which he takes rather less than might do for the drink of a wren. It does not stand to reason, sir, that that can do a man any good. But master never could abide the doctors."

"And Miss Beaton, my friend—where is she, and how does she bear this trial?"

"Like an angel, sir. She seems to think of nothing but master's distress; and would fain either be with him, or coax him out of that gloomy room, where there is so much to make him sad; but he won't listen to her; indeed he has only seen her once since the crash came. I am sure I wish he would move about the house a little, were it only for the dear young lady's sake; for Mrs. Walton is in a terrible taking, and vows that she has been ruined by her friends, though I don't see how that can be, unless she has found a fortune since she came to this house. It's a hard thing, when grief comes, to be set upon by an angered woman."

Poor Barker, though at other times the most discreet of servants, was evidently under the influence of that contagious sympathy which brooks no control; and would, I doubt not, have proceeded to favour me with a fuller account of the proceedings of Mrs. Walton, had I not deemed it right to waive all further discourse, and return to the library.

I found Mr. Beaton to all appearance much better—indeed wonderfully composed; and his manner towards me was quite altered.

"Sit down, Mr. Sinclair," he said, "and let me say a few words before

we attend to this woeful business. Your visit, sir, has done me some good. When you came into this room, I was—I shall not shrink from owning it—driven to the very brink of despair. I have heard that over men in such a state the tempter has an awful power; and now I know that it is so, for I felt as if goaded on by an irresistible impulse to try the coward's remedy, and hide the disgrace of the bankrupt within the grave of the suicide. Do not, however, suppose that mere misfortune, or even the treachery of those whom I had trusted, would have made me act so vilely. What nearly drove me mad was the thought—nay, the certainty—that the men with whom I had been associating as equals—my political friends—they who were wont to come to me for advice, and fawn upon me for favours—would henceforth regard me with contempt and scorn! Ay, and it was no fancy! Once, and but once, before I knew the worst, but not before rumour had been busy with my name, I went down to the House, thinking that my appearance there might at all events tend to silence calumny. By heaven, sir, I was already an attainted man! I heard my name mentioned among groups in the lobby, who broke up and dispersed as I approached. I essayed to speak to a minister of the crown; he was busy, and could not attend to me now! That pompous owl, Sir George Smoothly, who the day before would have caught me by both hands and poured forth his dull inanities, now measured his sense of the distance between us by a bow as stiff and ceremonious as that with which he would have dismissed an importunate deputation. Some few hearty old fellows, but they were not of our set, nodded to me, and spoke kindly; but what galled me most of all was the exorbitant affection and interest exhibited in my behalf by the Treasury Whip, who, taking me aside, implored me to tell him in what possible way he could be of service to me! I could not answer

at the moment as I should have done, for my voice failed me for anger, which was not diminished when he whispered confidentially in my ear that he hoped I would give him due intimation when I should apply for the Chiltern Hundreds! The full sense of my degradation flashed upon me. I left the House, never to enter it again.

"Then came the domestic torture—clamorous creditors—an execution—and, worst of all to endure, the cold-blooded taunts of a selfish woman, who, profiting by my prosperity, regarded my downfall only as it affected herself, and dwelt upon it as a heinous wrong. But enough of this! I am becoming garrulous—a sure token that my mind is giving way.

"But it shall not fail me yet! My honour must be cleared before I lapse into the state of the hopeless babbling idiot. You say that you have the means of showing me how to accomplish that. Do so; and you will render me a service immeasurably greater than I ever received from man. But, I warn you, look not for gratitude from me. The woodman, who took the frozen serpent into his bosom, and warmed it till it could use its fangs, was taught at last the true value of that vaunted commodity; nor was his lesson a more cruel one than mine! That word shall never more pass my lips in the way of profession, nor shall it again beguile my ear. Knowing this, do you still adhere to your offer?"

"I do."

"Reflect that you are holding out your hand to a drowning man! If you are not confident in your own strength, his clutch may be a fatal one. Pause ere you decide. There must be no paltering here—no vain conceits of boyish chivalry! If you undertake the responsibility of clearing my fame, and yet fail in doing so—young man, the curse of a broken heart will haunt you to your grave!"

"Mr. Beaton," I replied, not unawed by the solemnity of his words,

"the issue of all things depends upon a higher will than ours, and it would be rash presumption to deny the possibility of failure. But I have not undertaken this matter lightly. My conviction is that I can furnish you with the means of exposing a base conspiracy, and of vindicating your honour from any slanderous imputation. More I cannot undertake. It will remain with you, after you have heard my story, to determine what course you should pursue."

"You offer fairly," said Mr. Beaton, after a pause; "and more it would be unreasonable to expect. But you must make your communication elsewhere. Ay, sir, the truth will out! This brain of mine is in such a whirl that I could not follow your statement. I must have rest—rest and sleep—ere I can devise anything. If nature will not come to my aid, art must do her office, and that I shall presently try. But you say this business will not brook delay. Well, then, I have yet one friend in whom I think I can put some trust. Honest, plain-spoken John Poins, whose warnings I have so often laughed to scorn, will, out of old regard, take some interest in my character. Go to him—say it was my wish—and tell him all. What he advises, that will I readily confirm; for I have lost faith in my own judgment, and must learn betimes to accommodate myself to my new character. Fool—ay, fool will be the word—if I escape being branded as a knave!"

"Nay, Mr. Beaton——"

"Hush, my good lad! I think I know what you would say, but let us have no more delusions now! I believe you are honest, and wish me well. More I may say hereafter; but farewell for the present. Bid my servant come to me—perhaps I may be able to sleep now."

"Oh!" I heard him murmur, as I left the room, "but for *her* sake, who must not think that her father was a dishonoured man, I would be content to sleep indeed, and never waken more!"

CHAPTER XLV.—AN UNEXPECTED CONFIDENCE.

At the door, near which the ill-favoured Israelitish sentinel was still on duty, I encountered Mr. Lumley, who had called for the purpose of inquiring after the family, and to leave his card. I owed that gentleman some apology for not having earlier availed myself of his frank offer of hospitality, which he evidently meant to be the prelude to a more intimate acquaintanceship; and I was glad to have an opportunity, after we left the house, of pleading my excuse on the ground of pressing avocations. Lumley, who of all men I ever knew, was the least touchy, merely laughed, and said—

"I have seen so much of literary men, Mr. Sinclair, and am so well acquainted with their habits, that I never consider them as amenable to the laws of punctilio in minor matters. I will not quarrel with a man because he does not choose to cut up his forenoon by calling on me, or even because he won't name a day for dining; but I am not philosopher enough to pardon the eccentricity which leaves me, in the capacity of a Lucullus, to the contemplation of a solitary banquet. I regard a dinner-engagement as a thing almost sacred; but as you have given me no absolute pledge, I have as yet nothing to complain of. But a truce to apologies; the rather because, from meeting you here, I conclude that you dissent from the general opinion that misfortune is of itself sufficient to loosen the bonds of courtesy."

I replied that I had business with Mr. Beaton, which was the object of my recent call.

"Ah, indeed!" said Lumley, "And is it fair to ask how he seems to bear his reverses?"

"More quietly, on the whole, than I should have expected, Mr. Lumley. But the blow was a dreadful one to a man of his proud and imperious disposition."

"Doubtless. People of the Napoleonic stamp, who have never known what contradiction is, cannot look ruin in the face. They have so long denied Providence, that they consider themselves arbiters of their own fate; and when they find themselves inextricably fixed in the toils, they regard life itself as a chattel which they are entitled to throw away. That was the old pagan heroic notion; and it is not quite exploded yet. Brutus ran upon his sword—he knew no better. With us, God's chastisements for presumption are acknowledged by a dose of prussic acid, or the discharge of a trumpery pistol."

"I trust and believe, Mr. Lumley, nothing of the kind is to be apprehended here."

"Perhaps not. It is a matter of temperament, and question of interest and affection. Then you have not seen Miss Beaton?"

"I have not. To tell the truth, I have not been on visiting terms with the family."

"And yet you are a relation! That seems strange."

"It may be so. But I should imagine that Mr. Lumley must know many instances of mere kindred existing without intimacy."

"Nay, I have no desire to penetrate into secrets. But it grieves me to think what the consequences of this reverse may be to Miss Beaton. So young, so beautiful, so gifted—so utterly uncathed by the frivolity and heartlessness of those with whom she has been compelled to mingle—what a fearful revelation is about to dawn upon her! Faces that she never yet saw except wreathed in smiles, will now be averted; hands that were eagerly held out for her acceptance will be withdrawn; the voice of flattery will be hushed; and she, than whom the angels are not more innocent and blameless, will be made to suffer that penalty which the

world, often lenient to crime, inexorably inflicts upon misfortune!"

The tone in which Lumley uttered these words clearly evinced the genuineness of his feeling, but I did not hear him without experiencing a certain strange emotion. Whence this warm and unusual interest towards Mary on the part of a man who had hitherto maintained the character of a casual acquaintance, openly disavowing the wish to cultivate a closer intimacy? It suited Mr. Lumley to represent himself, half sportively, as a confirmed bachelor, whose attentions to the fair sex, though always marked by an air of chivalric courtesy, which became him exceedingly well, and was indeed part of his nature, were to be construed simply as acts of general homage, without reference to any one particular idol; but the very frequency of that assertion was calculated to raise doubts as to its sincerity. He was in the prime of life, eminently handsome, with a mind highly cultivated, and the most polished and winning manners. He was in possession of a large and unencumbered fortune, with the prospect, not very remote, of succeeding to a title; and he was universally regarded as one of the most agreeable and popular men of the day. That he had hitherto escaped matrimony was, I knew, considered almost as a marvel, so multitudinous had been the silken snares that were set for him; but he moved through them all with a superb and smiling indifference, very galling indeed to the experienced maternal huntresses, who were justifiably provoked that so noble an animal should still remain at large. But no one doubted that Lumley, if he so pleased, might make easy conquest of the heart of any woman; and many believed that his gay *insouciance* was feigned, and that one day or other, when he should discover an object worthy of his affections, he would enact the part of lover with an energy and devotion rarely manifested in these degenerate and unimpulsive times.

I own, therefore, that I felt a slight qualm of jealousy come over me, which was not diminished when Mr. Lumley proceeded as follows:—

"If there is one thing more than another calculated to make a man loathe the organised hypocrisies that surround us, it is the sordid baseness of those fellows who, destitute of sufficient wit or manliness to push their own fortunes, lie in wait for heiresses. Compared with them, the led-captain and parasitical haunter of great houses—the satellite who is ready to drive, ride, hunt, jest, drink, or play the buffoon, in return for his board and lodging—is truly a noble character. He, at all events, shows no false colours; the other is a pirate and a villain! To simulate ardent love, without even the slightest glow of affection—to conceal the most frightful rapacity under the guise of a generous disinterestedness—to profess virtues which they secretly despise, and to decry vices which they habitually practise—these are the tricks which fortune-hunters use; and, stale though they be, they still command success, for woman is fond and credulous, and the knave who knows how to touch her vanity can easily win possession of her heart. Never, in the course of my long experience of London society, have I known a girl more beset by such suitors than Miss Beaton; and as the prize was supposed to be a great one, the efforts to win it were proportionally desperate. Now, out of all that crowd of professed adorers, how many, think you, would this day step forward to claim her hand? Not one! Nay, had an engagement been made, however solemn in its nature, the plighted honour would be violated without hesitation, remorse, or shame."

"If, however," said I, "no such engagement exists, there can be no desertion. As for the defection of her admirers, if they be what you describe them, Miss Beaton can have no cause to regret their withdrawal."

"You think so?" said Lumley.

"Well, that is a man's view of the case, but I suspect women are not quite so philosophical. The classic poets tell us that the gods were fond of incense, without caring much by whom it was offered, and that they became very angry when their altars ceased to smoke. Something of the same feeling, I apprehend, belongs to women. Neglect is hard to bear. In Catholic countries that cause alone provides inmates for half the nunneries."

"They are, at all events, convenient receptacles for worn-out coquettes," was my reply. "But I must bid you good-day, Mr. Lumley—I am somewhat in haste."

"Nay, I can mend my pace, as our way seems to be the same. But you don't seem to relish my talk; and indeed no wonder, for I have been descanting very generally upon the subject of morals, which is always idle and tedious. Now I, being a singular sort of person, and apt to say strange things at strange times, feel a strong impulse to tell you, that now, since the field is clear, and no possible misconception can exist as to my motives, I see no reason why I should not approach your fair cousin, and in all humility pray her to enrich me by the inestimable gift of her hand."

"What! you, Mr. Lumley—you?"

"Even so, Mr. Sinclair, of course I shall not pretend that I am possessed by the devouring passion of youth, which would be ridiculous in a man of my years, and moreover is no way complimentary, because youthful passion is usually as brief as it is intense, and burns out like a fire of straw. But I am confident of this, that if the happiness of any woman is intrusted to me, it will be safe in my keeping. I should not even ask for a declaration of affection. Confidence is all I require, and I would trust to time to do the rest. One thing only is indispensable. The woman to whom I pay my addresses must have her heart wholly free."

Imagine my consternation on hearing this avowal! Of what avail

was it to me that Lord Pentland should have been obeckmated, and the herd of Gorgets, Pophams, and Linklaters dispersed, if this unexpected and most formidable rival were to present himself at a moment when his splendid qualities could not but appear enhanced by the devotion which dictated such an offer? In spite of myself, I could not help recognising and admiring the noble nature of the man, contrasting as it did so strongly with the selfishness and cowardice of the rest.

"Mr. Lumley," said I, "you must be aware that I am not a fit person for confidences of this kind."

"That, Mr. Sinclair, seems to me to depend very much on the state of your own feelings. Look you, sir: I am quite aware that this is an extraordinary avowal, such as not one man out of a thousand would make to another, situated as we both are, at least according to my conjecture and conviction; but more than half the miseries of life, and many of the most incurable, arise from want of candour, caused, it may be, by shyness or false delicacy, but not on that account the less pernicious. I am no babbler; but when I think an explanation is desirable, either for my own sake or that of another, I never hesitate to offer or to request it. I have told you without reserve my views upon a subject so delicate as to be almost sacred. I have done so, because I wish to ascertain whether those views do not interfere with your own."

"I must needs confess, Mr. Lumley, that you do not exaggerate when you call this an extraordinary avowal! Were you other than I believe you to be, I should peremptorily decline further discourse upon such a topic: as it is, I guard myself from all admissions, and ask, in the first place, what it is that you conjecture or suspect?"

"Then I shall speak frankly to you, as a man whom I hold to be of approved honour. I believe—why, it matters not—that you love Miss Beaton, and hope to win her. No

one can challenge your right to do so, and no one can upbraid you with presumption. But I need not tell you that another man may have the same right, provided his motives are equally sincere. Now, I am not about to propose to you that we should sit down, like swains in a pastoral, and dispute as to the intensity of our respective passions. I shall at once admit that yours is the stronger; mine, as I have already hinted to you, is of a sober kind, and, if I can trust myself, very nearly unselfish, because her future happiness is the sole object of my solicitude. Were the lady—let us style her so—less perfect than she is, I might think that wealth, position, and so forth, such as I have to offer, would have some weight in determining her choice; but, as she is, I dismiss such a thought as profanation. Are you disposed to imitate my frankness, and say whether this conjecture as to the state of your feelings is the true one?"

"You urge me closely, sir," said I—"more closely than the ordinary usages of society warrant. How if I decline holding any further communication on the subject?"

"Then," replied Lumley, "I shall simply conclude that I have failed to read Mr. Norman Sinclair's character aright."

"Hear, then, the truth; for, since we have gone so far, there need be no disguise. Mr. Lumley—I do love Miss Beaton—have loved her long, and shall strive by God's help to win her. Are you answered?"

"Yes," replied Lumley. "I expected nothing less, and I thank you for your candour. It must be plain to you, Mr. Sinclair, that, after what has passed between us, we never can be rivals. It is because I respect you that I have spoken so freely—nay, importunately; and your answer shows that you have a generous and a noble heart. Be not afraid that I shall thrust myself between you and your happiness. Not by word, or look, or sign shall you have cause to suspect that Henry Lumley has abused your confidence, or used

it so as to cast even the slightest obstacle in your path. May you be happy and prosperous: so much I can say without a pang."

"But wherefore did you tell me this?" said I. "Why force me to a confession which I may hereafter regret, seeing that, however deeply a man may love, success is what he cannot command?"

"And supposing that you were to fail," said Lumley, "think you that you could regret your love? Ah no, believe it not! Pure and devoted love is of the essence of the Deity—holy as prayer, exalted as adoration. What though it may be blighted, or cut short, or doomed to bitter disappointment—the memory of it may bring tears to the eye, but it never can flush the cheek with shame. But I think I understand your meaning. You would be content to grieve and sigh alone, but your pride is wounded by the thought that another should know your sorrow. Alas! and would you have it believed that you are exempt from the trials of humanity—that you cannot suffer, be thwarted, weep, mourn, and lament, like the rest of your fellows? My friend, he who is so exempt—if there ever was such a being—stands in fearful peril, for the chastisements so long delayed are accumulating above him, and will burst like thunder on his head."

"Mr. Lumley," said I, "I shall be as frank with you as you possibly can desire. You have this day shown yourself to me in a new phase of character. Words have been spoken between us which never can be recalled or forgotten. You have forced your secret upon me, and you have compelled me to surrender mine. I am therefore entitled to a full explanation. Do you withdraw your claim to Miss Beaton's hand?"

"I cannot withdraw it, Mr. Sinclair," replied Lumley; "for this excellent reason, that I have not yet preferred it. But come—we must have no jealousy here. You ought, I think, to be convinced that I mean fairly by you; otherwise what could have been easier for me

than to have addressed myself at once to old Mr. Beaton, or that very clever sister of his, Mrs. Walton, who would move heaven and earth to effect a wealthy marriage for her niece? They, at all events, would not have been averse to listen to such a proposal. It is not too much to assume that I would have enlisted the family influence in my favour—a very considerable advantage, let me tell you, in the prosecution of a matrimonial scheme. All this I forego, not for your sake, but because I have reason to think—not from my own observation, but from what I have gathered elsewhere—that you have gained as much of the lady's favour as to meet with no discouragement. Had it been otherwise, I might have taken a different course. As it is, I repeat that I am not, and never can be, your rival."

"I understand you now! From the bottom of my heart I thank you, Mr. Lumley; and if I have appeared, even for a moment, to misapprehend your motives, my excuse must be that very few men, if indeed any other than yourself, would have spoken or acted thus."

"Ah, well!" said Lumley, relapsing into his usual manner. "It is a gratifying thing to know that I have at last met with a human being who will or can understand me. Do you know, Mr. Sinclair, it is my hard fate that no one gives me credit for sincerity. When I talk in the ordinary light vein which suits my temperament, I am regarded as a scoffer; when I speak warmly, and from the impulse of my heart, I am set down as a rank hypocrite. Such is my punishment for having neglected to tone down my conversation to the commonplace level of that of society, which tolerates neither flights nor fancies, is nervously apprehensive of satire, and recoils from enthusiasm as the manifestation of a troubled and disordered spirit. I am too old to mend now, else I would seriously apply myself to the cultivation of inanity. Farewell, Mr. Sinclair!

This conference, if we consider it rightly, ought to make us friends for ever."

"I have not words, Mr. Lumley, to express what I feel —"

"Then say nothing more! It is enough that we understand each other. You know where I am to be found if you wish to see me; and, recollect, you have now a perfect right to apply to me in any difficulty."

We shook hands cordially, and parted.

It was not until days had elapsed that I was able fully to appreciate or realise the splendid generosity and exalted nobleness of this man's character. The explanation is, that I had, for the present, enough, and more than enough, on my hands to engross my whole attention. By an extraordinary combination of chances, I had become acquainted with the details of a conspiracy which I had pledged myself to Mr. Beaton to unravel. Upon the success of my endeavour depended the vindication of his fair fame, which had been publicly impeached, and also the fulfilment of the one hope which was now the turning-point of my existence. I had also to rescue, if that could be done, an unfortunate youth from the toils of a desperate villain; and, as yet, I had formed no distinct plan of operations. It is a true saying that the energies of men are roused in proportion to the greatness of the emergency; but one grand condition of their activity is, that they must not be distracted or diverted from the leading object. So this conversation with Mr. Lumley, which at another time would have engrossed the whole of my thought, passed from me with little effort, as, I fear, is the sorry requital of most instances of self-abnegation—very gladly received at the moment, but seldom afterwards acknowledged, as an undeniable claim for gratitude. One effect, however, it had, and that was, of strengthening my determination to prosecute this adventure to the uttermost.

CHAPTER XLVI.—A DETECTIVE OFFICER.

Lawyers, like crabs, make more noise than speed, and sometimes, to the vulgar eye, appear to retrograde instead of advancing. Many an ardent lover, on the eve of marriage, has had cause to curse the slow movements of those high priests of Themis, who, once in possession of those voluminous sheets of parchment from which the materials for a settlement are to be drawn, seem to be plunged in an enchanted reverie and lose themselves amidst the tangled thickets and brakes of conveyancing. Yet, on an emergency, it is wonderful to see how keenly the lawyer can brace himself to his work; how rapidly his acute and practised intellect seizes upon the salient points of his case, rejecting all superfluities; with what unerring instinct he arrives at a conclusion; and how clearly he perceives the course which ought, under the peculiar circumstances, to be pursued.

Misled by the extraordinary caution which he had exhibited at our first interview, I had done Mr. Poins the gross injustice of mistaking him for a sort of fossil; but no sooner was he made aware of the nature of my present business, and its vast importance to Mr. Beaton, than he threw all other matters aside, and entered into the details with as much zest and zeal as though he had been a new-fledged barrister with his first brief before him. Not content with hearing my version of the story, he insisted upon personally interrogating both Flusher and Ewins; the former of whom stuck in all points to his text, whilst the latter exhibited some slight symptoms of dodging and lapses of memory, principally relative, however, to his own share in the transaction. But, on the whole, there was no discrepancy of any real importance.

"This is indeed a providential discovery," said Mr. Poins, after the examination was completed. "Not

that I think there was anything in the circumstances of the case to justify a suspicion that my unfortunate friend was cognisant of the fraud, but the world is very censorious, and has no mercy for those who fall from a high position. Besides, many people have lost money through Mr. Beaton's failure, and it is no wonder that they should be rancorous. Men so situated, when they despair of recovering their stake, consider themselves entitled to make free with the character of the person by whose advice or example they have been guided, and hate him with an inveteracy all the stronger because their former blind belief is a direct reflection upon their judgment. I am deeply concerned for Beaton, my old schoolfellow and true friend, though we did not always agree in opinion. But he was a wilful man, and would not listen to any warning."

"What, then, do you advise under present circumstances, Mr. Poins?"

"Why, Beaton must be cleared, at all hazards. His fortune is past praying for, poor fellow; but we cannot let his character go. This scrip transaction must be thoroughly explained to the satisfaction of the public; and the evidence you have been fortunate enough to collect is sufficient, I think, to convict that scoundrel Speedwell of the felony. I wish, though, we had a more reliable witness than your American acquaintance, who has been treading upon very slippery ground, and even by his own account is not far short of an accomplice. I promise you he would hardly escape scathless from a rigid cross-examination. However, his latitudinarian notions will not avail Master Speedwell, and most criminal convictions depend upon the testimony of minor knaves. We must immediately apply for a warrant to have Speedwell apprehended upon a charge of felony."

"And how is that to be carried

into effect? I am assured that the man has disappeared from London."

"Unless he has fairly fled the country, I have little doubt that he can be secured. The sagacity of some of our detective officers is quite wonderful, and their means of procuring information extraordinary; and I know one on whom I have the most perfect reliance. But I understood you to hint that, apart from Mr. Beaton's case, you had reason to wish that Speedwell should be brought to justice, and that you suspected him of foul play towards some other party for whom you felt an interest. Is it not so?"

"You are quite correct in your surmise, Mr. Poin. A great deal depends upon that man's apprehension."

"Well, then, after we have obtained the warrant, you shall see the officer; and if he thinks that your presence can be useful, and will not impede the arrest, I see no reason why you should not accompany him. I daresay, now, you feel quite elated at the prospect of such an adventure."

"Not elated, Mr. Poin," said I. "But, having what I consider to be a sacred duty to perform—at all events, having pledged my honour not to abandon the task which I have undertaken—it is certainly my desire to be assured, by personal observation, that nothing has been left undone."

"Enough said," replied Poin. "Come to me this evening at eight. By that time the warrant will be made out, and the officer in attendance."

I would have given worlds had I been able, but for ten minutes, to gain an interview with Mary Beaton. I felt now as if I were, at last, her enlisted champion, entitled to a word of favour before I departed for the field. But that was utterly impossible; and, moreover, I had more prosaic business on hand. First and foremost, I had to coax Shearaway out of his resolution to return immediately to Edinburgh, which he had formed for divers reasons.

His clients, he said, were complaining of his protracted absence. In particular, one who had a case before the Court of Sessions, founded on the edict "*nautæ caupones stabularii*," touching the non-delivery by a railway company of a box of oranges, had written a letter intimating that his interests were not duly cared for, and threatening a Petition and Complaint against his neglectful doer. Then he felt his health suffering from over-banqueting, and the impossibility of getting free Saturday exercise at the noble game of golf, which he practised regularly; and, lastly, he said that it was a very extraordinary thing, and disgraceful in a Protestant country, that a quiet elderly gentleman could not go home at night, through St. James's street or the Quadrant, without being accosted by a parcel of French Jezebels, who did their utmost to lug him into a lobster-house, or some similar haunt of abomination.

"We are all frail creatures, Norman," said Mr. Shearaway; "and there's a madame, by no means ill-looking, who makes up to me every night. Troth, laddie, I think it is full time that I was buckling up, and clear of such temptations!"

Having with some difficulty persuaded Shearaway to postpone his departure, I had next to hunt up Davie Osett, who, being a fellow of readiness and resource, might, I thought, be of use to me in the course of the expedition. Davie required no exhortation. He was delighted with the prospect of active service, and promised to be ready to start at a moment's notice. It would have been unkind as well as impolitic to have quitted London without administering a few crumbs of comfort to the disconsolate Ewins, who was sorely chop-fallen, not only from the consciousness of having landed himself in an exceedingly ugly scrape, but also for lack of occupation and excitement, he being for the present debarred from all traffickings on the Stock Exchange. However, being a shifty man, and

one not given to waste the precious hours in unavailing sorrow, I found him engaged in concocting a prospectus for the establishment of a new joint-stock bank in Pennsylvania, the principal feature being that the shareholders were to have credit for twice the amount of the capital subscribed, the notes being declared inconvertible.

"I reckon it's the best plan ever yet chalked out for the unlimited circulation of paper," quoth Ewins; "and the beauty of it is, that you can nohow be made to book-up, for a chap who is his own creditor can take things mighty easy."

Satisfied that Ewins was safe in the mean time, and that there was no risk of his bolting without notice, I made my own simple preparations, and then repaired to the chambers of Mr. Poins.

Seated by the fire and reflectively sucking the knob of an enormous walking-staff, was a stout middle-aged man of a ruddy countenance, from which, however, all symptoms of intelligence seemed to be banished. So little of distinctive peculiarity was there in his features, that you might have met him twenty times without being able to recognise him, unless, indeed, you had encountered a fixed stare from his eyes, which were unlike any that I ever saw in the head of a human being. They resembled those of a cat, the pupils being oblong instead of round, and capable of extraordinary expansion; and when turned full upon you, the light which they emitted was more than magnetic—it appeared to have the power and effect of fascination. As if conscious of this miraculous gift, Mr. Pocock—for such was the name of the acute detective officer—generally kept his eyes half shut; and, seeing him thus, a casual observer would probably have set him down as a sleepy-headed person, whose natural torpidity had been deepened by copious libations of the strongest and the heaviest ale. In reality, Pocock was as little addicted to sleep as any weasel. His brain was constantly

at work, like the lava seething within the heart of the placid Vesuvius.

Mr. Poins introduced this worthy as my travelling companion, who was already instructed how to act, subject to my advice and control.

"I could have done the job myself, sir," observed Mr. Pocock, "without troubling the gentleman; but it's like he wants to see what sort of a game has been playing before I nab my man. This Speedwell's an old stager, but somehow or other he has contrived till now to keep on the windy side of the law; least-ways there has been nothing boxed home to him, though I've more than once been put up to make enquiries. He's a leary cove, and works by himself, so that it is main difficult to stag him. Howsomever, unless I am out in my reckoning, he has been rubbing shoulders with the gallows. He has wakened up the insurance companies, and that means hanging."

"To what do you allude, Mr. Pocock?" asked Poins.

"Why, Mr. Poins, it's not my way to talk of professional business out of the office, but as we are all rowing in the same boat, it's as well you should know what sort of a chap this Speedwell really is. When I first know'd him, he was hanging about the bill-discounters, helping them to fleece greenhorns, and I dessay he made something in that line. But then he took to sporting, went on the turf, and, for all that he was a sharp hand and stood well with the jocks, I hear that his betting-book did not balance on the right side. Fact is, he was too greedy to win. Well, you see, being short of the ready, he had to fall back on his old friends the bill-discounters, who made him pay through the nose for what money they lent him—thirty per cent was about the lowest rate. That went on so long as he could persuade any young fellow to put his name to the paper; but he soon ran short of flats, and then he had to come down with some security, or not a brass farthing could he raise. I then los-

sight of him for about a year or so, till, being down on a little job at the York races, who should I spy but Speedwell, the biggest swell on the course, betting away at no allowance, with a roll of fimsies in his hand. 'My lad,' thinks I, 'it doesn't need a deep un to guess that you've been cutting out work for me, for them there leaves are not of a kind that ever grow'd in your own garden!' In course, I said nothing, and pretended not to see him. Well, about two months after that, I was sent for by the manager of one of the big insurance offices.

"'Pocock,' says he—for you must understand that he know'd me well, as I had done business for him before—'Pocock, do you happen to know a man of the name of Speedwell?'"

"'Do I know my grandmother?' said I—'that cove's down in my perspective list.'"

"'Then he's other than a good one?' said the manager.

"'As bad as may be,' said I. 'I s'pose you haven't been lending him money, sir?'"

"'Not quite so green as that comes to,' said the manager. 'But do you consider him just an ordinary rogue, or something worse than that?'"

"'That's a kevestion, sir,' says I, 'that ain't easy answered. Men doesn't go in for the gallows all at once. They begins small, and gets on from one thing to another, till the devil himself wouldn't like to be seen in their company. But it's fair to tell you that there's nothing down in our books against Speedwell as yet.'"

"'Harkye, Pocock!' says the manager, 'you're a shrewd intelligent fellow, and know more about human nature than many a parson. Would it surprise you to hear that this man Speedwell had been guilty of murder?'"

"'Nothing surprises me,' says I. 'I've known a respectable Quaker do that, and go to Meeting within half an hour after. It's not the thing I look to—it's the motive.'"

"'Very well put!' says he. 'Now, I'll tell you how the matter stands. Eighteen months ago, this Speedwell effected an insurance with us on the life of a person, whom he represented to be a gentleman of means residing in the north of England, for two thousand pounds. The papers seemed all right, so we passed the proposal. Only one premium was paid; for, nine months after, we received intimation that the gentlemen had died of apoplexy. That was unlucky; but companies like ours must lay their account with such losses, and we paid the money. A short time ago, I happened in conversation with a brother manager, to mention the circumstance, and he immediately pricked up his ears. "What did you say was the name of the insurer?" he asked. "Speedwell," said I. "By all that's infamous!" he cried, "he has served us the same trick. His nominee died, also of apoplexy, within three months!" Of course we had an investigation. There really had been such men, but they were people of no substance—not worth fifty pounds a-piece. We examined the doctor who had certified to their decease, for it is remarkable that they both belonged to the same neighbourhood. He bore a respectable character, but was very old, and nearly in his dotage. He was quite positive, however, as to the deaths by apoplexy. There now—what do you think of that, Pocock?'"

"'Have you inquired,' says I, 'if there is any more insurances?'"

"'Yes—two on the same life, and that a young one, and taken out from different offices.'"

"'Then it's my opinion, sir, that apoplexy's all my eye! Rely upon it the two gents has been made cold meat of, other than the ordinary way. Mayhap, after taking their grog with Speedwell, their neckcloths may have become inconveniently tight.'"

"'That's just my own notion,' says the manager; 'but it's too late now to make a row about it. Here'

for your trouble, Pocock; but keep an eye on that fellow—I hope he won't escape you long.'

"If he does, sir," said I, 'he will be the first of his litter that ever threw me out after I had fairly settled on the scent.'

"And that, Mr. Poins, is what I knows about Speedwell."

"Good heavens!" cried I, "is it possible that such villainies can be perpetrated? Why, the horrible narratives of the middle ages contain nothing more fiendishly atrocious!"

"I doesn't see what middle age has to do with it, master," said the matter-of-fact Pocock, refreshing his nose with a comfortable modicum of snuff. "According to my experience, the young uns is as bad as the old uns, and even a thought worse; for when a man gets up in years he doesn't care about the blowens, and it's the blowens mostly that is at the bottom of all mischief."

"Then let us start, instantly!" said I. "There has been too much delay already. I shall never know a moment's peace until this man is apprehended; for, beyond what he has to answer for in the matter of Mr. Beaton, I strongly suspect that he has with him a wretched lad whom he may be implicating in his dark designs, if, indeed, no worse befall him!"

"It ain't no use being in a flurry, master," said Pocock, composedly. "The train we are to go by don't start till 10.15, and it wants a full hour of that yet. Mr. Poins, sir, you were good enough to ask me if I would take any refreshment. I never drinks when on duty; but I is always the better of a night-cap before a long drive on the rail. I only sleeps when I has nothing else to do. So, if you please, I'll not object to a glass of brandy-and-water. Now, sir," continued he, addressing himself pointedly to me, "take a hint from a man who has seen many a queer thing in his day, and never splash about when it can do no good. Wital energy is like bottled porter—keep it close corked till you want

to have it out, else half the spirit goes away in froth. I warrant, now, for all your keenness, you don't guess where we are bound for?"

I was forced to confess my ignorance.

"And I don't know, neither," said Pocock. "But I shall know in ten minntes, or thereby; for our business is done by system, and we have a scout department that keeps us, the head men as it were, alive to the motions of our lambs. Let me advise you, master. You're just a thought too excited; and I recommend, in your case, a double night-cap. You'll be all the better for it, and wake to-morrow as fresh as a daisy."

Here the colloquy was interrupted by the sudden appearance of Davie Osett, clad in a stupendous pea-jacket, and ready for any kind of devilry.

"I'm blithe to find you here, Mr. Norman," said he. "I was feared I might be late, for I had to din the work for twa days into the years of three as stupid idiots as ever handled a pair of compasses. But it's all right now; and I am glad to see that ye have gotten a professional thief-taker, if I dinna misinterpret the calling of this respectable gentleman."

I doubt whether Pocock, in the whole course of his career, had ever met with a similar, though most undesigned, insult. He met it with silence, only turning the full artillery of his eyes upon the offending borderer.

"Lord sake, man!" said Davie "what's the use o' glowering at me like a wull-cat? I'm nae o' your law-breakers, I trow, to be scared by the glint of your een."

"Hush, Osett," said I; "Mr. Pocock's professional eminence entitles him to the highest respect, and it very ill becomes you to use language calculated to give him offence."

"I am sure I meant nae," said Davie; "so I ask the gentleman's pardon. Ye maun forgie me, sir, for bluntness of speech, but we folk frae the north have a queer trick o'

calling things by their ordinary names."

"Enough said, young man!" replied Pocock, with a gracious wave of the hand. "The Scotch is a creditable people, though a little behind the rest of the world; and mayhap they don't quite comprehend the value and dignity of the profession."

"Ye are no far wrang there," said Davie.

Here a note was handed in to the detective officer.

"All right!" said he—"the bird has been marked down, and we shall come upon him at Tadcaster. Now, Mr. Poins, sir, I'll just drink your

good health, wishing you many such jobs as this, with me to carry them through, and then we must be jogging. Keep your mind easy, sir; the arrest is as good as made."

So saying, Mr. Pocock slowly drained his glass, which he set down with a sigh of satisfaction, wound an enormous comforter round his neck, buttoned up his coat, and, taking the precedence due to his years and official position, led the way to the cab that was in waiting for us without.

"He may be a glegg chield that, in his way," whispered Davie, "but, my certie, he's no fit to hold the candle to M'Levy!"

RECENT NATURAL HISTORY BOOKS.

THE rapid multiplication of works on Natural History, learned and light, valuable and superficial, must be viewed with pleasure and disgust by two classes of naturalists; with pleasure by those whose enthusiasm would gladly make all men more or less naturalists, and who welcome every sign of increasing popularity to their favourite study; with disgust by those "field naturalists" who despise book-knowledge, and who are frequently irritated by the scepticism or contradiction of men who have *only* book-knowledge. The former see in every work, however trivial, an index of the growing desire for knowledge and an incitement to original observation. The latter see in every work (not written by themselves) a fresh source of inaccurate second-hand information, puffing men up with the conceit of knowledge, and thereby keeping them from the only true source of wisdom—direct personal investigation. Although, on the whole, we side with the former class—partly because it was Literature which led us to the direct study of Nature, and partly, perhaps, because our own knowledge is mainly of this despised second-hand kind,

which in the immense area of research must necessarily be the case with most men—yet we are ready to admit that the "field naturalists" have much cause for grumbling, when they hear the glib discourses of men who are repeating what they have read, instead of saying what they have seen. Book-knowledge may be despised when it is a substitute for actual work: as an aid and incitement to work, it is valuable, indispensable. But it can be no more. It may give the poet images, the philosopher suggestive analogies, the general reader amusement; but it can give no genuine *knowledge* of Natural History. All that is not obtained by direct investigation is meagre, shadowy, unfertile; how shadowy and unfertile, is best seen when direct knowledge comes to replace this echo of other men's voices.

On the other hand, to forego the use of books altogether would be childish; to attempt to do without second-hand knowledge would be futile. Books are the storehouses in which the fruits of human labour are garnered: they are the records of the experience of mankind; but before we can profit by this experi-

ence, we must learn to interpret it by experience of our own. Positive knowledge, once gained, becomes a key by which we may decipher the records, and so gain help from the labours of predecessors; but only help in our own labour, not a substitute for labour. To know one thing directly, is to be enabled to know indirectly many other things resembling it; and this indirect knowledge may be learned from books.

For example, the newly-established quarterly journal of Biological Science, *The Natural History Review*,* which has several editors superintending its various departments (Huxley, Busk, Lubbock, Carpenter, M'Donnell, Wright, Reay, Greeve, Selater, Oliver, Currey, and Wyville Thomson), promises to be a very valuable assistant to all working naturalists, because it brings together a mass of material such as no one man could collect; and it opens an arena for the free discussion of opinions, unbiased by any editorial agreement or disagreement. Yet, although the book-naturalist may by it greatly increase his show of knowledge, the very object of the Review is to incite to fresh observation, by showing how illimitable is the field of discovery open to a patient zeal.

The mere fact of so many editors uniting in this one work, shows how vainly any one man would pretend to embrace the whole department of Natural History. He can have direct knowledge only of one section, or small subsection, and indirect knowledge of the vast remainder; and whether that indirect knowledge shall be mere sham and show, or genuine, though imperfect, acquisition, depends upon the way in which it has been gained. By taking pains to have direct knowledge of the various types, he may gain very available indirect knowledge of the variations. Once

understand the structure of one polype, one mollusc, one insect, one crustacean, one fish, one reptile, and one mammal, and you will be in a condition to appropriate the knowledge of other men on the various kinds and differences. It has seemed to us, therefore, that a boon would be conferred on the public if a series of little books were issued, each thoroughly treating of a single type. We have heard that Professor Huxley, in his "Lectures" goes through the animal kingdom in this fashion; and Mr. Samuelson, in two agreeable and interesting little books, has attempted something of what we mean, though he addresses the general reader (and sometimes one would suppose he was addressing children) rather than the student.†

In these books, to which we will now call more particular attention, the chief points in the structure of the animals are exhibited in several plates; the functions described with clearness, and the habits and instincts of the creatures touched on in a pleasant, though rather too "improving" a manner. Should the author propose to continue the series so successfully commenced, we would suggest to him to reconsider two points in his treatment. The first is the practice, borrowed from previous writers on natural history, of writing down to an imaginary standard of imbecility, while at the same time retaining an abstract and almost technical phraseology, which can with difficulty be followed by a general reader. Let him aim at plainness and concreteness of style, and avoid triviality. The second point is one also borrowed from previous writers, especially writers on natural theology, and which, we suppose, only requires to be mentioned to be at once recognised as an error of taste and of logic: we allude to the constant contrast of divine with human

* *The Natural History Review*. Williams & Norgate.

† SAMUELSON: *Humble Creatures*. Vol. I., *The Earthworm and the House- Fly* Vol. II., *The Honey-Bee*. Van Voorst.

wisdom, intended to *prove* the divine wisdom by showing how it surpasses the ingenuity of man. Surely this proof is superfluous? The conception of omniscient omnipotence surely carries with it all wisdom and all power, without gaining anything in definiteness from the superfluous proof of ingenuity displayed in the structure of insects. It is a poor device to slaughter enemies of your own creation; and when this slaughter is accompanied by loud fanfares of trumpets and rolling of drums, it is apt to excite impatience in the vexed listener. As no man was ever yet known to proclaim human power and wisdom comparable to divine power and wisdom, it is surely a very ill-judged practice to be constantly *proving* the divine superiority. The man who can look abroad upon the general phenomena of nature and resist that massive evidence, is little likely to be convinced by the evidence of an insect's wing.

Mr. Samuelson, as we said, only follows other writers in these two mistakes, and thinks as they think, that popularity is secured and religion aided by such devices. We shall be glad if he will reconsider this opinion, and are persuaded that he will improve his books by a complete forbearance on these points. Meanwhile, we cordially commend the books to the general reader, who will find a new interest awakened in the familiar worm and fly. It will be difficult for him to contemplate the fly upon his window-pane, his paper, or his bread, without thinking of the marvels of its structure. He will watch the actions of its little antennæ, and ask himself whether they are *feelers*, or whether they are organs of hearing and of smelling. It is a delicate and difficult problem, to which physiologists invite his attention. Like many other problems, its solution has hitherto been rendered impossible, because approached in the wrong way, and with erroneous

general conceptions. "These conclusions," says Mr. Samuelson, referring to the opinions of naturalists, "have been arrived at by comparing the structure of the antennæ in various tribes of insects with their respective habits of life." A more fallacious course could not have been pursued. To show this, we have only to apply the same method to the discovery of the spleen's function; and the spleen is chosen because, its function being unknown at present, the nullity of the method will be best exemplified by such an organ. Now, let any one compare the structure of the spleen in various mammals, and compare it with the respective habits of life of those mammals, and he will see how little light will be gained thereby. It is not, however, by this method that naturalists have determined the function of the antennæ, but rather by guess-work, founded on slight analogies. "The antennæ have been considered organs of sound, chiefly on account of their anatomical structure." But the resemblance between antennæ and any known organ of hearing is very slight, being, indeed, simply that derived from the delicate membrane at the base of the antennæ, which is rendered tense by their motions, and which "might, without much inconsistency, be explained as the drum of the ear."* Science demands something more rigorous than that. If the antennæ were, on other grounds, proved to be organs of hearing, then this membrane might be explained as the drum; but not to call a membrane a drum, is to demonstrate an organ of hearing. There is more value in the physiological observations by Burmeister and Newport. The former says, "Whoever has observed a tranquilly-proceeding capricorn beetle which is suddenly surprised by a loud sound, will have seen how immovably outwards it spreads its antennæ, and holds them porrect, as it were, with the greatest atten-

* BURMEISTER: *Manual of Entomology*, p. 296.

tion as long as it listens, and how carelessly the insect proceeds in its course when it conceives that no danger threatens it from the noise;" and Mr. Newport remarks that a beetle retracts its antennæ on a sudden noise, and, falling down, counterfeits death. At first these observations seem very conclusive; yet a closer examination will discover them to carry no proof whatever that the beetles *heard*. It is well known that a slight touch will make the beetle counterfeit death; and it is obvious that a loud and sudden sound, by the vibration it gives to the air, must cause the delicate antennæ to vibrate. The vibration of the air, which we perceive as *sound*, may be, and most probably is, a sensation of *diffused touch* to the insect. It is so to us when we are deaf. If some imperfection in our organ of hearing prevents our receiving the vibrations as sound, we are affected by the vibrations in *another* form. Dr. Kitto, who has rendered his own experience so useful to science, remarks that the drawing of tables or sofas over the floor above or below him, the shutting of doors, and the feet of his children at play, distressed him far more than the same causes would do if he had not been deaf. "By being to me unattended by any circumstances or preliminaries, they startle dreadfully; and by the vibration being diffused from the feet over the whole body, they shake the whole nervous system in a way which even long use has not enabled me to bear."* In the absence, then, of any conclusive grounds for believing that insects have organs of hearing, we are justified in attributing the effects of sudden noises to some *other sensation* produced by the vibrations of the air. Burmeister says, "The real perception of sound may possibly depend upon the trembling produced by the vibration of the air in organs so easily moved as the antennæ. According to Kirby and Spence, Wollaston suggested this

opinion, and even supposed that insects could perceive much more delicate tones than our ears are capable of distinguishing, from their much greater irritability." This we conceive to be a mistake arising from fundamentally erroneous views of the nature of sensation. If it were simply said that insects were more susceptible to *vibrations* than we are, there would be some show of reason; but vibrations are not sensations of sound. Before entering into more explicit refutation, however, let us glance at the evidence adduced in favour of the antennæ being organs of touch and smell:—

"We have various circumstances in evidence of their tactile and olfactory functions," says Mr. Samuelson. "Amongst these may be quoted the ichneumon-fly, which lays its eggs by means of a sharp ovipositor in the larvæ of various insects; on the bodies of these, the larvæ of the ichneumon subsist as soon as they are hatched. If we observe this insect seeking for larvæ or caterpillars that inhabit wood, old posts, &c., we shall notice that it pushes its antennæ before it into every irregularity of surface until it has met with a caterpillar, which it then pierces with its ovipositor, and injects one or more eggs. Other insects employ the antennæ for the same purpose; and it has been proved beyond a doubt that the sense of smell guides them in depositing their eggs; for some insects, whose larvæ derive their nourishment from decaying meat, have been known to commit the singular mistake of placing them upon plants that possess a similar odour, but were totally unsuited as food for the larvæ, in consequence of which they died of hunger almost as soon as they were hatched. The bee, again, employs its antennæ, or organ of smell, in searching for honey: the ants use these organs to point out to each other the locality in which they have discovered food; and to suppose that they do this by means of *signs* caused by sound, would be attributing to them a power of imparting information that could hardly be regarded as the result of instinct."

The ants are wholly mysterious. It is certain that they communicate

* KITTO: *The Lost Senses*, p. 35.

with each other by means of their antennæ, but *how* this is effected we cannot conjecture. "Meanwhile," continues Mr. Samuelson, "we must continue to regard the question of the function of the antennæ as still unsettled, and content ourselves with observing that they possess some sensory function besides that of touch—either smell or hearing, or both." Upon which we ask, Why either? Why are we to assume sensations so *special* as those of smell and hearing to exist in animals not having the *special organs* of these senses? It is proved beyond a doubt that insects have Sensibility. But this—which is the general property of the nervous system, as Contractility is of the muscular system—will manifest itself under the forms of special sensations only when acting through special organs. Even in man, where it is best understood, we see that it assumes very different forms according to the different ways in which it is excited. Sensibility exhibits itself in sensations determined by the peculiar manner in which the stimuli reach and affect the nerve-centre. The same vibrations of air which, when falling on the general surface, produce only a sensation of vibration (diffused touch), when falling on the special organ of hearing, produce the very different sensations of *sound*: the two sensations being wholly unlike each other. The rays from a luminous body which, on the retina, produce the sensation of *light*, falling on the skin, produce the sensation of *heat* (if the rays are powerful enough to be felt); and so on through the whole series of senses, the same external agent, or stimulus—reaching a nerve-centre through different routes—produces different reactions, different sensations. When the organs are fundamentally similar, the sensations will be similar; when the organs are unlike, the sensations will be unlike. In the organs of a cat or dog, there is sufficient similarity to those of a man for us to assume with confidence a general resemblance in their sensa-

tions. But in the antennæ of an insect there is no such resemblance, either to the nose or the ear of man, that we should be justified in concluding the existence of smell and hearing as their functions. The eye of an insect does bear a general resemblance to the eye of man—that is to say, in spite of many differences, it has the chief characteristics, optical and sensitive: we are therefore warranted in the conclusion that the insect *sees*.

It is thus that any one detail in the structure or habits of even the common house-fly, if patiently contemplated, may lead the student into speculations of the widest sweep, and form the starting-point of physiological research. Many such details will be found in Mr. Samuelson's book. We shall, however, only borrow one, and it shall be this: that the *house-fly has its diseases*, no less than its dissector, man; and among these diseases, there is one which will lead the student into the vast and interesting question of animal parasites. The fly has its fungus! Every one may have noticed, in the closing days of autumn, what Cohn thus describes:—

"At this time innumerable dead bodies of flies may be seen adhering to the windows, walls, shutters, &c., in all parts of the room. The dead insect, although dry, and so friable as to crumble into dust upon the slightest touch, retains so far the attitude of life that it is difficult, without touching, to believe that it is not a living fly on the point of taking flight. Insects, in dying, usually draw up their legs, and cross them beneath the body; but in the case of the disease now under consideration, the dead body is supported upon the outstretched legs, whose feet retain their adhesive property, and by the protruded proboscis, with which the fly would seem to be sucking, and by which, even when the feet may happen to be detached, the body is still retained *in situ*. The dead flies in this condition are always surrounded with a halo, about an inch in diameter, composed of a whitish dust, which, upon examination, is found to consist of the spores [seeds] of a *fungus*. The abdomen is much distended, and the rings composing it are separated from each

other, the intervals being occupied by white prominent zones, constituted of a fungoid growth proceeding from the interior of the body. Further examination will show that the whole of the contents of the body of the fly have been consumed by the parasitic growth, and that nothing remains but an empty shell, lined with a thin felt-like layer, composed of the slender mysetia of the innumerable fungi. First noticed by De Geer in 1782, it did not escape the minute eye of the illustrious Goethe, who gives an accurate description of the phenomena attending it, and especially of the appearance of the white dust between the rings of the body and its dispersion in a wide area round the dead insect."

In passing from the House-Fly to the Honey-Bee, we pass to questions of still greater interest. Indeed, the bee is a little world off, marvels. Mr. Samuelson bids his reader imagine himself sailing down the Mississippi, and being, without provisions, put ashore, with the information that provisions were to be had *somewhere* a few miles off, but that he must return to the ship by a certain hour, otherwise, he would be left behind. The condition would be trying to human ingenuity. In the absence of any positive guidance, he would most probably get up a tree or ascend a hill to take a survey of the country. Having espied the town, he would then have to find the nearest way to it, and find his way back in time for the steamer.

"Wonderful as this might appear in your case, in the bee such a feat would be nothing unusual, and it is one which its instincts enable it to perform without the slightest difficulty. . . . In Egypt, as well as in many other countries, including France, it is a common practice for bee owners in whose vicinity there is not a sufficiently rich pasturage for their winged flock, to intrust their hives to the care of boatmen, who make a trade of transporting great numbers from place to place down the rivers, resting by day in order that the bees may sally forth in search of honey, and continuing their course at night. The bee accomplishes its object by means somewhat similar to those we suggested to yourself under the like circumstances

but with far greater accuracy. No sooner does it quit the hive in this strange locality, than it mounts in the air, and, having attained a sufficient eminence, flies off at once in the right direction, guided by its unerring instinct. This instinct also serves on its return to the hive; and although it may not be permitted to sojourn in the same locality two days together, yet it goes and comes apparently without any more difficulty than we ourselves feel in departing from or returning to our homes during the daily performance of our duties."

Of course, it is the insect's wonderful sight which enables it at once to recognise the distant pasture-ground. The South American condor soars up in the air some ten miles above the level of the sea, and looks down upon an area equal to that of all Germany, in which he can detect any mass of carrion, and swoop upon it. Thus also does the bee, with its eye of 3500 distinct lenses. This eye is well described by Mr. Samuelson, who also returns to the subject of the antennæ, by which, he says, the bee ascertains the form of objects as a guide in the construction of its cells. By the antennæ also, the bee communicates with other bees in a surprising manner. So long as these organs are uninjured, the insect seems to enjoy perfect sanity; but when these organs are destroyed, it seems "beside itself," and has "lost its senses." If one of the antennæ be removed from a queen, it does not appear to affect her; but if both are cut off, she seems in a delirium, deprived of all her instincts; everything is done at random; yet the respect and homage of the workers towards her are undiminished, though received by her with indifference. If another queen in the same condition be substituted, the bees do not seem to discover the difference, and treat both alike; but if a perfect queen be introduced, they seize her, keep her in confinement, and show themselves *peu galant*. One may conjecture, therefore, that it is by the antennæ that bees know their queen; and this is supported by Huber's expe-

riments when he wished to ascertain whether, when they had lost a queen (intelligence of which traverses the whole hive in about an hour), they discovered the event by their smell, their touch, or any other cause. He first divided a hive by a grate, which kept the two portions about three lines apart, so that they could not come at each other, though *scent* would pass [and *sound* also, as Mr. Samuelson remarks]. In that part in which there was no queen, the bees were soon in great agitation; and as they did not discover her, in a short time they began to construct royal cells, which quieted them." Huber next separated them by a partition, through which they could pass their antennæ, but not their heads. In this case the bees all remained tranquil. The way they ascertained that the queen was near them, was by passing their antennæ through the openings of the grate. An immense number of these organs might be seen at once, inquiring in all directions, and the queen was observed answering these inquiries in the most marked manner; for she was always fastened by her feet to the grate, crossing her antennæ with those of her anxious subjects!

Our author touches on the much-mooted question of the cells formed by the bee with such wonderful precision, that almost miraculous powers have been attributed to the insect, and many writers have made a noisy flourish of trumpets, as over some peculiar triumph, because mathematicians have calculated that the form which the cells assume is one which requires the *least* amount of material consistent with strength. Had any other figure been chosen in lieu of the hexagon, or if any other angles than those now presented by the cells had been formed, it would have been impossible to group so vast a number of cells in a space so small. Although a circular cell would have better suited the bee's body, yet the waste of space and material would have been considerable. From all this it is concluded, that the bee is endowed with a wonderful instinct

for constructing the best possible cell on mathematical principles. Unhappily for the triumphant declaimers, the cells *are* circular when the bee forms them, and the waste would result, were it not that the pressure of the other cells forms these circles into hexagons. Mr. Samuelson thus sums up the evidence collected:—

"First, then, all the naturalists whose opinions we have quoted agree that the design of the cells is not originally hexagonal, but that (with the exception of certain cells at the side of the comb and around the queen-cell) they eventually become so. Next, they agree, with mathematicians, that after the circle, this form of cell encloses the largest space with the smallest amount of material; and every one is acquainted with the extreme tenuity of the cell-walls of the honeycomb. Now, the real question is—*Are these cells normally cylindrical, and do they of necessity resolve themselves into hexagons when the neighbouring ones are built up against them? or, do the bees begin by making them irregularly pentagonal, and cause them gradually to assume the hexagonal shape as they progress?*

"In describing the eye of the bee, we showed that where a number of circles of spheres are developed in close contact, they resolve themselves into perfect hexagons. Turning to other natural objects, we observe, in the tissue of plants, that when the circular cells become differentiated, and take the form of tubes, growing together with the neighbouring vessels of similar shape, they also assume the hexagonal type, and their structure then greatly resembles the honeycomb. This we find exemplified, not only in the higher plants and animals, but also most beautifully in some of those mysterious forms, the diatomaceæ, where the siliceous cases present the perfect honeycomb structure. Again, mathematicians of undoubted ability tell us that the hexagonal bells of the honeycomb exhibit precisely the form that would result from the close contact and adhesion of a number of circular or cylindrical bodies of a soft flexible substance; and, lastly, an examination of the honeycomb shows us that where a cell is terminal—that is to say, where another is not added to it—at the terminal side it is not hexagonal, but irregularly round.

"Now it certainly appears to us to be going a *little* out of our way if we seek to attribute the hexagonal shape of these cells to the result of an instinct in the bee that transcends the calculating powers of the ablest mathematicians, when we find, by accumulated evidence that the natural form assumed by a series of circles, when brought into close contact, would be that of the cells of a honeycomb; and not only are the walls of these cells *remarkably thin*, but, when newly wrought, they are exceedingly ductile and tenacious, and consist of two layers. The appearance of these two layers, when examined with a low microscopic power (after cutting away the outer rim of the cell, which is always rather thick and circular), is such as to suggest the idea that the cells themselves are constituted of circles, or cylindrical tubes, of extreme tenuity, that have been brought into close contact.

"Looking, then, at the foregoing circumstances, and considering, also, that all animals construct tubular or circular habitations, we should be disposed to agree with those naturalists who regard the hive-cells as normally cylindrical; and certainly the mathematical precision with which they are framed inclines us to attribute the hexagonal form to mechanical rather than instinctive causes."

The bee, remarkable in so many ways, is remarkable also for its mental manifestations. This phrase will perhaps seem questionable to many, because the mental manifestations of all animals, striking as they are, have been robbed of their true significance, as psychological facts, by the general consent of mankind to class them under a different name—the vague name of Instincts. Having *named* them, men fancy they have *explained* them. But the truth is, that no rational explanation of Instinct has yet been given; and although men may, if they choose, *call* the same phenomena by different names, according as these phenomena are manifested by animals or by man, the similarity of the two phenomena remains. Mr. Samuelson has an ingenious illustration of this point. He reminds us that there are creatures which one experienced naturalist will call a fish, and another equally experienced will call a reptile

it not possible," he adds, "that, like the travellers and the chameleon, both these are right and both wrong?—right in detecting the characteristics of that group in which they respectively rank the living object, wrong in attempting to force upon Nature limits that do not actually exist, and placing the creature in some square or circle in the animal kingdom which they find it necessary to draw with mathematical precision in order to aid their limited understandings, and facilitate the studies of those whom they desire to instruct." He remarks that if there is this difficulty in deciphering the external characters of animals, much greater is the difficulty of deciphering their mental characters; and that we have no right to divide the whole mental world into two provinces—instinct and reason. It is by no means necessary that a bee should be able to form complicated *trains* of reasoning, or to show highly inventive powers, to vindicate its claim as a being mentally endowed. If it has memories and passions, if it can reason, and adapt itself to new circumstances—and no one doubts that it can do these things—that is enough.

On the other hand, we have to guard against the anthropomorphic tendency—the tendency to interpret all actions as we interpret those of human beings. The evidence which is adduced in favour of the reasoning and invention of insects requires strict scrutiny. Thus, for example, in the story related by Vogt, there are details which admit of another interpretation from that he has given. The Gold Wasp deposits her eggs in the nest of the ordinary Mason Bee, which are often fixed on old walls at some height from the ground. The larvæ of the wasp, if once introduced into the nest, devour the provender collected by the bee for her young. Vogt saw one of these wasps, which had discovered a bee's nest, in the act of inserting her body to deposit an egg, when the owner of the nest arrived laden with pollen; and with that peculiar hum that

emitted by these insects when making an attack, she fell upon the wasp and seized her with her sharp jaws. The wasp instantly rolled herself up, as usual when attacked. The bee in vain tried to find some vulnerable part where she could thrust her sting; and at length bit off the wings of the wasp at the roots, and then dropped her on the ground. "After this, she returned to her nest, evidently in great anxiety, in search of an usurper's egg; and, finding none, she flew off. The Mason Bee must have been satisfied that, by removing the wings of the wasp, she had prevented her from repeating her visit to the nest; but here she was mistaken in her reckoning. The prostrate wasp unrolled herself as soon as the bee had departed, crept in a direct line back to the nest, and deposited her egg therein." A curious story; but the reader will notice how completely Vogt has interpreted it in human fashion. How could he know that the bee was in great anxiety, and was searching for the wasp's egg? How could he know that she bit off the wasp's wings to prevent the wasp returning to the nest? Mr. Samuelson very properly suggests that she may have bitten the wings off simply because there was no other means of wreaking her wrath upon the wasp.

Without having recourse to such human interpretations, we shall find in the actions of bees abundant proofs of their mental power. M. Dujardin records some interesting observations. He had two hives, into which two swarms were introduced. At first they flew out and in again, as if reconnoitring, and then they came out and hovered above each hive, always keeping their heads turned towards it, and exploring the surrounding objects; after this they flew away into the fields, and never made a mistake on their return, each bee returning to its own hive. Of these two hives, one was less peopled than the other, with fewer cells, and it contained no royal cells. M. Dujardin feared

that the inhabitants might perish in the winter from want of provisions; and he placed in a saucer before this hive some pieces of sugar, moistened slightly. The bees devoured this sugar in a couple of hours. It was given them again on several successive days; and at last the bees learned so well to associate his presence with the daily provision, that whenever he walked in the garden near the hive, they hovered around him, alighted on his clothes and hands, which they explored with agitation. This suggested to him the idea of henceforward carrying a bit of sugar in his pocket, which he presented to them after having moistened it, and upon which three or four would remain. At some distance from the hive there was a niche in the wall, covered with a grate, and hidden by various climbing plants. In this niche he deposited a saucer with some moistened sugar. He then dipped a stick in syrup, and presented it to a bee, which fastened on it, and began sucking the syrup. This bee was thus carried to the niche, and deposited on the sugar. It remained there five or six minutes, and then began to fly about in the niche, after which it came out and flew in front of the grating, with its head always turned towards it, and finally flew home. A quarter of an hour passed without any sign of the bees coming out to the niche; but from that moment about thirty issued, flew to the place, explored it as if they were following directions which had been given them, and finally entered, fed, and then, having made the necessary observations, returned to their hive. The next day the bees from this hive returned to the niche in greater numbers. Perhaps you will say that it was the scent of the sugar which guided them? But the bees of the other hive would, in that case, have been equally attracted, whereas they never once approached the niche, but flew off to the fields, and the bees of the first hive flew directly to the niche. When the

sugar in the niche was perfectly dry, the bees abandoned it as useless. From time to time one of them came to explore it, and, if there was no syrup to be had, flew away again; but if the sugar had been moistened, the bee sucked for a few minutes, and then returned to the hive. Her return was always followed by the expedition of several bees to the niche!

It is difficult here to resist the conclusion that the bees have some mode of communicating to each other where sugar is to be found. Not only is there a distinct impression of locality in the mind of the bee which guides it in its return, there seems to be also some tolerably accurate means of indicating this locality to others; or, if we suppose that the bee which found the sugar returned with the others to guide them, she must have in some way intimated to them that her course was worth following. What are we to say to the following? In the hives there were six openings; but it was from the opening of the side towards the south that the bees *habitually* made their exits and entrances; the other openings, although rarely used, were, however, perfectly well remembered by the bees, as M. Dujardin found; for one day some of them, charged with pollen, were returning, and flying into the hive with the precipitation usual under such circumstances. As he wished to ascertain the plant whose pollen they were carrying, he placed a stick covered with syrup in front of the opening to arrest one. Three times did the bee avoid this obstacle, and returned to the charge; but at last, finding that its passage was barred, it ceased the attempt, and flew round to one of the side-openings, rarely used, and thus made its entrance.

We might multiply stories about the contrivances of animals to an indefinite extent, but we shall only add one more, and we add it for the

sake of its grotesque humour. The Hermit Crab lives in the deserted shell of a mollusc, like Diogenes in his tub. There is one species, called Prideaux's Hermit Crab, which is constantly found to have as a companion the Cloak Anemone, attached to the shell which the crab inhabits. The anemone is so placed on the shell that its disc expands just below the mouth of the crab, so that whatever food comes within reach of either of these animals may be shared in common. Mr. Gosse one day observed a crab about to change houses; no sooner had it taken possession of the new shell than it began removing the anemone from the old shell, inserting its large claws under the anemone, as a naturalist would insert his finger-nail, and separating it from its old support. It then placed the anemone in its accustomed position on the new shell, and held it there with its claws until it had attached, occasionally giving it a pat, and pressing it close, in order to hasten the process of attachment. A similar operation was witnessed by Mr. Alford Lloyd; and Mr. Holdsworth from whom we borrow these facts,* observed "a case in which one of these crabs had changed its house, and after vainly endeavouring for nearly an hour to remove the anemone (a sickly specimen) from its old quarters, it came out of the new shell, and returned to the original one, apparently unwilling to desert its companion."

A mention of sea-anemones leads by a natural transition to the richly-illustrated and excellent work of Mr. Gosse,† to which both amateurs and naturalists are cordially recommended. Probably no man in Europe is so well entitled to attention on this subject. To him we are, in England, mainly indebted for the widespread interest which these beautiful creatures excite; for although known to Aristotle and occasionally studied by succeeding natural-

* HOLDSWORTH: *Handbook to the Fish-House in the Zoological Gardens*, p. 28.

† GOSSE: *A History of the British Sea-Anemones and Corals*. Van Voorst.

ists, they had, on the whole, attracted little attention, until the aquarium fashion sent hundreds of naturalists and amateurs to ransack caverns, devastate crevices, and trouble rock-pools. Much remained to be known of their structure and habits, and almost everything had to be done in the way of systematic classification. Mr. Gosse has studied them for eight years with the fervour of a naturalist. For some time his intention of composing such a work as the present has been generally known, so that specimens have been liberally sent to him from all quarters. The result is a monograph, as complete as the knowledge of our day admits. The illustrations are remarkable; coloured plates, representing, with considerable faithfulness, all the chief species—woodcuts being interspersed for the others.

We should like to write nothing but praise of this excellent work; but we cannot in conscience entirely pass over the Introduction, which contains much that we think questionable. Mr. Gosse is a naturalist, but not a physiologist. He describes better than he reasons. In physiological matters, therefore, we cannot accept his guidance, and still less can we accept his assertions in lieu of arguments. A question was raised (in the *Seaside Studies*) as to whether the anemones, in what is called their digestive process, had merely *mechanical* means of maceration and trituration, or had also the *chemical* means of dissolving and altering the food, which are characteristic of the digestive process in higher animals. Digestion being a compound of mechanical and chemical actions in higher animals, the question raised was, Have the sea-anemones any *chemical* power of digesting? By a series of experiments it was shown that there is *no* evidence of any chemical action taking place in the stomach of the anemone,* the only action being purely mechanical. Now, this conclusion

may be erroneous—the evidence may be incomplete; but it was surely incumbent on any one who rejected it to show that it was so by something better than a string of assertions, in which there is a strange misstatement of fact, and a strange misconception of the argument. “When morsels of food,” says Mr. Gosse, “such as fragments of butcher’s meat, are swallowed by anemones, they are retained for some hours, and then vomited; and because little change has passed upon the solid parts, it has been rashly concluded that no process of digestion takes place in these animals. On this foolish hypothesis, it is difficult to see why food should be swallowed at all, or what need the animal has of a mouth or stomach. Their ordinary food, however, is not mammalian muscle, but the far softer and more fluid flesh of crustacea, mollusca, and annelida.” We never read a weaker answer to a scientific statement. It is so entirely “beside the mark,” that in charity we must suppose Mr. Gosse to be relying on some hearsay report of what Mr. Lewes had written; for, in the first place, the experiments were *not* made with butcher’s meat—in only one of them was mammalian muscle employed—the others were made with small pieces of delicate fish. In the second place, the rash conclusion of *no* digestive process taking place is Mr. Gosse’s misrepresentation. The “foolish hypothesis” in question very explicitly declares that there is a digestive process, but that the process is not *chemical*; consequently it is *not* “difficult to see why food should be swallowed.” In the third place, if the flesh of mollusca, crustacea, and annelida is “softer and more fluid” than butcher’s meat, it is thereby more adapted for mechanical digestion, its juices being more easily extracted, but it is not more likely to be chemically acted upon, unless there happen to be a solvent secretion present. Mr. Lewes as-

* *Seaside Studies*, 2d edth. p. 219-230

serted that no chemical action takes place. His evidence was of two kinds: first, he showed that no gastric secretion could be detected, neither an acid nor an alkali being revealed by the tests; secondly, he showed that after the food had been submitted to the prolonged action of the stomach, the microscope revealed that none of the characteristic chemical changes had taken place. These experiments were repeated and confirmed by Mr. Couch. Does Mr. Gosse prove them to be erroneous or incomplete? Does he bring any counter-evidence to prove that there is an acid or an alkaline secretion, or that the tissues are chemically attacked? Not a bit. He does not even seem to understand the elementary conditions of experimental physiology (as is shown in his attempt to demonstrate the existence of a liver, without once testing the presence of bile or any of its characteristic constituents), and relies upon the loosest observations. At page 103 he says: "The food will be disgorged in the course of a period varying from a few hours to several days. Often it will appear little changed; but it has performed its part." This is precisely what Mr. Lewes asserted, except that he declared the reason why the food had been but little changed was because it had not been chemically acted on. So little is Mr. Gosse prepared to claim chemical digestion, that he says: "It would appear that the action of the stomach is confined to the extraction of albumen and oil, which are carried with sea-water into the general cavity."

We will not touch upon more points in this Introduction. It is enough to have cautioned the reader against a too ready acceptance of its statements. A pleasanter duty is to say that the bulk of the book is deserving of all praise. Neither author nor publisher has spared pains or expense; and the result is a book for the drawing-room table of a naturalist's wife, as well as a

book for the naturalist himself at the seaside.

This praise cannot be given to another book by the same author,* with a very taking title, *The Romance of Natural History*. With the exception of the final chapter, this is a flimsy work. The idea of presenting natural history in "an æsthetic fashion"—of painting a series of pictures of the Terrible, the Unearthly, the Unknown, the Vast, the Wild, the Minute, &c.—was a good one; but Mr. Gosse was perhaps scarcely the right man to execute it, in spite of his claim "to a poet's heart, though destitute of a poet's genius." At any rate he has not been equal to his subject, and his book is a mistake. It is made up of extracts from travellers and naturalists, with connecting remarks and general reflections (somewhat flaccid) on the beauties and wonders of nature. Now it has long been discovered that collections of extracts, unless very ingeniously woven together, are wearisome; and those selected by Mr. Gosse, though sometimes interesting in themselves, are not arranged with sufficient skill to make an interesting volume. We see too little of the "poet's heart," and a great deal too much of that poet's paste and scissors.

The final chapter is, however, an exception. It is one on which Mr. Gosse has bestowed great pains. He has brought together a mass of evidence in favour of the belief in the sea-serpent, and, with commendable candour, has also given the best evidence against that belief. His own faith in the existence of the animal is unshaken; and the evidence which convinces him he hopes will convince others. It is really an interesting chapter in *Natural History*, and leads to curious reflections on the value of testimony. Any reader casually opening the book at the commencement of this chapter may be apt to fling it away, on finding the dreary old Joe Miller about the sailor-boy and the flying-

* *GOSSE: The Romance of Natural History.* James Nisbet.

fish, which was too much for the faith of his grandmother, told as if it were a novel story likely to be entertaining; but the chapter is far better than its commencement, and will be read with interest, if not with assent.

Why should we doubt the existence of the sea-serpent? The fact has been attested by many observers in various parts of the world. It is not a fact in any way contradictory of the supposed nature of things: if proved, our zoological knowledge would receive an addition, not a shake. No interests are impugned by it. No vanities can be wounded by it. Why, then, do we refuse to believe in it? Solely because we do not consider the testimony sufficient. Reports of sailors and travellers are of questionable authority. One vertebra would be more convincing than a thousand reports. But no vertebra, no vestige of the sea-serpent, has ever been produced. Those vertebrae described in the *Wernerian Transactions*, Professor Owen avers to be the vertebrae of a basking shark; and on such a point Owen's word is law. Meanwhile, as the live animal has not been captured nor the dead animal secured, we are left to the conjectures of eyewitnesses who saw the animal under delusive conditions.

It is generally impossible to prove a negative. We cannot say that no sea-serpent exist—we can only say that there is a strong *presumption* against their existence, and no evidence strong enough to set aside that presumption. Those who, with Mr. Gosse, think otherwise, point to the many attestations of eyewitnesses. Those who think this a fallacious support will, with Professor Owen, "regard the negative evidence, from the utter absence of any of the recent remains of great sea-serpents, krakens, or *enaliosauria*, as stronger against their actual existence than the positive statements which have hitherto weighed with the public mind in favour of their existence. A larger body of evidence from eyewitnesses, sig-

be got together in proof of ghosts than of sea-serpents." As in the case of ghosts, we may take it for granted that those who profess to have seen the sea-serpent did actually see a gigantic something which they took for a sea-serpent. It is therefore no impeachment of the veracity of these witnesses to suspect that they confound *interpretation* with *vision*, believing that they actually saw what, in truth, they only *inferred* from certain visual signs. When a man affirms that the object seen floating at a distance is a sea-serpent, he implies an acquaintance with the form of this animal, which assures him of the correctness of his interpretation of the visible signs; otherwise we can have no guarantee that he is not misinterpreting the signs, and that the object seen is not a seal or a mass of floating weed. Now no man can really pretend to be acquainted with the form of the sea-serpent; and the infinite possibilities of misinterpretation are well shown in the case of Mr. Herriman, who, in the ship *Brazilian*, was becalmed almost exactly in the spot where Captain Qubæ saw the sea-serpent; and as Captain Qubæ's testimony is one which, from its explicitness, and from the character of the officer, has had the greatest effect upon the public of England, this counter evidence from Mr. Herriman assumes peculiar significance. About eight in the morning, while he was surveying with his telescope the calm, heavy, rippleless swell, he perceived something right abeam, about half a mile to the westward, stretched along the water, about thirty feet in length, moving with a steady *sinuous* motion. The head, which was lifted several feet above the water, had something resembling a mane running down to the floating portion, and within about six feet of the tail it forked out into a sort of double fin. This description tallies in essentials with most of the descriptions of the sea-serpent; and Mr. Herriman, remembering the account given by Captain Qubæ of the animal he had seen in the same latitude, naturally

fancied he had fallen in with the same animal or one of the same kind. This was the unanimous opinion of officers and passengers. Mr. Herriman resolved to attack the monster. A boat was lowered, and put off in pursuit; Mr. Herriman himself standing on the bow, armed with a harpoon. They came close up, and found the animal resolve itself into an immense piece of seaweed, evidently detached from a coral reef, and drifting with the current, which together with the swell left by the subsidence of the gale, gave it the sinuous snake-like movement. To the same effect, Capt. Fred. Smith of the *Pekin*. He also, and his men, thought they had come upon the sea-serpent. He also resolved to attack it. "I watched them very anxiously, and the monster seemed not to regard their approach. At length they got close to the head. They seemed to hesitate, and then busy themselves with the line, the monster all the time ducking his head and showing its great length." Yet this also turned out to be a gigantic seaweed, completely covered with snaky-looking barnacles, which gave it the appearance of a mane; the root of the weed, which appeared like the head of an animal, dipped by the motion of the sea.

Now it would be hazardous to say that what Captain Qubæ saw was such a piece of seaweed as this. Indeed, Professor Owen concludes, from the captain's description, that it was a huge seal; but with such testimony of the deceptive nature of appearances, we may without hazard question the accuracy of the interpretation given by Captain Qubæ. This is his report to the Admiralty:—

"SIR,—In reply to your letter of this date, requiring information as to the truth of a statement published in the *Times* newspaper, of a sea-serpent of extraordinary dimensions having been seen from her Majesty's ship *Dædalus*, under my command, on her passage from the East Indies, I have the honour to acquaint you, for the information of my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, that at five o'clock, P.M. on the 6th of August last, in latitude 24° 44' S.,

and longitude 9° 22' E., the weather dark and cloudy, wind fresh from the N. W., with a long ocean-swell from the S. W., the ship on the port tack heading N. E. by N., something very unusual was seen by Mr. Sartoris, midshipman, rapidly approaching the ship from before the beam. The circumstance was immediately reported by him to the officer of the watch, Lieutenant Edgar Drummond, with whom and Mr. William Barrett, the master, I was at the time walking the quarterdeck. The ship's company were at supper.

"On our attention being called to the object, it was discovered to be an enormous serpent, with head and shoulders kept about four feet constantly above the surface of the sea, and, as nearly as we could approximate by comparing it with the length of what our maintopsail-yard would show in the water, there was at the very least sixty feet of the animal *à fleur d'eau*, no portion of which was, to our perception, used in propelling it through the water, either by vertical or horizontal undulation. It passed rapidly, but so close under our lee quarter, that had it been a man of my acquaintance, I should easily have recognised his features with the naked eye; and it did not, either in approaching the ship or after it had passed our wake, deviate in the slightest degree from its course to the S. W., which it held on at the pace of from twelve to fifteen miles per hour, apparently on some determined purpose.

"The diameter of the serpent was about fifteen or sixteen inches behind the head, which was, without any doubt, that of a snake; and it was never, during the twenty minutes that it continued in sight of our glasses, once below the surface of the water. Its colour a dark brown, with a yellowish white about the throat. It had no fins, but something like the mane of a horse, or rather a bunch of seaweed, washed about its back. It was seen by the quartermaster, the boatswain's mate, and the man at the wheel, in addition to myself and officers above mentioned.

"I am having a drawing of the serpent made from a sketch taken immediately after it was seen, which I hope to have ready for transmission to my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty by to-morrow's post."

Captain Qubæ's statement that he was so near the animal that, "had it been an acquaintance, he should have recognised him," deserves attention, yet is not quite conclusive.

Mr. Herriman, who was on the point of attacking a mass of seaweed, would have made a similar statement had the seaweed sunk just before he came up to it. Indeed, the possibility of error in misinterpreting visible signs is the only reason we have for preferring the strong negative evidence against the testimony of eyewitnesses; but, until some positive proof of the sea-serpent's existence be adduced, we must continue to suppose that the eyewitnesses were deceived. Meanwhile, we recommend Mr. Gosse's chapter as a very interesting collection of the evidence on the subject.

The most valuable book on our table has been left till we have but scanty space to devote to it—Dr. George Bennett's *Gatherings of a Naturalist*.* It is a record of genuine experience in a region where few naturalists have made many researches. Scarcely more than seventy years have elapsed, as he remarks, since Botany Bay (a name highly suggestive of the fertility of the soil), then only known from the explorations of Captain Cook, and stigmatised as a penal settlement, fit only for the reception of felons, and inhabited by wild and naked savages, offered little to awaken the curiosity of a people so remote as ourselves. A voyage to the antipodes was not then the easy matter it has now become. A fact was history by the time it crossed those seas. Now the European, by means of the overland journey through Egypt, visits his friends and relatives in various parts of Australia, or receives their visits; and the London newspapers are delivered in Sydney (a distance of 18,000 miles) fifty-five days after date as regularly as in Dublin. Of course this region and its productions daily become better known. Dr. Bennett has been one of those who have helped to make them known; and in these pages he discourses with the authority of personal experience and the gusto of a naturalist. We read of the orni-

thorhyncus, the emeu, the jabiru, the mooruk, the echidna, and the nautilus and physalia, not to mention many more familiar creatures; and we read also of many strange and interesting plants. An open eye, a loving heart, and a modest pen, make this volume a treasure. Nor should we omit to mention the admirable illustrations by Wolfe. His picture of the two young ornithorynci at play is full of life and spirit.

Perhaps no animal ever introduced into Europe has excited more astonishment and discussion than the platypus, or ornithoryncus, which puzzles classifiers by its paradoxical peculiarities. Here is an animal which, both externally, and internally, may be "described as a connecting link between the quadruped, the bird, and the reptile." When its skin was first sent to England, it was pronounced a hoax, like Barnum's mermaid, an old moleskin having, it was said, been attached to a duck's mandibles. Certainly a mole with a beak like a water-bird and a spur like a cock is paradoxical enough to justify suspicion; but suspicion was forced to give way at last before the evidence of the actual animal. Dr. Bennett has been fortunate enough, not only to shoot and dissect many specimens, but to have had some living for several weeks in his care. The body is like that of a mole, with some resemblances to a beaver. The legs are very short, the feet webbed like a duck's, except that in the fore-feet the web extends a short distance beyond the claws, hanging loose, and falling back when the animal burrows. The hind feet are narrow and turned inwards, and when the animal is at rest resemble those of a seal. The spur of the male is movable, and is turned backwards and inwards. The head is rather flat, and from the mouth project two flat lips or mandibles, resembling the beak of a shoveller duck. This similarity is increased by the latent

* BENNETT: *Gatherings of a Naturalist in Australasia*. Van Voorst.

lamellæ of the lower jaw, which is shorter and narrower than the upper jaw. Both jaws are provided with four *horny* teeth: the anterior of these on each side, both above and below, is long, narrow, and trenchant; the posterior tooth is broad, flat, and shaped like a molar. The central portion of the mandibles is a bony continuation of the skull; and a cartilaginous substance, perfectly movable, extends from the bony portion both in front and at the sides. The colour of the upper mandible, when seen in an animal recently taken out of the water, is of a dull, dirty, greyish black, covered with innumerable dots, while the cartilaginous expansion is uniformly smooth and soft. The under part of the upper mandible is of a pale pink, or flesh colour, as well as the internal or upper surface of the lower mandible, the under surface of which is either perfectly white or mottled.

"It was on a beautiful summer evening," says Dr. Bennett, "as I approached a creek near a river in Australia, that I first made acquaintance with these singular animals in their native country. It was an evening of one of those delightful clear days so often met with at the commencement of summer in southern latitudes. The scene which lay before me was of the most picturesque description. Open forest country, with a range of romantic hills, of some elevation, densely wooded by magnificent trees; neat cottages scattered about, with gardens around them, teeming with flowers and fruit-trees, among which the dark glossy foliage of the orange was conspicuous, and around which fields of grain, of a vivid green, were just bursting into ear. The tranquillity around was occasionally disturbed by the lowing of cattle, bleating of sheep, or the peculiar and varied notes of the feathered tribes. Soon the river was before me, the banks of which were adorned with pendulous acacias, which at this season of the year were profusely covered with their rich golden and fragrant blossoms; while the lofty and majestic Gum-trees, many of which were young and gracefully pendant, together with the dark Swamp Oaks, resembling firs at a distance, added to the variety and natural beauty of the scene."

In the faint light of a setting sun

they remained motionless on the banks, gun at rest, waiting for the shy ornithorhyncus to appear on the surface of the water, paddling amid the weeds in search of food. It was necessary to observe the greatest quiet, for the timid creature is very acute both of sight and hearing, and when frightened descends to the bottom and will not reappear. If not frightened, it remains two or three minutes playing on the surface, and then dives, to reappear at a short distance beyond. Although the animal were to reappear close to the place where the sportsman is standing, the attempt to level the gun would suffice to frighten it away. The sportsman must, therefore, wait patiently with his piece levelled, and fire immediately the animal shows itself. It is not easy to kill one; and Dr. Bennett fired three charges into one before it remained tranquil on the surface, and suffered the dog to drag it out. Even then it revived after a few minutes, and ran along the ground towards the water. The specimen being a male, Dr. Bennett, with the temerity of a naturalist bent on discovering the truth at great personal risk, determined to ascertain whether the spur had the poisonous power attributed to it. The wounded state of the animal presented no objection to the conclusiveness of the experiment, as in one published account in which the poison is reported to have produced such terrible effects the animal was mortally wounded. "I commenced by placing my hands in such a manner, when seizing the animal, as to enable it, from the direction of the spurs, to use them with effect; the result was, that the animal made strenuous efforts to escape; and in these efforts scratched my hands a little with its hind claws; and, in consequence of the position in which I held it, with the spur also. But although I seized it so roughly, it never struck the spur into my hand, nor did it even make an attempt to do so. As, however, it had been stated that the creature throws itself on its back when it uses this weapon (a circumstance that does

not seem very probable to those who have any knowledge of the animal), I tried it in that position also; but though it struggled to regain its former posture, no use was made of the spur." Dr. Bennett had frequent opportunities of confirming this experience, though he does not profess to have discovered what is the purpose served by the spur. On another occasion, he had the good luck to capture one alive in its burrow. It emitted no sound, nor did it attempt to defend itself, though, in its struggles for liberty, it slightly scratched his hands. When he held it in his hands, its bright little eyes glistened, and the orifices of the ears expanded and contracted alternately, as if eager to catch the slightest sound, while its heart palpitated violently; but after it had been held in the hands for some time, it lost its first fear, and seemed to become more reconciled to its situation, though still occasionally trying to escape. In these struggles it frequently emitted a low growling noise, but made no attempt to bite. It was placed in a cask, together with grass, mud (taken from the river), water, and everything that could make it comfortable. It ran round the cask, scratching, and making great efforts to get out; but, finding these useless, it became quite tranquil, contracted itself into a small compass, and soon seemed asleep. At night, however, it was very restless, and made great efforts to escape, scraping round the cask with its fore-paws, as if to burrow its way out. In the morning it was found fast asleep, the tail being turned inwards, the head and beak under the breast, and the body rolled up. When disturbed, it uttered a noise something like the growl of a puppy, but in a softer and more harmonious key. Although quiet for the greater part of the day, it made efforts to escape, and growled during the night. This was the first live ornithorhynchus that had ever been captured by a European, and Dr. Bennett was in hopes of being able to forward it to England. For some time there seemed a reason-

able chance of success. On arriving at Lansdown Park, he availed himself of the vicinity of some ponds, inhabited by these animals, to give his captive a taste of its native life. He tied a very long string to its hind leg, and let it out. When placed on the bank, it made its way swiftly to the water, and travelled up stream, apparently delighted, and seeking those spots which most abounded in aquatic weeds. Although it would dive in the water, it preferred keeping close to the bank, occasionally thrusting its beak (with a motion similar to that of the duck when it feeds) into the mud and among the roots of the various weeds. After it had wandered some distance up the chain of ponds, feeding about the shallow water and mud near the margin, it crawled up the bank, and, lying down on the grass, enjoyed the luxury of scratching itself and rolling about. In this process of cleaning its skin, the hind claws were brought into use — first the claws of one leg, and then those of the other; but, finding that it could not use the one to which the string was attached so well as the other, after repeated trials it gave up the attempt. The body, being so capable of contraction, was readily brought within reach of the hind feet, the head also coming in for its share of the scratching. This continued for about an hour. Dr. Bennett placed his hand on a part which the animal was scratching, and found the claws pass over it in a remarkably gentle combing manner. He attempted to scratch it gently; but the creature started away, though not to any distance, and resumed its combing. At length it permitted him to gently stroke its back, but disliked being handled. It had one more such treat given to it; but after that managed to effect its escape, and deprived us in England of the delight of making it a nine-days' wonder.

Dr. Bennett's hopes were again raised when he captured an adult and two young ones, about eight

months old. These he brought safely to Sydney; and as they survived some time there, he had ample opportunity of observing their habits. The little ones appeared often to dream of swimming. When placed on the ground during the day, they ran about seeking some dark corner for repose; and, when put in a dark place or in a box, they huddled themselves up as soon as they became accustomed to it, and went to sleep. They would sleep on tables, sofas, or anywhere; but, if permitted, they resorted to the spot where they had been accustomed to repose. They usually reposed side by side, looking like a pair of furred balls, and surly little growls issued from them when they were disturbed; yet, when they were sound asleep, they might be handled without their giving any signs of annoyance. One evening both the little pets came out about dusk, went as usual and ate food from the saucer, and then commenced playing like two puppies, attacking each other with their mandibles, raising their forepaws, and tumbling over each other. In the struggle one would get down; and at the moment when it was expected to rise again and renew the combat, it would begin scratching itself deliberately, the other looking on, and waiting for the sport to be renewed. When running, they were exceedingly animated: their little eyes glistened, and the orifices of their ears contracted and dilated with rapidity. "Sometimes I have been able to enter into play with them, by scratching and tickling them with my finger; they seemed to be delighted, opening their mandibles, biting playfully at my finger, and moving about like puppies indulged with similar treatment. Besides combing their fur to clean it when wet, I have seen them preen it with their beak (if the term may be allowed), as a duck would clean its feathers." These pets died,

however, as did two others subsequently obtained, so that the chance of their surviving the passage from Australia to England seems but slender. Meanwhile, if we cannot have the real animal, we can see in Dr. Bennett's book a very excellent representation of it, drawn by Wolfe, and learn many details of its structure and habits.

Another pet, somewhat less adapted to family life, and considerably less amusing, may be seen any day in the Zoological Gardens. It is the Mooruk, or Cassowary, a gigantic wingless bird, of which Dr. Bennett has many anecdotes to narrate; and we refrain, with some reluctance, from borrowing them. The small remaining space at our disposal must be given to a ponderous volume on Infusoria,* which, to the daily increasing public of microscopists, will be a valuable present. Let us, at the outset, warn the reader, that unless he have already gained a tolerable knowledge of infusorial life, this will not be the book for him. Indeed, it is not, properly speaking, a treatise at all: it is the commonplace book of a microscopist. The advantages of a commonplace book it has—namely, numerous and lengthy extracts from periodicals and treatises, ranged under separate heads, with little criticism, and less attempt to weave them into a doctrine. Statements of the most contradictory kind, jostle each other in these crowded pages: every one is allowed to have his say, and the reader left to take his choice. To men actually engaged in working at the several subjects, the book is of great value, from its copiousness and its impartiality. Forty plates, each containing a great number of figures, add greatly to the utility of the work; and the reputation of the editors is in itself no slight guarantee that the present condition of knowledge is adequately represented by it.

* PRITCHARD: *A History of Infusoria, including Desmidiaceæ and Diatomaceæ, British and Foreign*, 4th edit., enlarged and revised by J. T. Arlidge. W. Arnold, J. Ralfe, W. C. Williamson, and the author. Whittaker & Co.

WILSON'S GERMAN CAMPAIGN OF 1813.

If the Russian Campaign of 1812 is the most thrilling in poetic interest, the German Contest in 1813 is almost the most instructive in political experience of which history makes record. The former fascinates by its dramatic cast, the latter attracts by the deep wisdom which it inculcates. The triumphant glory of the march to Moscow; the almost incredible chances of the dismal retreat, exceed in interest the most attractive romance. But the ardent resurrection of long humiliated Prussia; the calm wisdom of Austria's policy; the mingled firmness and heroism of Russia's advance; the revolt of the whole German people; the stern obstinacy of Napoleon; his incredible exertions and final fall, afford materials for the deepest reflection, and point directly to the most important conclusions. The disasters of the Russian Campaign are traceable to military causes; the calamities of the German war were the result of political errors. They were the reaction against the selfish government and narrow views of the French Emperor; the inevitable result of his exclusive attention to the interests of the French people and his own dynasty, when his empire had come to include the whole German and Italian races, and to represent the broad interests of the Continent.

It was the lot of Sir Robert Wilson to play an active and important part in both these great contests. Of the former he has left us a most interesting and valuable history; on the latter he has thrown much curious and instructive light in his personal narrative now first published. His account of the Russian Campaign we have fully noticed in a former article; and to our general remarks upon his char-

acter therein contained, we have nothing now to add, except that this, as a personal narrative, more clearly develops both its strong and its weak points. We shall endeavour now, in a brief space, to give some idea of the valuable and original matter embraced in the new portion of his work, especially in its bearing upon the controversial points raised upon the Campaign of 1813.

To the majority of readers these two volumes will not prove nearly so attractive as the former one. A personal diary, kept from day to day, must necessarily contain much of only fleeting interest, and record many opinions and anticipations which are not verified by the event. These—of great interest to one who really studies the period, and desires to make himself master of its thoughts, its wishes and its hopes, as well as of its patent events and practical results—cannot afford the same attraction to a general reader. This work we think, in consequence, will afford more instruction to a few serious thinkers than amusement to the reading public.

Sir Robert Wilson had accompanied the Russian army in the field as British Commissioner during the Campaign of 1812, and continued with it in the same capacity until the armistice of Pleswitz in 1813. His great influence with Alexander, and confidential intimacy with the Russian generals, caused considerable jealousy in the mind of Lord Cathcart, the English Ambassador at the Court of the Czar, and rendered his position at the time both a painful and a difficult one; but it adds much to the value of his testimony now, for it opened to him channels of information which were barred to all others.

A few words will suffice to ex-

Sir Robert Wilson's Private Journal, from the Invasion of Russia to the Capture of Paris. London: Murray.

plain the state of affairs when the Campaign of 1813 opened. The conclusion of the Moscow retreat left the Grand Army but a name. Some regiments had altogether disappeared; the skeletons of many divisions did not produce 800 effective bayonets. When Murat endeavoured to halt on the Vistula, he could not, after throwing garrisons into the fortresses, assemble 10,000 men. The Russian force also had undergone a frightful diminution; it did not now amount to above 70,000 or 80,000 actually in the field, of whom not above 35,000 could be united on any one point; but there was this great distinction between its loss and that of the French army, that its sick and stragglers almost all, in the course of a few months, were cured, collected, and resumed their place in the ranks; whilst those of the Gallic host were either made prisoners or shut up in the fortresses, and for ever lost to their array. As it was, even at the moment the Russians had a great numerical superiority, which was soon rendered decisive by the capitulation of the Prussian general York, and defection of that country. Personally, the King of Prussia was anxious to temporise so as to gain time to complete his armaments, and, if possible, to recover his independence, without incurring the risk of a war with France. But the feeling of the country was irresistible. It swept away all opposition: it turned the strongest heads. Napoleon had crushed down Prussia with an iron heel, and it now rose *en masse* against him. Every man capable of bearing arms rushed into the ranks of the Volunteers—every woman contributed her ornaments and jewels to aid the treasury in fitting them out. The heroism of the Vendéans, the constancy of the Spaniards, were outdone by the phlegmatic inhabitants of North Germany. This popular hurricane rendered any resistance on the Vistula and the Oder impossible. Murat, in despair, abandoned the command, and fled away from the

howling winter of the North to the lovely shores of his Neapolitan bay. But the brave Eugene, assuming with a mournful constancy the abandoned truncheon, gathered round him the scattered bands of the French, and with great pains and toil united 12,000 men, the miserable remnants of the Grand Army at Posen, to make head against the broad wave of rebellion and invasion which came rolling from the East. Danzig, with its large but disorganised garrison of 30,000 men, was speedily invested; the Vistula passed, its fortresses blockaded, and the line of the Wartha reached. Eugene then, to avoid being cut off, slowly and with a good countenance, fell back behind the Oder to Berlin. But now the whole country was up; his small army, even though reinforced by Grenier's Italian division, 18,000 strong, could not guard the extensive line of that river. The capital of Prussia had to be abandoned, and his troops withdrawn behind the Elbe, between Magdeburg and Wittenberg. There, at last, the long retreat from Moscow was brought to an end, and with the aid of the reinforcements which now came up, a position was assumed, which for some time at least, arrested the hitherto triumphant march of the Allied host.

Indefatigable had been the efforts meanwhile made by Napoleon to repair his losses, and resume the contest in the spring. When he set out for Russia he had placed on permanent duty in the fortresses on the Rhine a hundred cohorts or battalions of the National Guard. These, all formed of full-grown men, and now well disciplined, formed his first resource. By a decree of the Senate they were transferred to the regular army, and gave a first reinforcement nearly 100,000 strong. Twenty thousand marine gunners, now lying useless in his blockaded harbours, formed his next reserve. They, too, were handed over to the land service and fifteen battalions of them

formed the foundation and the strength of Marmont's corps. Two hundred and fifty thousand conscripts were next ordered to be raised instantly; the skeletons in officers and non-commissioned officers, for about ninety battalions, were drawn from the veteran Spanish armies; and a corps of three divisions under Bertrand was taken from the Italian kingdom, and hurried over the summits of the Alps to the sources of the Saale. The greatest loss had been sustained, and the greatest efforts were made, to supply the horses of the cavalry; these were at first, however, comparatively unsuccessful, inasmuch that when the army took the field it had not above 4000 effective sabres. Thanks to these vigorous measures—by April 1813 Napoleon was able to resume hostilities with 200,000 men, of whom 140,000 were under his own command between the Maine and the Saale, and 60,000 under that of Eugene on the Elbe, and behind the Lower Saale, about Magdeburg. There were in all 450 guns, but only 4000 cavalry; and the infantry, though numerous, were mostly too young to be able to stand the fatigues of a campaign, and too undisciplined to be trusted with safety in the crisis of a battle.

The Allies also had made every exertion to bring a preponderating army into the field. But the Russians were far removed from their base, and their active forces were terribly weakened by the losses of a long winter campaign. The Prussian army was originally small; and though an admirable system of organisation prevailed, which enabled its numerical amount to be quickly raised, and the enthusiasm of its Volunteers to be turned at once to the best account, yet all this took time; while the numerous fortresses to be blockaded on the Vistula and the Oder consumed men. Thus the Allies could not assemble more than 100,000 men to carry the war beyond the Elbe, of whom 60,000 were iron Russian veterans, and 40,000 enthusiastic Prussian recruits.

In the end of March the Allies determined to cross that river. It was a bold measure to take in face of the advancing masses of Napoleon's army, whose leading columns were already thronging the passes of the Thuringian Forest. But they were anxious to keep up the moral prestige of a triumphant advance, and gain the material advantage of a popular insurrection in the country between the Elbe and the Weser, even though they ran the military risk of exposing themselves to one of Napoleon's thunderstrokes. They moved in two columns, one under Blücher and Winzingerode crossing the Elbe at Dresden, and directing its steps towards Leipsic; another under Wittgenstein passing that river at Dessau, and moving towards the same point. Eugene had no force capable of arresting their movement; and, after a vigorous demonstration from the side of Magdeburg towards Berlin, to make them display their numbers, fell back at all points, and took up a position behind the Elbe and the Saale—his left resting on Magdeburg, his centre behind the lower Saale at Bernberg, and his right leaning towards the Hartz Mountains. In this strong situation he quietly awaited the arrival of Napoleon; while the Allies, unable to force it by a front attack, spread over the whole country between the Elbe and the Saale, occupied Halle and Leipsic, and extended their left as far south as Zeitz. No sooner did Napoleon hear of this advance than his decision was taken. Setting out from Erfurth on the 28th April with the corps of Ney, Marmont, Bertrand, Oudinot, and the Guard, 130,000 strong, he descended the left bank of the Saale, while he despatched orders to Eugene to ascend the same bank of the river from Magdeburg, to meet him with Lauriston's and Macdonald's troops, above 40,000 strong. As soon as their junction, covered by the screen of the Saale, was secured, he intended to advance direct on Leipsic, and seek a general engagement with the Allies. On the 29th Ney, with

the advanced guard of the Grand Army, reached Weissenfels on the Saale, while Eugene arrived at Mersebourg on the same river. Their ultimate junction being thus secured, Napoleon gave orders for them to cross at these points respectively, and advance concentrically on Leipsic, where they were to unite. On advancing on the 1st May, from Weissenfels, Ney had a sharp encounter with the allied advanced guard, in which Marshal Bessières was killed by a cannon ball. That night Napoleon slept at Lutzen, in the midst of the vast plain which lies between Leipsic and the Saale.

Meanwhile the Allies assembled their army behind the Elster, in the neighbourhood of Pegau, to the south-west of Leipsic, and prepared to fall perpendicularly on the French army in flank, as it advanced along the great road from Weissenfels to Leipsic. Kleist, with 6000 Prussians, was left in Leipsic, to check the head of the column on its arrival at that place. Blucher, Wittgenstein, Winzingerode, and York, with about 70,000 men were to debouch from Pegau, march straight on Lutzen, fall on it in flank, and, if possible, cut it in two; while Milaradowitch, with the Russian Guard, 12,000 strong, was ordered up from the extreme left at Zeitz, and was expected to arrive in the evening in time to support the final attack.

Napoleon, meanwhile—being unable for want of cavalry to reconnoitre the surrounding country, and ascertain the position of the enemy—prepared himself to advance with his Guard to Leipsic, placed Ney with his corps, 40,000 strong, in the villages of Gross and Klein Gorschen and Kaia to cover his flank on the side of Pegau, and ordered Marmont and Bertrand to follow him to Leipsic; while Eugene with Macdonald's and Lauriston's corps, moved straight from Mersebourg on the same point.

The movement on both sides be-

gan on the morning of the first of May. Lauriston first reached Lindenau, the western suburb of Leipsic: his artillery had already opened fire, and Napoleon with his glass was watching its progress, when a sudden burst of artillery, accompanied by the quick sharp rattle of musketry on his right rear towards Lutzen, showed that the Allies were attacking in force. Blucher at the head of his ardent Prussians, had there thrown himself upon the conscripts of Ney's covering corps. At first everything went down before his burning rush; Gross and Klein Gorschen and Rahna were carried at the point of the bayonet, and Kaia, the key of the French position was reached. But Ney now brought up two fresh divisions, and forced back the victorious Prussians. Wittgenstein then threw York's Prussians and his own Russians into the scale. Ney flung in his last division, and in the narrow plain between Klein Gorschen, and Kaia, the waves of battle went swaying backwards and forwards—surging to and fro, but gradually turning to the disadvantage of the French. But meanwhile time was gained. Napoleon with his Guard arrived in rear of Ney, and took post behind Kaia. Macdonald came up on his left; Marmont, followed soon by Bertrand, arrived on his right. The Allies were both outflanked and outnumbered. 120 000 French were pressing upon 70,000 Russians and Prussians. The Guard pushed on amongst the burning villages; and when night flung her veil over the scene, they had nearly all been wrested from the Allies.

With the dawn of morning, the latter were in full retreat. Milaradowitch, with 12,000 men, had joined them during the night; but Napoleon's whole army, 150,000 strong, was now concentrated. They had no longer a chance.* They fell back accordingly—slowly, and covered by their numerous an-

* The French had lost fully 20,000 killed and wounded in the battle of the previous day.

admirable cavalry — towards the Elbe, which they crossed on the 7th—the Russians at Dresden, the Prussians lower down at Meissen—and took the road for Bautzen in Lusatia, where a strong position, strengthened by intrenchments, and covered on its left by the neutral territory of Austria, tempted them to make a stand. Napoleon, pushing on in pursuit, reached Dresden on the 8th, and restored the broken bridges, and crossed over his army on the 11th. On the 12th he began to reap the benefit of his success. The King of Saxony, who had fled to Prague, and entered into secret engagements with Austria, returned to his capital, placed his army at the disposal of France, and finally threw in his lot with Napoleon. M. de Bubna arrived also from Vienna, the bearer of a letter from the Austrian Emperor, and of proposals to mediate for a general peace by that Power, on condition of the abandonment of Spain to the Bourbons, the Grand Duchy of Warsaw to Prussia, the Hanse Towns to Germany, the Illyrian Provinces to Austria, and the title of Protector of the Confederation of the Rhine by Napoleon. To these proposals the French Emperor returned an ambiguous answer, that he was anxious for a congress at Prague, and for that purpose would agree to an armistice on condition of the Allies retiring behind the Oder, and the French behind the Elbe. At the same time he endeavoured to open a direct negotiation with Russia, on the basis of the extension of the Confederation of the Rhine to the Oder; the abandonment of the Hanse Towns by himself to the Confederation; and the cession to Prussia of the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, and the territory of Dantzic, in indemnity for the loss of its territory west of the Oder. Caulaincourt was despatched with these proposals; but the Emperor Alexander would not allow him to pass the advanced posts, or receive any proposition separately from his Allies.

These diplomatic cares, however,

did not for a moment divert Napoleon from his military preparations. No sooner did he hear of the occupation of the position of Bautzen by the Allies, than he formed his plan. This position, stretching from the northern spurs of the Bohemian Mountains to the heights of Kreckwitz, consisted of two lines. The first, formed by the course of the river Spree, with the town of Bautzen in the centre, formed an arc convex towards the French, and was extended and weak; the second, running from the Bohemian hills straight to the heights of Kreckwitz, was the chord of the first, had its centre strengthened with fieldworks, and covered by swampy meadows, and was both strong and short. Here the Allies had concentrated about 80,000 men. To force this by a front attack would evidently be both difficult and dangerous; to turn in on the left was impossible without violating the frontier of Austria: but its right was in the air. This determined the plan of attack. Napoleon, taking with him the troops which had crossed at Dresden, 100,000 strong, advanced direct against it by the main road; while Ney uniting the corps which had passed the river lower down, between Meissen and Magdeburg, to the number of 60,000, moved by Hoyerswerda against its right flank and rear. Sending on his troops at once, Napoleon did not himself leave Dresden till the 18th May, and he overtook them in position before the enemy on the following day. The same evening a combat took place between the advanced guard of Ney's flanking column and the Prussians of York, who had been detached to oppose its progress, which ended to the disadvantage of the Allies. But it was balanced by the surprise and route of an Italian division of Bertrand's corps by Barclay's Russians at Königswartha.

Sir Robert Wilson, during these events, had been ever foremost "where danger was to be met and glory to be won." Joining the

allied armies in the field as the first shots were fired on the plain of Lutzen, he passed the whole day at the head of the Prussian columns, amidst the hard contested villages. At the French passage of the Elbe at Dresden, he again distinguished himself in the highest manner; and in the battle which ensued at Bautzen, his name is found in the very van of battle. On the 20th, Napoleon having about 100,000 men in hand, determined to force the passage of the Spree, and drive in the first line of the Allies by a front attack, so as to prevent them directing any considerable force against Ney's turning column, now close at hand. A heavy cannonade announced the commencement of the action.

"When we arrived," says Wilson, "we found the left of our line in a warm fire, and that the enemy was passing the Spree on the right of Bautzen, to take the town in reverse, and act in the rear of Miloradowitch. A battery on the hill, which ought to have covered the ground below, on which was a Russian battalion, was withdrawing from the enemy's fire upon it, and the battalion was also retiring. In a few moments the enemy appeared on this side the river, and drove back rapidly all the tirailleurs who opposed. Not an instant was to be lost. The point was the key of the position of the advanced guard, and the most prejudicial results must have been the consequence of its premature occupation. Sir Charles (Stewart) agreed with my opinion. I brought back the guns and the retiring battalion. We then advanced at the head, caps in hand, and accompanied with loud cheers. The enemy fell back, but again we were obliged to retire by fresh succours sustaining the fugitives. Again and again we rallied and charged; and finding about forty Prussian lancers, we dashed in among the enemy's infantry, while our own pressed forward to help our inferiority. The enemy threw their fire upon us before they gave way, and in flying singed us; but we were revenged. It was my lot to strike the arms out of three men's hands; one at the level, whom a Russian Yager instantly stabbed with the bayonet. A few were spared—a good many taken; and if we could have procured but one squadron, I would have engaged for at least five hundred prisoners. The importance of the suc-

cess was not, however, to be measured by the numbers slain or taken. It was the preservation of the ground that was of chief moment; and that was saved until Kleist was enabled to reinforce the point with guns, infantry, and cavalry; here he gloriously maintained himself for some hours against all the enemy's multiplied and powerful attempts to batter and storm him from the post."—(Wilson, ii, 17, 18.)

The result of the day was, that the Allies retired in good order into their second line. The next morning the decisive struggle began. Napoleon in their front kept up a heavy artillery fire, and made a great demonstration of massing his troops, to draw the attention of his opponents; but meanwhile Ney struck the decisive blow on his left. Having passed the Spree at Klix, he advanced in rear of the allied right wing, commanded by Blücher, and posted on the heights of Kreckwitz, and marched straight on Hochkirk, their sole line of retreat. In vain Barclay, with his 18,000 iron Russian veterans, strove to arrest his progress—in vain Kleist and York, with their brave Prussian Volunteers, threw themselves in his path—his numerous battalions came frankly on, and their overwhelming numbers were retarded, but could not be denied. Had he now pushed straight on Hochkirk, the position of the Allies would have been critical in the extreme; but fortunately for them, alarmed by a heavy fire opened upon his flank by Blücher from the heights of Kreckwitz, he halted to reply to it, and till his reserves closed up. Meanwhile Napoleon advanced in earnest against the allied front; 160,000 men had closed on and nearly enveloped 80,000. Alexander and Frederick William saw that further delay would be fatal, and reluctantly gave orders to retire. Thanks to the noble resistance of Barclay and of Kleist, the whole army drew off, in the finest order, to the rear.

"As the troops," says Wilson, "passed down from the centre, the enemy opened a tremendous fire of shot and shell from the heights of Kreck-

witz and the village of Kaunewitz; but the columns of infantry and cavalry moved with ordinary pace, and every gun and every tumbril was withdrawn from the batteries."—(WILSON, ii. 30.)

With a loss of 20,000 men, but in the most perfect order, the allied army retired to Leignitz. There, however, they took a most momentous step: abandoning the main road to the Oder, and their great line of communication with Poland and the Vistula, they turned to the south-east, and moved on Schweidnitz, where a great intrenched camp, resting on a fortress, offered protection to their reduced numbers, and a secure communication with the Austrian empire. Napoleon, pressing on with a semicircular sweep, soon entered Breslau on the Oder with his left column, and a great battle appeared imminent, when 80,000 Russians and Prussians would have to contend with their line of retreat cut off, and their backs to the Austrian frontier, against almost double that number of victorious French. In these circumstances it was natural that the Allies should desire an armistice to gain time for their own reinforcements to come up, and for Austria to complete her preparations, and get her army on a war footing, so as to be able to impose her terms of mediation upon Napoleon; but it is not so easy to see what induced the French Emperor to agree to such a proposal. His cavalry, however, were in an exhausted state, and few in number: immense reinforcements were on their way, and would join him in a month or six weeks; they would, he trusted, enable him to dictate his own terms, even if Austria joined the alliance; moreover, numerous bodies of partisans were inundating his rear, and required to be warred down. These seem to have been the causes which induced him to pause in his career of victory, and commit, perhaps, the greatest military fault in his life—the Armistice of Pleswitz.

The first negotiations almost broke off from the irreconcilable

pretensions of the opposing parties—Napoleon demanding the line of the Oder, so as to separate Russia and Prussia from Austria; the Allies insisting on the whole of Silesia, so as to secure their communications both with that power and Berlin. At last a compromise was effected, and the line of the Katzbach fixed as the limit of the French occupation. Breslau to be unoccupied, and the boundary of Saxony and Prussia to be observed between the Oder and the Elbe: the armistice to endure six weeks. It was signed on the 4th June, and was the death-warrant of the French Empire.

During the rest thus obtained both parties made every exertion to bring up their reinforcements, and strained every nerve to induce Austria to take their part. Of the condition of the Russians who began to arrive, Sir Robert Wilson gives this most interesting account:—

"Three days since the Emperor inspected 4200 new troops for the foot-guards and grenadiers, and twenty squadrons of cavalry. These infantry had since November last been marched as recruits from Yarisloff, via St. Petersburg, where they were trained, and they themselves and their appointments appeared as if they had not moved farther than from barracks to the parade during that time. The horses and men of the cavalry bore the same freshness of appearance. Man and beast certainly in Russia afford the most surprising material for powder service. If English battalions had marched a tenth part of the way, they would have been crippled for weeks, and would scarcely have had a relic of their original equipments. Our horses would all have been foundered, and their backs too sore even for the carriage of the saddle."—(WILSON, ii. 48.)

The situation and views of Austria are thus well described by our author:—

"Austria is resolved on the termination of the Continental war. She negotiates with France direct, using the power of her arms and her own display of force to obtain those terms from France which she thinks necessary for her own aggrandisement, and the re-

establishment of German security. Having secured these concessions, she will join in the views of France to form a rampart against Russia."—(Wilson, ii. 43.)

Had Napoleon been willing to close with her terms, there is no doubt that Austria would at once have made peace: but this he had made up his mind not to do. His sole object was to gain time and save appearances. He consented, in consequence, to receive the mediation of Austria, and to send plenipotentiaries to a congress at Prague on or before the 5th July, on condition that the armistice was prolonged to the 10th August, with a period of six days to intervene between its denunciation and the resumption of hostilities; this really carried it on to the 16th August. It were needless, even did space permit, to follow him into the series of frivolous pretexts by which he delayed sending his plenipotentiaries—at one time objecting to the mode of Austria's mediation; at another, absenting himself when he knew her answer would be received; at a third, declaring that he had received a notification *officieusement* only, and not *officiellement*, and therefore could take no notice of it. By these means it was the 28th July before Marbonne and Caulaincourt arrived at Prague, and the remaining period to the 10th August was consumed in vain disputes as to the mode of conducting the conferences. On the 6th August Austria sent privately her ultimatum to Napoleon. Its terms were:—"The dissolution of the Grand-duchy of Warsaw, which was to be divided between Russia, Austria, and Prussia, reserving Dantzic for the latter power; the re-establishment of Hamburg and the Hanse Towns in their independence; the reinstatement of Prussia in its ancient possessions, with a frontier on the Elbe; the cession to Austria of all the Illyrian Provinces, including Trieste." It was highly characteristic of Napoleon that he despatched no answer to this ultima-

tum until the 10th August, when his messenger *could not reach Prague until the morning of the 11th, after the armistice had expired*, and Austria had formally joined the Grand Alliance. His reply consented to the dissolution of the Grand-duchy and the cession of Illyria, but insisted on retaining Trieste, and extending the confederation of the Rhine to the Oder. "With the exception of a few details," said Metternich, "the conditions now offered would have led to peace yesterday. Now, nothing can be done but by common accord. It is no longer a question of our separate interests. We are now only in a condition to ask what yesterday we might have exacted."

The war was to recommence on a greater scale than ever, and the whole military might of Austria was about to be thrown into the scale. Here arises a very nice and important question, upon which the evidence of Wilson is invaluable, and that is—what was the military force which Austria brought to aid the Allies? Plötho, the official German writer, says that the Austrian army of Bohemia was 180,000 strong. But Sir George Cathcart, in his able and interesting work on the war of 1843, says it did not exceed 45,000 men (Cathcart, 191.) This is a most important question in considering the military conduct of the campaign. Cathcart was then an aide-de-camp of Lord Cathcart's, and present with him at the allied headquarters. But Wilson was at this time appointed Commissioner to the Austrian army in the field—was upon terms of the utmost intimacy with the Austrian commander and his corps leaders, as well as with the Russian Emperor and his generals—was present during all the operations, and, as appears from frequent extracts, constantly assisted the headquarters staff to make up the returns from the *actual field states of the separate corps*. His means of information were, therefore, the very best, and such as no one not

actually on the head-quarter staff, could have access to; and he had every opportunity of verifying, by personal observation, the information he received. His testimony may therefore be considered decisive on the subject. Writing on the 20th August from Prague, of a review which took place the previous day he says,—

"On reaching the ground, I found, to my great surprise, sixty-nine battalions of Austrian infantry, of which seventeen were Hungarians and three of them grenadiers, and twelve regiments of cavalry—the total above 60,000 infantry and 6000 cavalry, under the command of Prince Schwartzburg."—(Wilson, ii. 83.)

And he adds, further on—

"The Austrian force in Bohemia may be estimated at 115,000 men. Three divisions of Klenau, at Brix, were absent yesterday, and three of light troops along the cordon. . . . The Russians have about 75,000 men in Bohemia, and the Prussians about 35,000."—(Wilson, ii. 86.) "This," to use the words of Alison, "making every deduction for non-effectives, would leave at the very least from 90,000 to 95,000 Austrians effective for the field."—(Alison's *Europe*, tenth edition, xii. 47, note.)

By this great accession both of numbers and territory, the strategical position of the Allies was immensely improved. The seat of war might be regarded as a quadrilateral, of which the Allies were in possession of the south and east sides; the north was formed by the sea; and the west rested on the Rhine. The French occupied the interior of this quadrilateral, and their line of communication ran west into France, and consequently lay exposed to the direct attack of the Allies from the southern side (Bohemia.) The Elbe, running from south to north, divided this quadrilateral, and it was entirely in possession of the French, who held four great fortresses on its banks,—Dresden on the south, Hamburg on the north, and Magdeburg and Wittenberg in the centre. Napoleon determined to make Dresden the centre of his operations. It was near the angle where the

two sides held by the Allies met, and consequently was favourable to his alternately throwing the mass of his forces against either of them; whilst the deep stream of the Elbe shielded him from any attack from the unassailed one. In military language, the French rested upon a single internal line of operations; while the Allies operated against them upon double external lines—and so far the former had the advantage. But one of the allied sides (Bohemia) flanked the French line of communication, which was thus exposed to a perpendicular attack from it; and this was an enormous gain to the latter. Each party, therefore, had some military advantage—Napoleon, in holding a central position, and thus opposing an internal to double external lines; the Allies, in possessing a line, which fell perpendicularly on their opponents' communications.

The plan of the Allies was to form three armies—one great one in Bohemia, on the southern side of the quadrilateral, destined to operate from thence directly against the French line of communications between Dresden and Leipzig. It numbered 95,000 Austrians, 75,000 Russians, and 35,000 Prussians—205,000 men in all. It was called the Grand Army, and was commanded by Prince Schwartzburg. A second on the eastern side of the quadrilateral in Silesia, destined at once to cover the line of communication of the Russians with Poland and the Grand Army with Prussia, and to operate along the great road from Breslau against Dresden. It numbered 35,000 Russians and 45,000 Prussians—80,000 in all—was called the army of Silesia, and was commanded by the ardent and impetuous Blücher. Lastly, a third army, also on the eastern side, but further to the north, in front of Berlin. It was intended both to protect that capital and to operate from thence against Napoleon's communications by crossing the Elbe above Magdeburg, and moving on Leipzig. It numbered, after deducting 20,000 to watch Hamburg,

about 80,000 men—Russians, Prussians, and Swedes—and was commanded by Bernadotte, Prince-Royal of Sweden, who had now joined the Grand Alliance. It was called the Army of the North. The Allies had thus collected, during the armistice, the enormous number of 360,000 men to assail the French.

But great as these forces were, Napoleon had managed to assemble still greater. When the armistice expired, he had 400,000 men under his command, of whom 385,000 were effectives in the field. Around Dresden, the great pivot of his operations, watching the passes of the Bohemian hills, and ready to move in any direction, he had 172,000. Under Macdonald, on the Bober in Silesia, observing Blücher, 100,000. Under Oudinot at Dahme, opposed to Bernadotte, and menacing Berlin, 75,000, who, in the event of an attack upon that capital, was to be joined by 10,000 under Girard from Magdeburg, and supported by a flank movement of 30,000 from Hamburg, under Davoust. Occupying a central position, his plan was to unite the mass of his forces against whichever of the allied armies first approached him, whilst his generals observed a defensive at every other point. Operating from two separate bases, at right angles to one another, the design of the Allies, on the other hand, was for the army which he attacked in person always to fall back before him; whilst the others moved direct upon his line of communications, and endeavoured to unite in his rear.

Cathcart is of opinion, that as soon as Napoleon found his position at Dresden on the Elbe turned by the accession of Austria to the Grand Alliance, he should have abandoned it, and taken up that of the Saale. The Saale is a river which flows from the Thuringian Forest into the Elbe above Magdeburg, and consequently forms a sort of diagonal running from south-west to north-east, opposite to the angle where the allied sides of the quadrilateral met. The strength of this position

lies in the portion which is covered by that river in front, and flanked on the north by the Hartz Mountains, and on the South by the Thuringian Forest, and its advantage would have been that it could not be directly turned from Bohemia.

"But," to use the words of a recent writer, "to abandon the Elbe was, politically speaking, to abandon Germany. At Dresden Napoleon equally menaced Austria through Bohemia on his right; threatened to cut the great line of communications of the Russians and Prussians, through Silesia, in his front; and hung like a thunder-cloud over Berlin on his left. Had he retired to the Saale, all the north of Germany would have risen. Moreover, as a defensive position, the line of the Saale was not so strong against an attack in front as that of the Elbe, being unsupported by fortresses; while, against a flank attack, it was as easily turned from Bavaria through the Thuringian Forest, as that of the Elbe was from Bohemia through the Erz-Gebirge."—(*Alison's Europe*, xii. 186, note.)

In truth, after Austria declared against him, there was no line which Napoleon could take up which could not be turned till you came to the Rhine, and the line of the Elbe was at once in itself the strongest, and that which most nearly threatened the great line of communication of the Allies through Silesia. The Saale was as easily turned as the Elbe, only the movement required to be made with a wider sweep through Hof.

The campaign opened on the part of the Allies by the advance of Blücher's army in Silesia. Napoleon immediately left Dresden with his Guards, reserves, and heavy cavalry; and after a demonstration across the Bohemian Mountains by the pass of Zittau, hastened to the relief of Macdonald, who had been driven back behind the Bober. As soon as the Allies heard of this, they set the Grand Army, which had been concentrated at Jung-Buntzlau in Bohemia, in motion, down the left bank of the Elbe, to seize upon his communications; and soon all the passes of the Erz-Gebirge, from the banks of the Elbe to the

frontiers of Bavaria, were swarming with their numerous columns, which came pouring down from every mountain valley into the Saxon plains. St. Cyr fell back before their overpowering numbers from Pirna to Dresden; and had they moved direct upon that place, they might have stormed it ere Napoleon could arrive to its relief; but their original design had been to move on Leipzig; and it was only after the movement had begun that it was determined to endeavour to seize Dresden by a *coup de-main*. This caused a delay of several days, from the time required for the centre and left of the Alliéés to bring up their left shoulders and complete the semicircular sweep necessary to unite them beneath its ramparts. On the evening of the 23d their first advanced guard came under the walls of Dresden; but it was the evening of the 25th before a sufficient force had been assembled to justify an attack.

St. Cyr, whose garrison numbered about 30,000 men, was in the greatest alarm, and sent off messenger after messenger to Napoleon, to let him know of the formidable force which threatened him, and of his own fears for the result if he were not instantly supported. The defences of Dresden consisted of an old wall, strengthened by new field-works. It was therefore more of the nature of an intrenched camp than a fortress. Napoleon had reached Lowenberg in pursuit of Blücher's retiring columns, when St. Cyr's messengers arrived. His plan was immediately formed. Leaving Macdonald in command of his own army, he set out with his Guards, reserve cavalry, and Marmont's corps for Gohlitz, and sent orders to Vandamme and Victor, who lay on the Silesian frontier of Bohemia, to march on the Elbe. These altogether amounted to about 130,000 men. His design was to throw them by forced marches across the Elbe above Dresden, at Koenigstein, where he held a fortified bridge, close to the Bohemian frontier. He would thus gain the Pirna

road, directly in rear of the Allies, and their shortest communication with Bohemia; would descend the left bank of the Elbe by it, and, cutting them off from their base, force them to give battle with their faces to Bohemia and their backs to Dresden and the Elbe. He calculated upon St. Cyr's being able to hold Dresden until he could execute this movement. On reaching Stolpen, however, the point where the road for Koenigstein separates from the direct one to Dresden, he received, on the evening of the 25th, such alarming accounts of the extreme danger of St. Cyr, and his inability to hold his ground for a day longer, that he gave up his brilliant and well-matured plan, and hastened, on the morning of the 26th, by the direct road to Dresden, merely directing Vandamme, who formed his advanced guard, to press on on the original line, pass the Elbe at Koenigstein, occupy Pirna, and, establishing himself on the great road to Bohemia in rear of the Allies, await the result of his front attack. Napoleon reached Dresden in person on the forenoon of the 26th, but it was mid-day before his columns arrived and began to file across the bridges into the town.

We must now turn to the allied camp.

"Orders were given," says Wilson, "about two o'clock, that the allied batteries should commence their operations against the town at four o'clock; that an outwork of the enemy near the garden on the left of the centre of the town should be stormed, and the town assaulted from that point if practicable... About four o'clock the cannonade commenced against the enemy, and particularly the redoubt, with fury. In about a quarter of an hour some guns outside the redoubt, and between it and the town, were withdrawn. In another quarter of an hour the fire of the redoubt was much diminished. Count Colorado, perceiving the effect, ordered his troops to advance. The distance was above an English mile over open ground. They moved forward; they increased their step; they pressed into a run—gave three cheers—and reached the ditch of the re-

doubt which was stockaded in the most formidable manner.' . . . 'At the instant of the huzza, Prince Lichtenstein and I could no longer restrain ourselves: we galloped down to the redoubt, and animated the men to mount. Some by their bayonets had already loosened the cement in one or two places and reached the crest, but did not like to pass over the parapet, as the fire from the town wall, distant only fifty paces, was too heavy. I remembered what I owed to Austria, England, and myself. I dismounted, climbed over the palisades, with extreme difficulty reached the crest of the parapet, sprang on it, took off my cap and gave three cheers—Charles at my side, and then leapt into the battery. My cheers had been answered by all around me of all ranks, and instantly hundreds mounted and manned the redoubt.' . . . 'I then asked Prince Lichtenstein's permission to bring up some guns to batter the wall in breach, and force one of the doors of the town which opened immediately behind the redoubt. Having got up the guns and placed them at the distance of sixty paces, we were in hopes of obtaining an entrance; but the enemy through the loopholes in the walls, killed all the artillerymen of the first six guns. We brought up then another battery of twelve; and while this, under a murderous fire, was battering a breach, Prince Lichtenstein received advice that the enemy was making a sally upon our left with the view of taking us in rear. Stuart, who had come up to the redoubt almost at the time I did, and who, as usual, made every effort to aid and assist, now accompanied me and Prince Maurice Lichtenstein, who galloped off to make dispositions for the retreat. After ordering forward some cavalry to support the infantry across the plain, we proceeded to another body of troops, and to our great surprise found their batteries and themselves facing our own position, and receiving a heavy fire from the ground on which our army had been standing. Around us were at least 30,000 men—some formed in squares, others in march to form—and a long column in movement. We rode up to the guns confused and amazed. It was then that I began to suspect our situation; and pressing up to Prince Lichtenstein, who at that moment had made the discovery, I said, 'We are not right here.' Prince Lichtenstein replied, 'Follow me;' and I gave this answer to Stuart, who had just come up to me to express his surprise at our position; but

he was not quite aware of its actual character. We darted along the column advancing from the town, occasionally calling to the soldiers on the way to clear to the right or left; many of whom were crouching from the shot which momentarily struck around, and almost infallibly with effect; and then finding an opening, turned to our right, and happily rejoined our own, after having been in the midst of Buonaparte's Guards for a quarter of an hour."—(Wilson, ii. 91, 94.)

This is well and nervously told, and there are touches in it which bring the scene before one's eyes. The Allies drew off as night fell, and abandoned the redoubt they had won. Napoleon had now accumulated 120,000 men in Dresden, and prepared the next day to assail the Allies, who had nearly 160,000 on the heights around it. Having the city to sustain his centre, his plan was to throw the mass of his forces upon both flanks. The next morning, amidst wind and rain, the battle was renewed. A deep ravine separated the allied right and centre from its left. Part of the left, consisting of Klenau's corps, had not yet come into line, so that a vacant space lay between the troops already beyond the ravine and the Elbe. Murat, taking advantage of this mistake, and of the thick mist which enveloped the field, filed out his heavy cuirassiers through the meadows between the river and the extreme Austrian left, and when he had come well on their flank, charged home, rolling up their line from left to right as far as the ravine. The destruction of this wing was complete. On the other flank also, Ney, at the head of the Young Guard, had made great progress, and won much ground from Wittgenstein's Russians and Kleist's Prussians. "The conduct of the Prussians on this occasion," says Wilson, "greatly displeased me. Such skilful officers as they have are generally pedants, and the majority of their officers are good for nothing. The soldiers are willing, but rather brave clowns than soldiers."

A heavy cannonade, near the Elbe,

was falling in the centre, and a great loss there befall the Allies—

"A little after this, as the Emperor, General Moreau, Lord Cathcart, myself, and I were passing on the right of the centre in the wake of a French battery which still played, a ball came and struck something about us. For a few seconds no effect was seen or heard, but then General Moreau cried 'Oh,' and I perceived him, for I was next upon his left, struggling and endeavouring to dismount. 'I immediately said, 'Sire, General Moreau is wounded.' And almost at the same instant I saw him throw himself from his horse with one leg shattered, and the inside of the left knee all mangled. His horse, which had stood firm till the General fell, now staggered, and threw himself down close to his master. The violent struggles of the horse alarmed General Moreau, who said, 'Keep the horse down;' but the horse died before any one could get near him. Moreau then lifted himself up a little, looked at his leg, and said, 'C'est passé avec moi! Mon affaire est faite.' The Emperor, riding away, ordered him to be carried from the field. Some Cossacks lifted him on their pikes, and removed him to the nearest village. The operation of amputating both legs was performed by the Emperor's surgeon, Wiley. Moreau bore it as a soldier, and during the whole day kept a cheerful serenity that proved the possession of extraordinary powers of mind. I never saw a more amiable man—more modest—more intelligent."—(Wilson, ii. 97.)

The Allies now determined to retire, but as they had lost the two great routes by which they had advanced—that by Pirna to Toplitz on their right flank, by the advance of Vandamme to Pirna; that of Freyburg on their left, by the defeat of their left wing by Murat—they had no resource but to regain the Bohemian territory by the defiles which the peasantry with difficulty use in the mountain-line between the Toplitz and Freyburg routes. Extreme severity of weather rendered the condition of the soldiers deplorable, and increased the embarrassments of the march; cannon and baggage-wagons were abandoned at every step. "Miserable as I was," says Wilson, "and loaded with tons of water, I

still thirsted for the cold but sober comfort of mathematical arguments from Jomini, and I refused the cuisine and quarters of Schwartzberg, to find my people and get a change of clothes."

Napoleon's measures to secure their destruction were most ably taken. The roads which the Allies were pursuing all terminate at Toplitz in the Bohemian plain. Marmont, St. Cyr, Murat, and Victor, with above 90,000 men, came thundering upon their rear; while Vandamme, who was already close to the Bohemian frontier, on the main road, was ordered to descend into the plain, make himself master of Toplitz, and receive the head of their columns as they endeavoured to debouch from the mountain passes. He had about 35,000 men with him; and the Young Guard, 32,000 strong, was ordered to support him. As the Pirna road, by which it advanced, was both a shorter and finer route than those traversed by the Allies, it was certain to support Vandamme in time. Thus while their rear was pressed by 100,000 men, the head of their columns would be met by nearly 70,000, and impassable mountain-ridges hemmed in their flanks. Their ruin seemed inevitable.

Eager to fulfil his mission, and win his marshal's baton, Vandamme hurried down the pass of Nollendorf, and advanced along the wooded base of the mountains towards Toplitz. Osterman, with 9000 Russians of the Guard, alone lay between him and his goal. The fate of the Allies seemed sealed. But Osterman held out with the courage of despair. Vandamme engaged his men hastily as they came up:—

"Each party fought with a resolution suitable to the magnitude of its object—the preservation or ruin of the allied army."—(II. 251.) "The enemy now pressed Osterman, and having occupied the village of Kraupen, menaced seizure of the embouchure of Eichswalde, at the distance of a *werst*, where it was supposed the Prussian corps would attempt to break out. Indeed, the danger seemed imminent, for the whole army still remained fixed in the mountains, unable

to move from the breaking down of carriages and other impediments. The distance from Kraupen to their embouchure was but five wersts, and *if that pass was gained, ruin was inevitable for above a hundred and fifty thousand men.*"—(ii. 101.)

But nobly Osterman stood his ground:—

"The Russian eight thousand, notwithstanding the loss of *one-half*, for fourteen hours continued the action, and finally remained masters of the ground. The enemy could not gain an inch of ground, but, as night closed in, withdrew beyond reach of fire."

The heads of the allied columns began to debouch into the plain, and the crisis passed by. Vandamme, expecting every instant to see the bearskin caps of the Guard descending the pass of Nollendorf to his support, stood fast during the night, prepared to renew the action next day.

But, meanwhile, events were taking place which entirely altered the result of the campaign. When Napoleon flew to Dresden, he left Macdonald in Silesia with orders to press Blücher, but avoid a general action; whilst he had directed Oudinot to march on Berlin. When he arrived at Pirna with the Young Guard, he received intelligence that Macdonald, neglecting his instructions, had given battle to Blücher, and been totally routed on the Katzbach with the loss of 25,000 men; and that Oudinot, in marching upon Berlin, had been met by Bernadotte, beaten in the field, and thrown back to Wittenberg on the Elbe, where he had lost his direct communication with Dresden. This budget of evil news seems to have overwhelmed him; he immediately returned to Dresden, *ordered the Young Guard to halt at Pirna*; gave no notice of this to Vandamme, and sent off Ney to supersede Oudinot, and bring back his army to Baruth, where it would both recover its communication with his centre at Dresden, and threaten Berlin.

Vandamme, meanwhile, relying on the support of the Young Guard, gave battle to the Allies at Culm,

was driven back by their now superior numbers, and was beginning his retreat up the pass to Nollendorf, when there came pouring over its summit, not Napoleon's Guard, but Kleist's Prussians, who had come across from Maxen. Terror seized alike upon both the French and Prussian ranks. Each strove with the energy of despair to force their way through the defile. The French horse sabred their way, but the infantry dispersed over the mountain side, their guns were all abandoned, and their general taken prisoner. When they mustered next day, 18,000 men were absent from the ranks. This terrible defeat, which nearly did away with all the moral effect of the victory at Dresden, was soon followed by another; for Ney, in leading his army from Wittenburg to Baruth, fell in at Dennewitz with Bernadotte, and was totally defeated, and thrown back on Torgau, with the loss of 15,000 men.

These four defeats, occurring immediately after one another, were fatal to Napoleon's plan of campaign. They cost him in the field alone, in killed, wounded, prisoners, and altogether independent of the ordinary wear and tear of the campaign, from 60,000 to 70,000 men. It is true the allied Grand Army was weakened by fully as many from the battle of Dresden and retreat to Bohemia, but the cases of the two were by no means parallel. France had put forth her last man and her last gun. There were no more conscripts in the depots, no more cavalry remounts in the field. The French Emperor's 400,000 on the Elbe was the last effort of the Empire. Each man he lost was irreplaceable on the German side of the Rhine. Early and decisive success was his necessity. With the Allies it was just the reverse. Every day brought Benningsen's great Russian reserve, 60,000 strong, nearer. Every day Austrian landwehr and Prussian landsturm were flocking into the ranks. For one soldier that fell in the allied host,

two recruits could be brought up from the rear. Every hour that the contest was prolonged was a certain gain to them and loss to the French.

Fully appreciating this advantage, they determined carefully to avoid a general action until all their reserves had arrived, and meanwhile to wear out the French troops by incessant marching and counter-marching. When Napoleon, accordingly, turned his arms against Blücher, the veteran Marshal fell swiftly back. In Bohemia, meanwhile, the Austrians had separated from the Russians and Prussians, and crossed to the right bank of the Elbe, and the two latter again made a demonstration by Pirna against Dresden. This brought the French Emperor with his Guards swiftly back to the summits of the Bohemian hills, and had he ventured to debouch from their passes into the plain, he might have engaged the Russians and Prussians when separated from the Austrians. But he feared the difficult ground at their mouths, and let the precious moment slip by. The Austrians returned, and he fell back to Dresden. Once more the Allies advanced into the mountains; again Napoleon threw them back into the plain. But now the constant increase of their numbers, and diminution of his, had altogether altered the relative strength of each. He did not dare to descend into Bohemia in pursuit; and when a new attack of Blücher's drew him back to Silesia, he did not venture to give battle to the old Prussian Marshal, but retired to Dresden. The great Russian reserve of Bennigsen had now defiled into Bohemia, and joined the Grand Army. Blücher and Bernadotte were recruited to a large amount. The French forces, from sickness and the sword, had sunk from 387,000 to 250,000 men; those of the Allies risen, in spite of all their losses, from 350,000 to about 380,000. The hour had come to close the contest with a clap of thunder.

The Allies felt their strength, and prepared frankly to attack; while Napoleon, become convinced of his weakness, determined to change the theatre of operations.

Here we may pause for a moment to inquire to what cause Napoleon's inability to hold Dresden was owing, seeing that he began the campaign superior in number to the Allies. Cathcart replies at once—To his absurdity in taking up a central position at Dresden, and not retiring at once behind the Saale. We think—To his abandoning the cardinal principle of the defence of a central position, by attacking his enemies on three points at once. This will be made most apparent by considering, (1.) What he should have done after the battle of Dresden, had he acted on the principle of defending a central position. (2.) What he actually did do. (1.) The principle for the defence of a central position is, to accumulate the mass of your forces against one hostile column at a time, falling back at all other points towards the centre: having quite defeated the one selected for attack, then in like manner to assail the others. Now, when Napoleon hurled 90,000 men against the allied rear, and sent 70,000 to head them in the passes of the Bohemian hills, he acted strictly on this principle; and, as we have shown above, the destruction of the great mass of the allied army was secure. But everything depended upon his pressing on the Young Guard by forced marches to support Vandamme. Marching all the 28th and the forenoon of the 29th, they could have reached him in time to take part in the action that afternoon, rendered it decisive by Osterman's defeat, and then, in Wilson's graphic words, "ruin was inevitable for above 150,000 men." Such a calamity as this would have rendered the Grand Army powerless for a month to come. Napoleon could then have gone to Oudinot's army, which should meanwhile have fallen slowly back towards Dresden, with his reserve,

60,000 or 70,000 strong. Bernadotte must either have fought to save Berlin, and in presence of such superior forces he would have been beaten, or have abandoned it without a blow—in either case, Berlin, and Prussia to the Oder, would have been recovered. Napoleon could then have turned upon Blücher. Any advance of that Marshal towards Dresden would only have insured his own destruction, for he could never have forced the passage of the Elbe in the face of 100,000 men (Macdonald's army, added to the Dresden garrison), and would have exposed his flank and line of retreat through Bautzen to Napoleon. Blücher's retreat would have left open the Oder above Breslau to the French, who would thus have cut off the Russians and Prussians in Bohemia from their great line of communication, Benningsen's reserve, and the East Prussian Provinces, and this would inevitably have dissolved the Grand Alliance. (2.) By halting the Young Guard at Pirna, Vandamme, instead of ruining the Allies, was destroyed. By ordering Oudinot to advance on Berlin, at the very time he was engaged at Dresden, the defeat of Gros-Becren was incurred. By Macdonald's assuming the offensive in Silesia, the ruin of the Katzbach was invited. By Ney's *unaided* move on Baruth, the disaster of Dennewitz was brought on. Now, be it observed, not a single one of these defeats would have been hazarded had the great principle of a central position, "*one offensive at a time*," been strictly adhered to. Had the Young Guard pressed on along the broad and direct chaussée of Pirna, they must have joined Vandamme, and headed the Allies engaged in miserable circuitous mountain paths. Had Oudinot and Macdonald carefully avoided action, they would have been slowly converging to Dresden with 175,000 men, in good spirits and perfect order; while Napoleon could have joined either of them with 80,000 more, flushed with victory. Napoleon failed, because, having adopted

a central position, he would not defend it as such—because he *assumed the offensive at the same time upon one primary and two secondary lines*.

We have been thus minute upon this part of the campaign, because it is both the most contested and the most important portion of it, and because Wilson's work is peculiarly valuable from the light it throws upon this phase of the contest. We must pass with a rapid hand over what ensues. His account of the allied army after its retreat to Bohemia is very interesting:—

"Among the Austrians are some new battalions of landwehr. They really are apparently as effective as their line, and composed not merely of boys, as the Prussian landwehr are, but of grown men rather under prescribed military height. No man can form a conception of the vigorous state of the remnant of the Russian army now here. No man ever beheld such guards and such artillery. Infantry after two successive seasons is rarely in similar order, and the cavalry is in as high condition as if it had never marched more than five weeks a-day, and never encountered a cold or wet night. The Prussians here, being chiefly landwehr and Silesian landwehr or recruits, are not fit subjects for notice, especially after their late misfortune. They are, however, diligent, and if not too hastily brought again into fire, may become useful; but youth is the great fault of Austrians and Prussians, so that a winter campaign is almost impracticable."—(ii. 114, 115.)

Wilson's military judgment was often repudiated by the event, but the cause was always the same. He saw and knew the great losses of the Allies, but he did not know the *far greater losses* of the French, and was *wholly ignorant of the exhaustion of the French Empire*, which rendered these losses irreparable. His work, therefore, must be studied along with those of Thiers and Alison, who keep this point steadily in view.

The allied plan was for Blücher to abandon Silesia, incline to his left, and cross the Elbe below Dresden; for Bernadotte to cross the

same river above Magdeburg ; and for both united, nearly 140,000 strong, to ascend the valley of the Saale towards Leipsic. There they were to be met by the Grand Army, 180,000 strong, which was to descend on the same point by Comotau from Bohemia. This would concentrate the whole allied forces, amounting, after every deduction for detachments to the rear, to 300,000 men, in one great mass, upon the enemy's communications, and directly between him and France. Blucher was the first in motion, and his columns were quickly across the Elbe. Bernadotte next got under weigh, and the two were soon in communication between the Elbe and the Saale. Meanwhile Napoleon, leaving most unnecessarily 30,000 under St. Cyr in Dresden, set out with 75,000 to throw himself upon Blucher's flank, and unite with Ney and Marmont, who had about 70,000 in that quarter; while Murat, with 40,000, was ordered to watch the Grand Army on the Bohemian frontier. Blucher narrowly escaped destruction by pushing on past the heads of the French columns to the banks of the Saale, where he joined Bernadotte. The French Emperor halted in person for three days at Duben, meditating a vast plan of establishing himself *à cheval* upon the Elbe between Magdeburg and Wittenberg, crossing to the right bank there, menacing Berlin, and supporting himself upon the hitherto untouched resources of Prussia; and with this view he pushed several corps upon that river. This so alarmed Bernadotte for his communications, that he separated from Blucher, and fell back towards the Elbe; but the sturdy Prussian went on alone, and directed his march to the trysting place at Leipsic.

The general discouragement which prevailed in the French army, the expected defection of Bavaria, and the news which he here received of the steady advance of the Grand Army on Leipsic, pushing back Murat before it, from the south,

and the resolute advance of Blucher towards the same place from the north, induced Napoleon to abandon his plan, and march with all his forces on Leipsic, there to unite with Murat, and, interposing between Schwarzenberg and Blucher, give both battle. On the 15th October he joined Murat, and their united forces, 115,000 strong, offered battle to the allied Grand Army (181,000 on the field) on the heights of Wachau the next day, while Marmont, with 25,000 men, was left to oppose Blucher on the other side of the town towards Halle. The Allies first attacked the heights, but were repulsed with loss, and Napoleon in his turn assumed a vigorous offensive.

"About three o'clock," says Wilson, "the enemy, observing that the Russian reserve was at a great distance in the rear, advanced two considerable masses of cavalry, and charged through the centre of the Russian line. Several Russian regiments of cavalry took panic, fled, and abandoned the infantry and several batteries. Happily, the infantry stood firm. Already the enemy's horse had reached the rear of the advanced position, and began to cross the dyke which passed over a marsh in this part of the field, when the Cossacks of the Guard, and the Russian reserve cavalry, charged forward, obliged the enemy to a rapid and destructive retreat, and restored the fortune of the day."—(ii. 168, 169.)

Both parties at night held their ground, but this was ruin to Napoleon, for on the other side Marmont had been completely defeated by Blucher, and driven back behind the Partha, close to Leipsic; while the allied reserves coming up were far greater than his own. The next day was spent by both parties in gathering up their whole strength for the final struggle. Napoleon collected 165,000 men; but the Allied Grand Army rose by the junction of its reserves to nearly 170,000; while Bernadotte, with 60,000 more, was, by the great efforts of Sir Charles Stewart, brought back from the Elbe and led into line between the Silesian and the Grand

Army. The whole thus came to form a vast semicircle round Leipsic 270,000 strong. Napoleon drew back his line and formed an interior semicircle facing outwards; but it had this frightful defect, that its chord was formed by the impassable stream of the Elster, traversed only by a single bridge, which thus formed the sole means of retreat to the French in case of defeat.

On the afternoon of this day of rest, Napoleon sent for the Austrian general Merfeldt, who had been taken prisoner, and in a very long and interesting conversation, told him that on condition of an armistice he was willing to retire behind the Saale, and treat for a general peace on the basis, "that if England would make peace and give up colonies, he would give up Hanover, Lubeck, and Hamburg. That if she would agree to the neutrality of the flag, the independence of Holland might be arranged, and Italy be made an independent monarchy." This conversation was repeated the next day by Merfeldt to Wilson, and the details given of it settle a much-disputed point—viz., as to when Napoleon first heard of the defection of Bavaria. He had given out that it was the knowledge of this which led to his giving up his offensive beyond the Elbe and retreating to Leipsic; but it is now proved that he first received intelligence of it from Merfeldt at this interview—the courier who ought to have brought him the news having been intercepted by the Allies. The narrative of this conversation was sent by Wilson, by his aide-de-camp, to Lord Aberdeen. The aide-de-camp could not find him, but gave it to Sir Charles Stewart, who sent it to England without either Lord Aberdeen's or Wilson's knowledge, and received in return the Regent's thanks for his vigilance and valuable intelligence!!!

The Allies took no notice of this overture, and the next morning the strife was renewed. We need not dwell on the well-known incidents which followed:—the crushing

down beneath superior numbers and an overwhelming artillery fire of Napoleon's gallant host, the defection of his Saxon allies, his extreme imprudence in not bridging the river in his rear during the night, and the consequent loss of his rearguard, 30,000 strong, on the retreat of the ensuing day. So complete was the defeat, so terrible the disaster, that he could not halt for a moment behind the line of the Saale; but, bidding a final adieu to the German plains, led back by Erfurth and the Thuringian Forest his shattered bands to the banks of the Rhine. Wrede, with 40,000 Austro-Bavarians, attempted to bar his way at Ilanau; but the bearskin caps of the Old Guard, terrible even in disaster, soon cleared a passage, and the broad barrier of the Rhine quickly spread the welcome shelter of its mighty stream over the wearied and wasted remnant of the Grand Army. When it filed over the bridge of Mayence, it did not number 40,000 combatants in its ranks. It left behind it, cut off in the fortresses on the Elbe and the Oder, 170,000 soldiers; and it had mustered three months before, at the foot of the Bohemian hills, 400,000 strong. The Moscow retreat itself had been hardly more destructive—the disaster of the Beresina scarcely more fatal.

Circumstances and intrigues had for some time been in progress which now led to Wilson's removal from his position as Commissioner with the Austrian Grand Army to Italy. The real cause of this was a divergence of opinion which had arisen between him and Lord Castlereagh as to the propriety of making peace with Napoleon on the first favourable opportunity, or of pushing the war against him to the uttermost. Lord Castlereagh favoured the latter course, Wilson the former; and when this divergence once arose, the great talents of the British General, his close intimacy with the allied sovereigns and commanders, and the large amount of influence

which he exercised over them, came to be the very causes which led to, and indeed necessitated, his removal. Wilson was too independent a man not to form his own views, and too clever a man not to enforce them with effect. In a person of moderate abilities and small influence this would have signified little in comparison with the information he had the means of acquiring; but in Wilson's case it was just the reverse. His very weight and authority led to his transfer to a scene where it would not interfere with Ministers.

Wilson gives us this account of his own position at headquarters:—

"Nothing is done militarily or politically that I am not told instantly: nothing arrives that I do not see: nothing is discussed that I do not hear. There never was an ambassador more valuably aided."—(ii. 197.)

Lord Aberdeen wrote to Lord Castlereagh when his removal was first proposed:—

"Schwarzenberg and Metternich have frequently spoken to me on the subject of Sir R. Wilson's removal. The first has written to me in the most pressing manner; the latter has told me that he had it in command from the Emperor to express his sense of the great services of Wilson, and to state his wishes that he should continue with the army. Schwarzenberg told me that he would as soon part with Radetsky, the Quartermaster-General: that Wilson was admitted to all their councils, and that they had the most entire confidence in his zeal and talents. . . . The Emperor of Russia has flatly declared that he will take on himself the responsibility of making him stay; and that he will write to the Prince Regent accordingly. The King has been equally kind; and old Blücher has pressed him to come and share his quarters for the rest of the campaign, where he shall be treated as his son."—(ii. 224, 225.)

But all this only hastened his removal. General Gneisenau, the celebrated chief of the staff to Blücher, had early in the campaign written to England recommending his removal, on the ground that he had favoured the armistice of

Pleswitz and recommended peace then if Austria did not join the Allies; while afterwards Lord Cathcart and Sir Charles Stewart urged his removal on the plea of his being too friendly to Austria.—(II. 266.) Innumerable passages scattered throughout his journal show the entire opposition to Lord Castlereagh's foreign policy, and in consequence that minister wrote in reply to Lord Aberdeen's application for his stay, that it could not be so, as "if he had the confidence of all other Governments he wanted that of his own."—(II. 268.) And Lord Aberdeen informed Wilson, "It appears that Lord Castlereagh considers the application that has been made for my (Wilson's) stay as an unaccountable interference, and *these proofs of esteem here are additional causes for my removal.*"—(ii. 283.)

Upon a calm review of the whole transaction, we are of opinion that in the substance Lord Castlereagh was in the right. When a diplomatic agent entertains different views from those of his Government, it is better that he should not be employed in a situation where either he must use his influence in a way contrary to his own conscientious opinions, or in opposition to the views of his employers. He would come then to be placed in a false position; and the greater his abilities and the more commanding his influence, the more expedient it would be that he should be transferred to some other sphere presenting a less difficult course of action. But while in substance we think Lord Castlereagh right, in form we think him decidedly wrong. He superseded Wilson, as Austrian Commissioner, by Lord Burghersh, a young and inexperienced lieutenant-colonel, and Wilson was justified in saying, "Certainly I have been most harshly and undeservedly treated, most offensively slighted. *The appointment of a junior officer is an insult as well as an injury.*"—(ii. 221.)

Judging, as we are now able to do, after the event, there can be no

doubt that Lord Castlereagh was right, and Wilson wrong, as to the weakness of Napoleon at this period, and the consequent expediency of pressing upon him at once. The cause of Wilson's mistake was no deficiency in military judgment, but arose from his ignorance of the great losses and internal state of France. He knew and saw the dreadful gaps caused in the allied ranks by the campaign (he estimated them before Leipsic at 146,000 men—ii. 260), but he was ignorant that the French loss was even more considerable. He seems to think it may have amounted to 60,000 or 70,000 men, when Thiers, writing from official documents, has shown that, between the renewal of the war after the armistice of Pleswitz and the march of Napoleon on Leipsic, their forces in the field had sunk down from 387,000 to 250,000. Above all, Wilson seems to have been entirely ignorant of the utter exhaustion and prostration of the French Empire, and the consequent failure of the conscription, which precluded any possibility of effectively recruiting their ranks. He seems to have thought that it was as easy for Napoleon to replace expended conscripts as for the Allies to raise new battalions; when in reality France was so utterly worn out that the largest votes of conscripts made by the Senate did not produce a fourth of their numbers at the depots, and Napoleon could never collect, in the heart of France, to defend the capital of his empire, 50,000 men in one field during the next campaign. This vital point Lord Castlereagh seems perfectly to have divined; but Wilson shut his eyes to it to the very last.

Thus, when the Allies had arrived on the banks of the Rhine, Wilson writes of their prospects: "The allied armies are considerable—I send their estimate; but the enemy is also making gigantic efforts, and all the tales respecting the want of men in France now bear their just character of fallacy. Never will France have such a force on foot."

(ii. 226.) Now, listen to the real state of the case, as narrated by their own historian, Thiers:—"Jamais plus grand abattement ne s'était rencontré en face d'un plus affreux péril. Certes si l'étranger victorieux qui soupçonnait une partie de ces vérités, avait pu les connaître dans toute leur étendue, *il ne se serait arrêté qu'un jour aux bords du Rhin*, juste le temps nécessaire pour réunir des cartouches et du pain, *il eut franchi ce Rhin* qui depuis 1795 semblait une frontière inviolable, *et marché droit sur Paris.*"—(Thiers, xvii. 19, 20.) And even so late as the 28th January 1814, when Metternich had written with reference to the ultimatum offered to Napoleon at Chatillon—

"In eight days we shall have Buonaparte's answer—if *ay*, in three weeks peace; if *noy*, I do not know what will become of France. We shall then give her an honourable capitulation, and *she will return to the state in which she was before the French Revolution.*"—

He remarks—

"*If such is the need of Buonaparte*, and such is the influence of the Allies, notwithstanding their extended line, the fortresses which intersect their camps, &c., then I am really the most ignorant officer or the most unfortunately prejudiced raisonneur in Europe, except the Marshal (Bellegarde), Schwartzenberg himself, and my friend Radetsky. We are a quartet of misérables, who have no longer a right to sit in judgment-seat; and for my own part I shall feel so outwitted and so shallowwitted that I shall turn capuchin, and endeavour to supply sense by a cowl."—(ii. 304.)

Never was the judgment of a man so condemned by the words of his own mouth!!! They form the strongest argument for the prudence of his transfer to Italy.

Many interesting scenes and curious recollections are noted by Wilson, during his sojourn in Lombardy with the Austrian headquarters. As usual, he distinguished himself highly at the battle of the Mincio, and contributed in no small degree to avert disaster from the allied arms. Of an interview with Murat he gives this vivid account:—

"Murat's dress was singular. Hair curled in Roman coiffure; two ringlets, or what, à la Parisienne, are styled '*pensées*,' dependent on each shoulder. Blue uniform coat, red pantaloons, yellow shoes, with spurs; sword, with three pictures in the handle. His countenance martial, his manners soft, his conversation easy and intelligent.

After dinner was over, we remained talking till near eleven o'clock, I fought with his Majesty all the battles over again which we had witnessed together. He was exceedingly interesting, very candid, and by no means a Gascon for himself or his brethren in arms."—(ii. 345.)

Many will turn with interest to the view our author gives of the wishes of the Italian people at the time of Napoleon's fall. At first (20th January 1814), he says—

"I have endeavoured to ascertain the Italian spirit. Repose and pleasure seem the general desiderata. They say, *de cœur*,

'For forms of government let fools contest.'

"The country seems to have suffered much poverty in general."—(ii. 299.)

But afterwards (7th May), when he came in contact with the democratic leaders at Milan, he altered his tone. He says—

"A few hours, from the avidity of party leaders, put me in possession of their views. As I have stated to Lord Castlereagh, independence is the unequivocal demand of the men of letters, the army, and the people. A provincial system will be accompanied with an uneasy rule, and assure finally a desperate struggle. The Austrian party is limited to some few chamberlains of the Court, and two or three *Toisons d'Or*; but although the spirit of nationalisation is omnipotent, I think much time must elapse before a sober patriotism can be established. Passions are more likely to direct measures than state considerations. The late insurrection, which put—and which alone could have put—the line of the Mincio and the capital into the hands of the Austrians, is a proof of intemperance which Italy will long rue."—(ii. 364, 365.)

Wilson exerted himself to the

utmost to foster and encourage this spirit—a proceeding in which he was largely aided by Lord William Bentinck and General Macfarlane; and, by their advice, an Italian deputation proceeded to, and had an interview with, Lord Castlereagh, at Paris. To their representations—

"Lord Castlereagh replied that he must frankly admit that the British generals were in the habit of taking a direction and giving opinions not in accordance with the policy of the Cabinet. That they thought that her (Britain's) national honour consisted in affording protection, but he considered that it was best maintained by attending to the general interests; that the government of Austria had always been paternal; that he could do nothing in opposition to Austria, but would do all that influence could accomplish for the welfare of a country which certainly possessed the regard of his nation." . . . He observed, 'that Spain, Norway, Holland, &c., were raging for constitutions;' but said, 'the experiment in Sicily has proved that all people are not qualified to live under them.' A variety of other remarks, but of a similar tendency, were made, and the conversation ended with the conviction of the deputation, that *Lord Castlereagh could not examine the question on its own merits, because he was fettered with engagements with Austria*."—(ii. 381.)

We trust we have said enough to interest many of our readers in this work. It will well repay the trouble of a perusal, for it presents the most lively picture with which we are acquainted of the Court and the Camp of the Grand Alliance at the most critical period of its existence. It settles several long-disputed points of general history, and is filled with original and salient anecdotes of all the great statesmen and warriors of the last generation. It is a book no other man could have written, for no other had the same advantages; and, being intended only for posthumous publication, it contains the unfettered views of an ardent and able, though one-sided, thinker, and of a most acute observer.

THE CHINA WAR OF 1860.

A BRIEF NARRATIVE.

ON the 25th of June, 1860, the arrival of Sir Hope Grant at Tah-lien Bay completed the muster of the British force in Northern China. General de Montauban reached Cheefoo at the same time, but his tale of men was not full; and as the Ambassadors were not due for a fortnight, it was determined that our troops should be landed. This was done, and horses and men benefited exceedingly by their sojourn on the breezy slopes which look upon the northern and southern sides of the grand harbour of Tah-lien-wan, chosen for our rendezvous; notwithstanding that the hottest month of the summer was passed by the men in bell-tents, and by horses in the open.

At first the country people avoided contact with the strangers; but after a while, their confidence being enlisted by the good conduct and discipline of the men, markets were established, in which supplies of fresh provisions became abundant. Owing to the delays accidentally caused in the arrival of the Ambassadors, and to the unreality of the French, which latterly detained us, we did not leave the harbour until the 26th July; and on the 30th the fleet anchored off the mouth of the Peiho and Pehtang rivers, equidistant about eight miles from either—a position dictated by the shallowness of soundings on the coast.

On the 1st August, a landing was effected at Pehtang without opposition, much to our surprise and delight, for the only spot at which disembarkation was practicable is distant only 2000 yards from the smug-looking forts which appeared to protect the town; and even at this place there was a mile of water at high tide, or of more difficult mud at low water, to be traversed, before the troops could reach anything which might, by courtesy or comparison, be termed dry ground.

The 2d brigade of 1st Division of British troops, and a French brigade, formed the first landing party. A vigorous resistance had been expected at this place; and had a fair proportion of the means lavished on the defence of the Peiho been expended on the Pehtang river, we should have had great trouble, for by nature that position is certainly the stronger. The forts on either side, and the town which joins that on the right bank, are built on two molecules of solid ground, which have turned up, one does not know how, at a distance of five miles inland from the bar, which closes the entrance of the river to even the smallest gunboats, save at high water. The town is surrounded by a sea of mud, impassable to horse or man, inundated at high tide; it is connected with the comparatively higher country bordering the Peiho by a narrow causeway, which a determined and skilful enemy could hold against any force whatever, until driven successively from positions which might be established on the causeway at every hundred yards. We found, on the night of the 1st August, that the forts were deserted, and that the guns with which they bristled were but wooden "Quakers." Next day we occupied town and forts.

Large bodies of cavalry having shown themselves in our front, a reconnaissance was made on the 3d August, covered, in the absence of cavalry, not yet landed, by infantry, and by two French 8-pounder guns, the only artillery disembarked. We discovered that our polite enemy had left the causeway unoccupied, and that his force held no position nearer than eight miles from the town we were in. The Chinese pickets opened fire upon our troops, but were speedily driven back. The reconnaissance effected, our force returned to Pehtang unmolested.

Meanwhile the Admirals had set to work, landing troops, horses, guns, materiel, and stores. The navy worked famously; and as everything had to be brought into the river either in, or in tow of, the gun-boats, whose movements depended upon the tides, the work, under the active superintendence of Captain Borlase, C.B., continued without regard to any arbitrary distinction between day and night. During four or five of the ten days spent in this tedious operation, the rain fell in torrents; and as the interior of Phatang is below high water-mark, the streets were knee-deep in mud, composed, in addition to the usual impurities pertaining to that substance, of flour, wardrobes, Tartar hats, field rakes, coals, shutters, oil-cake, chaff, china-cups, matting, beer-bottles, tin cans, and kittens, being chiefly the contents of the dwellings of the townspeople, which were successively turned out of windows to make room for our troops. The cavalry and artillery horses were picketed in the streets, where alone space was available; and how they and we and everybody escaped death from typhus fever or plague, Heaven only knows. The sanitary officer was outraged by the result. During this time, water for the use of the troops was obtained in boats filled by the navy in the river above the influence of the tide, and towed to Peltang, where the contents were landed in barrels for distribution.

On the 12th August, after a delay of a day on account of the French, who at first were unwilling to advance till the season changed, we moved out to attack the enemy's position; General Michel with the 1st Division and the French, along the causeway against the enemy's front, General Napier, with the 2d Division and cavalry, by a track which diverged from the causeway to the right at a short distance from Peltang, with the view of turning the enemy's left.

It will not be easy for those who were not present, to realise the difficulties of this march, or to do justice to the troops who performed

it. The gun-waggons sank literally axle-deep, and their hinder parts had to be left behind; the heavy cavalry were greatly distressed in struggling through the mud, and it occupied the troops six hours to traverse four miles, during which time the enemy remained in his position.

Napier's division having reached moderately firm ground, advanced upon the open Tartar flank and rear; whilst the allied left cannonaded his front, which was covered by a formidable intrenchment. The Tartar cavalry came out in great numbers to meet Napier, who opened on them with Armstrong guns. At first the Tartars seemed puzzled, but not disturbed; presently, seeing they were losing men, they rapidly extended, and in a few minutes the 2d Division stood enveloped in a grand circle of horsemen, advancing from all points towards the centre. Napier's infantry were speedily deployed, his cavalry let loose, and artillery kept going; and though the heavy ground was rendered more difficult for our cavalry by ditches broad and deep, whose passages were known to the enemy alone, yet, within a quarter of an hour of their advance, the Tartar force was everywhere in retreat. Not, however, till a body of their horsemen, which had charged Sterling's battery, had been gallantly met and beaten by a party of Fane's Horse, inferior in number, under Lieutenant Macgregor, who was severely wounded.

The Allied left then advanced along the causeway, and occupied the lines of the intrenchments about Senho, which the enemy deserted on the success of our right.

Amongst some papers found after the action, was a copy of a report from the Tartar General San-ko-lintzin to the Emperor, setting forth that the physical difficulties in the way of our landing at Peltang, and of advancing thence across a country which never is dry, rendered it unnecessary to dispute our disembarkation on that river; and even if a landing should be effected, and our troops

could be got under weigh, the general considered that nothing would be easier than to destroy us with his hordes of cavalry, so soon as we got entangled in the marshes.

The result of this day must have opened San-ko-lin-tzin's eyes, as it did ours. His infantry never showed front at all; the Mongol cavalry, mounted on what are only ponies, however good of their kind, and armed indifferently with matchlocks, bows and arrows, or swords, short, blunt, and rusty, were no match for the skilful lancers and swordsmen, admirably equipped and mounted, who were opposed to them. The Tartars produced no field-artillery; and it was apparent from this time forth that we had none but physical difficulties of climate, soil, and transport to contend with; the actual conflict in the field, apart from the consideration of numbers, being virtually that of Armstrong guns against bows and arrows.

At Senho the Allied forces rested their right on the Peiho river. The Taku Forts are about six miles lower down. Mid-way between Senho and the northernmost or nearest fort on the left bank, stands the town of Tungkoo, surrounded by a very long intrenchment, consisting of a formidable rampart and a parapet, covered in all its length by a double wet ditch.

General de Montauban proposed to attack this town the afternoon we reached Senho, but Sir Hope Grant would not consent to do so until he had acquired some knowledge of the position.

The French Commander-in-Chief thereon determined to take the place at once without the aid of our troops. The French troops were led along the causeway communicating between Senho and Tungkoo, which appeared to be the only means of approach; but so considerable a fire was developed from the ramparts as to deter our Allies from attempting a *coup-de-main*, and they returned to camp after cannonading the place for half an hour.

Means having been afterwards found of approaching Tungkoo with

a large front on firm ground, the 1st British Division and the French captured the place on 14th August. It was exclusively an affair of artillery; the enemy's guns in position on the ramparts were silenced by our Armstrong and 9-pounder guns, and the rifled 24-pounders of the French, gradually advanced, covered by infantry, to successive positions, as the enemy's fire became weaker. The Allies had forty-two guns in the field. We found about fifty guns of all sorts in the ramparts, which the enemy abandoned as our infantry advanced under cover of the guns. The British, headed by the 60th Rifles, turned the right of the ditch, and entered the works a quarter of an hour before the French, who made their entry at the gate.

After taking Tungkoo, the 1st Division (British) returned to its camp in front of Senho, and the 2d Division, which had been in reserve, occupied the town.

The view from General Napier's house-top was not encouraging. As far as the eye could reach, we were surrounded by salt marshes, intersected by very numerous and wide canals, which carry sea-water into the salt-pans.

It was in contemplation to attack the north and south forts simultaneously, with a force operating on each side of the Peiho, and a bridge of boats was in course of construction across the river at Senho. But as all the materials of the bridge, save boats, had to be conveyed overland from Pehtang, its progress could not be rapid. Meanwhile, by dint of most laborious reconnaissance, General Napier had discovered that open ground near the north fort could be reached by artillery, on the completion of a line of causeway which he had commenced over the inundated ground within the town of Tungkoo, and by establishing crossing-places at certain points on five or six canals. He urged an immediate attack on the north forts only; and, having obtained permission to throw out a picket towards

them on the 19th, made so good a use of it, that in one night the passages of the canals were completed, and the Commander-in-Chief was conducted next morning within five hundred yards of the nearest fort. Seeing all obstacles to the approach of the forts overcome, Sir Hope Grant frankly consented to General Napier's scheme, and intrusted its execution to his division. The French commander was very averse to the plan proposed. He formally protested against it, but General Grant maintained his determination; and, devoting the night of the 20th to the construction of batteries, the attack was made upon the upper north fort at daylight of the 21st August. The fire of thirty-one pieces of British and six of French ordnance gradually subdued the enemy's artillery; their magazine was exploded by one of our shells, shortly before that of the further north fort, which supported it, was blown up by a shell from one of the gunboats, which were rendering such assistance as they could give at a range of two thousand yards, the distance imposed by the stakes and booms which were laid across the river. On the advance of the infantry, the French crossed the ditches, upon scaling-ladders laid flat. Our engineers who trusted to pontoons, were less successful, and the French had reared their ladders against the ramparts for a quarter of an hour, before our infantry, some by swimming and scrambling, others by following the French, had struggled across the ditches and reached the berm. But so active was the defence that no French soldier got into the place by the ladders, though several brave men mounted them; an entrance was eventually made by both forces at the same time through embrasures, which were reached by steps hewn out of the earthen rampart with axes, bayonets, and swords.

When the attack was delivered General de Montauban was absent from the field, the French army being represented by General Collier and his brigade.

It had been intended to breach the rampart near the gate, and so secure an entrance to the fort actually taken by assault; but our gallant Commander-in-Chief became impatient of the process, and the more speedy means of escalade was resorted to. It is highly probable that the rapidity of our success, and the tremendous loss inflicted on the garrison of the first fort, who had not time for escape in any large numbers, conduced to the surrender of the second fort and to the prompt abandonment of the position. Our loss amounted to two hundred and three British killed and wounded; the French loss was somewhat less. That of the Tartars was estimated at two thousand men, large numbers of whom became inmates of our hospitals.

The attack was gallant, so was the defence, and the success was perfect. The enemy immediately surrendered the further northern fort into our hands, with two thousand prisoners; and before evening the entire position on the Peiho, covering an area of six square miles, and containing upwards of six hundred guns, was abandoned by its defenders.

The attack on the forts had only been deferred until provisions and munitions of war could be drawn from Pehtang, which we had quitted on the 12th August, in as light marching order as possible. Since our arrival at Senho, our tents, packs, kits, ammunition, and baggage, had gradually been brought through the mud to the front as speedily as the limited means of transport would permit, but in the process many of the beasts of burden perished. The state of the country would alone account for this; but further, as none of the commissariat waggons were at this time disembarked, it was necessary that every thing should be carried upon the backs of transport animals, many of which having just landed from Manilla, Japan, and Bombay in sorry condition, were quite unfit for this service. At this juncture the Chinese Coolie Corps, composed of men

recruited at Canton, became the only reliable means of transport. They were very hard worked, but they performed their duty very cheerfully and well.

From the first landing at Pehtang until after the capture of the forts, the army was entirely dependent on sea-borne provisions, brought from the fleet in gunboats and carried across from Pehtang; fresh meat rations were therefore rare. No sooner were the forts surrendered than the Chinese peasantry hastened to establish markets; and fruit, poultry, eggs, and sheep were offered for sale in profusion at such moderate prices, that on the march from Tung-kio to Tientsin, spatchcock fowls, savoury omelettes, and stewed peaches became the staple food of the British soldier. On the 22d of August, the day after the forts were captured, Admiral Hope, with a squadron of gunboats, had pushed up the Peiho river to Tientsin. He met with no opposition, and the townspeople threw themselves at his feet. The Ambassador, Commander-in-Chief, and a portion of our troops, speedily followed in gunboats; the remainder of the force by land, so soon as transport could be organised. The last of our regiments reached Tientsin, distant thirty-five miles from Taku, on the 5th of September.

At this time there was every promise of a speedy peace: the Chinese Commissioners who had come from Peking to treat were most complaisant, and agreed to all our terms. The markets were capitally furnished; and although the heat of the sun was great, the troops, now luxuriating in large "Indian" tents, and revelling in grapes and block-ice at discretion, soon forgot their experience of three weeks of hard labour, salt-meat, brackish water, and mattresses.

A convention for the cessation of hostilities was to be signed on the 7th, and ground was actually taken up for a review of all the troops, which was to be held for the edification of the Commissioners, after they should have signed the treaty.

Suddenly the sky darkened; it was ascertained that "Kweiliang" and his brother Commissioners were not armed with the powers they asserted, and ultimately, instead of parading on the 8th in holiday pageant, a portion of our forces began that day their march towards Peking. The Ambassadors left next day, in company with the Commanders-in-Chief; the forces were advanced as fast as carriage could be procured; but the means of the commissariat were insufficient to move the whole army to such a distance, and to carry the necessary supplies. The draught-cattle furnished by the mandarins at Tientsin were spirited away at the first halting place, and the 2d Division of the British Army, which was to have brought up the rear, had to devote its carriage to the assistance of the 1st Division, and remain behind.

In this emergency the Commissariat would have had the greatest difficulty in feeding the troops in the front, but for the measures taken by Sir Robert Napier who remained in command at Tientsin. By inducing persistent efforts to push boats up the river Peiho, which runs parallel to the road nearly up to Peking, but which had been pronounced unnavigable by even the smallest craft, and by laying embargo on the traffic of Tientsin, General Napier procured, and with the aid of the navy organised, large means of water transport, which afforded invaluable assistance.

As the Ambassadors advanced they were met by letters announcing the appointment of "Tsai Prince of Ee" as Chief Commissioner to conclude negotiations in lieu of Kweiliang, who was pronounced to have proved himself incompetent; and on the 14th September Messrs Parkes and Wade held a conference with the Commissioners at Tung-chow, whereat, all preliminaries being settled, a letter was written to Lord Elgin acceding in terms to all his demands.

It was arranged that Lord Elgin was to meet the Commissioners in the walled city of Tung-chow, eight

miles short of Peking, where he would sign the convention, under escort of 1000 men; and that he should immediately afterwards proceed to Peking, there to exchange ratifications of the Treaty of Tientsin (1858), under similar protection. Our armies meanwhile were to encamp four miles below Tung-chow.

Nothing remained but to settle details, and take up suitable quarters for Lord Elgin at Tung-chow. For this purpose Mr. Parkes, accompanied by Messrs. Loch (private secretary), De Norman (attached to Shanghai mission), and Bowlby (*Times'* correspondent), with an escort of Fane's Horse, under Lieut. Anderson, went out on the 17th. Lieut-Colonel Beanchamp Walker accompanied the party, for the purpose of inspecting the ground designated by the Chinese for our encampment, and Mr. Thompson (Commissariat) was sent to gauge the capabilities of supply of the city of Tung-chow.

On arrival they were well received; but in discussing affairs they were surprised to find objections raised on several points to which the Chinese Commissioners had before consented. However, after a discussion of five or six hours, the Chinese negotiators gave way; and having arranged details, our party slept that night in the city, the guests of the Commissioners.

Next morning Colonel Walker, accompanied by Messrs. Parkes and Loch, and attended by a Chinese officer deputed by the Commissioners, proceeded to examine the ground on which the British army was to be encamped, leaving the larger part of the escort at Tung-chow, where Messrs. Bowlby and De Norman also remained, pending the return of Parkes and Loch, who had yet to find a suitable residence for Lord Elgin within the walls of Tung-chow. On the way out, the party found the Tartar army in hurried movement in the direction of our forces, and on reaching the ground proposed for encampment, discovered it to be entirely commanded by the position which the

Tartar forces, supported by a numerous artillery, were then taking up.

Seeing this, Parkes turned round and rode back to Tung-chow to demand a cessation of these hostile movements. Loch went on into the British camp with a couple of men to report progress, whilst Col. Walker, Thompson, and half-a-dozen dragoons, remained in the Tartar position, at Parkes's request, until he should return. Having reported progress to the Commander-in-Chief, whom he met advancing, about a mile from the Tartar position, Loch returned towards the Tartars, accompanied by Captain Brabazon, R. A., with orders to Parkes to come back at once.

Mr. Parkes, on reaching Tung-chow, was rudely received by the Prince of Ee, and was told that until the questions to which objections had been made the day previous had been satisfactorily determined, peace could not exist. Thereupon Parkes, with Bowlby, De Norman, and all our people, left Tung-chow for the British camp. Midway they met Loch and Brabazon, who turned homewards with them, and all went on together, preceded by a flag of truce.

Before they came in sight of Colonel Walker and his few men, Tartar cavalry, blowing their matches, and making other hostile gestures, came galloping along the high bank on either side of our people, who were in a hollow way. Presently the party was summoned to halt; being surrounded, and ignorant of the ground, it was deemed advisable to comply, both to insist on the sanctity of the flag of truce, and to gain an opportunity of discovering the best way out of their uncomfortable position. The Tartar officer in command civilly told them, that as firing had commenced, he was unable to let them pass, without orders from his General, to whose presence he would conduct Mr. Parkes. Parkes, Loch, and one Sikh, rode away with the officer. Suddenly turning the angle of a field of maize, they found themselves in the midst of a mob of in-

fantry, whose uplifted weapons their guide with difficulty put aside. Further on stood San-ko-lin-tzin, the Tartar General, of whom Parkes demanded a free passage. He was answered with derision; and, after a brief parley, in which San-ko-lin-tzin upbraided Parkes as the cause of all the disasters which had befallen the empire, at a sign from the General our men were tossed from their horses, their faces rubbed in the dust, and their hands tied behind them, and so, painfully bound, were placed upon carts, and taken to Peking. Orders were, at the same time, sent to capture the escort, which had been already surrounded by ever-increasing numbers. Some of the troopers suggested the propriety of cutting their way through, but Anderson replied it would compromise the others, and refused to do what his gallant heart desired.

Soon, however, the whole party was disarmed, and taken to Peking on their horses without dishonour. Next day they were removed to the Summer Palace of Yuen-Ming-Yuen, where they were severally bound. Their hands and feet tied together behind their backs, they were thrown on their chests, and kept in the open air exposed to the cold at night, and the still considerable heat by day, without food or water, for three days and nights. From the first their bonds were wetted to tighten them, and if they attempted to turn or move to rest themselves, they were cruelly kicked and beaten. On the third day poor Anderson's fingers and nails burst from the pressure of the cords, which were not even then relaxed. The wrist bones became visible, and mortification ensued; the victim became delirious, and thus mercifully made unconscious of the horror of his position, this gallant soldier died. During his sufferings his men made efforts to approach him and to gnaw his cords, but they were savagely kicked away by his inhuman jailers. The condition of the survivors was only ameliorated, after the lapse of three days, by the bonds on their hands and feet being ex-

changed for heavy chains and irons. But, from this time, they were regularly, though most scantily and miserably, fed.

Poor Bowlby died the fifth day in the same way as Anderson, then De Norman and several of the men. All appear to have kept noble heart, and to have cheered and encouraged each other, but no less than thirteen sank under the horrors of this captivity. Brabazon and a French Abbé, who were taken with the escort, were, still unbound, seen to leave the party, on the way to Peking, saying they were going to the Chinese Commander-in-Chief to procure the release of their companions. Their mournful fate was, we rejoice to know, less horrible. They were beheaded, by order of a Chinese General, on the 21st September, in revenge for a wound which he had received during the action of that day; but their bodies being then thrown into the canal, were, unhappily, never recovered.

Parkes, Loch, and their Sikh orderly, had been taken off straight to Peking, and never saw anything of the rest of the party. Parkes was known by sight and reputation, and his position and that of Loch was, in a manner, recognised. Their cords were unbound after eight hours, when they were heavily ironed, separated from each other, and each put into ward with sixty prisoners—murderers and felons of the first class—with whom they ate and slept and lived. By day they were allowed to move about in their wards; at night their chains were fastened to staples in the prison roof. They represent their fellow-prisoners to have behaved uniformly with kindness towards them, sharing with them any little comforts they possessed, and carrying their chains when they moved. But they were treated with extreme rigour, and their allowance of food was scanty.

After the 29th September a change of treatment was adopted. Parkes and Loch were taken from prison, and confined together in a temple, where they were treated with every

consideration. Their dinner was furnished by the V^éry of Pekin, and mandarins visited them, bringing little presents of fruit. During this time the diplomatists were trying to turn Parkes to political account. They wrote to Lord Elgin to say that the prisoners then in Pekin were very well, and that the basis of a treaty was being arranged with Mr. Parkes, which would no doubt be satisfactory to all parties. And thus matters went on until the joyful day came of the prisoners' release.

The firing spoken of as the immediate cause of the detention of our people began thus: Colonel Walker and his party had been left in the lines of the Tartars, who were at first rudely good-humoured, as he moved about and observed how completely the guns, now in position behind a ridge of sandhills, covered the ground allotted by the Commissioners for the encampment of our forces. Suddenly Walker's attention was attracted by a cry uttered close to him. He saw a French officer who had come out of Tungechow during the morning, and had attached himself to the English, in the act of being cut down and pulled off his horse by a party of soldiers. Walker rode up to him, and catching hold of his hand, essayed to drag him away. A mob closed round Walker; some attempted to lift him off his horse; whilst others, taking advantage of his right hand being engaged, canted his sword out of its scabbard and made off. A mortal blow was dealt to the poor Frenchman; swords were drawn on all sides; and Walker, calling to his men to put spurs and ride, galloped for his life towards our troops, now drawn up within sight, about half a mile away. The party was pursued by cavalry, and fired on by Tartar infantry and guns in succession; but they reached our lines alive, with one horse severely, and two men slightly, wounded.

An immediate advance was made by the Allied forces; the enemy were speedily driven from their guns, and their cavalry was swept away by successive charges of our horse.

All their guns, seventy-five in number, their camps, and quantities of arms, were captured by our troops, who occupied for the night the walled town of Chan-kya-wan, which gave its name to the battle. That place is twelve miles from Pekin, in a direct line, and four from Tungechow, which is the port of Pekin on the Peiho, and lies to the right of the direct road from Tientsin.

But the victory did not lead, as we had fondly hoped, to the immediate recovery of the prisoners, victims of treachery so dark as to have been unsuspected even by the experienced and wary Parkes. The night before the foul plot was carried out, the Prince of Ee had entertained our people at dinner, and, smiling, had bidden them adieu. An officer, deputed by the Prince, attended the party in the morning, and it was perhaps not unnatural for Parkes to believe that he could induce the Prince to countermand the movement of troops which he then saw, and which he supposed to be unknown to the High Commissioner. The Prince's reception of Parkes, of course, dispelled this expectation, and no time was lost in returning to camp. Even then there was no appearance of immediate danger to the party, unless from possible excitement of the rude soldiery through whom they had to pass: for both Chinese and Tartars had up to this time invariably shown the fullest respect for, and the fullest confidence in the protection of flags of truce, under which officers had frequently passed between the Allied and Chinese camps during the war then waging.

The soldiers, however, possessed that reverence for the emblem of peace which animates most other savages; and it was at the hands of San-ko-lin-tzin, the Commander-in-Chief of the Chinese army, and the apostle of competitive examination, that the Chinese Government was degraded to the last degree by the deliberate violation of a flag of truce, and by the capture of the heralds whom it should have shielded.

Having ascertained that a considerable force of Tartars was encamped between Tungchow and Peking, Sir Hope Grant advanced on the 21st September to attack their position. Again the Tartars were completely beaten, their camps and guns all captured, and great loss inflicted on the enemy by our cavalry. The King's Dragoon Guards made a capital charge; and a squadron of Fane's horse, under Lieutenant Cattley, attached for the day to the French, after driving the enemy into a village, galloped quickly round it, and falling on the enemy's flank as he emerged on the other side, inflicted signal punishment. The number of Tartar troops on or about the field this day is estimated at 80,000 men, of whom 80,000 were actually engaged. The Allied forces numbered 6200—viz. English, 3200 of all arms, and fifteen guns; and French, 3000, with twelve guns.

The action of Pā-li-chow left us in possession of the important strategic point called the Pa-li bridge, whereby the paved causeway from Tungchow to Peking crosses the canal constructed between those places. It further gave us the line of the canal on which the enemy had rested, and left the approach to Peking open to our troops.

Our success was immediately followed by a letter from the Prince Koung, brother of the Emperor, and heir to the throne, announcing to the Ambassadors that he had been appointed, with full powers, to conclude a peace, in the room of Prince Tsai.

After the fight of the 18th, Sir Hope Grant had sent an express to summon General Napier, with as much of the 2d Division as could be spared from Tientsin. The General had already succeeded in procuring from the Chinese authorities carriage for his troops, which the Commissariat was unable to furnish. The order found them ready to move, and General Napier reached headquarters on the 24th, having marched seventy miles in sixty hours, with a supply of ammunition which was much required, escorted by a com-

pany of Brownlow's light-footed Punjabees.

The army halted in the position it had won until siege guns had arrived by water from Tientsin; fourteen days' supply had been brought up the river, and all available troops had been collected. The force in front was strengthened by all the infantry of the garrison of Tientsin, which was replaced by the 19th Punjab Infantry from Tahlies Bay, and by marines, whom the admiral landed from the fleet.

Advancing from Pā-li on the 6th October, the British took up position on the northern road leading from the gates of Peking to Tartary, without falling in with any of the enemy, except a picket, which retired with precipitation. The French who were to have operated on the left between our flank and Peking, marched, through some misunderstanding, across our rear, and took possession of the imperial palace of Yuen-ming-Yuen, "the Fountain of Summer," six miles to the North of Peking, and four miles away to our right. We heard nothing of them all night; but Sir Hope Grant found them the next morning, when arrangements were made for the division between the two forces of the treasures which the palace contained. But in the absence of any British troops the arrangements broke through, and our prize agents, finding the principal valuables appropriated by the French, abandoned their functions. Thereupon on the 8th indiscriminate plunder was allowed; but as of the British a few officers only had access to the palace, and none of the men, our officers were ultimately desired to give up all they had brought away, and the property they had collected was ultimately sold by auction for the benefit of the troops actually present in the field before Peking.

A most spirited sale ensued of china, enamels, jade, furs, silk, &c., which realised £5000; and this sum, added to the amount of gold and silver bullion which had been brought in, enabled the prize agents at once to make a distribution

amongst the troops, ranging from £3 for a private soldier to £60 for a first-class field officer. All our generals surrendered their shares to the troops. The arrangement made was perhaps the fairest that could be arrived at under the actual circumstances of the time; but of a booty worth at least a million of money, belonging to the imperial crown—therefore prize of the fairest character—the British troops have profited only to the amount of £25,000. The balance has gone to the French, who take the broadest view of the question of halves, or to the Chinese peasantry, who plundered as they pleased, after the departure of the French on the third day of occupation.

On the 8th October, the first-fruits of our advance on Peking were realised, in the surrender to us, by the Chinese, of Messrs. Parkes and Loch, and the Sikh orderly who had been taken with them. A French savant and three men were given up at the same time. Our poor fellows looked wonderfully well; but M. d'Escayrac's hands were still contorted by the pressure to which they had been subjected during the twenty hours in which he was bound. The delivery of prisoners was the direct result of an intimation sent to the Chinese, on the 7th October, that unless all the prisoners still in their hands were delivered up immediately, a gate of the city placed in our possession without opposition, and competent persons deputed to conclude a peace, Peking would be taken by assault; but, if all the prisoners were given up, our troops would not be allowed to enter the city, and the lives and property of the inhabitants should be respected.

Saturday the 13th October, at noon, was the period fixed on for compliance with our demands. Before the time elapsed, eleven of our Sikh horsemen who had been prisoners, were delivered up alive, and the remains of all who had perished (save poor Brabazon and the Abbé), were received in coffins. On the 17th they were buried in the Russian

cemetery, with all the honour and solemnity that could be paid. The Ambassadors of England, France, and Russia, the Commanders-in-Chief, and the Allied officers not on duty, attended. The Roman Catholic and Greek prelates showed, by their presence, generous sympathy in the untimely fate of our countrymen.

But as the complete fulfilment of the demands was still uncertain, batteries were erected against the city wall at a distance of 150 yards, by the British and French respectively, and arrangements were made for opening fire at noon of the 13th if the gate was not by that time given up. Every one agreed in hoping that thousands of inoffensive people might be spared the misery of an assault; but the 2d Division must have felt something like a pang when, at the appointed hour, they saw their General ride with an escort through the gate, and found, by the display of the ensign from its top, that the Tartars had surrendered to us the command of the Imperial city.

Yes, we were there, masters of the capital of China—at the very end of the map of the world—at the point which appears to schoolboy minds the limit of creation. We held the massive four-storied keep which frowns like a line-of-battle ship above the Gate of Peace; our troops and field artillery were actually on the walls which command the whole of the interior of the city, and they could move to any point along the fifty feet road which the summit of the wall presents. The walls and gates adjoining, together with some few larger double-storied buildings, were the only objects visible from our position varying the universal dun-colour of the city houses and enclosing walls. The broad street which leads from our gate into the city was packed with a dense crowd, anxious to make out the foreigners, and indulging in sonorous "Ei Yaws" at every novelty which met their wondering eyes. Electrified indeed were the celestials when the

bands of a French regiment, and of our 67th and 99th, struck up within the gateway, and guards presented their clanging arms as the Generals rode by; but the climax was reached when Desborough's guns were spurted up the steep stone ramps which lead from the base to the summit of the wall, fifty feet in height, drawn by six horses of fabulous stature, and driven by the terrible barbarians who eat their enemies.

The surrender was carried out in good faith; but the appearance on the walls of guns of heavy calibre, evidently recently moved into positions whence our batteries were observed, spoke either of divided counsels or of tardy resignation on the part of our enemies.

Still our success was insufficient. No retribution had been exacted for the violation of the flag of truce, and for the murder of our countrymen, and no one seemed to feel certain whether a treaty was to be obtained or not. It was useless to demand the surrender of the persons who had instigated the barbarous treatment of the prisoners, for they were known to be very near the person of the Emperor, and there was therefore no chance of our getting the real offenders. An atonement in money, for the iniquities perpetrated, though repugnant to our feelings, appeared to be the only kind of demand with which the Chinese Government, humiliated and beaten as it was, could be expected to comply. The readiest means of obtaining a treaty was obviously to remain at Peking until we got it; but the French commander refused positively to detain his troops at the capital after the 1st November, and the English General was greatly indisposed to incur the risk of keeping his force there through the winter, in the absence of complete and timely arrangements for provisionment, which it was considered the advanced period of the season rendered impracticable.

Accordingly, on the 18th October, an ultimatum was addressed by the Plenipotentiaries to Prince Koung, requiring him to reply by

the morning of the 20th, whether, after paying, as a necessary preliminary to further negotiations, a sum of money in atonement for the murders committed, he would on an early day sign the convention already agreed upon? His Excellency was told that the Summer Palace, which had been partially plundered before the fate of the prisoners was known, would now be entirely destroyed, that its ruins might present a lasting mark of the abhorrence of the British Government at the violation of the law of nations which had been committed. He was also told, that in case of refusal to comply with the demands now made, the Imperial Palace of Peking would be captured, plundered, and burned.

In support of the ultimatum, the 1st Division of the British force, with cavalry, proceeded on the 18th and 19th to complete the plunder and destruction of the Summer Palace, whose smoke, driven by the northerly wind, hung over Peking, whilst its ashes were wafted into the very streets of the capital. The French declined to take any part in this act of punishment—first, because they thought the palace had already been destroyed on their quitting it; and further, they feared that this demonstration would frighten the Chinese out of all hope of making any treaty at all.

The result showed that not one fourth of the Imperial pavilions which constitute the Summer Palace had been even visited in the first instance, much less burned; and great booty was acquired by the troops employed, as well as by the members of the embassy, navy, and staff, who were able to accompany the force. And so salutary was the effect produced on the advisers of the Imperial crown, that a letter acceding to all demands was received at daylight on the 20th, to the renewed disappointment of the 2d Division, who again were under arms for the assault.

On the 22d, the atonement-money, amounting to £100,000, was paid; and on the 24th, her Majesty's Plenipotentiary, accompanied by

the Commander-in-Chief, and escorted by a division of the army, entered in state and triumph the gates of the dim, mysterious city. The Ambassador was received by a deputation of Mandarins, who accompanied Lord Elgin to the hall, three miles distant, at the far side of the Tartar city, where the Prince Koung, surrounded by the principal officers of state, awaited his arrival.

At five o'clock that afternoon, ratifications of the treaty of 1858 were duly exchanged by the representatives of the sovereigns, and a convention signed, which, commencing with a recital of the Emperor's regret at the occurrences at the Peiho Forts in 1858, declares Tientsin a free port, and thereby opens the Peiho to within seventy miles of Peking for the traffic of the world. The provisions of the convention permit free emigration of Chinese, with their wives and families, to all parts of the world, and transfer a territory at Cowloon, opposite Hong Kong, where our troops were encamped in 1860, to the British Crown. An indemnity of three millions sterling to the British is guaranteed; and stipulation is made for the establishment of a British force at Tientsin, until the terms are fulfilled. A portion of the indemnity is to be paid 31st December 1860, whereon Chusan is to be evacuated by the English and French troops. But no provision is made for the evacuation of Canton, to which the French are at present understood to be disinclined to agree. The remainder of the indemnity is to be paid by periodical instalments of one-fifth of the gross revenue of the customs of China.

After signing the convention, Lord Elgin expressed a hope that the treaty would inaugurate friendly relations between the powers. Prince Koung replied that he himself had been about to utter the same words; and acknowledging that foreign affairs had hitherto been greatly mis-

managed, observed that as their administration was now exclusively placed in his hands, he had no doubt their future management would be more satisfactory.

The Franco-Chinese treaty was ratified by Baron Gros and the Prince Koung on the following day.

The Ambassadors now took up their residence in Peking, where they purposed to remain a fortnight, in order to organise and regulate subsidiary arrangements with the Chinese Government.

Measures were then taken for breaking up the British force, and for embarking the troops who were not to winter in North China, immediately on their arrival at Tientsin about 15th November. The despatch to the rear of heavy guns and warlike stores was commenced at once, as the season had now arrived when the river above Tientsin might at any time be frozen and closed for traffic.

The garrison at Tientsin will consist for the winter of three regiments of infantry—the 31st, 2d battalion 60th Rifles, and 67th; 10th company Royal Engineers, Desborough's and Govan's batteries of Royal Artillery, and Fane's Horse; the whole under command of Brigadier Staveland, C.B. The remainder of the force is dispersed to England, to India, and in relief of regiments whose period of service in Southern China had elapsed.

The Chinese expedition of 1860 has come to an end. It will be kindly remembered by all who took part in it for the good feeling and fellowship which animated all members of a very well appointed force; and it will be remembered by the public as a distant, difficult, and complicated operation brought, under God's blessing, to a successful issue, by a combination of naval, military, and diplomatic efficiency and skill, which England has most cordially acknowledged, and of which she may be justly proud.

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SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.

In the year 1725 the Sieur Millet of Rheims rejoiced, or sorrowed, in a wife who was almost daily intoxicated. One evening, as he deposed, he retired to bed at eight o'clock, leaving her in the kitchen. About two in the morning he was awakened by a stench: he ran down to the kitchen, and there found the body of his wife, or rather the remains of her body, lying at a foot and a half's distance from the fire. A part of the head, a few of the vertebrae, and the lower extremities, were all that remained unconsumed. A foot and a half of the flooring was buried, but a kneading tub and trough which were very near the body, were untouched. This was Millet's statement on his trial; for (owing to his having a very pretty servant-maid in the house, for whom he was thought to have an attachment) a suspicion had fallen on him of having murdered his wife, and burnt the body to avert suspicion. The defence set up for him was, that the woman died of "spontaneous combustion;" and this was the verdict returned.

In the year 1847 the Countess of Görnitz was found burned in her private apartment, and two medical

men reported, on evidence, that the cause of death was spontaneous combustion. Suspicion having fallen on one of the servants, Stauff, he was brought to trial; and in 1850 the long investigation ceased with the conviction of Stauff, who subsequently confessed his guilt, and was executed.

Between 1725 and 1850 the condition of scientific knowledge had been much changed; yet even in 1850 the laws of nature and the laws of evidence were so little understood by the mass of men, that Spontaneous Combustion continued to find believers, and continues to find them still. We propose, therefore, to lay before our readers a full account of the evidence, and the arguments adduced by those who believe in the phenomenon; and to examine these by the light of positive knowledge. There are few subjects that better illustrate the facility with which theories are formed and accepted, even by men whose scientific training ought to have taught them more circumspection and a truer appreciation of evidence. For the belief is not merely a vulgar error, it is an error countenanced by many scientific authorities; and although, when we come

to examine the data on which it is founded, and the gross violation of chemical and physiological laws which it implies, the value of that authority will disappear, yet the fact that such authority can be cited for so preposterous a hypothesis is in itself instructive, and justifies our particular consideration of it. We give below a list of authorities.* It is unnecessary to cite authorities against the hypothesis: we shall have the far higher authority of positive laws to adduce, and will only mention, in passing, that no chemist of any eminence now sanctions the possibility of the phenomenon. Indeed, chemistry must relinquish her best-established truths before the hypothesis can be accepted. But as this kind of argument is more satisfactory to the scientific world than to the general public, we shall reserve it till the evidence of the alleged "cases" has been disposed of. In minds not long familiarised with the certainties of science, and the grounds upon which its conclusions are established, there is always a lurking distrust with regard to the conclusions of science, and a proportionate readiness to reject them in favour of the observations of some "eye-witness." There is in general but little appreciation of evidence, and none at all of the thousands of observations, scrutinised and verified with anxious care, upon which a scientific generalisation, or law of nature, is

founded. There is also a great readiness to believe in the marvellous. Our first object will therefore be to examine the evidence.

After noticing the incredulity excited by the narratives, M. Breschet says: "Les nombreuses observations que l'on possède de la combustion humaine, et les historiens qui nous les ont transmises, ne permettent pas de porter l'incrédulité jusqu'à nier l'existence de ce phénomène. Il nous suffira de nommer Lecat, Vicq d'Azir, Lair, Kopp, Dupuytren, et Marc, pour ne plus conserver de doute sur la réalité des combustions humaines." In Hooper's *Medical Dictionary* we find a similar statement: "The number of cases on record is so considerable as to leave no doubt of the reality of some process of igneous decomposition appearing during life under circumstances quite different from those of ordinary combustion from the application of fire." Now it is clear from these statements that the writers are very imperfectly acquainted with the laws of evidence. They speak of "observations" and "cases" when nothing is more certain, or indeed more generally admitted, than that no single observation has ever been made, no single case of spontaneous combustion has been established, otherwise all incredulity would vanish. The records referred to are not records of observations and cases, but are stories purporting to be cases—stories of events which

* ALBERTI: *Ob ein Mensch von selbst lebendig entzündet*, 1755; *Philosophical Transactions*, 1774. LECAT: *Relation de trois cas de combustion humaine* (Precis des Travaux de l'Acad. de Rouen, ii.) DUPONT: *Diss. de corporis humani incendiis spontaneis*, 1763. LAIR: *Essai sur les combustions humaines produites par un long abus des liqueurs spiritueuses*, 1800. KOPP: *Diss. de causis combustionis spontaneæ in corp. hum. factæ*, 1800. KOESTER: *Diss. de combustionis corpor. hum. spont.*, 1804. CHIRAC: *Considerations sur la combust. humaine* (Thèses de Paris, An. xiii.) CHARPENTIER: *Recherches physiol. pathol. et chimiques sur les phénomènes de la comb. humaine* (Bulletins de la Fac. de Med. de Paris, vii.) FONTENELLE: *Recherches chimiques et med. sur les combust. humaines spontanées*, 1828. FODÉRE: *Médecine Légale*, iii. ORFILA et DEVERGIE: *Comb. humaine* (Encyclopédie Moderne, vii.) BRESCHET: *Combustion humaine* (Nouveau Dict. de Médecine. MARC: *Comb. humaine* (Dict. des Sciences Médicales). APJOHN in *Cyclopædia of Practical Medicine*. HOOPER'S *Medical Dictionary*, by Grant, 1848. BECK: *Medical Jurisprudence*. STRUBEL: *Die Selbstverbrennung des Menschlichen Körpers*, 1848. BRIAND et CHAUDÉ: *Manuel Complet de Médecine Légale*, 1858.

are explained on the assumption of the spontaneous combustion, because the ordinary explanations are at fault. After thus confounding the guess of a reporter with an observation, the writer continues: "*Little is distinctly known concerning these mysterious cases; for it is a remarkable fact, that in no instance has any witness been present at the precise moment when the patient took fire.*" The stories of ghosts and spirit-rappings have a better claim to be regarded as evidence, since, absurd as the interpretations may be, the facts are vouched for by eye-witnesses. In the stories of spontaneous combustion there is no eye-witness, there is only a guess in the dark. When M. Breschet refers with emphasis to the historians who have transmitted the stories, and thinks that the reality of the phenomenon is established because respected names can be cited among the believers in it, he forgets that these authorities are only repeating the reports of ignorant and unscientific people narrating what they saw and inferred after the event. A list of names far more imposing might be drawn up as historians of witchcraft and apparitions. But the question is not, Who believes the phenomenon? it is, Who has any direct evidence to offer? Who saw the rise and progress of the combustion? And the answer is simple: The evidence is never of a direct and positive kind. No one has ever seen the phenomenon; no one pretends to have been present when the living body spontaneously burst into flame; no one even pretends to be fully acquainted with all the circumstances and conditions preceding the event. That the phenomenon ever did occur is, therefore, wholly hypothetical. It is an inference called upon to explain appearances which otherwise do not seem explicable. Not knowing how the body in question was burned—not understanding by what ordinary means it *could have been* burned under the circumstances—men as-

sume an extraordinary process. The basis of their argument is flat ignorance. They know nothing, and infer all. On a similar basis many equally absurd explanations are daily erected unsuspiciously. The mind in its impatience cannot rest without an explanation of some kind. When men see huge boulders heaped somewhat in the shape of a rude pulpit, they invent an "explanation," and we have the legend of the Devil's Pulpit, because they are not content to sit down in quiet ignorance. When men see tables moving, and hear strange noises which they cannot "explain," they straightway begin explaining them as the work of spirits. When an epidemic breaks out, we hear on all sides confident explanations of it from gentlemen who have attended chemical lectures, and attribute it to "ozone" or to the "want of ozone." In these and a hundred similar examples, no attempt is made to prove the presence of the assumed cause, or to prove that the particular cause, if present, would necessarily produce this particular effect. But for a scientific hypothesis, one at least of these preliminaries is indispensable. If observation had detected any casual relation between ozone and the epidemic, there would be a scientific justification for the inference that ozone was now actually at work; we might, provisionally, assume the presence of ozone, because, if present, it would account for the epidemic. Or, on the other hand, if the presence of ozone in unusual abundance were proved, we might infer that this was one cause of the epidemic, and then proceed to test the inference. But to assume the presence of the agent, and also to assume its casual relations, and to make both these assumptions merely as an alleviation of our impatience, may be the practice of the vulgar—it is not the method of a philosopher.

Yet it is obvious that both these assumptions are made in the hypothesis of Spontaneous Combustion.

In utter ignorance of *how* the death was caused, men assume that it was caused by spontaneous combustion; and they imagine they bring evidence in proof of this assumption when they show how little evidence there is for any other. They forget that there is *no evidence at all*. Granting that it is absolutely impossible to suggest any acceptable explanation of the cause of death, this impossibility is no evidence that the cause was spontaneous combustion: there is simply *absence* of evidence. We cannot account for the phenomenon. Nor is this difficulty removed by our inventing an explanation which has no guarantee of evidence. If in this ignorance we must guess at a cause, the guess should at least be one of probable or possible causes; and spontaneous combustion is *impossible*.

The matter stands thus: A body is found burned; the circumstances attending the burning are unknown; they have to be *inferred*; but, in the absence of the usual indications, we are unable to assign any of the ordinary causes: a hundred suppositions are possible, but there is no direct evidence for any one; each must, therefore, be tested by its inherent *probability*. If we said that the body was burned by the hot breath of a dragon, we should have as much evidence for the assertion as if we said the body spontaneously ignited—that is to say, we should have no evidence at all. Our opponents, in refuting the dragon hypothesis, would not trouble themselves about the evidence, but would point out the high degree of improbability in the assumption of a dragon, and the want of any warrant for supposing that the dragon's breath could burn a man. In like manner the philosopher troubles himself but little about the evidence of spontaneous combustion contained in the recorded stories, because he can prove

that the phenomenon itself is impossible.

As we are addressing the general public, and not merely a public of scientific men, we shall consider the alleged evidence, since, if we can show that this evidence, upon which so much reliance is placed, is absolutely *worthless*, because it is never direct, and never establishes the smallest presumption in favour of spontaneous combustion over any *other* imaginary cause, we shall gain a more willing hearing to the scientific arguments which prove the absurdity of the hypothesis.

Liebig, who has treated this question in a masterly manner,* remarks that the descriptions of cases which belong to the last century do not proceed from highly cultivated physicians, but from ignorant persons unpractised in observation, and the descriptions all bear the stamp of untrustworthiness. "In these accounts it is usually stated that the body entirely disappears down to a greasy stain on the floor and some remains of bones. Every one knows this to be impossible. The smallest bit of bone in the fire becomes white and loses somewhat of its bulk; but of its weight there remains from 60 to 64 per cent of earthy matter, commonly retaining the original form of bone." So little reliance can be placed on the reports of persons unaccustomed to scientific observation, that in the Görlitz trial the female attendants who had washed and clothed the dead body deposed that there were neither arms nor head; another witness saw one arm, and a head of the size of a man's fist; a third, a physician, saw both arms and head of the usual female size.

Let us now examine the chief cases more nearly.

Mary Clues, of Gosford Street, Coventry, aged fifty-two, and much given to drinking, was found burned to death one morning. The following is the description of the room and

* LIEBIG: *Zur Beurtheilung der Selbstverbrennungen des Menschlichen Körpers*, 1850; and in *Familiar Letters on Chemistry*, xxiv.

the appearance of the body, sent to the Royal Society by Mr. Wilmer, the surgeon: "Her bed-room was next the street on the ground floor, the walls of which were plastered and the floor made of bricks. The chimney is small, and there was a grate in it, which from its size could contain but a very small quantity of fire. Her bedstead stood parallel to, and at the distance of three feet from the chimney. The bed's head was close to the wall. On the other side of the bed was a window opening to the street. One curtain only belonged to the bed, which was hung on the side next the window. She was accustomed to lie upon her side, close to the edge of the bedstead next the fire; and on Sunday morning, March the 1st, tumbled on the floor, where her helpless state obliged her to lie some time, till a neighbour came accidentally to see her. With some difficulty she was got into bed. The same night, though she was advised to it, she refused to have any one sit up with her, and at half-past eleven one Brooks, who was an occasional attendant, left her as well as usual, locked the door, and went home. He had placed two bits of coal quite backward upon the fire in the grate, and put a small rushlight in a candlestick, which was set on a chair near the head of the bed, but not on the side where the curtain was. At half-past five the next morning a smoke was observed to come out of the window in the street, and upon breaking open the door some flames were perceived in the room, which, with five or six buckets of water, were easily extinguished. Betwixt the bed and the fireplace lay the remains of Mrs. Clues. The legs and one thigh were untouched. Except those parts, there was not the least remains of any skin, viscera, or muscles. The bones were completely calcined and covered with a whitish efflorescence. The skull lay near the head of the bed, the legs towards the bottom, and the spine in a

curved direction, so that she appeared to have been burnt on her right side with her back towards the grate. When the flames were extinguished, it appeared that very little damage had been done to the furniture of the room, and that the side of the bed next the fire had suffered most. The bedstead was superficially burnt; but the feather-bed, sheets, and blankets were not destroyed. The curtain on the other side of the bed was untouched, and a deal door near the bed not injured. I was in the room about two hours after the mischief was discovered. I observed that the walls and everything in the room were coloured black. There was a very disagreeable vapour; but I did not observe that anything was much burnt except Mrs. Clues, whose remains I saw in the state just described. The only way I can account for it is by supposing that she again tumbled out of bed on Monday morning, and that her shift was set fire to either by the candle on the chair or a coal falling from the grate; that her solids and fluids were rendered inflammable by the immense quantities of spirituous liquors she drank, and that when she was set fire to, she was probably soon reduced to ashes, for the room suffered very little.* The only objection to this account is the hypothesis that the woman's body was rendered inflammable by the liquors she had drunk, a hypothesis we shall hereafter show to be utterly at variance with fact. Take that away and the case is simply one of a woman burnt to death, and being at the time either too drunk or too helpless to make an alarm which would have brought assistance. We have cited the case because it is one constantly referred to by the advocates of spontaneous combustion; and, for the same reason, we will give another, also taken from the same source.

Grace Kett, the wife of a fishmonger, aged sixty, was in the habit of leaving

* *Philos. Transactions*, 1774, p. 340.

her bedroom, half-dressed, to smoke a pipe. This habit continued several years. On the 9th April 1744, she quitted her bed as usual: her daughter, who slept with her, did not perceive her absence till the morning. On going into the kitchen she found her mother stretched on her right side with her head near the grate. The body was extended on the hearth, with the legs on the deal floor, and it had the appearance of a log of wood consumed by fire without apparent flame. On beholding the spectacle, the girl ran in great haste, and poured some water over the body to extinguish the fire. The fetid odour and smoke which exhaled from the body almost suffocated the neighbours who had hastened to the girl's assistance. The trunk was in some measure incinerated, and resembled a heap of coals covered with white ashes. The head, the arms, the legs, and the thighs had also participated in the burning. This woman, it is said, had drunk a large quantity of spirituous liquor, in consequence of being overjoyed to hear one of her daughters had returned from Gibraltar. There was no fire in the grate, and the candle had burnt entirely out in the socket of the candlestick, which was close to her. Her dress consisted of a cotton gown. These final details are surely sufficient to lead to a conclusion? In a stupefied state of drunkenness she had probably fallen over the candle, which had ignited her cotton dress. But, even if this were not the cause, it is certain that the recorded evidence gives no hint of spontaneous combustion. The old woman is found burned—cause not apparent; so that the verdict might have been "died by the visitation of God," as in the following case, recorded in the *Methodist Magazine* for 1809: "Mr. O'Neil, keeper of the almshouse in Limerick, was awakened about two o'clock in the morning by a person knocking at his room door; upon which he arose, and, having inquired who knocked, he opened the door; and going with the per-

son who called him into his apartment, which lay under Mrs. Peacock's room, he found a dead body lying on the ground, burning with fire and red as copper, having dropt down from the loft, which was on fire. Examining the loft, he saw a large hole, the size of the dead body, burned through the boards and ceiling. Having, with assistance, quenched the fire about the hole, he examined by what means the body had taken fire, but could find no cause. There was no candle or candlestick near the place, no fire in the grate but what was raked in the ashes, as is the manner of preserving fire by night. The room was examined, and nothing had taken fire but that part of the floor through which she had fallen. Even a small basket made of twigs, and a small trunk of dry wood which lay near the hole, had escaped. This phenomenon was the next day examined by the mayor, clergymen, and several gentlemen of the city. The impossibility of ascertaining the cause of the fire, the extraordinary circumstance (?) of no part of the room being burnt but the centre of it, through which she had fallen, added to the well-authenticated circumstance of her recent diabolical imprecations and lies, obliged every observer to resolve so awful an event into the visitation of God's judgment in the punishment of so daring and persevering a sinner." That the *Methodist Magazine* should record such a case is conceivable enough; but that Professor Apjohn should, in the pages of the *Cyclopædia of Practical Medicine*, reproduce it as evidence of spontaneous combustion, adding that he does not solely rely on the *Magazine*, but has received confirmation from "an intelligent lady residing in Limerick who had personally inspected the floor through which the hole had been burned," is a curious example of what even professional men will at times accept as evidence in favour of preconceived ideas. It is true that Professor Apjohn is, or was, a chemist. But how little the

laws of chemical action were impressed upon his mind, may be judged by the following preposterous story, which he also gives: A. B., a woman of about sixty years of age, retired one evening to bed, with her daughter, both being, as was their constant habit, in a state of intoxication. A little before day some members of the family were awakened by an extremely offensive smoke, which filled their apartment; and on going into the chamber where the old woman and her daughter slept, they found the smoke to proceed from the body of the former, "which appeared to be burning with an internal fire. It was as black as coal, and the smoke issued from every part of it. The combustion having been arrested, which was effected with difficulty, although there was no flame, life was found completely extinct." Up to this point there is nothing remarkable, but we must call attention to one important detail: no mention is made of the position of the body; we are not told whether it was on the floor, at some distance from the bed, or *in* the bed. Yet the absence of this statement vitiates what follows: "Her daughter, who slept in the same bed, sustained no injury; *nor did the combustion extend to the bed-clothes*, which exhibited no other traces of fire than the stains produced by the smoke." This preservation of the bed-clothes, which, Professor Apjohn is careful to inform us, was confirmed by the Rev. Mr. Ferguson of Dublin, is either the most irrelevant detail a scientific man could possibly adduce, or is a miracle which must have staggered a chemist: it is utterly irrelevant if the body were not *in*, or *close* to, the bed, since in that case there could be no reason to expect the bed-clothes to be ignited; and he might as well have laid stress on the fact of some curl paper on the table having escaped. It is a miracle if the burning body were in the bed, and the bed-clothes escaped; for although Professor Apjohn, in common with some others, chooses

to assert that the flame of spontaneous combustion is a *peculiar* flame, "not readily communicable to inflammable bodies placed in its vicinity"—an assertion founded on some misinterpreted facts, and in glaring contradiction with many other facts and with chemical laws—yet he must be perfectly aware that, in the recorded cases, while some objects escape combustion, there are always other objects which *have* been burned; and it will be difficult for him to show why the old woman's night-dress should ignite, and not the sheets in contact with that dress. We assert, that if the body were on the floor there is nothing remarkable in the escape of the bed-clothes; if the body were in the bed, the escape of the bed-clothes is—a fiction. "According to the testimony of one of the relations, who is represented as a woman of the strictest veracity, there was no fire whatever in the room." Perhaps so; but were there no matches? no lighted candle? no means of setting combustible bodies alight? On this point, silence. "The subject had been grossly intemperate for several days before her decease, having drunk much more ardent spirit at this period than usual." *That*, according to the professor, is the explanation of the case.

Yet it is "from the cases just related, and from several others which might be quoted," that a grave professor, in a medical treatise of authority, which would be looked up to by hundreds of practitioners, conceives it to be "fully proved that the human body is capable of being reduced to such a state as to undergo spontaneously, or upon the contact of flame, rapid changes analogous to those which may be effected by the agency of fire." More worthless evidence was never brought forward to support a more improbable hypothesis.

Let us turn to some of the cases adduced by other writers. The Countess Cornelia Bandi, of Cesena, in Italy, aged sixty-two, in excellent

health, and *not* given to intoxication, was accustomed to bathe her body in camphorated spirits of wine. One evening, having felt very drowsy, she retired early to bed. Her maid remained with her till she fell asleep, and then quitted the room to return the next morning, and find the remains of her mistress in a horrible condition. At the distance of four feet from the bed was a heap of ashes, in which the legs and arms were alone untouched; between the legs lay the head. The brain, together with half the posterior part of the cranium and the whole chin, had been consumed; three fingers were found in a state of coal, and the body was reduced to ashes, which, when touched, left on the fingers a fat and foetid moisture. A small lamp which stood on the floor was covered with ashes, and contained no oil. The tallow of two candles was melted on the table, but the wicks still remained, and the feet of the candlesticks were covered with moisture. The bed was not deranged; the bed-clothes and coverlid were raised up, as is the case when a person gets out of bed. We do not profess to explain the cause of death in this case. As in so many other cases, the details are too scanty for judgment. But there is *no one* detail which points to a spontaneous ignition of the body.

Dr. Beck quotes, with great confidence, the following case, for which he is indebted to the researches of W. Dunlop, Esq., of New York: Hannah Bradshaw, aged about thirty, was a *healthy*, hearty-looking woman, neat in her person and manner of living, but not remarkable for sobriety or chastity. On the evening of the 31st December she desired a young woman, who worked for her, and was going home, to come again early the next morning; and about seven o'clock the same evening another acquaintance parted from her, at which time she seemed to have drunk a little too freely. She was neither heard nor seen till the next morn-

ing, when the young woman returned to her work. After knocking and calling, and having waited till half-past eleven, this person, by the aid of a man who lived below, got in through a back window, and opened the door. On looking within a screen, which went right across the room, and was fitted to the ceiling, she discovered Hannah, or rather her mutilated remains. The bones were lying near the middle of the floor, wherein a hole of about four feet in diameter was quite burnt away, and the bones were on the ground, about a foot beneath that part of the floor. The flesh was entirely burnt off the bones of the whole body, except a small part on the skull, a little on one of the shoulders, the lower part of the right leg and foot, which was burnt off at the small, almost as if cut off and left lying there. *The stocking was burnt off as far as the leg, and no farther. The bowels remained unconsumed.* One of the sleepers which lay under the shoulders, was burnt almost through. Part of the head lay on the planks at the edge of the hole, and near it was a candlestick, with a part of a candle in it, thrown down, but it did not appear to have touched any part of the body, or to have set anything on fire (?). The leg of the rush-bottomed chair, and about half the bottom, were burnt, so far as they were within compass of the hole in the floor, and no farther. Is it justifiable to see any evidence of spontaneous combustion in this story? How can any one assume that the candle did not set anything on fire? No one was present from the commencement to the close; no one, therefore, could say what had been the course of events. A similar objection falls upon the next case:—

“By a letter from General William Shepherd, it appears that on the 16th March 1802, in one of the towns of Massachusetts, the body of an elderly woman disappeared in the space of about one hour and a half. Part of the family had retired to bed, and the rest were gone out. The old woman

remained awake to take care of the house. Soon after, one of the grandchildren came home, and discovered the floor near the hearth to be on fire. An alarm was given, a light brought, and means taken to extinguish it. While these things were doing, some singular appearances were observed on the hearth and contiguous floor. There was a sort of greasy soot and ashes, with the remains of a human body, and an unusual smell in the room. All the clothes were consumed. The fire had been small.*

Small? But is there any necessity for its having been large? One spark suffices to kindle a huge flame in a substance readily combustible.

We will not repeat Liebig's analysis of the case reported by Battaglio, which he has completely exposed. Let us rather quote the very modern example reported in the *Edinburgh Journal of Medical Science*, December 1852, the reporter being a medical man:—

"On the evening of the 29th of July last, the body of John Anderson, æt. 50, about five feet four inches in height, and of a spare habit, a carter of wood from the forest of Darnaway to the pier of Nairn, and a notorious dram-drinker, was found dead by the road-side, seven miles from Nairn, and in a state of combustion, the process having proceeded so far as blackening and charring of the body and head, and complete disfigurement of the features—so much so, that the person was only recognised from his horses and carts being known. The case was taken up medico-legally by the Procurator-Fiscal of the county of Nairn, and I was requested to inspect the body, and report. On approaching the unfortunate man's dwelling, on the forenoon of 31st July, I found that the funeral had passed on to the churchyard of the parish of Dyke; and, after a little explanation to the attendants, I succeeded in getting a hurried autopsy within the church. On removing the grave-sheet, I found a black, incinerated, and stiffened body. The legs and arms were crossed, the latter raised from the chest. The position was one of ease; and the body had not been touched since first rolled up. The eyes, ears, and nose were burned away, teeth clenched, and from the mouth bubbled out some white froth and gas. The lining membrane on the inside of the lips and cheeks was quite burned; also the edges of the tongue,

and the hair and skin of the head. The skin and cellular tissue of the body were much charred: the thighs not to the same extent; and the burning had ceased about midway between the knees and feet, where there was a reddish and slightly blistered line. The back was not so much destroyed. The pharynx, œsophagus, &c., exhibited no appearance of burning. The villous coat throughout was much congested, and that of the stomach presented those cherry-red appearances, with thickening, which are sometimes noticed in the stomachs of drunkards. It was almost empty, gave out no smell of alcohol, nor did the contents, on after examination. On opening the peritoneum, there was a great escape of fetid gas. The bowels were healthy, but dry from heat. The state of the heart, blood, and lungs, could not be examined.

"On inquiry, I found the wretched man's history to be the following: He has been a carter, as above stated, for several years; has drunk, at least of ardent spirits, *daily*, on an average, a common bottleful, besides porter, beer, &c.; left Nairn on the day of his death intoxicated; in passing an intermediate village, was seen coming on 'all fours' out of one of those many 'publics' which are the opprobria of our smaller towns and villages in the north of Scotland. He was, however, one of those 'soaking' individuals, who much sooner lose the locomotive balance than a knowledge of his situation and work; hence, when on his cart, he could talk and manage his horses tolerably well. He had a brother carter with him, a neighbouring toll-keeper, who was sober; and they parted company at the toll-gate of Harmuir, within half a mile of the place where the body was found. Before this, however, Anderson wished his pipe to be lit and handed to him; but his friend, thinking that he had no need of a smoke, merely put a little fire on the old tobacco ash, when he drew, and immediately said, 'She is not in.' The conversation went on for ten minutes, when the poor man turned his horses' heads homewards. All this time the pipe was in his hand. The tollman, who was much on the road with him, declared that Anderson seldom lighted his own pipe, and never almost knew him to carry lucifers. The dress was a woollen shirt, canvass frock, corduroy trousers, and a 'wideawake.' The weather was very warm and dry. When a little farther on his way homewards,

* Бзек, p. 577.

smoke was seen rising up from the cart in which the man was, and which contained a good deal of hay, by a herd-boy on a neighbouring rising-ground, about one-fourth of a mile distant. The man was next seen to descend from the cart, to stand, then to stagger and fall. The horses stood still. In a few minutes smoke again appeared from the ground, when the boy ran down, and found the body lifeless, black, disfigured, and burning. He hurried to a cottage close by, and returned with a woman having a water-pail, with which they drew water several times from a rivulet almost at their feet, and thereby extinguished the burning body and garments. The position was on the back, inclining to one side; arms and legs as before mentioned. The time that elapsed between the boy seeing the man come down from his cart and the water being dashed on, is represented as not more than fifteen minutes. The body was wrapped into a sheet, and removed home. The pipe was found lying below the body with the cap on, apparently as it had been put into his hands. The clothes were all consumed, except the lower parts of the legs of the trousers, where the burning had ceased, and a small portion of the shirt, frock, and hat, immediately between the body and the ground. There was none of the hay burned.

Remarks.—The case at first sight appeared to me to have arisen from the clothes having by some means caught fire, and the smoke therefrom producing death by asphyxia—the subject being much intoxicated; but second thoughts demonstrated a few points not reconcilable to my mind with this view, such as the position on the back, &c.—the event taking place in the open air—rigidity of the limbs—no trace of fire—and the rapidity and extent of the combustion, whilst this latter (compared with the accounts of martyrs, suttees, and others who have been consumed, and the great quantity of fuel and the time that have been required), and no apparent struggle or attempt having been made to cast off the burning garments, or to quench the flames in the brook running alongside, whilst the man was not at all in a state of insensibility from his potations, led me to the belief, that it was no ordinary combustion from the application of fire. I have, then, been induced to regard it as a case of progressive igneous decomposition, commencing during life without the application or approach of any hot or burning body, as believed in by several

Continental physiologists of eminence. Such a state of matters I know has been regarded by many as almost fabulous; but the numbers of general instances from good authorities, and from all parts of the world, of spontaneous combustion, or, as Beck more properly terms it, preternatural combustibility of the human body, and written on by Dr. Mason Good, and received into the Statistical Nosology from the General Register Office, now in the hands of most medical practitioners, under the appellation of *catacousis ebriosa*, show that the doctrine cannot be wholly set aside."

First remark the reliance placed on the numbers of "instances from good authorities"—instances which the reader has been able to appreciate—and then examine the evidence here offered. In the first place, the testimony is that of a toll-keeper and a herd boy, surely not the most reliable sources to which one would look for accuracy in description. Then observe what were the appearances noted. The body was charred—that is, burned, as it always is superficially when the clothes take fire. The man's clothes were woollen shirt, canvass frock, and corduroy trousers, which, once ignited, would in the open air burn well enough. He was drunk. He had a lighted pipe, which was found under his body. The cart was full of hay. The clothes were consumed, except where the burning of the body had ceased—or, to state the case more accurately, the burning of the body ceased where the burning of the clothes ceased.

It is unnecessary to multiply examples. One more case, that of the Countess Görlitz, shall suffice. On the 13th June 1847, between three and four in the afternoon, on her husband's going out to dinner, the Countess, a healthy active woman of forty-six, retired to her apartment to arrange some household matters, as was her wont. The servants, except Stauff, had permission to go out. The apartment consisted of an antechamber, and a chamber, into which opened a sort of closet, large enough to contain an ottoman, on which she commonly took her siesta. In one corner of

the room was a Russian stove, and in another her *schreibpult*, a writing-desk, which those unacquainted with German furniture may form an idea of by imagining a large chest of drawers, with a folding-board to serve as writing-table. On his return in the evening, the Count knocked at the door of the anteroom, but, receiving no answer, he went out again. This was about seven. He came back at nine. During his absence a bright light, which speedily disappeared, had been noticed at the closet window, and a thick smoke from the chimney which corresponded with the stove in the parlour. At nine o'clock the Count ordered the servants, who had then returned, to go in search of their mistress: they not obtaining entrance, workmen were sent for to break open the doors, which were locked. The keys were afterwards not to be found. The smoke which issued from the rooms prevented their being entered till one of the windows was forced. On this being done, flames burst out simultaneously from the hangings, the writing-desk, and the floor underneath it. The dead body of the Countess was found a foot from the writing-desk, with the feet towards the middle of the room and the head towards the window. There was no appearance of fire about it, or at the part of the inlaid floor on which it rested. On its removal a few buckets of water sufficed to extinguish the fire. On this being effected, a rush of smoke issued from the open door of the closet, which was found to proceed from the ottoman being on fire. No other object in this apartment was touched, and in front of the ottoman lay one of the Countess's slippers uninjured. On the following morning, Dr. Graff was called in officially, and found the apartments in that state of disorder usual after a fire. The writing-desk had been mostly consumed, and the papers it had contained, partly burned, lay scattered about the room. The ottoman was displaced,

and nearly in its centre was an almost oval hole caused by the combustion of the hair mattress and stuffing. On proceeding to view the body, Dr. Graff observed the remaining slipper on one of the feet, and uninjured. The dress on the upper part of the body was almost wholly consumed. The head exhibited the form of a nearly shapeless black mass, in which the mouth was imperfectly distinguished, with the charred tongue protruding from it. The body lay on its left side, the head and chest retracted, the neck everywhere blackened and charred, as were the skin and muscles on the fore and upper parts of the chest, the former being thus affected to within an inch of the pit of the stomach. The marks of the action of fire did not extend quite so far along the back part of the trunk. The joints of both upper extremities were flexed, and their surfaces charred, except at the hands. The left shoulder and the right elbow-joints were laid open. From the former of these the blackened humerus, and from the latter the heads of the radius and ulna, protruded. The skin in the vicinity of the left knee was slightly acted on. The body exhaled an empyreumatic odour. The further examination of it was objected to.

"Considering (1) that the deceased had been in full bodily vigour; (2) that she had been seen by her servants the evening before in good health; (3) that she had not gone to bed, but must have been occupied at her writing-desk; (4) that in case of the fire having been accidental, she might have escaped from it, or at least have called for assistance, of which there was no indication, though she was close to a window; and (5) that as the traces of the fire and the carbonisation of the body were chiefly about the head, and that the open mouth and protruded tongue were indicative of suffocation and impending asphyxia, Dr. Graff reports it as highly probable that this had been one of the rare instances of what is termed *spontaneous combustion*; a supposition, in his opinion, which alone could explain the circumstances that the deceased had been unable to call for assistance or to save herself, as she must have

done had the light on the writing-desk caught her hair or head-dress."

This opinion Dr. Graff so far qualified next day, as to report further that his conclusion in regard to the high probability of death by spontaneous combustion, in this instance, was a hypothesis only admissible in the absence of *indications of violence on the body*, the abstract possibility of which he was not prepared to deny. Another report was furnished by Dr. Stegmayer in December 1847, in which he could not say whether there had or had not been anything in the mode of life or constitution of the Countess which supported the hypothesis of spontaneous combustion; but Dr. Siebold, on the 12th April 1848, sent in a report decidedly to the effect that the Countess had perished by spontaneous combustion; and in proof of the occasional occurrence of such a phenomenon, he referred to the cases collected by Devergie in his article in the *Dictionnaire de Médecine*. He viewed the body on the night of the fire. The surface of the head and neck had a shining fatty appearance, as if covered with a coat of varnish. *There were no marks of fire on the clothes anywhere beyond the margins of the burns on the body.*

Although the death of the Countess took place in June, it was not until the 26th November that the Count intimated that an inquest would be held. Next day the cook detected a quantity of greenish matter (verdigris) in a sauce intended for the Count. About the same time suspicion was awakened against the man-servant, Stauff, from the discovery of some jewels belonging to the Countess in the possession of one of his relatives at a distance. Yet, in spite of the suspicions against Stauff, Dr. Siebold considered, from the facts of the case, that the burning of the Countess could not have been the result of *design* nor of *accident*. The combustion of the desk and the portion of the floor could not have done it. The corpse was found out of the reach of these,

and on a part of the floor to which the fire had not extended. The doors and windows were closed, so that the desk and floor were rather charred than burned. Besides, the *disproportion* between the extent of the burns on the body and the quantity of the combustibles consumed was too great to allow him to admit that they had been caused by the burning of the furniture. Dr. Siebold further contended, that spontaneous combustion alone could satisfactorily explain the circumstances of the case: such as the limitation of the burning to the upper part of the body and of the dress, while it had extended to the upper extremities; the greasy coating on the mirror and the oil-painting; and the appearance of the burned parts. Supposing that the combustion had begun at the head, and that the eyes had only been partially involved in it, the Countess might at the moment have been in a state to run to the bell-pull, and in her agony to pull it till it gave way. The flame seen from a house opposite the closet window showed that she had been lying on the ottoman when the head had taken fire [not a bad example this of the way events are *shown*!], which accounted for the hole burned in the ottoman, as well as the finding the slipper in this room. He further conjectured that the Countess was in the act of running to the window to call for assistance when she had fallen before the writing-desk and set it on fire.

This case is of great interest, as presenting many of those inexplicable details which in other cases have led to the inference of spontaneous combustion. Indeed, the account of the position of the body and the state of the objects in the room is such as to baffle every attempt at explanation. Nevertheless, there was evidence against Stauff sufficient to convict him, and he confessed the crime. His confession makes us fully alive to the facility with which our guesses may shoot wide of the mark, though

seeming probable. Read again Siebold's conjectures, and compare it with this confession of the murderer. Stauff declared that he had entered the room of the Countess to announce that he was going out, when, finding no one in the room, he was tempted by some articles of value he saw there to commit a robbery. While doing so the Countess came in: a struggle took place, and he seized her by the throat and strangled her. He afterwards placed the body on a chair, and, putting around it a quantity of combustible articles, set fire to them. We here see the value of Siebold's induction, that the body could not have been burned by accident, nor by design, because there was not a sufficient quantity of combustibles to account for so great an extent of burning. This induction is one constantly made; the fact being, as Liebig remarks, that the cause of death by burning has this peculiarity, that it consumes the fuel which supports it, so that the fuel does not remain unaltered, like the knife with which a man has been murdered. Had there not been the discovery of the jewels in Stauff's possession, and some other facts tending to criminate him, and had the cause of the Countess's death remained a mystery, we should have seen this story quoted in cyclopædias and treatises as one of the striking "cases" of spontaneous combustion. And certainly, until the murderer confessed his guilt, the "evidence" was of such a character as to lend itself to the wildest suppositions. It is the same with the other cases. Had any one been present during any of the recorded cases, he would doubtless have been able to clear up all its seeming contradictions; but as nobody ever was present, we are left to the wide field of conjecture.

We do not mean to insinuate that in all the other cases a murder had been committed, and the dead body burned to conceal the fact. This may have been sometimes done; but it is perfectly consistent with

experience to believe that drunken persons, or persons stupefied by the smoke, may have perished without raising any alarm. The following case, given in the *Journal of a Naturalist*, will show this: A travelling man, one winter's evening, laid himself down upon the platform of a limekiln, placing his feet, probably numbed with cold, upon the heap of stones newly put on to burn through the night. Sleep overcame him in this situation, the fire gradually rising and increasing, until it ignited the stones upon which his feet were placed. Lulled by the warmth, the man slept on; the fire increased, until it burned one foot (which was probably extended over a vent-hole), and part of the leg above the ankle, entirely off, consuming that part so effectually, that a cinder-like fragment was all that remained — and still the wretch slept on! and in this state was found by the kiln-man in the morning. Insensible to any pain, and ignorant of his misfortune, he attempted to rise, but missing his shoe, requested to have it found; and when he was raised, putting his burnt limb to the ground to support his body, the extremity of his leg bone crumbled into fragments. Still he expressed no pain, and probably felt none. Had the fire extended further, this man would have been burnt to death slowly while sleeping, and would have never made an effort to escape.

We close here that part of our argument which relates to the evidence of cases. Reviewing this evidence, we find that, even on the very questionable assumption of the testimony having been both accurate and exhaustive, there has been nothing whatever to prove spontaneous combustion over and above the presumption which may arise in its favour on account of the difficulty of otherwise accounting for the deaths. The exclusion of ordinary causes may lead to the inference of *some* extraordinary cause, but it does not prove that this extraordinary cause is spontaneous combustion rather than any

other. If I place a china vase upon the mantelpiece, and, on quitting the room, lock the door, having ascertained that no one is in the room, and find, on my return, the vase shattered on the floor, I shall certainly be puzzled "to account for it." No one has entered the room; no cat, dog, or bird was shut up in the room. The ordinary causes seem therefore excluded; but shall I be justified in concluding that the vase spontaneously leaped from the mantelpiece? You would laugh at such a supposition, and would declare that it was, in the nature of things, an absolute impossibility that china vases should spontaneously leap. Now, although the impossibility of spontaneous combustion in a living organism is not so *obvious*, it is, to the well-informed physiologist, little less certain, than the impossibility of spontaneous movement in a china vase. Having shown, therefore, that the phenomenon is merely inferred in order to explain certain appearances, we will now show that the inference is one which is utterly unjustifiable, because it contradicts the well-established laws of nature.

Professor Apjohn, believing that his stories prove the reality of the phenomenon, asks, "Whence arises that extreme degree of *inflammability* of the human body, in virtue of which its combustion is so readily produced, and occurring at any point, is *propagated with rapidity* to distant parts? We answer that the human body *cannot* be rendered inflammable while living; and that a chemist should not only know this, but know that the rapid *propagation* of flame in the living body is as utterly impossible as the enclosure of space by two parallel lines. "The human body," he says, "is a combustible compound." True enough; and a diamond is combustible. But the human body is not a compound *easily* combustible, and cannot propagate its combustion like inflammable bodies. Its combustion is hindered by the *water* it contains. The living body

consists of three-fourths of water, which, we need scarcely say, acts as a damper on the *propagation* of flame. This fact, however, does not damp the ardour of the advocates of spontaneous combustion. They admit that under ordinary circumstances the body is not easily combustible; but they assume that under extraordinary circumstances it may become so. Two hypotheses are advanced which are supposed to render this probable. The first is, that the bodies of habitual drunkards are so saturated with alcohol that they become preternaturally combustible. The second is, that "certain modifications" take place, "owing to diseased conditions," by which the body becomes preternaturally combustible.

When alcohol is taken into the stomach, it is absorbed into the blood-vessels, and is carried by the torrent of the circulation to the various tissues, especially to those of the liver and nervous centres, for which it seems to have a marked preference. But elementary knowledge of physiology ought long ago to have taught men that the idea of the living tissues being saturated with alcohol is absurd. The thing cannot be done. If life is to continue, only a very slight quantity indeed can be carried to any one tissue; and that slight quantity does not, and cannot, *remain* there. The blood which carried it there carries it away again. It is thrown out of the body, at each moment, by the breath, through the skin, and through the kidneys. If more alcohol be taken than can be rapidly got rid of in this way, death ensues from alcoholic poisoning. Few men could survive after drinking a bottle of brandy; and supposing this all to remain in the body, it would be far from "saturating the tissues" of a man whose body contains ninety pounds weight of water. Indeed, to suppose the tissues saturated with alcohol, is to overlook all physiological conditions — the incessant chemical changes upon

which life depends would all be rendered impossible by alcoholic saturation. It is when we wish to preserve the tissues against chemical change that we place them in alcohol—and these are dead tissues.

So unfortunate is the hypothesis we are combating, that if even its premises be granted, its conclusions must be rejected. We might grant the possibility of the tissues being saturated with alcohol, without in the least relinquishing our position that the living body cannot be thereby rendered easily combustible. Make the body a mere living keg of brandy; let its ninety pounds of water be changed into brandy-and-water; nay, let the water be entirely removed; saturate the tissues with alcohol, soak them in it, and bring a lighted candle into direct contact with it—even then the body will not flame! the brandy will blaze away, but not the body. When all the brandy has burnt away, the body will be found black, dry, and charred, but not flaming nor destroyed. The truth of this is seen every Christmas, when our children shout around the snap-dragon. The raisins are steeped in brandy, the brandy is lighted, and blazes with blue and joyous fury; but the raisins are so little affected by all this flame, that the children pop them into their mouths as fast as they can. The reason is simple: it is a chemical law, admitting of no exception, that *a body which is in itself difficult of combustion cannot be rendered less so by the presence of a body easily combustible*. The raisins are not easily combustible, and are not rendered more so by the presence of brandy, which burns readily. In the brandy or out of it, the raisins are equally slow to burn.

The same is true of the living, or moist tissues. They are not made of asbestos; they will burn if a proper degree of heat be applied, which will first evaporate their liquids; but they are slow to burn, and are not inflammable like paper or straw, which, when once ignited, propagate the flame to distant parts,

away from contact with the original cause of ignition. Light a piece of paper at one end, and the whole is quickly destroyed. Light a piece of flesh at one end, and it will only be the end in contact with the flame which will burn: remove the flame, and the flesh ceases to burn. To prove that alcohol will not make this flesh an iota more combustible, the following experiment will suffice. We placed three small strips of uncooked beef in brandy, and left them to soak there for several weeks, in a well-corked bottle. The first piece was removed, and held in the flame of a candle; it at once caught fire, and blazed: the alcohol was burned away; the flame then ceased, and the meat remained. The second piece was left in a vessel with the whole of the remaining alcohol. On applying the flame, there was a blaze, which lasted as before, while the alcohol lasted; the meat would not burn. The third piece was then held in the flame, and as long as it was in direct contact with the flame it burned, but no sooner was it removed from this contact than the burning ceased. It is thus clear that, supposing the drunkard's tissues to be thoroughly soaked in alcohol (which they cannot be during life), and supposing a flame brought into direct contact with his body, that would only be a *local* burn, there could not be a propagation of the flame from one part to another. To burn a body there must be the direct contact of combustible substances at a very high temperature—even fat cannot be kindled at less than 800° Fahrenheit. If, therefore, it is a *fact* that the body is difficult of combustion, and if it is a *law* that such bodies cannot be rendered less difficult of combustion by the mere presence of alcohol, or any other easily combustible substance, but only by the *removal* of that which makes the combustion difficult, then we are entitled to say that it is impossible to render living bodies preternaturally combustible.

We have used this word "impos-

sible" several times, and may perhaps to many readers have seemed rash in using it. Who can pretend to assign the limits of possibility? Does it not seem presumptuous to decide beforehand on what is possible, what impossible? As a general rule, it is so; yet there are not a few cases in which the word impossible may in all modesty and with all firmness be pronounced. Whatever contradicts a law of nature will at once be admitted as coming under this category; and the only hesitation which can be felt in so classing it, is hesitation as to whether the law be really a law of nature, or only an empirical generalisation. It is clearly impossible that two parallel lines should enclose space. It is impossible that the angle of reflection should be other than the angle of incidence. It is impossible that gravitation should act inversely as the mass. It is impossible that animals should continue to grow and exercise their vital activities without the agency of oxygen, or without exchanging carbonic acid for that oxygen. It is impossible that a tissue in which nitrogen forms an integral element should continue to be nourished without a supply of nitrogen in its food. We might multiply examples indefinitely, but enough have been cited to indicate the nature of the warrant which may sometimes exist for the use of the word impossible; and we conceive that Mr Mill has failed to seize the real logical conditions when he objects to all propositions that assert impossibility, except those of number and extension. "The non-existence of any given phenomenon," he says, "however uniformly experience may have testified to the fact, proves at most that no cause adequate to its production has yet manifested itself; but that no such causes exist in nature can only be inferred if we commit the absurdity of supposing that we know all the forces in nature."* To make good this posi-

tion, we must assume that an *extension* of knowledge would not only be an *addition* of positive truth, but the *destruction* of positive truth—that when we learned something more of the properties of an object, it would necessarily force us to unlearn what we already knew. But this is not always the case. That water will dissolve salt, and that oxygen will combine with iron, are positive truths which will survive when our knowledge of the other properties of water and oxygen are multiplied a thousand-fold; and as positive facts they are unassailable. That water may be so saturated with salt as to be unable to dissolve fresh salt thrown into it, is not a fact destroying the absoluteness of the proposition, "water will dissolve salt;" nor is the proposition "oxygen combines with iron" affected by the fact that a coating of paint will protect the iron from oxidation. Mr Mill seems to us to be confining himself only to a certain kind of propositions when he says, "That no variation in any effect or consequent will take place while the whole of the antecedents remain the same, may be affirmed with full assurance. But that the addition of some new antecedent might not entirely alter and subvert the accustomed consequent, or that antecedents competent to do this do not exist in nature, we are in no case empowered positively to conclude." Now it is surely impossible for a vertebrate animal to continue to live in an atmosphere of carbonic acid, or oxide of carbon. Ignorant as we are of many causes and forces, we have positive knowledge of two facts: first, that a vertebrate animal cannot continue to live without breathing; and, secondly, that it cannot breathe in an atmosphere of carbonic acid. Some new antecedent may be introduced which will greatly alter some one of the accustomed effects—as damping the gunpowder will alter the effect of applying to it a lighted match. But

* *Logic*, b. v. c. v. vol. ii. p. 407.

although the process of respiration may be altered or prevented, it cannot be sustained, except by an exchange of carbonic acid and oxygen. A *new* animal existing under new conditions may be conceived as capable of living in an atmosphere of carbonic acid; but not the animal known to us as vertebrate. If we know anything positively, we know that; and no extension of our knowledge of the forces in nature can overturn that.

In the case of Spontaneous Combustion, it may be asked whether some extension of our knowledge may not render it probable. It is certain that we have much to learn about the living organism and its possible changes; yet that any extension of knowledge should set aside what is positively known, we cannot admit. The *law* that a body not easily combustible cannot be rendered more so by the presence of another body which is easily combustible, is a law expressive of the very nature of combustion; and the *fact* that living bodies are not easily combustible, is a fact which must remain as long as living bodies are what they are. To render the body easily combustible, we must remove the obstacle; but that obstacle is an integral constituent of the body: *without* water the tissues are not capable of forming part of a living organism, and *with* water they cannot be made easily combustible.

And this leads us to the second hypothesis by which certain modifications of the body under diseased conditions, are supposed to render it preternaturally combustible. If these conditions removed the water, life would cease; if they did not remove the water, the body would not be inflammable. There is no escaping this dilemma. We need not pause to repeat Liebig's decisive refutation of the various suppositions respecting the gases said to be generated in the body and diffused throughout the tissues. Only crass physiological ignorance could in our day rely on such hypotheses. For if we suppose the

gases abundant and conveniently distributed, as these hypotheses demand, the body is not thereby rendered more combustible. Distend the cellular tissue with the most inflammable of gases—phosphuretted hydrogen—and the gas will flame, but not the tissue.

Some writers avoid the danger of assigning a particular cause, and rely on general vague assertions. A clamorous appeal is made to Ignorance: "How little we know! how many phenomena baffle explanation! chemistry and pathology are as yet in their infancy!" There is nothing like the respect of ignorant men for ignorance. Credulity is always rampant when it can get on such a pedestal. Wholly unacquainted with the chemical and physiological processes of vital organisms, men have the most perfect reliance on any wild supposition they may invent or hear. "May there not be certain conditions produced by disease which would set at defiance all that chemistry teaches, or produce a state of preternatural combustibility?" In asking this question, men imagine they display philosophic caution. It is ignorance of philosophic method which they display. Their pretended caution is founded on the wildest fictions. Had the *fact* of spontaneous combustion been *proved*, there would be some warrant for supposing it due to morbid conditions. But it is an outrage on logic to assume the *possibility* of a cause as a proof of its *existence*. A body is found burned, the cause of the burning is not apparent. Men choose to explain this by assuming that the body spontaneously ignited. When others deny that there is any evidence for such an assumption, a reference is made to historical testimony. On inspection, this testimony turns out to be *not* by any means testimony to the fact of spontaneous combustion, but only to the fact that bodies have been found burned under unexplained circumstances. Science, therefore, disregards this testimony, and asserts that the pre-

tended explanation is inadmissible, because it involves contradiction to the most positive laws of nature. Whereupon the advocates wish to be cautious, and ask, *May* it not be possible, under peculiar conditions? and with similar caution, they conclude that because the result is *possible* we are to believe it *actual*.

To sum up in a sentence the result of the preceding paragraphs, we may say that Spontaneous Combustion in the living organism is a fiction adopted to explain circumstances which do not carry their explanation with them. As a fiction it is discredited by its open contradiction to all known truths. It is impossible; and if it could be shown to be possible, nay, eminently probable, there would still be no

evidence which could make us believe that it had ever actually taken place. Between a possible or probable event, and an event which has passed from probability to fact, the gulf is wide. The supposition that Spontaneous Combustion *did* occur because it *might have* occurred, becomes all the more preposterous when we learn that the only reason for supposing that it *might have* occurred, is a desire to prove that it *did* occur. Neither Logic, on the one hand, testing the evidence, nor Science, on the other hand, testing the inferences, gives the slightest countenance to Spontaneous Combustion; and the continuance of its advocacy in dictionaries, cyclopædias, and works on medical jurisprudence, is a disgrace to the science of our day.*

* It is maintained, though with some qualification, in one of the latest works of medical jurisprudence which have fallen in our way—viz. the 6th edition of Briand & Chauncé's *Médecine Légale*, 1858. But in Taylor's *Medical Jurisprudence* it is decisively condemned.

ITALY: BY MARC MONNIER.

It is a touching custom among the Florentines to go every year, on the 2d of November, to visit the graves of their friends. A Frenchman, brimful of genius and enthusiasm, went to the Church of Santa Croce on that sacred anniversary in 1859 to bend before the tombs of the Italians whom he had known longest and loved the best. These were Dante, Michael Angelo, Machiavel, and Galileo. They all lay in that great Pantheon; and M. Marc Monnier, from Paris, paid his devotions to the illustrious men of a nightier time. Unluckily a gentleman, whose country he conceals, but who was evidently a bagman from the Strand, on his travels, walked with a party of ladies through the solemn aisle. He was frightfully severe on the architecture of the building; he despised the taste of the monuments; he became immensely jocular on the Latin epitaph on Alfieri, and was positively irresistible in his assault on Popery and the *Divina Commedia* and Italy itself. He concluded his oration to the crinolines who accompanied him, by exclaiming, whether as an original remark or a quotation from Guisti and Lamartine, "This is the land of the dead." It is on this hint M. Monnier speaks. This opinion, he says, is not limited to persons like his facetious friend; he had often heard it before. Wits, novelists, essayists, had dinned it into his ears during dinners at the *Trois Frères* and walks on the Boulevards. Every wretched little scribbler of a feuilleton had had his gird at the decayed condition of the land which had done nothing for four hundred years; which had produced nothing in art like Gerard and Le Brun; nothing in fiction like Alexandre Dumas; nothing in poetry like Victor Hugo; no scholars, historians, philosophers; and had, in

fact, nothing to show in the way of intellect or wisdom except a roll of names which the dust of centuries had made illegible. But our author had devoted himself to Italian literature for many years. Something told him all these depreciating remarks were very harsh, and a proof of folly and ignorance; and he resolved to make a start for Italy, not for the purpose of *doing* Rome and Naples, visiting the Coliseum by moonlight, and describing an eruption of Vesuvius, but of making himself acquainted with the men of the present day, judging for himself of the capabilities of the nation by observing its greatest intellects; and instead of a sentimental journey, or a tour in search of the picturesque, devoting himself to find out whether in that land where it has so often been said that all save the spirit of man is divine, there was not left some spark of that apparently extinguished glory which might again be stimulated into a flame. A bold and almost hopeless undertaking; for the Italians themselves had been nearly persuaded to believe that they were indeed the fallen and miserable race they were so universally supposed to be; and had mournfully made the confession, that on looking round from Dan to Beer-sheba, all was barren. They could sing, they said, and they could compose delightful music; but it is not with songs or operas that the face of the world is changed. A nation is not made of artists, but of men. "We have the names of things, but no realities. We have monks and ecclesiastics, but no priests. We have patricians, but no nobles. We have plebeians, but no people." This epigram of self-accusation was uttered by Ugo Foscolo forty years ago, and seemed adapted to perpetuate the state of things which called it forth by

giving up the struggle as lost. But great things had happened since then. A new generation had arisen, who derived a hope of better days from the very power and energy with which Foscolo professed his hopelessness. Efforts had been made— orators had arisen— heroes had appeared— poets had burst into song, and historians had unrolled the past with no misgivings as to the future. Those forty years had been filled with life enough to have animated all the centuries of stagnation. And even if the efforts should fail, the orators be silenced, the poets enchained, the historians banished, the fact of their existence cannot be denied. The long reign of lifelessness and apathy is broken. Italy may be the land of prisons and tortures, of poverty and oppression, but she can no longer be called the Land of the Dead.

Armed in this way against the political reverses which may yet be in store for Italy, M. Monnier establishes his position of the unimpaired intellectual activity of the Italians by interesting biographies of recent or existing celebrities, with notices of their works and styles. One observation he makes at starting, which requires a little explanation. Dividing the whole literature of late years into Catholic and Protestant, he defines those terms so as to exclude the theological idea generally conveyed by them, and claims both divisions as liberal. No author, he says, whether Catholic and defending the Pope, or Protestant and opposing his authority, has departed for a moment from the hope of progress and freedom. The former adhered to the Romantic school. They restored the Middle Ages with their Catholicism of Gothic stateliness and dignified resignation. Living at Milan, under the oppression of the stranger, and caring for nothing but to deliver themselves from it at any price, they were like patients at the last gasp, who throw themselves into the hands of the homœopathist, and hoped to be cured of the

Austrians by Rome— *Similia similibus*. The others felt the manlier inspiration of Antiquity; they were classicists. They lived at Florence under a relaxed and easy despotism, which left them at liberty to nourish either their hopes or fears. As long as they were quiet subjects, they might be as classical as they pleased. Thus there were two well-defined literary movements, that of Milan before 1820, and that of Florence before and after 1830.

A rapid sketch of Manzoni gives us the characteristics of the Milan school. Poetic Catholicism and political apathy are not apparently dangerous qualities to the most suspicious of governments; yet we find that Austria had the faculty of discovering hostile allusions in the most innocent or the most erudite of books. Nor was punishment proportioned to the inherent lightness of the offence. An author who wrote a hymn to Brutus was treated as a possible assassin of the emperor; and all the caution, and all the impracticability of the wise men of Milan, could not soothe the terrors of the police. Born in 1784, Manzoni united the judicial calmness of his grandfather, the Marquis Beccaria, the author of the *Treatise on Crimes and Punishments*, to a poetical temperament, which drove him into verse from his earliest years. At twenty-two he attracted the notice of Ugo Foscolo, who foretold his future fame, for he saw in the youthful poet the dash of an original talent, and the fire of a patriotic fancy. The dash, however, restricted itself to rhymes and similes; the patriotism was limited to lamentations over the good old times, and glorifications of the boisterous freedom of the Republics and smaller States. At this time his religious beliefs were in absurd opposition to his historic retrospections, for he was a sceptic after the manner of Voltaire, if not an atheist in full flower. He married the daughter of a banker at Geneva, and suddenly the sour Calvinism of his bride produced its

natural effects by driving him for shelter against the logical conclusions of that remorseless theology into the arms of the Catholic Church, where logic is considered a sin, and the prostration of the understanding the highest sacrifice of the faith. Manzoni gratified his taste for mediæval orthodoxy, retaining only the right of judgment in poetry and the arts; and Pope and Cardinals were enraptured with the conversion of so powerful an ally. His faith and works were now in exquisite keeping. He shut his eyes to the century he lived in, and saw the statelier days of the triumphant Church, when her lightest word made kings tremble on their thrones, and ambitious pontiffs commanded emperors to hold the stirrup of their mules; yet he could not exclude the new thoughts which grew almost unconsciously round the ideal Church he pictured to himself; and in his celebrated novel, *The Affianced (Promessi Sposi)*, he drew so charming a representation of the priesthood as it ought to be, that thousands retained their fidelity to St. Peter, in reliance on the truth of his descriptions. The religious fervour of his writings affected many of the greatest minds of his country. The historian, Carlo Troya, was so carried away that he avowed himself, in spite of documents and proofs, the champion of the Church. Better to lie in so holy a cause than to speak truth which might endanger the perfect ideal his friend had formed. The philosophic Rosmini was a disciple of equal ardour. Silvio Pellico soon joined the band—more simply literary, more profoundly Catholic, than his illustrious chief. Men of another epoch both, they were falsely placed. They knew nothing of the terrifying espionage of Austria, and the uprising of a whole nation to new desires and objects. They had neither desire nor object except to be guileless men and faithful servants of their Church. No politicians, they were but writers,

thinkers, dreamers, believers in the past and utterly regardless of the future. Milan accordingly saw, for the first time, under their guidance, a review strictly devoted to literature and criticism, in which Rome, Vienna, Paris, and London were geographical expressions, and nothing more. It was called the *Conciliator*, and was so romantic that it was certain to be Papist; so erudite, not to say pedantic, that it was certain to be safe; and half the authors of the north were elected on its staff, glad to escape from the troubles and forebodings of their actual existence to a region of speculation and repose. But with a censorship like the Austrian, nothing could be safe. There was another review at Milan called the *Italian Library*; and as it was protected and inspired by the Government, the assaults on its classical canons became insults to the throne. Shakespeare and Goethe were cast by the *Conciliator* in the teeth of those official believers in the eternal unities and the perfection of Racine. But Shakespeare and Goethe were considered enemies of all well-regulated state authority, as well as of Aristotle and Boileau. Bitter was the fight, vast the amount of learning, pungent the wit of the young Italians who were tired of Alexandrines and invocations to the Muses. The new Guelfs had energy on their side, and hopes, and even memories, and all Italy at their back. But above them and against them was Austria. The end of that sad story, says M. Monnier, is soon told. The *Conciliator* was suppressed; Porro, Berchet, and others put to flight; Romagnosi arrested; Silvio Pellico, Maroncelli, Gonfalonieri, Pallavicino, condemned to prisons worse than the galleys, to the Leads of Venice, and the dungeons of Spielberg. Manzoni himself was passed over, perhaps in consideration of his helplessness and his fame.

The delightful little volume written by Pellico in his cell (*My Imprisonment*) shows the character of

the man, and the fruits by which the tree of his Catholic faith were known. Uncomplaining, unembittered, resigned to all that Heaven had decreed, he brought more shame on the useless cruelty of his persecutors, than if he had sounded his wrongs with the divine rage of Dante; and when he was at last released, life had lost the few illusions it had ever possessed. He sank willingly into obscurity—he became as Catholic in politics as in religion, and abdicated his rights as a citizen, as he had abdicated his reason as a Christian. He carried his Spielberg with him, and never looked through its grated windows into the sunny world beyond.

Milan, therefore, was not the natural headquarters of an opposition. For that we must turn to Florence the Beautiful, where the air was purer, and German gutturals were unheard. It seemed as if a bluer sky and more musical language awakened a more national spirit, and Italy had its fullest life on the banks of the Arno.

But is curious to observe how far this extraordinary fulness of life extended. It was only thought life at all in comparison with the sepulchral dullness imposed on the other portions of the Peninsula, by the arms of the despotic powers in 1821. In spite of a noble protest from Castlereagh—whom, however, it pleased our pseudo-patriots at home to consider an enemy of liberty in the abstract, and of our own freedom in particular—the legitimate jailers of Vienna and Naples, and the little coroneted turnkeys of Modena and the other duchies, introduced the silent system in all their states, and from Turin to Sicily the rack and gibbet were the administrators of justice and evidences of a paternal government. A small oasis appeared in the midst of this intellectual Sahara; and the Grand Duke of Tuscany was too idle, too good-natured, or too contemptuous of his subjects, to interfere with their pursuits. He thought words were only words, whether they were uttered

by a courtier in a drawing-room in the shape of compliments and epigrams, or by a great poet in the form of satire, ode, or drama; and accordingly, within a stone-throw of the Pitti palace, there arose a school of poets, historians, politicians, and philosophers such as Italy had never seen in one spot before. Among these, community of suffering effaced the paltry provincial animosities by which they had been divided, and taught them that they were enslaved only because they were uncombined. Milan, we saw, had so long been trampled on, that, even in its aspirations for freedom, it rather desired a change of masters than the management of its own affairs. It fled from the sword of Cæsar, to crouch under the crossier of St. Peter. But Florence through all its history had been avowedly hostile to the temporal power. In spite of its pride in the tiara of the De Medicis, it never deserted its traditions; and after all the oppressions it had gone through, and the terrible penalties exacted by both priest and emperor, who seemed always ready to unite against a population who asserted an opinion of its own, to whichever of the candidates it might be favourable, it argued and reasoned and poetised in a quiet though very determined manner, and was looked on either as a focus of sedition or a watch-tower of hope, according to the point from which it was viewed. A very interesting account is given of the gathering of the proscribed to this haven of rest. They hurried hither from the tender mercies of the King of Naples, who murdered or imprisoned the men who had served him best; from Sardinia, where the Crown Prince (afterwards Charles Albert) had been forced to expiate his complicity with the Carbonari by a campaign against the Liberals of Spain,—from the duchy of Modena, where a bloodthirsty dukeling took Nero for his model in the infamy of his morals, as well as the cruelty of his heart; in short, it seemed a parliament of the best intellects and most

injured citizens of all Italy, to which every district sent its representatives. And the St. Stephen's in which they met was the saloon of a publisher, printer, and editor, who was not even an Italian by birth, but made up for his Genevese origin by being more Italian than any of the others.

This Jean Pierre Vieuksseux had converted the Palace Buondelmonte into an enormous literary workshop. The ground-floor held his printing-presses; the next was a library of great extent, with magazines, reviews, and newspapers from all Europe spread upon the tables, to which the entrance was free to every man in Florence. The upper stories were devoted to correctors of the press, secretaries, sub-editors, clerks, and accountants, and all the staff of an extensive publishing business. The *Antologia*, a review similar and prior to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, had a prosperous career, and first initiated the youth of Italy in the glories of periodical discussions; but was suppressed in its thirteenth year, at the request of the Czar of Russia, who thought he was insulted in one of its numbers. Vieuksseux took refuge in a monthly publication, called the *Tutor's Guide*, where points of grammar and education were the only subjects of debate; and considered himself equally safe when he started his next venture, under the name of *Archivio Storico*, or a collection of unpublished documents connected with the past. "But Italy," says M. Monnier, "in order to hope, has only to remember. Her traditions are more seditious than her Utopias. To drag these monuments, therefore, from oblivion, is to work for the future. If it were possible to bring out only one quarter of the manuscripts on reform, Italy would be Protestant within a century. The French blame the Italians for devoting themselves too much to history; but in this they know not what they say. It is the reproach of parvenus, and has no bearing on a country

which can look back on thirty centuries of nobility."

It is pleasant to know that Jean Pierre Vieuksseux carries on his literary toils at the present moment, and lives in the well-earned reverence of the wise and celebrated, whom his services first brought into fame. To some of them, indeed, his acquaintance was more useful still; for it revealed to them the existence of powers of which they had hitherto been unconscious. Among the exiles from Naples, for instance, was a brave old soldier who had served under Murat, and had made himself celebrated as an engineer. Neglected for some years by the Government, he was at last banished in 1820, when the counter-revolution gave free course to the absolutism of the Court, and found his way to the Palace Buondelmonte. He had never read anything but Tacitus, nor written anything but a dull and ill-composed history of the fall of Joachim. As all his companions were celebrated authors, he determined to be a celebrated author too, and applied himself to the pen with an energy which filled a volume in a very short time. But the language was stiff, the facts uninterestingly stated, and the criticisms of Giordano, Nicolini, and Leopardi, were adverse to his hopes. Again he went to work, recast his narrative, altered his style, and gave a strikingly vivid and excellently written description of the wrongs his country had suffered from the Bourbons from 1734 to 1825. He is now famous throughout Italy as the historian Colletta. But Vieuksseux, cautious and moderate, dared not publish it himself, it was so terrible an exposure and so true; and Geneva had the honour of giving to the world. The effort was perhaps too great. The author died before the publication; but not before he had raised the alarm even of the careless Grand-Duke. He was ordered to leave the territory immediately, when at the point of death. "Give me a delay," said he "of an hour, and I shall depart for

an exile where no police will trouble me again."

We must pass over the catalogue of distinguished names, merely citing that of the Marquis Gino Capponi, as proof that the highest of the aristocracy were the leaders in the insurrection against the reign of ignorance and submission. This brave old Florentine, who is still alive, though blind and feeble, represents one of the noblest families in the land. When an ancestor of his resisted Charles VIII., who tried to impose insulting terms upon the city—"Sign," cried the irritated King, "or I will sound my trumpets." "If you sound your trumpets," replied Capponi, "we will sound our tocsin bells." More ancient, and at one time more powerful than the Medicis, the Capponis have always opposed the pretensions of Rome, and will probably oppose it as the national capital. The Rome of the priests, they will say, has always been a mere imitation of the Rome of the emperors. Its pontiffs are dwarfed Cæsars—its official language, a corrupted Latin—its Vatican, a counterfeit of the Capitol. The true Italian river is the Arno, not the Tiber. The true Italian city is Florence, not Rome, "Look," says our author, "at the statues lining the gallery of the Town Hall. You will see Argagna, Niccola Pisano, Giotto, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Machiavel, Guicciardini, Amercio, Vespuccio, Galileo, Benvenuto Cellini,—all Tuscans;" "and yet," cries the astonished Frenchman, "the whole country has not the population of Paris! Nay, I will venture to say that, take the twenty-five Italians who have been most distinguished in science, literature and the arts, three-fourths of them will be found to be Florentines." There seems, however, a more equal distribution at the present time, for the two men whom M. Monnier places at the head of modern literature are Niccolini and Leopardi, neither of them born within the sound of the Arno, and the latter, indeed, owing to his birth

to the Beotian region of the March of Ancona. Many of the names in these glowing pages are to be taken with a certain allowance for the enthusiasm of the chronicler of their works and ways. We may entertain a sort of doubt whether his heroes are all such faultless monsters as they are described. But with regard to his picked examples we must confess that his estimate is not too high. No language possesses greater masters, and few biographies are more interesting than those of the authors of the most powerful dramas and most inspiring poems this century has produced. M. Monnier dwells at some length both on their acts and writings. Niccolini lived an obscure life from 1785 till after 1849. He gained no battles and overthrew no states, but he wrote such verses as had not frequently been heard before, and awoke a new life in the audiences of the theatre by giving a double sense to the most harmless of his expressions; and eluded the criticism of the Censor by leaving the boxes and pit to fill up the endings of his lines for themselves. Under the Babylonian robes of Nebuchadnezzar they immediately detected Napoleon; and in the tragedy which first established his reputation, he brought forward a heroine who accounted to her affianced lover for the fatal and hateful marriage into which she was forced during his absence, by saying "My mother's last words were 'Be obedient to your father.' I swore it. My father took me one day into the room where she had died, and reminded me of the oath. Then he said, 'Marry Contarini if you would save me from those secret dungeons, from——'" At these words a cold shudder ran through every frame, and the spectators needed nothing more; they knew she would have added the Leads and Wells (Piombi e Pozzi), and people shook with horror at the unspoken names. Gathering courage as he went on, he published a drama, in 1843, on the life of Arnold of Brescia. Guelf and Gibelin were

fairly brought face to face, and had a bout of several hundred lines on each side, for and against the temporal power of the Popes. Nor did he delegate this great discussion to the inferior personages of the play, but by one of those coincidences known only in that wondrous world where a prompter's whistle can change a prison into a paradise, and unite shipwrecked dukes and injured brothers on the shores of deserted islands, Adrian IV. and Arnold hold high conference *tête-à-tête*, and plead their respective causes in speeches of enormous length. The critics of the South like the display of eloquence and passion without the trap-door surprises and crowded incidents in which we consider dramatic perfection to consist. They prefer the writer to the posture-master or the machiavist. M. Monnier gives a short abstract of the play, and translations of some of the dialogue, and it will, perhaps, be interesting to follow his example, and see what was said so long ago on the great question which is at present the knot of the Italian difficulty. First, we must remind our readers that Arnold, a monk of blameless and even ascetic life, protested so early as 1140 against the power and corruption of the priesthood. Arriving at Rome in 1145, he found greater cause than ever for his opposition, in the venality and oppression of the Pontiffs themselves. Reminding the Romans of the great days of old, he contrasted the show and infamy of cardinals and prelates with the simple dignity of the Republic, its senate, its knights and consuls. The recurrence to those ancient institutions he thought more easy, from the slightly altered paganism which constituted the religion and worship of Rome. But Adrian IV., the only Englishman who ever sat in St. Peter's chair, was resolved to restore those other periods of Roman history, when there were dictators and proscriptions, and put the city under the terrors of an interdict.

Irresistible weapon in the twelfth century, and successful against the reforming monk: Church and State combined against him, and Frederic Barbarossa, the Emperor, on promise of being crowned by the Pope, put the laws of the Empire in force, and entered the Eternal City at the head of his German legions. The schismatic priest was declared a rebel, and died a victim to the reconciliation between Cæsar and the Church. But the following scene brings us only to the incidents which preceded the catastrophe, Arnold is summoned to the sacred presence, and Adrian receives him with a burst of pride.

"Fall down and kiss my feet! Bend low thy front
That I may plant my heel upon thy neck.
Speak to me as to God, upon thy knees!
If I deign speech to one so lost and low,
'Tis that thou mayest repent ere yet the scourge
Torture thy flesh, and thy white hairs be covered
With ashes. Answer me—but from the dust!"

ARNOLD.

"The humble God whose image here thou art,
Washed his disciples' feet. Thou stretchest forth
Thy feet for kisses, and thy swelling words
Spring from the pride by which the angels fell.
Peter, thou hast denied thy Lord! Repent!
repent!"

ADRIAN.

"Back to thy cloister, monk! and fright no more
Our Rome with idle dreams and names unheard,
Shaking its ruins with their antique sound.
Thou hast forsworn the world. Back to thy cell!
Hide there thy humble birth and name obscure."

ARNOLD.

"Has thy tiara hid thine own descent,
And pultry arts by which thou gain'dst thy place?
But truce to outrage. Art thou Priest or King?
If King, that title is unknown in Rome.
If Vicar of our Lord—bethink thee, Priest!
The only crown He wore was one of thorns!"

ADRIAN.

"He gave to me the empire of the world
That hour I donned the papal robe. God's word

Created earth. I rule it. Thou wouldst have
The soul slave of the body. When thou
speak'st
Of liberty, thou warrest on the Church
Which stands 'tween peoples and their tyrants.
Arnold,
Remember this, thy words disperse in air,
And die amid the solitudes of Rome—
Mine are the only cries that wake the world."

ARNOLD.

"Oh, were they ever cries of Liberty?
The Church between the people and their
lords?
'Tis cruel to the weak, and to the strong
Groveling and base. Thou spread'st the papal
pall
Over the crimes of kings, and all is night.
From thy high throne upon the seven hills,
Thou canst not see the lowly Golgotha."

ADRIAN.

"Thou liest, Monk! The oppressed receive
our aid,
Our succor, Rome subdued her conqueror.
She was her own sad tomb. The fierce bar-
barian
Measured her ruins with his sword. Whose
voice
Made of the free a subject, leading him
Not to the grave of some heroic king,
But of a fisherman, and cried, 'Kneel down!'
And the barbarian knelt! Then Rome rose
up,
Lifting the cross above her crumbling ruins,
And palpitating with a mightier life,
She saw a nobler capitol take rise,
Immense, eternal, from the rock of Faith,
And scorns the narrow bounds of earthly
kings,
For Rome is mistress of the Infinite!"

ARNOLD.

"Then wherefore join the sword to Peter's
staff
If thy mere voice is irresistible?
But Peter drew the sword, in that alone
The pattern of thy life. From age to age
One only thought is thine, to make the priest
A soldier, and to reign. Thou fight'st as king,
As priest thou cursest; yet art neither priest
Nor king—"

A very pretty quarrel as it stands,
and illustrative of the cut-and-dried
arguments by which the two parties
maintained their opinions. We
might fancy we heard Milan, by the
mouth of Manzoni, defending the
pontifical cause in answer to the
Florentine accusations of Niccolini.
The play had a success such as only
can be obtained by a work from a

previous inclination on the part of
the reading public to find good in
everything contained in it. People
were astonished to see their own
sentiments so beautifully expressed,
and wondered the pope was not
convinced by the eloquence of his
accuser. Other dramas followed
and showed no falling off in the
author's power, though none reached
the popularity of this Ghibeline ma-
nifesto. But to Niccolini himself
the success of his work was nearly
fatal. The whole theory on which
it was founded was the impossibil-
ity of combining freedom with the
Papacy. They were contradictory
terms, and must destroy each other.
But when 1848 came with its decla-
rations of Pio Nono—when all the
youth of Italy gathered to the call
of the Holy Father, and he prom-
ised to lead the democracies of
Europe against their oppressors
with only his pure hands held up
in prayer, Niccolini, now old and
feeble, wandered about the streets,
unconscious of all external objects,
and muttering to himself, "A liberal
Pope! a liberal Pope!" His pro-
phesies, denunciations, reasonings,
were all knocked on the head, and
the surprised and incredulous poet
was pointed at as mad. But when
1849 came, with its reaction and its
scaffolds, with the Vicar of Christ
trampling liberty under foot, the
people changed their opinion again,
and thought Niccolini the only wise
man among them. *Arnold of Bres-*
cia regained its popularity, and Pio
Nono became Adrian IV.

But the acted plays of Niccolini
yielded in power and influence to
the published works of the other
great Italian whom our author deli-
ghts to honor. This was Gia-
como Leopardi,

"A man so varied that he seemed to be,
Not one, but all mankind's epitome.

He was as exquisite in his command
of language as Voltaire, as trenchant
in his denunciations as Paul Louis
Courier, as perfect a Grecian as
André Chenier, and as wild and
impassioned a poet as Lord Byron,

with more vitality in the fervour, either of his love or hatred, than the author of *Don Juan*, more earnestness than Voltaire, more classical sentiment than Chenier, and more loftiness of invective than the pamphleteer of the Restoration. Yet none of these illustrations give the English reader so true an idea of this distinguished man as the perusal of his biography. Never did so many contradictions go to the formation of an extraordinary character. Of noble birth and wretchedly poor; of soaring ambition and miserable health; with a heart formed for love, and a person so ungraced by nature that it repelled the warmest admirers of his genius; a wrapt student, thinking his chair at the open window, and his table covered with books, the highest of earthly joys, yet driven into a world which he feared and was unfit for, from a home which was made intolerable by the uncongenial dispositions of his family:—this poor, generous, humpbacked, bleary-eyed dreamer of romance, sagacious critic, fiery patriot, and back to a bookseller at weekly wages, was the Tyrtaeus of the land, and more dangerous to the oppressor than a thousand swords. The Italian phrase is, "To the Church with Manzoni! To the battle with Leopardi!" We will not follow our guide in his dissertations on the prose and verse, the dialogues and philosophies, of this sceptical yet reverent-minded phenomenon, of whom it was said, with the persistent contradiction of all his qualities, that his aberrations from orthodoxy reconciled many to the faith; but we will take a glance at the more interesting portions of his career, in which a friendship, unequalled since the days of Pylades and Orestes, compensated for his bodily sufferings and mental disappointments. Not altogether unhappy is the man who can gain the affections of so true and manly a heart as that of Antonio Ranieri. From the time their acquaintance began, Antonio was all the world to the penniless noble of Recanati.

He tended on him as a nurse, protected him as a champion, revered him as a divinely-constituted mind, warded off all his enemies, and closed his eyes in death. Both devoted to the cause of freedom, which in that country, and in those times, was not the mere holiday profession of a generous desire of amelioration, but the wilful sacrifice of peace and safety to what they considered the holiest of duties; they exposed themselves, after leaving the literary Goshen of Vieux-seux, to the vengeance of Rome and Naples, the two worst tyrannies which even Italy has ever seen. At Rome the enemy of unbelieving priests was excommunicated as a renegade; and at Naples the pitiless denouncer of abuses was watched by the police as a rebel against the divine right of the Bourbons. In the midst of all, nourishing that sickly frame, encouraging that almost despairing intellect, Ranieri shared the shame and peril, divided his scanty income, sat at his feet as a disciple, and finally defended his fame when evil tongues spit their ineffectual malice over his grave. For no sooner had the publication of his collected works, to which Ranieri devoted himself for several years, put the seal upon his reputation, and attracted the admiration which would have been a consolation during his life, than the Jesuits, who had anathematised and feared him all his days, claimed him as one of their society, and published accounts of his recantation, repentance, and desire to be received into their order! This is a curiously characteristic display of the state of feeling and modes of proceeding in the Church in 1846. Leopardi, after his life-long sufferings, died in Ranieri's presence in 1837. Within three hours of his decease he had dictated a poem confirmatory of all his previous opinions. Yet the censorship of the press would allow no contradiction to the lying narrative of the Reverend Father Scarpa, which accordingly received the *imprima-*

ture of authority. Nothing, however, could resist the internal proofs it contained of forgery and invention, and Vincenzo Gioberti, whose acquaintance we shall soon make, and who was at that time writing his *Modern Jesuit*, had an easy task in demonstrating the unblushing falsehood of every line. The poet was described as a constant visitor of the Church and attendant at the confessional, as having been educated at a public school, as having been turned out of doors by his father, as having died of cholera in the Hospital of Incurables at Castellamare, as having received numerous visits from his converter, and, last of all, as being of a stately presence, well made, and with brilliant eyes. He was crooked, insignificant-looking and nearly blind. He had never seen the priest, nor entered the Jesuit church. He died in his friend's cottage at Capodimonte, and lies under a marble tomb in the chapel of San Vitale, near the grotto of Pausilippo. But in spite of all this, he is still quoted with pride in the eleventh volume of the collection called *Scienza e Fede* as a penitent of Father Scarpa and a neophyte of Ignatius Loyola! "Leopardi a Jesuit!" exclaimed his vindicator, in conclusion; "you may as well tell me that Napoleon, on his return from Elba, performed his novitiate at St. André, and afterwards took the habit in the monastery of Charles Emanuel." The monk of Elba would have been a fit companion for the Jesuit of Recanati; and as the Church had discovered a new method of increasing her flock by proselytising the dead, we do not see why she should not have put cowl and scapulary on Frederick of Prussia, and sung triumphant pæans over the posthumous conversion of Voltaire.

Antonio Ranieri, however, was not merely the weed that gained beauty and perfume by living near the rose. He had qualities of his own which give him a right to in-

dependent mention in this gallery of Italian worthies. In the years he spent in England he studied the administration of our hospitals and asylums, and perceived in this Protestant country a truer sentiment of charity and a greater tenderness in the management of public institutions than at home. With pitiless hand he exposed the abuses of the *Annunziata*, or Foundling Hospital, at Naples. He described its ill-ventilated rooms, its barbarous nurses, its venal "sisters," its faulty administration, an insolent manager, the manners of a prison, a charity which looked like punishment, and an affectation of maternal care which in reality was infanticide; and the book, which appeared as a romance under the title of *Ginevra*, made a profound sensation. It reached even Bomba himself, who was not displeased to see the public attention attracted to abuses with which he had no concern. One day, at a council, the minister, who felt aggrieved by this attack on his department, proposed to send the author either to the dungeons of the islands or to the public madhouse. "Yes," said the king, "that he may write another novel exposing the dishonesty of the governor of Bedlam as he has done of the *Annunziata*." The point of this royal remark is, that the offended minister was governor of both. Ranieri, therefore, only got a gentle intimation, that probably change of scene would be beneficial to his health. Having turned his mind for many years to historical subjects, this Howard of the *Enfants Trouvés* started from Naples, in company with his fellow-student, Carlo Troya, to search for old archives wherever they might be found; to ransack the libraries of monasteries, capitals, and castles, and thereby to decide the great question of the day. The day was 1846; the question was, Who and what were the Lombards of the year 800? On this depended, in the eyes of the

two historians and of almost all the educated classes of Italy, the decision between Church and State. The temporal power of St. Peter, or the supremacy of the civil government, was debated on what appears to us the ridiculously pedantic ground, of whether or not, at the beginning of the ninth century, the Lombards were Italians. If they were strangers, even the most anti-papal disputants would agree that the Pope was justified in inviting the assistance of Charlemagne and the Franks to expel them from the soil. If they had assimilated with the original populations and had lost the Lombardo-Gothic element, with which they had descended on the plains three hundred years before, even the greatest supporter of the pontifical confessed that an Italian priest had no right to summon the sword of transalpine barbarians to oppress and exterminate an Italian people. Carlo Troya went into the heart of things. He traced the Lombards from their native seats, followed them on their march to the south, established them at Pavia and Milan, and saw nothing in all their actions, thoughts, or institutions, but the types of an alien and conquering race. They continued men of the north, savages of the woods, and the oppressors of a true indigenous population; and therefore blessed be Leo III., who smote them with the Gallic sword, and placed the imperial crown on the conqueror's brow; and blessed be Carlo Magno, who created the Vicar of Christ a temporal prince in reward for his freeing the sacred soil from those Tedeschi of an earlier date! It shows the persistence of the old Roman legality and respect for antique rights, that two clever men and a deeply-agitated people should discuss this antediluvian subject as if it were a disputed title to an estate in which they had all an interest. It shows also the strength of their preconceived opinions, that from the same manuscripts and the same printed records

Carlo Troya and Antonio Ranieri came to directly opposite conclusions—Carlo, that the Pope was the only undeniably Italian potentate between the mountains and the sea, and the fittest centre for the rally of all the nationalities which hated the foreign yoke; and Ranieri, that he was the sole cause why the Italians inhabiting Lombardy in the ninth century did not consolidate the unity of that glorious and powerful land—one law, one tongue, one standard from the Apennines to the Adriatic, from the Rhoetian Alps to the point of Sicily. It was a Lombard chief who first gave voice to this great thought. He cast his spear as far as it would go from the southernmost part of Italy, and cried, "Thus far extends the kingdom of Lombardy!" Though this debate was not carried on in Westminster Hall, nor likely to be settled by precedents and genealogies, we cannot help seeing that the statement of the Guelf or Papist is totally unfounded. Less than eight generations surely has always sufficed to amalgamate the soldiers of a conquest with the native millions. Lombards were speaking Italian, and proud of the hereditary glory of Italian kings and consuls, in a hundred years after their irruption from the north. Our excellent Archbishop of Canterbury might as well invite the Gauls of the present day to deliver England from the Normans, on the promise of putting the crown of Edward the Confessor on their leader's head, provided he was presented in full sovereignty with the county of Kent. Troya's history was a laborious and exhausting exposition of all the monastic and pontifical annals which the zeal of Guelfic forgers and panegyrists had produced. Ranieri was equally minute in exhuming all the arguments and statements amassed by patriots and lawyers against the aggressions of the priesthood, and plodding students toiled through the contradictory evidences in those interminable tomes with nerves

tingling and hearts on fire. Yet Troya was not a mere Dryasdust. He perceived an inner life in those dead parchments; and when the question raised itself out of the domain of books and documents, the champion of the Papacy, the enemy of the Lombard, the believer in the resurrection of Italy with a crowned priest at its head, felt after all that he was a man and an Italian, and died a convert to the national cause, and opposed to the temporal power! The silence imposed on the Catholic historian by death, was enforced on his Liberal rival by imprisonment and despair. After tasting the miseries of incarceration for his Erastian dissertations, he dived no more into the intricacy of Roman rights or Lombard conquests. He sighed for safe repose, and resumed his practice at the bar. He gained fees, but no glory, and so devoted himself to briefs and consultations that his name as a political leader died away. Men struggled as hard to gain obscurity in the reign of Ferdinand as in other lands to gain fame. He left the joy of battle and the energies of endurance to men of firmer mould, and we are next introduced to a family where the crown of martyrdom seems as hereditary as its name—the Poerios of Naples.

The life and sufferings of Count Carlo are sufficiently known through the revelation of his prison experiences given by Mr. Gladstone. But his father's fate is less celebrated, though it displays an equal amount of cruelty in the rulers, and heroism in the victim. In 1799, after the massacres which inaugurated the reaction in favour of the king, some of the more moderate Liberals were condemned to a prison, which made the royal clemency a severer punishment than the scaffold. There is a lofty cone on a small island on the west of Sicily called Favignana, and on the summit of the cone is built a fortress. From the top of the fortress a stair leads down, step by step in the well-like excavation, till it reaches a cavern below the

bottom of the sea, and here was sent Giuseppe Poerio, the most eloquent of the Neapolitans. There seems a strength of vitality in the political prisoners of the south, which must be extremely passing to our Sanitary Commissioners. Ventilation, cleanliness, light, exercise, food, and warmth, appear to be matters of perfect indifference to the occupants of those dismal cells; and the addition of irons round the legs and neck, sleepless nights and solitary days, have no perceptible effect on their longevity or even their health. In that land of sudden changes and frequent revolutions, the prisoner has always hope to console him. The sentence of perpetual *carcere duro* is like a long lease, which breaks at five or twelve years; and accordingly, Giuseppe was released when the French obtained the mastery. He was Attorney-General under Murat, and an exile under the Restoration in 1815. In 1820 he was again in power, as most moderate of the Constitutional party, and in 1821 he was sent out of Italy altogether, for the Emperor of Austria undertook the dignified office of being jailer to the Neapolitans at Gratz. Yet Austria is far from the cruelest of despots, and only waited a decent time to open her prison door; and in 1822 Giuseppe and his family found their way to Florence. Vieusseux was ready with open heart and hand—the congregated exiles from all the states strengthened their Liberal convictions under the teachings of adversity; and the sons of Poerio, Alexander and Charles, prepared themselves, in the midst of that learned and earnest society, for whatever future might be in store. The eldest was of a high poetic and romantic temperament, which carried him into the Guelfic school of hopes and faith, and he became a Catholic of the sect of Manzoni and Gioberti. A patriot-pontiff was the vision of his life, and when it took shape and became a reality in 1843, he resolved to die, if needful, at the

feet of Pius IX., and joined his countryman Gabriel Pepe as simple volunteer. Constant to the last, he aided, in the gallant defence of Venice, and was slain in the fight at Mestre. The women of Venice raised a modest tomb to his memory, and his mother wrote to his commander in 1850 that she thought it a blessing that Alexander had been spared the sight of the renewed degradation of his country. Happier in this, she thought than his younger brother Charles, who lived to feel the vengeance of the king he had served, and wasted nine years of his life in fetters and darkness.

From whatever quarter our author commences his researches, in that great old library at Florence they are sure to end. From Milan, Rome, Naples, and even from the Tyrol, men, despairing of their country, hurried to the only spot in Italy where speech was moderately free. An occasional outbreak on the part of the Grand Duke against the Jesuits (whom he expelled), with a counter-blow at the same time against the Protestants, such as the Madiati (whom he imprisoned), was the only symptom of vigour with reference to religion; and the expulsion of a satirist or caricaturist, at the request of Rome or Vienna, the only interference with politics or philosophy. And this pleasant reign of King Log was continued (though with a difference) after the revolution of 1848. After his return from Gaëta there was a taint of Naples in his heart. He shut his eyes, indeed, to the arrival of fugitives from the neighbouring states, but gave no word of recall to the banished natives of his own. To save himself and his people from the horrors of a public execution, he pardoned the notorious murderer Fabrino, but kept in pitiless exile the two most celebrated of his subjects, Montanelli and Guerrazzi. Of these Montanelli is pronounced of a higher range in the poetic and ideal. A man of too much imagination to be practically wise, he yet

had an enormous influence in elevating and inspiring his countrymen. He was no less useful to them in making their better qualities known in the lands of his exile, and doing away with the strongly-established belief among the French, no less than the English, that their national life was vanished—that the educated Italians, like the Athenian sophists under the Empire, had peaceably accepted their position of dependence on a superior race, and were the victims as much of their own over-civilisation as of their foreign masters. A Pindaric loftiness ran through his writings and his life, and when he joined the ranks against the Austrians so lately as in 1859, it was felt that the soldier was the natural complement of the lyrist, and that he was only translating his poems into action.

But Guerrazzi is of a more complex character, and is sketched by M. Monnier at greater length. If Montanelli is a combination of the lyre and sword, Guerrazzi is an embodiment of earthquake and volcano. A torrent, a tornado, a conflagration, seem the fittest emblems of a man of such furious impulse and resistless sway. He throws off a novel like the *Siege of Florence* (*L'Assedio di Firenze*), which stirs the heart of all Italy as the sound of a trumpet,—evidently in a fit of rage which threatens apoplexy and sudden death. The same Pythian inspiration reigns in his tragedies and poems. He shouts his execrations on his enemies like Ajax in his madness, and shakes his fist in their faces with the contortions of a Berserker foaming for blood. He says himself that he writes a book only because he cannot deliver a battle; and the book is like a death-struggle hard to hand. No cold, faint-hearted doubtings tease him. He has no thought but how to kill two at a blow. To produce his effects he does not care for the artistic excellence of his work. He knows very well that a blow while the iron is hot is worth all the alter-

polishing in the world. "No doubt," he says, "the writings elaborated by the hand of art endure longer than those created by the force of passion. Passion, like Jupiter with Semele, reduces the object of its mad desires to ashes. Art proceeds with the masterly science of the sculptor, and its bas reliefs, minutely finished, defy the touch of time. The production of the one lives a life of fever; the work of the other may last—a thing of beauty, surviving monumental stone. It is thus that the money of Etruria and Rome, after ceasing to be current coin, became medals." In another passage he says, "that a person has no right to prefer the form to the substance, except in countries where assured freedom gives time and opportunity for perfection. With us it would be feebleness and apathy. To write slowly and coldly in our time and country, for the express purpose of achieving a masterpiece, would be almost an impiety. I write to spread my ideas. If I gain my object, let the work be destroyed like the batteries of a siege when the city has surrendered. What care I if my writing passes away like a storm, provided that in its progress it has overthrown the wicked, terrified the timid, and purified the air?"

The usual education of a literary man in Italy—four or five years of college, and six or seven of prison; occasional gleams of repose, and long periods of exile—has been the fortune of Guerrazzi as of the rest. He has been Demagogue of Leghorn, Constitutional Minister of Tuscany, Dictator of Florence, and what fate may be in store for so fiery and impracticable a poet and politician, is hard to say. His biographer is wise enough to give no guess at what the end may be. It is impossible to foretell the course of a meteor, though it be as brilliant and large as a comet,—and so we are led on to Gioberti, almost as helpless an argosy as Guerrazzi, but of far more solid material and superior weight of

metal. Gioberti's great book is the *Primato*, or Primacy, in which he asserts the doctrine—at one time, we have seen, accepted by all the Catholics—of the freedom of Italy under the supreme presidency of the Pope. It was accepted as the answer of the orthodox to the *Arnold of Brescia* of Niccolini, published in the same year (1843). This was a date made memorable in Italy by three events, which are only now arriving at their final results; these two publications, and the insurrection of the Romagna *avowedly against the temporal power*. The revolt was easily put down, but the Essay and the Play fought a more protected combat, and held victory undecided almost to the present day. Fortunately for the papal supporters, a work once published remains unchanged; its words continue unmodified; its arguments unweakened, and its opinions beyond the influence of any external cause. The author may diverge into strange paths, or even pass over to the hostile camp, but he cannot carry his reasoning with him. The armoury remains, though the collector of the weapons has turned a Quaker; and the *Primato* is still a book of authority, though the time came when the author saw its fallacies, and proclaimed the impossibility of reducing its principles to practice. Almost as impetuous as Guerrazzi, he equalled that great master of objurgation in the Billingsgate of his assaults on his opponents. Before he discovered the true character of the notorious Mazzini, that Brutus by deputy and Gracchus at safe distance from the forum, he wrote poems in his honour as an apostle of the faith of freedom. But when he saw the real qualities of the cold-hearted apostle of assassination after the massacre of the Bandieras, he denounced him in terms which would have gladdened the heart of old Cubbett in his most plain-spoken moods. "The world ought to know," he said, "that Joseph Mazzini is the great-

est enemy of Italy, greater than Austria herself, who without him would be defeated, but with his aid will be victorious. He is not less a coward than a fool. It would be well for so vulgar a demagogue that his memory should perish along with him. But the evil he has done assures him the mournful privilege of renown, and his name will be abhorred by our children's children." Purifying himself from the contact of these base traffickers in apparent patriotism, he fell foul of the other enemies of his country, and among them he assigns the place of honour to the French. "I have more fear of the French as friends, than of the Germans as enemies. To be a man of genius in France one must be greedy, vile, insolent, boastful, false, and above all, an egoist." And yet the worthy and universally elected head and representative of this delectable race was the last of the undoubting believers in the wisdom of the *Primato*. Here is the substance of that work in a few lines:—

"The Italians have been, are, and will be the first people in the world. They have had the superiority, both moral and political, of all other nations. They have retained the moral superiority by preserving the Papacy, and by the Papacy their political superiority must now be restored. If Italy is the first of nations, it is because she has placed on an Italian throne the chief of Catholicism. Arnold of Brescia and his followers, up to the last century, have been wrong. The Papacy did not dissolve the political unity which was the work of the Barbarians, except in order to re-establish it morally. The Pontifical Dictatorship, especially from Gregory VII. to the Lombard League, had no other object but the production of Italian nationality—a confederation of princes and peoples under the standard of the faith, in the hands of a venerable elective prince, without arms, and only powerful through his age, his wisdom, and his piety. Nations, like

men, have their infancy and maturity. Their infancy has need of a guardianship to educate and protect them. That guardianship belongs to the priesthood. The Barbarians destroyed the Empire; the Church in her turn must destroy Barbarism, for it is she who succeeded to the heritage of the Empire. The priesthood, therefore, has a political part to fill. But that political part must adapt itself to the times. A period arrives when the nations emerge from infancy and enter man's estate, with all its civil rights. This happens, for example, when some great innovating genius appears outside of the priesthood, such as Dante. Then the priest disengages himself from the world, and accepts from his former pupils the lessons which in their childhood they received from him. Ceasing to be Dictator, he becomes an arbiter between princes and peoples—arranges their differences, maintains the balance of power and the peace of the world. That pontifical arbiter—impossible for Europe—is possible in Italy. Italy desired three things, national unity, territorial independence, and political liberty. The Papacy answers to those three demands: to the two first, by placing itself at the head of a political confederation; to the third, by its influence on the different rulers of the country. This position is attainable without revolution, for the pontificate would demand nothing new; it would merely be a restoration to its ancient prerogatives. There would be reforms and no revolts. Princes and peoples, under the spiritual sovereignty of the Pope, would be reconciled and satisfied. And Italy, which had preserved her moral supremacy, would regain her political primacy." Q.E.D.

The success of the work was immense, but the author began to have his misgivings when he heard of the opposition to it in Tuscany, and more than all when he was apprised of the rapturous approval of the Jesuits. That holy society

adopted him as an honorary member, and called him one of the fathers of the nineteenth century. To be sneered at by satirists and lauded by Jesuits, was too much for Gioberti. He published an *Introduction to the Primato*, which terrified the orthodox, but rallied all Italy to his side. Cesare Balbo, the celebrated historian, wrote under its inspiration *The Hopes of Italy*, in which a bolder course was recommended, and a crusade preached against the stranger. "Right!" cried Gioberti, "you have hit the true note at last. In theory the Pope is an excellent chief, in practice we want something more substantial; we must have a man and a sword—a soldier king." The only soldier king in 1846 was Charles Albert of Sardinia, and all eyes were turned to Turin. A terrible price that unhappy prince had to pay, for the second time, for the sins of his youth. Carried away by the enthusiasm of the time, he had been the Prince Carbonaro of many a noble ballad in 1820. He had betrayed his brother conspirators, and sunk into a bigot and persecutor, under the double dread of the daggers of his outraged companions, and the chocolate of the Jesuits; making his realm the most retrograde and priest-ridden in the peninsula. The man who had denounced his associates, was not likely to be deterred by any high feelings of honour from availing himself of the weakness of his friends. When the flight of Louis Philippe gave a prospect of universal revolution, the hero of the Trocadero attempted to renew his connection with the Liberals of every class, and accepted the offer made to him by the shouting populations of Turin and Florence, of the rich fields and cities of Lombardy to be added to his ancestral states. Not inquiring too anxiously into the right by which those generous citizens bestowed the territories of a neighbouring sovereign, the Sardinian King yielded to the temptation of his position and the meetness of

the hour. He threw off the Capuchin's cowl which had concealed him for so many years; and, finding his enterprise blessed by the Pope, and assisted with men and money by the Austrian Archduke of Tuscany, he exchanged the narrowness and bigotry of a Spanish inquisitor for the personal courage of a Prince of Savoy; and only found out the hollowness of the cause he had undertaken when the guns of Novara, on the 23d of March 1849, showed him that his royal, serene, and holy accomplices—the King of Naples, the Grand-Duke of Tuscany, and Pio Nono—were as undeniably traitors to the Italian patriots as they had been to their Austrian supporters. Undeceived, broken-hearted, and perhaps repentant, he rode from that stricken field, in which he had vainly attempted to meet a warrior's death. Yet great is the power of self-deception in a people who wish to be deceived. Charles Albert, resigning his crown, and dying in a few months in exile, was elevated into a hero and martyr of the fight for freedom. His faults, especially those against the tenth commandment, were forgotten. To praise the Sardinian was to protest against the German; and there was so much vitality in Italian hatred, that the defeated sovereign was looked on, even by the thinkers and politicians of Italy, as the representative of the "battle, once begun," which is always in the end successful. There was but a death the more to avenge, and a soldier to replace. Victor Emanuel was fondly thought fitted for the great crisis, and commenced his reign with the determination to avoid the dangers of his predecessor's career, and not to face the enemy till he had stilled the jarring passions of his friends. When the Italians were united, he felt sure of a united Italy.

The plan of M. Monnier's work prevents a larger notice of the political or warlike incidents of the last two years. He is forced to

pass over the military achievements previous to Magenta and Solferino, and only alludes to them in passing. His thesis was, the life of Italy as proved by the intellect of its educated class, not by the courage of its soldiers, or the assistance of its powerful allies. He dwells, therefore, with firmer hope on the writings of such men as Massimo d'Azeglio, Cesare Balbo, and Gioberti, as illustrative of the feelings of the hitherto divided populations, than on the motley contributions of volunteers and mercenaries to the national cause. The position of Gioberti after the accession of Pius IX. was one of unexampled popularity. The *Primato* was the favourite study of the new pontiff, and gave rise to the political amnesty which first showed he was more tolerant than his predecessors. The clergy became liberal, and preached what princes and Austrians thought treason in every church. The multitudes hearing the clergy declaim in favour of liberty, thought it must be a very excellent commodity, and shouted vivas in honour of the Pope, till that astonished potentate found himself the idol of all the country. Radetsky, on the other hand, issued an order of the day against the soldiers going to hear the subversive doctrines of the Italian clergy; and Gioberti, author of all this unanimity, and prime mover of a pontiff who professed himself a radical reformer, was looked on as something greater even than the father of the faithful. He was received with arches and ovations in all the cities he entered, and finally received his crowning reward in the acclamations of Turin, and his nomination as Minister of State. Afterwards, when the tide began to turn, he was named Ambassador to Paris. But the play was finished—the gas was extinguished. Gioberti, who had been the right hand of the reforming Pope, was now pronounced schismatic and heretical; and his books, in whatever tongue or on whatever subject, were debarred

from circulation as evidently being prompted by the devil. The last work he wrote contained these words:—"The temporal reign of the Pope was useful in the past, during the reign of force. It is hurtful now when the new era of international rights has begun. It is manifest that the Pope, inert and powerless, cannot be sovereign." One night this great Italian went to sleep after reading Manzoni and the Bible. Next morning he was found dead with these two books open upon his bed. Was it disease? Nobody knows. "Remember," says M. Monnier, "what fear Charles Albert entertained of the chocolate of the Jesuits." The review of the intellectual condition of Italy for the last forty years ends with the list of the foremost names of the present time in Piedmont. And certainly no nation can show a more illustrious catalogue of public men, the youngest of whom can say he took the pen in hand at the risk of death or exile. La Marmora, D'Azeglio, Lanza, Mamiani, Farini, Brofferio, Pallavicino, and Cavour himself, though travelling by diverse roads, have all arrived at the great central point of Italian unity under a liberal government and constitutional king. They have all reached the only starting-point for future improvement,—the conviction that the Political Pope is an incubus to be shaken off, that priests and monks are to be elevated to the rank of citizens, and no longer to be the blind instruments of oppression, or idle consumers of the national resources, under the pretence of mendicancy being a religious duty. "What constitutes a great country," says our author, in conclusion, "is the greatness of its writers, and I have proved that since the time of Foscolo great writers have abounded in Italy. Studying them in their actions as much as in their works, I have demonstrated that these models of style have been exemplars of honourable conduct. The attitude of Italy at present, so firm, yet so re-

gulated by law, is a proof that there is life in every part of her frame,—her aristocracy, her municipalities, her people;” and with all the emphasis of capital letters he concludes —“Italy is not the Land of the Dead.”

We should close the volume with as much admiration of M. Monnier's political sagacity as of his literary powers, if he could persuade us that resurrections of national spirit are caused by books or speeches, or that the students and authors of a period have a paramount influence on its actions. Nobody will deny the effect of the verses of a song, a favourite tune, or unlucky phrase. But we do not hear in this work of a Lillibullero or a Marseillaise. The whole influence is attributed to dramas of the loftiest order, and disquisitions on government, composed in philosophic language. Smith's *Wealth of Nations* never could overthrow a dynasty, nor *Cato* (in five acts) make us long for a republic. The literature with which we are made acquainted by our author is too high for the success he attributes to it. It is even to be feared that the facility with which the great majority of the Italians were led to throw off the habits and princi-

ples of their previous lives, is an intimation of how easily they may be whistled back again. If an eloquent book produced the revolt, another eloquent book may so far reverse their former feelings that they may rise in favour of an infallible Pope, or a French Emperor, or a despot of their own. For whatever may be the power of plays and poems, we are afraid the power of local prejudice, of climate and tradition, is greater.

Yet it will be wise in us to follow M. Monnier's example, and not deviate into political speculation, or questions which will so soon find a solution for themselves. All we require for Italy is a firm and consistent conduct on the part of other powers—liberal yet conservative, favourable to freedom, yet mindful of the rights of ancient allies—accepting her triumph if she peaceably works it out for herself; rejecting it, if she owes it foreign assistance, at the price of dishonourable sacrifices, either of territory or self-respect. At all events, the least enthusiastic reader of this excellent little volume will come to the same conclusion as its author, that if a nation is to be saved or regenerated by the pen, the liberties of Italy are secure.

AMERICANISMS.

A VERY dull man, and a pertinacious reader—the terms are by no means incompatible—is said to have had Johnson's *Dictionary* lent to him by some mischievous friend as an interesting new work, and to have read it through from beginning to end, quite unconscious that he was doing anything unusual. He observed, when he returned it, that the author appeared to him a person of considerable information, but that his style was slightly unconnected. The remark, like other accidental remarks of great readers and stupid people, had a good deal of truth in it. A dictionary is not bad reading on the whole. It is much more endurable than a good many of what are called lighter books, and not much more unconnected. Take Richardson's *English Dictionary* for instance; you could hardly make a choice of a pleasanter companion for an hour or two on a rainy day. In the hands of a patient reader it would form almost a course of study in itself, and very far from a dry one: he would make acquaintance in its pages with a good many English authors to whom no one else is very likely to introduce him; and although this acquaintance would certainly, in one sense, be very superficial, it would not in that respect differ from popular knowledge in general, and would at least have the advantage of being accurate and critical, so far as it went, in point of style.

But a dictionary of Americanisms, which offers us a bit of comic dialogue or a Yankee story on every other page, must be allowed to be rather tempting reading than otherwise. Mr. Bartlett's volume, at all events, may be read through easily and pleasantly enough. There is not a great deal to be learnt from

it, perhaps: the materials are too modern to present much interest in a philological point of view, nor do we think that the most has been made of them in this respect; but the collection of queer turns of thought and odd perversions of language which find favour with our transatlantic cousins are sufficiently amusing. Our own conversational language, and even some of our modern popular literature, is more leavened with them than most of us are aware of—certainly not to the credit of our popular taste.

It is very hard to say what is or is not an Americanism; the more so because it is becoming every day less easy to lay down rules as to what is or is not good English. Our Anglo-Saxon on this side the water is but a happy conglomerate at best, and if the Philological Society's new list is to be trusted, is receiving daily additions, more or less valuable. Such verbs as "to amnesty" and "to colleague" (which come from Mr. Carlyle's mint) would look much more natural in Mr. Bartlett's pages than some which he has placed there. If by an Americanism were to be meant strictly a word born in the country, or used in a sense peculiar to the country, the list might probably be comprised in a very few columns. In the book before us there are very few words of this class—not nearly so many as we should have been inclined to expect. The words and phrases which are here collected under the general term Americanisms may be fairly classed under three heads. (Mr. Bartlett makes a more extended division, but the following is accurate enough for present purposes.) 1. Genuine English words, but which in England are obsolete or provin-

cial, either altogether or in the American sense. This class is by far the largest of the whole. 2. Words introduced from other languages than the English—French, Dutch, Spanish, German, Indian, &c. 3. Americanisms proper—words coined in the country, either representing some new idea or peculiar product, or purely grotesque. All the provincialisms of our own northern and western counties have been naturalised in the New England States, settled, as they were, in the first instance, by the "Pilgrim Fathers" who had left the banks of Trent and Humber, and by the later colonists who followed from Norfolk and Suffolk. Their American descendants retain not only very many provincial words current to this day in those districts of England, as well as many peculiar senses of common English adjectives, but also to some extent the mode of pronunciation. The "New England drawl"—*Eend* for end, *Kyow* for cow—is merely a modification of the "Suffolk whine," which is the proverbial annoyance of strangers from "the shires." The peculiarities of the New England dialect—the form of Americanism which has become most familiar to us through the popular pages of *Sam Slick*—have extended more or less to their neighbours of New York, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, and Illinois. New York and Albany, colonised originally from Holland, have incorporated a good many Dutch words into their language: these consist, in most cases, of the names of certain articles of dress, or terms connected with the kitchen. "Cookies" (*koekjes*), "little cakes" which are still in vogue on Christmas and New-Year's day; "cold slaw" (*kool salade*), made of cabbage; "speck and applejees" (*spek en appeltjes*), fat pork and apples cut up together, and still popular in New York—are instances of the enduring reminiscences of the good works of the Dutch vrows. "Boss" (*D. baas*) has reached us through America, and is now a common cant

term, even with our English mechanics, for the "master." The Spanish conquests of Mexico and the colonisation of Florida have introduced Spanish words, not only into the latter province, but into Texas, New Mexico, and California. *Cavallard*, a string of mules or horses; *chaparral*, a succession of thickets; *stampede*, a scampering off of beasts of burden in alarm; and *filiduster*, which requires no explanation—are all corruptions from the Spanish. And there is a singular verb common in the south-west—to *vamos*—which is nothing more than a convenient adaptation of *vamos*, "let us go." Pennsylvania, again, is full of Germans, of whom there are also many settlements in Texas and Ohio: they still speak their own language, and publish their own almanacs, newspapers, &c. Possibly for that reason we find fewer words of German extraction in Mr. Bartlett's pages. There is one, however, so familiar to all readers of American politics or literature, that it deserves some explanation. It is the term "loafer," a word which common as it is, like many other common words, gives the learned much trouble about its derivation. It means an idle lounging vagabond; but how or why it came to mean so, is the question. The *Philadelphia Vade Mecum* says it is a new word, but one "much needed in the language," but declines etymology. The probability is that it is the German "*laufer*," a runner, with which Mr. Bartlett fairly compares the Dutch *landlooper* and the Spanish *gallofo*; but he quotes a correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, who deduces it from an irate old Dutchman, who complained of his daughter's *lofer* as an idle good-for-nothing fellow, always hanging about. Neither the Norwegian settlements in Illinois, nor the Swedes in Pennsylvania, nor the Welsh, who abound in that State and in New York, appear to have contributed much to the national vocabulary. The reason probably is that they have maintained their own separate

language and nationality. The latter people especially are the most tenacious nation upon earth on these points. In Oneida County, N. York, "one may travel for miles," says Mr. Bartlett, "and hear nothing but the Welsh language: they have newspapers and magazines in their native tongue, and support many churches wherein their language alone is preached." He goes on to prognosticate that this state of things cannot last for any length of time, in which respect he is likely to be mistaken. But he is quite correct in the remark that they are not likely to "produce any sensible dialectic change" in American-English, owing to the difference in the structure of the language. Centuries have passed in the Anglicised counties of Wales without a dozen words having been adopted by the Saxon from the Cymry—his mouth abhors their fluent gutturals.

Nor have the French, notwithstanding their occupation of Louisiana and Canada, grafted many words on the Anglo-Saxon stock, excepting geographical names and terms in natural history. Such other French words as are in use in the Southern States—such as *cacha*, *portage*, *voyageur*, &c.—cannot fairly be called Americanisms, any more than those which we are borrowing every day from the same source can be called Anglicisms.

Indian terms of course abound throughout all the States. Half the geography and natural history of the country is Indian, as might be expected. With regard to the first, it is much to be wished that it were more so—that the unfortunate race who are the victims of Anglo-Saxon enterprise had in a larger sense, so far as terminology went, taken their conquerors captive. There is a music even in the roughest of the old Indian names; and some of them—Susquehanna, Ontario, Hochelaga, Wyoming, Minnehaha, &c.—are very smooth and melodious. They were at one time more largely distributed than at present; but after the successful struggle for independence,

an evil taste for modernising set in; and æsthetic loyalists in the mother country must have felt half avenged for their defeat in the substitution of such names as "Adams" and "Gates" for the romantic syllables which had formed the aboriginal name of the town or village which it was sought to make historical. Even Pawcatuck and Wut-a-quit-o are less grating upon civilised ears than such names as Ovid and Palmyra—to say nothing of Sodom and Babylon, which the old Puritans inflicted, they alone know why, upon some places in their new dominion. The Indian names for plants and animals are in most cases retained, as we should expect to find; and the words *canoe*, *wigwam*, *squaw*, *moccasin*, *tomahawk*, *wampum*, *pemican*, &c.—all applied to articles of the red man's invention—have become so familiar to us, thanks to the novelist and the traveller, that they may be considered to belong almost as much to our own as to the American vocabulary. One use of the word "Indian" as an adjective is a sad index to much of the white man's dealings with that unfortunate race: "Indian liquor" is whisky largely adulterated with water, tobacco, red pepper, &c., for sale to Indian customers. But we must pass now from these foreign introductions to what may be called the English Americanisms.

The compiler, in his preface, candidly states the difficulties which he found in the selection and rejection of words, and admits "the deficiencies and imperfection" which he found unavoidable. We are not inclined to criticise his shortcomings with any severity. The truth is, that every work of this kind, in order to have any chance of being really complete and accurate, ought to be under a double editorship. It is almost impossible for any one man to be thoroughly acquainted with the vocabulary and idiom of two countries. The remark will apply to every possible dictionary of modern languages, where one is rendered by the other; and it may serve to ac-

count for the absurd mistakes and omissions which are found even in the best. In the present case, there should have been an American editor, perfectly at home in the peculiar words and idioms of his own country generally, and furnished (as Mr. Bartlett appears to have been to a very fair extent) with provincial glossaries carefully compiled by others; and an English editor, who could have assured him that, unless he intended to include the whole English language as an Americanism, he might have omitted a good many words which are here introduced. Such a coadjutor might, at any rate, have secured the editor from the strange assertion that venison, which "in the United States means exclusively the flesh of deer, is in England applied to the flesh of deer, *hares*, and certain game *birds*." He would also have been in a position to assure him that "coal-hod" is undeniable English for a wooden conveyance for coals, and that few people except Cockneys talk of "coals" being put on the fire. Mr. Pickering's remark, quoted by Mr. Bartlett, that "English writers, in speaking of American affairs, generally say '*the Congress*,' using the article, is quite incorrect as applied to the usage of the last twenty years at least, as might have been ascertained by a glance at any newspaper or printed book of repute. A half-educated person may talk of "*the Congress*" as he may of *the Parliament*, but such is not even the conversational practice of well-informed Englishmen. "Mock auctions," we fear, are not peculiar to New York; and there was no need to go to Mr. Hartshorn(e)'s *Shropshire Glossary* for "Hop-Scotch," which may be seen played, under the very same name, in the streets of any Midland county-town where the police are indulgent. And "Sally Lunns!" *They* to be set down as American-

isms! why, Sally was a Bath pastry-cook; and if anything in the world is English, that ancient manufacture is. Mr. Bartlett will be trying to persuade us, in his next edition, that it was the Americans who discovered England, and that the common version is an invention of our geographers.

The book is swelled to an unnecessary size by the insertion of abbreviations and corruptions, which are neither American in their origin, nor peculiar to that country in being commonly used by the lower classes. Such elegancies of language as "Let on," "Lather," "Larrup," "Mizzle," &c. &c., are not in the least peculiar to our kinsmen over the water. "Let be" is a good old formula common, we believe, to this day in every county in England. "He ain't" and "he don't" are vile modern Anglicisms, which were used not very long ago by those who ought to have known better. "You should ha' went" is good Cockney-English still; "seen" does duty as a preterite for "saw" in rustic conversation everywhere; "stop" for "stay," and "lay" for "lie," you may hear continually, not only from illiterate people, but from those who would be very angry indeed if they were considered so. "Your'n," "her'n," and "his'n" (and even *shis'n** according to the author of the *Scouring of the White Horse*, who should be competent evidence), are as good Berkshire as New York, any day. So is "ne'er a one"—or "nary," as both Mr. Bartlett and the authority just quoted choose to spell it; though it may be doubted whether such an announcement as the following would be intelligible if put forth by a Berkshire banker. (A "red cent," it should be premised, may be Englished by a "copper farthing.")

"Our citizens, last week, adopted a new plan for protecting their banks from being run by the brokers. Learning

* "But t'other young maiden looked sly at me,
And from her seat she ris'n—
'Let's you and I go our own way,
And we'll let she go *shis'n*.'—*Berksitty*.

that a broker had reached town from a neighbouring city to run the bank for coin, they promptly placed on one side of the bank a bucket of tar and a brush, and upon the opposite a long rough-looking fence-rail, bearing this inscription—'NARY RED TO NARY BROKER.' As the broker approached the bank, he read the inscription, glanced at the bucket, and retreated. The bank went on as usual."—*Springfield (Ohio) Nonpareil*, 1858.

Some of the new preterites formed for verbs are ingenious, if not elegant. If the Sheriff fines a man ten dollars, he is said to be "found" in that sum. If a ball is holed at billiards, an American player will prefer to call it "held." And it is strange to meet with the word "dove," in such a writer as Longfellow, as the past tense of "dive:"—

"Straight into the river Kwasind
Dove as if he were a beaver."
—*Song of Ilkawatha*, canto vii.

Though, when we have such an expression as "*lit. a flame*" used in a *Times* leader—that popular model of modern English—we feel that we have no right to complain of our neighbours' eccentricities of grammar. Sometimes, indeed, if they err, it seems to be on the side of scrupulous correctness, as in the preferring to say that a man writes *over* instead of *under* a particular signature; for undoubtedly the usual place for the signature is at the bottom.

The political slang terms alone might claim a dictionary to themselves. We are not going to weary our readers by an attempt to discuss the various shades of political opinion which may be represented by Old Hunkers, Barn-burners, Buck-tails, Silver-Greys, Hard and Soft Shell Democrats, Fire-eaters, Plug Uglies, &c., which have been either adopted in bravado by the parties themselves, or fastened on them in derision by their opponents, and which have probably already passed away to make room for other growths of the same kind springing from the present great

political convulsion. Some few, however, may be worth noting. Whiggery is usually known as "coonery," the Dictionary informs us, because that party adopted the racoon as an emblem; but rather, as we are inclined to think, from the known character of the animal—moving, as the natural-history books inform us, in a somewhat oblique and sidelong fashion, and up to all manner of shifts in self-defence. What confirms us in the impression that we are correct in preferring this derivation, is the fact, that in the Southern States we meet with a whimsical corruption of the word "chicanery," which they have travestied into "*she*-coonery"—as though it were a sort of mild and feminine Whiggery. The great "Republican" party (called by their opponents, "Free-soilers"), who go upon the platform of opposing the extension of slavery into the territories, have a term of contempt for those Northern members of Congress whom, as abettors of slavery, they look upon as trucklers to Southern policy: they call them "Dough-faces"—i. e. kneadable politicians. One section of their opponents—the Democratic party—are more familiarly known as "Loco-focos." The origin of this term is curious; and as Mr. Bartlett tells us it has never been given in print, it may be worth while to condense his account of it. It was originally applied to a self-lighting cigar, with a composition match at the end. The inventor, one John Marck of New York, was anxious to give them a classical name. He knew that *locomotive* (which was then, 1834, rather a new word as applied to railway engines) meant "self-moving;" and *loco-foco* was coined to express, as he thought, "self-firing." The name passed apparently (for here Mr. Bartlett is not clear) from cigars to matches; and it became political in this way. A division having arisen in the Democratic party as to the nomination of a candidate, a grand row took place at Tammany

Hall, during which the gas was put out. One of the sections—the “Equal Rights” party—had been provident enough to bring some of the matches with them, and the room was “relighted in a moment.” They were dubbed, in consequence, *Loco-focos*; and the name has since passed to, and been retained by, the main body of Democrats. Those who advocate the exclusive claim of persons born in the United States to public offices, and proclaim “war to the hilt against Romanism,” were known at first as “Native Americans;” and formed a counter-movement against an organisation of the Irish Romanists for the advancement of their own peculiar interests. They were succeeded on the same platform by the “Know-nothings”—so called because, in order to keep their political movements as secret as possible, their invariable reply to all troublesome inquirers on that subject was, “Don’t know.” The Germans of Pennsylvania translated them into *Sag nichts*, on the principle that those who professed to know nothing had better say nothing. They were also termed “Sams;” and, derisively by their opponents, “Hindoos;” a report having been spread, in disparagement of their claims to peculiar nationality, that a candidate whom they had put up for the Presidency had been born at Calcutta. The Irish party in New York “assumed” the name of “Dead Rabbits;” as to their reasons for the choice of such an unpleasant sobriquet Mr. Bartlett does not enlighten us; but no doubt it has a history. The Americans are exceedingly ready at inventing and applying those political nicknames, more or less happily; the Peace Congress, which is or was sitting at Washington under ex-President Tyler, and which consists chiefly of elderly notabilities, was at once dubbed by Young America “the Fossil Convention.”

Most of the long-established cant

words of Congress, with their history and derivation, are already well known to English readers. The instructive parable which explains the origin of “Bunkum” will hardly be forgotten as long as that style of eloquence continues to adorn our English House of Commons, and would form a very useful text to set up, handsomely illuminated, over the Speaker’s chair. “Caucus”—with its very questionable derivation from a ship-caulkers’ meeting at Boston—is sufficiently understood. “Platform” (of which we have already been glad to avail ourselves), in the sense of a general code of principles, we should certainly have set down as strictly American, and are indebted to Mr. Bartlett for pointing out its use in a similar sense by no less an authority than Hooker, who speaks of the bent of people’s minds being “conformable to the *platform* of Geneva.” We have since met with a similar use of the word in Bacon, where he speaks of “the Exemplar or Platform of Good.”* An expressive term applied to that kind of political neutrality which is ready to join the strongest side is “fence-riding”—i. e., sitting on the fence between two properties, ready to jump down on either side as circumstances may invite; a position better understood in America than here, inasmuch as friend Jonathan will sit on the rail of a neighbour’s fence “whittling” for hours, to his own immense satisfaction. To desert a man’s party or principles goes with us by the name of “ratting;” the Americans, by a similar figure of speech, call it to “crayfish,” because that little animal, which abounds in some of their swampy lands, is in the habit of “backing out” of his position under disturbing circumstances.

Each of the States, and nearly every town of any mark, has a sort of slang *alias*, either complimentary or otherwise. New York claims to be the “Empire State,” to which its great wealth and population give it

* *Advancement of Learning*, p. 225. Pickering, 1851.

some title. The city itself is known as "Gotham"—a satirical acknowledgment of the superior wisdom of its citizens. New Hampshire is the "Granite State," and Arkansas the "Bear State;" their natural productions being considered in some degree typical of the character of the population. "I never knew a man from Arkansas," said a friend to the compiler, "but he was a *bar*, and in fact all the people are *barish* to a degree." An anecdote in another part of the work certainly appears to indicate a slightly off-hand manner on the part of the ladies there. A young Bostonian of the first water (and the Boston folks claim to be "the brain of the New World") made his first appearance in polite society in Arkansas at a ball. He saw a most attractive young lady sitting in a window for some time without a partner. After much modest hesitation, and some anticipations of a possible refusal, he ventured to say to her, in his best style, "Will you do me the honour to grace me with your hand for the next set?" The lady jumped up in a state of delight (of which the provincial newspaper gives a very glowing description), and made a reply which must have staggered the young exquisite: "Yes, sir-ree! for I've *sot*, and *sot*, and *sot*, till I've about tuk root!" Ohio is the "Buckeye State," from a tree (*Æsculus glabra*) which grows there in abundance; and an Indian chief has left his name, "Hawkeye," long a terror to western pioneers, to the State of Iowa. Connecticut is known as the "Nutmeg State," from the famous speculation in wooden spices, immortalised by Sam Slick; or, as a facetious native prefers to explain it, "because you'll have to seek for a *grater*." Illinois is called the "Prairie State," and the western districts go by the name of Egypt—

the occupants themselves say, because of the fertility of the soil, while their satirical neighbours refer it to the mental "darkness" which prevails there. The natives of this state are nicknamed "Suckers," for the following curious reason: These western prairies are in some places full of holes made by the crawfish, which always bore their way down to water. Travellers who made the journey across in early times used to provide themselves with long reeds, with which they *sucked* the water (usually pure and good) out of the little well which the crawfish had sunk for his own enjoyment. Missouri obtained the name of the "Bullion State," from one of its senators having been a determined advocate of a gold and silver currency, and being therefore known in Congress as "Old Bullion." South Carolina is the "Palmetto State:" it bears that tree in its arms; and the "Palmetto flag" is again obtaining an evil notoriety as the emblem of negro slavery. Connecticut is the "Blue State"—unquestionably from its being the original stronghold of the Presbyterians, who are known in the States by the contemptuous term of Blue-skins—"from their alleged grave deportment," says Mr. Bartlett, *sub voce*. But this explanation is neither satisfactory in itself, nor consistent with what is stated elsewhere in the volume (and correctly) as to the association of *blue* with Puritans and Presbyterians. We have the authority of Butler's *Hudibras* (which the compiler quotes) for "Presbyterian True Blue;" and the old Scotch ballad of Shirramuir records the "Covenant True Blue" who fought there. The "Blue Laws of New-haven," if they ever existed, which is very doubtful, owed their name, no doubt, to the same associations.* It is probable that the colour was

* These Blue Laws of Newhaven have obtained a notoriety from a book published by one Dr. Samuel Peters, a loyalist, who was obliged to leave Connecticut for political reasons, and in revenge published a book in 1781, which he called a *General History of Connecticut*. It contains a strange code of laws, no doubt; but

adopted, in their zeal for the literal following of Scripture, from the "ribbands of blue" enjoined upon the Israelites. Philadelphia is almost better known in newspaper phraseology as the "Quaker City;" and we have, besides, amongst others, the "Queen City," Cincinnati; the "Spindle City," Lowell; and the "Forest City," Cleveland, Ohio. The Mississippi, in bar-room parlance, is the "Big Drink." The term "Blue-nose," applied to a Nova-Scotian, is derived, as Sam Slick has informed us, from a celebrated kind of potato which is much grown there; but why the Canadians are called "K'nucks," or "Cunnucks," is left a mystery even in the work before us.

The reputed origin of the expressions "Brother Jonathan" and "Uncle Sam," so commonly applied to our transatlantic relatives, is possibly already well known to many readers. At the risk of being tedious, we will give the stories briefly according to Mr. Bartlett. He dates them both from the Revolutionary War. At the commencement of regular hostilities, one Jonathan Trumbull was Governor of Connecticut. General Washington, when appointed to the command of the army, found it very badly sup-

plied with ammunition and other necessities of war; great exertions became necessary in order to supply these deficiencies at once; and Washington found such valuable aid in the zeal and judgment of the governor, that in all difficulties of the kind he was in the habit of saying, "We must consult *Brother Jonathan*," which thus passed into a by-word with all parties. The other story, as given in Frost's *Naval History of the United States*, runs briefly as follows: One Elbert Anderson, of New York, an army contractor, had purchased a large quantity of provisions at Troy, on the Hudson. The Government inspectors at that place were Messrs. Ebenezer and Samuel Wilson—the latter invariably known among the workmen as "Uncle Sam." Each provision-cask, as examined and passed, was marked E. A.—U. S. (Elbert Anderson, United States.) The first initials were easy to understand—not so the two mysterious letters which followed; for the new republic, it must be remembered, had scarcely yet learned to answer to its name; so the workmen, after a little puzzling, said in joke that U. S. must stand for "Uncle Sam"—i. e., Mr. Samuel Wilson, the inspector; to them a

a correspondent of *Notes and Queries* (vol. xi. p. 321), who dates from the "State Library, Hartford, Connect.," and should therefore be well informed, says that no such laws ever existed, and that Dr. Peter's book is a libel. And such would appear to be Mr. Bartlett's opinion, though he says very little on the subject (see p. 38). They are quoted, however, by Judge Haliburton (*English in America*, i. §14) as authentic, and probably from Peter's book. Amongst them are the following:—

"No one shall run on the Sabbath day, or walk in his garden or elsewhere, except reverently to and from meeting.

"No husband shall kiss his wife, and no woman shall kiss her child, on the Sabbath or fasting-day.

"No one shall read Common-Prayer, keep Christmas or saints' days, make mince-pies, dance, or play any instrument of music, except the drum, the trumpet, and the *Jew's harp*.

"Every male shall have his hair cut round according to a cap."

These bear a suspicious absurdity on the face of them; but an "Abstract of the Laws of New England," as published in Governor Hutchinson's Collection of Papers (London, 1655), shows that the Puritan discipline went pretty far. Not only blasphemy and witchcraft, but "heresy with obduracy," "profaning the Lord's day in a careless and scornful contempt thereof," and "rebellion against parents," were to be punished with death. Rash or profane swearing subjected the guilty party to loss of all civil rights, and corporal punishment, either by "stripes, or branding with a hot iron, or boring through the tongue." Well might old Blackstone of Shawmut say, that "he had left England because he did not like the Lord Bishops, but that he could not live under the *Lord Brethren*."

much more historical personage. The joke took, and spread far and wide, as jokes will, and, as Uncle Sam, the United States Government has been personified by irreverent Englishmen ever since. Mr. Bartlett thinks that both stories rest upon good authority. They are at least very circumstantial; yet the *relationship* implied in both expressions, and the fact that while they are familiar terms in every Englishman's mouth, and apposite enough for that very reason, they seem comparatively inappropriate when used of his own country by a native, seems strong *prima facie* evidence of an English origin. "Yankees," or "*Yongheese*," is of course merely the Indian's attempt to bring out the word *English*; it was first adopted by the Dutch on the Hudson, and applied contemptuously to the New-Englanders. The tune now known as "Yankee Doodle" is not of American birth, but has several claimants for its paternity.

"In England the air has been traced back to the time of Charles I.; and it appears that the doggrel verses that are sung to it can claim nearly as respectable an antiquity. This, however, is not all. The song is said to be identical with one sung by the agricultural labourers in the Netherlands. Kossuth and his fellow-Hungarians, when in this country, are said to have recognised it as one of the old national airs of their native land. And recently, Mr. Buckingham Smith, our then Secretary of Legation at Madrid, has asserted that it is the ancient sword-dance of the Biscayans."

The antiquarian history of the "Star-Spangled Banner"—the national blazon of the Americans—modern as its date comparatively is, remains yet an open question. Mr. Bartlett hesitates to refer the stars and stripes to the commonly-assigned derivation, the arms of the family of Washington. There is, indeed, no question but that an escutcheon with very similar bearings (argent, two bars gules, in chief three mullets of the second) may be seen to this day on a stone in Great Brington Church, Northamptonshire, which

covers the remains of Lawrence Washington, believed to be an ancestor of the great American. But the original flag of the United States was merely thirteen stripes, red and white alternately, adopted by resolution of Congress, June 14th, 1777: and even this was probably a modification of the old republican flag of Boston, which retained the colours of the old St. George's ensign, though the cross had been abolished by Governor Endicott as the badge of Antichrist. The stars on the blue ground were not added until afterwards. It is scarcely to be thought that a new republic, in the first flush of its liberty, would adopt as its ensign the heraldic blazon of an English house.

One family of phrases which are here claimed as American, and no doubt correctly, has commended itself at once to the commercial mind of the mother country, and has been adopted wholesale into popular writing and conversation amongst ourselves. It is what we may call "shop slang;" the language which the shop, or rather the store, has manufactured for its own use; the terminology of the counting-house. We hear often enough, in passable London society, of a man who is well "posted up" on any special subject, or on the general topics of the day. Every schoolboy, in these latter days, if he wants to cut short the boring or the banter of a companion, tells him to "shut up." But we have scarcely as yet carried these commercial tropes to the pitch which our friend Jonathan has in his conversation and his newspaper article. "Balance" is found a convenient word in many senses in England; but we are not yet prepared to read in the *Times*, as you may in the *Albany Journal*, in the description of a shipwreck and the rescue of the survivors—

"The yawl returned to the wreck, took ten or eleven persons and landed them, and then went and got the *balance*."

Or, again:—

"Most of the respectable inhabitants held commissions in the army or government offices; the *balance* of the people kept little shops, cultivated the ground, &c."—WILLIAMS'S *Florida*, p. 115.

A gentleman who travels is said to "circulate"—as if he were a bank note; voters, whose presence is required at an election, are earnestly requested by the *New York Tribune* "to be *on hand* next Tuesday;" and at an Anti-Sabbath meeting, held at Boston, the *New York Express* informs us that "about three hundred females were *on hand*." It is right to explain that this conveys no insinuation that this large "balance" of ladies were damaged goods, or that for any other reason there was a difficulty in getting them off; but simply, as Mr. Bartlett interprets for us, that they were there present. It may be observed, by the way, that there is perhaps no American newspaper idiom more offensive to English taste than the constant use of this word "female" to denote a woman. The late lamented Sir Morgan O'Dogherty laid it down as one of his maxims, that it was never used in this sense "by any man above the rank of a chimney-sweep." Mr. Bartlett notes the constant recurrence of the term in the popular press with very just reprobation: it sounds unpleasantly, as he observes, "as if referring to an animal." It is satisfactory to learn that the House of Delegates in Maryland, in the year 1839, in the discussion of a "Bill to protect the reputation of unmarried *females*" (though one is sorry to hear that such a bill was necessary), struck out the offensive word, and inserted "women."

Strange revolutions in the sense of common words occur here and there; although in most instances—perhaps in all, if carefully traced—the same use still obtains in some of our English counties. "Clever" and "smart" are favourite words with the Anglo-Saxon everywhere. It is very difficult to attach to either word either an undoubted derivation or a distinctive meaning.

"Clever," in the eastern counties of England, means "good-looking;" in Lancashire, and the English districts of South Wales, it expresses a state of sound health; in some of the southern counties, clearness and completeness; and in others (as in some parts of America), courtesy and affability; while in Norfolk (pronounced *cläver*) it has nearly the New England sense of "honest and respectable." "Smart" has almost as many varieties of usage. But certainly the following will seem a complete inversion of the two words to most English ears:—

"An English lady arriving in New York, being recommended to take a servant-girl who was described to her as being '*clever*, but not *smart*,' answered that such a maid would suit her admirably. But she soon learnt that her new acquisition was merely inoffensive and dull; whereas she had expected one brisk and intelligent, without being showy or dressy."

The verb "fix," with its substantive, *do an immense amount of duty over the water*, as all readers know. "I guess that wheel can't do nothing else than go round now," says a wheelwright complacently, "for I've fixed it." Gentlemen dress in their "Sunday fixings," and eat their mutton with "currant-jelly fixings." And the articles in this Magazine would be described as "literary fixings." Vegetables are called "sauce;" beet, carrots, parsnips, &c., are "*long sauce*;" onions and other bulbs, "*short sauce*." This term still prevails in our own county of Norfolk. "Keep" is used in the same technical sense as in our University of Cambridge—*i.e.* to lodge. "Hoist"—or, in American phonetic spelling, "*hyst*"—generally means what an Irishman might call an elevation downwards; a gentleman, for instance, complains of an awkward entrance to his house:—

"I can't see the ground, and every dark night am sure to get a *hyst*—either a forrerd *hyst* or a backerd *hyst*, or some sort of a *hyst*, but more backerds than forrerd."—J. C. NEAL, *Charcoal Sketches*.

We meet with some rather quaint verbs, too, here and there, formed from familiar substantives. "To piece," is to take an irregular snack between meals. A child "haan't eaten much dinner, because he's been a *piecin'* on't all the morning." To "eat" and to "sleep" have technical senses; and it is rather startling at first to hear a landlady declaring that she "could *eat* fifty people in her house, though she could not *sleep* half the number." To "egg," again, is to pelt with rotten eggs,—happily not so common an occurrence as to require its special verb with us. We sincerely trust that "coonery" will never be so rampant in Edinburgh as to place the Editor of *Maga* in such an uncomfortable predicament as the following:—

"W. J. Bailey, the abolition editor of the Newport (Ky.) News, was *egged* out of Alexandria, Campbell county, in that State, on Monday."—*Balt. Sun*, August 1, 1857.

This "egging" of opposition editors is plainly what our American friends, in their land of liberty, call "an institution;" a word which has a variety of the oddest applications. Here are a few instances:—

"*Garotting*, as an institution, may be said to be almost extinct in New York. It went out of fashion in a desperate hurry, immediately after a sensible judge sentenced three garotters to the State prison, one for life, the other for twenty-one years each."—*Tricks and Traps of New York*, p. 47.

"Whatever small thinkers and small actors may attempt, woman cannot be counted out and classified as a mere appendage. She is an institution, and hereafter must receive the most generous culture and recognition."—*New York Tribune*, August 11, 1858.

But as a caution to American fair ones not to be too much elated by this chivalrous declaration, they will find other and less divine presences recognised as "institutions" also:—

"A very unwholesome object, the carcass of a large dog, has been suffered to lie in Ninth Street, near D, since

Tuesday, although most abominably offensive and unhealthy. A similar institution has occupied a site on the commons for some time past, filling the air with noxious odors."—*Washington Evening Star*, July 1858.

Mr. Bartlett shows that we are not safe from such abuses of the word even in England; for he finds in the letter of the *Times*' Indian Correspondent (April, 1858) that "the camels form an institution of India." It is interesting to find some old senses of words retained, which are perfectly legitimate, but fast growing obsolete in the mother country. "Ride," for example, as expressing conveyance in a carriage, has been classed as an Americanism—very unfairly, as Mr. Bartlett observes. "Sick" is still the common expression for indisposition of any kind, as in our English liturgy; whilst "ill," which has taken its place in our modern parlance, retains, at least in Texas, much more of its original meaning. "Is your dog *ill*?" would be understood, not as a tender inquiry as to his health, but as a precautionary investigation of his moral character—"Is he given to bite?" Even the popular sense of the verb "guess," as expressing any amount of belief or certainty, which has formed a point of dispute between American philologists, and which Mr. Bartlett himself seems disposed to give up as an Americanism pure, simple, and indefensible, was once prevalent in England, as it appears to us, with very little more limitation. The very first example which he quotes from Chaucer is an instance of it:—

"Her yellow hair was braided in a tress
Behind her back, a yard long, I *guess*."
—CHAUCER'S *Herolms*.

Locke also has the word more than once in a sense corresponding still more nearly with the present American colloquial use, as in the following passage:—

"He whose design it is to excel in English poetry would not, I *guess*, think that the way of it was to make his first essay in Latin *verses*."

So also the verb "reckon," used

in much the same sense in the United States and in the northern part of England, appears with the same meaning in our version of the Bible.* So with regard to the use of the term "slick" (which is nothing more than a form of "sleek, or *slike* as used by our older poets), a word whose very sound, to our modern ears, implies Americanism; such it is undoubtedly, so far as common usage goes; but it has still the same adverbial sense of "clearly and entirely" in some of our western counties. The verb is used by Chapman in his translation of the *Odyssey*—

"*Slick't* all with sweet oil;"

and by Beaumont and Fletcher—

"Who will our palfreys *slick* with wisps of straw."

—*Knight of the Baring Pestle*, Act ii., scene i.

"Monstrous," which Mr. Bartlett gives as "much used by the vulgar for 'very, exceedingly,'" was much used by the fashionable in the same sense in Horace Walpole's day, and there has been some tendency to revive it of late, like other questionable idioms of the same period. "Awful"—another intensive adjective which our schoolboys of late very much affect—is at least as much a Scotticism as an Americanism. "Bound," in the sense of "resolved, determined," which is here inserted with the remark that it is "a vulgarism of recent origin," is of very old standing in some parts of England at all events, and may be heard in common use to this day in the English districts of South Wales, where a good many primitive terms and expressions survive. An English philologist, well read in the folk-lore of the mother country, might probably find in the New England provinces many terms in use connected with old customs which have disappeared on our side of the water. We have a hint of one in the term "whit-potting" which is

here given as "used in Nantucket for visiting among relations and friends." There is no attempt at explanation; and the compiler was probably not aware that it alludes to the old English festival of Mothering-Sunday (Mid-Lent), when servants and young people were allowed to go home for the day, and when (at least in the west of England) "white-pot"—something like hasty-pudding—formed a staple dish. There is also a phrase quoted from an account of the *early* customs of New England, called "whipping the cat," applied to the annual visit of a travelling tailor to repair the clothes of the household. Of its origin Mr. Bartlett professes himself unable to give any account, nor can we; but the identical phrase is still known in England with the same application: it is possible it may be connected with a rough practical joke which bears the same name in Hampshire, of which the tailor may have been the subject.

There are a good many terms, of course, of genuine American manufacture, and which boldly set all sense and derivation at defiance. We need not introduce our old acquaintances "*absquatulate*," "*catawampously*," "*slantindicular*," &c., which have a certain force in their very absurdity. In this dictionary there are a few of this class which may be new to our readers, as most of them are to us. Ladies are said to get into a "conniption fit" when any little matter goes wrong. The lexicographer here prudently declines not only etymology but explanation, and contents himself with humbly suggesting that, "as far as he can judge," it may have the same mysterious meaning as "tantrums." A "*karimption*," is what we should call a "squad." "A whole *karimption* of Dutch emigrants were landed here yesterday," writes the *Cairo (Illinois) Times*. A "*contraption*" is a contrivance. "*Caboodle*" appears to be a strengthened form of bundle

* Romans vi. 11, viii. 18.

—"the whole lot." "Sloshing about"—a western term—can only be explained by the bit of evidence which is quoted in illustration:—

"Come, witness, what had Mr. Saltonstall to do with the affair?"

"Well, I've told you, they clinched and paired off, but Saltonstall he jest kept *sloshing about*."

"That isn't legal evidence, my good fellow, in the shape you put it. Tell me what you mean by 'sloshing about.'"

"I'll try," answered the witness. "You see, Brewer and Sykes clinched and fout. That's in a legal form, ain't it?"

"Oh yes!" said the judge—"go on."

"Abney and Blackman then pitched into one another, and Blackman bit off a piece of Abney's lip—that's legal too, ain't it?"

"Proceed!"

"Simpson and Bill Stones and Murray was all together on the ground, a bitin', goug'in', and kickin' one another—that's legal too, is it?"

"Very—but go on."

"And Saltonstall, he made it his business to walk backward and forward through the crowd, with a big stick in his hand, and knock down every loose man. That's what I call *sloshing about*."—*Cairo (Illinois) Times*, Nov. 1854.

In the South and West they have enriched their vernacular of late by a queer kind of *onomatopœia*—expressive of all varieties of falling; a body is said to go "kerslosh," or "kesouse," or "cachunk," into the water, or "keswalop" over a horse's head, or "kelumpus" on something hard. But these words are spelt and pronounced with all manner of varieties, according to the speaker or writer's fancy.

Of the many words which are strangely metamorphosed in their metaphorical application, perhaps the most ludicrous instance is the slang term "soddolager." It stands for a conclusive argument, physical or otherwise; "the winding-up of a debate, a settler; and figuratively, in a contest, a heavy blow, which shall bring it to a close." "I gave the fellow a *soddolager* over the head with the barrel of my gun," saith Colonel Crockett. The word is no-

thing more or less than a corruption of *doxology*—the signal of dismissal at the close of religious services. "Bogus"—applied to forged bills or notes—is an easy form of "Borghese;" an individual of that name, some twenty years ago, having done a very large business in the forgery line, whence all paper of that description became known as "*Bogus* currency." The term has since been figuratively applied to counterfeits of any kind. It also serves to distinguish one of the favourite "drinks," composed of rum and molasses. But the nomenclature of American drinks is almost a science in itself. Under the word "Liquor," in this volume, the reader may find a list of no less than sixty varieties, said to be taken from a single bar advertisement. The thirsty soul has an almost bewildering choice; but unless he should be a political teetotaler, it is hard if he does not find something to suit both his taste and his principles. If "Vox Populi" is too strong for him, he can try "Moral Suasion;" if he cannot swallow "Polk and Dallas," the "Slip-ticket" would promise to go down easy. We are sorry to say Mr. Bartlett does not give the receipts for these compositions; but they seem from their names to be adapted to tempt all classes of tipplers—from "Peach Cobbler" and "Citronella Jam," which must be ladies' fancies, to "Chain-lightning" and "Ne plus ultra," which must be reserved for more advanced disciples. Indeed, the difficult point seems to be, to know what name a drink does *not* go by. Servants who live in families where it is the habit to "liquor up considerable" are apt to fall into awkward mistakes from not being thoroughly up in the terms of the science. Here is the illustration given by Mr. Bartlett, under the word "Pupelo," which is a New England name for older-brandy:—

"Hain't they got any of the *religion* at your house?" [inquires a pious lady-visitor of the "help."]

"No, ma'am; they drink *pupelo* and rum."—Judd's *Margaret*, p. 52.

gulated by law, is a proof that there is life in every part of her frame,—her aristocracy, her municipalities, her people;” and with all the emphasis of capital letters he concludes —“Italy is not the Land of the Dead.”

We should close the volume with as much admiration of M. Monnier's political sagacity as of his literary powers, if he could persuade us that resurrections of national spirit are caused by books or speeches, or that the students and authors of a period have a paramount influence on its actions. Nobody will deny the effect of the verses of a song, a favourite tune, or unlucky phrase. But we do not hear in this work of a Lillibullero or a Marseillaise. The whole influence is attributed to dramas of the loftiest order, and disquisitions on government, composed in philosophic language. Smith's *Wealth of Nations* never could overthrow a dynasty, nor *Cato* (in five acts) make us long for a republic. The literature with which we are made acquainted by our author is too high for the success he attributes to it. It is even to be feared that the facility with which the great majority of the Italians were led to throw off the habits and princi-

ples of their previous lives, is an intimation of how easily they may be whistled back again. If an eloquent book produced the revolt, another eloquent book may so far reverse their former feelings that they may rise in favour of an infallible Pope, or a French Emperor, or a despot of their own. For whatever may be the power of plays and poems, we are afraid the power of local prejudice, of climate and tradition, is greater.

Yet it will be wise in us to follow M. Monnier's example, and not deviate into political speculation, or questions which will so soon find a solution for themselves. All we require for Italy is a firm and consistent conduct on the part of other powers—liberal yet conservative, favourable to freedom, yet mindful of the rights of ancient allies—accepting her triumph if she peaceably works it out for herself; rejecting it, if she owes it foreign assistance, at the price of dishonourable sacrifices, either of territory or self-respect. At all events, the least enthusiastic reader of this excellent little volume will come to the same conclusion as its author, that if a nation is to be saved or regenerated by the pen, the liberties of Italy are secure.

A VERY dull man, and a tedious reader—the terms are means incompatible—is said to have had Johnson's *Dictionary* read to him by some mischievous friend. It is an interesting new work, and he has read it through from beginning to end, quite unconscious of what was doing anything unusual. When he returned home, the author appeared to him as a man of considerable information, and that his style was slightly neglected. The remark, like a casual remark of great and stupid people, had a grain of truth in it. A dictionary is bad reading on the whole, much more endurable than many of what are called books, and not much more neglected. Take Richardson's *Dictionary* for instance: it hardly makes a choice of a companion for an hour on a rainy day. In the hands of a reader it would form almost of study in itself, and carry a dry one: he would make an advance in its pages with a good English author to whom else is very likely to imitate, and although this work would certainly, in every respect, differ from popular works in general, and would not be the advantage of being so critical, so far as it went, the first style.

But a dictionary of native words, which offers as a dialogue or a Yankee sense, so every other page, must be taken to be rather tedious, unless there is a music otherwise. Mr. Barlow of the old at all events, says of them—easily and pleasantly, as, Hochehaga, and, &c.—are very

A Glossary of the largely distributed after the success of independence,

modernising set in; lists in the mother tongue felt half avenged in the substitution as "Adams" and the romantic syllables formed the aboriginal town or village which it to make historical. tuck and Wut-a-put-o ing upon civilised ears names as Ovid and Pallasay nothing of Sodom, which the old Puritans they alone know why, upon seas in their new dominion. Indian names for plants and are in most cases retained, should expect to find; and words canoe, wigwam, squaw, sin, tomahawk, wampum, pemican, &c.—all applied to articles of red man's invention—have become so familiar to us, thanks to the novelist and the traveller, that they may be considered to belong almost as much to our own as to the American vocabulary. One use of the word "Indian" as an adjective is a sad index to much of the white man's dealings with that unfortunate race: "Indian liquor" is whisky largely adulterated with water, tobacco, red pepper, &c., for sale to Indian customers. But we must pass now from these foreign introductions to what may be called the English Americanisms.

The compiler, in his preface, candidly states the difficulties which he found in the selection and rejection of words, and admits "the deficiencies and imperfection" which he found unavoidable. We are not inclined to criticise his shortcomings with any severity. The truth is, that every work of this kind, in order to have any chance of being really complete and accurate, ought to be under a double editorship. It is almost impossible for any one man to be thoroughly acquainted with the vocabulary and idiom of two countries. The remark will apply to every possible dictionary of modern languages, where one is rendered by the other; and it may serve to ac-

poker. He's got a *sucker* there, and he's *sure* to skin him if he only has time. He's got the thing all set to ring a *cold deck*, in which case he'll deal himself four aces and his opponent four queens; so that your honour will perceive he must *rake the persimmons*.*

"Dear me!" said the judge, with a sigh, "that's too bad! It happens at a very unfortunate time; I'm very anxious to get on with these cases."

"A brown study followed, and at length a happy idea struck the judge. 'Bill,' said he, addressing the friend of the absent Pilkins, who had spoken, 'you understand poker about as well as Pilkins. Suppose you go over and play his hand!'"

The euphemistic shifts to which delicacy is compelled to resort in American society are too notorious to require much illustration. All our readers have heard of, and admired the scrupulous modesty which speaks of the "*limb*" of the piano, and even, as we have been assured, insists in some cases upon putting little frilled trousers upon it. Some allowance is to be made, no doubt, for travellers' stories; but what is to be said of Mr. Bartlett's evidence, given with all the stern impartiality of a philologist! "Stockings," he assures us, are considered unmentionable in the west; "long socks" being as far as any refined mind can go with safety. *The Washington Union*—whose subscribers are no doubt very select—dares not for its life advertise such necessary articles as shirts and drawers under any bolder heading than "gentlemen's belongings."† A bull is called a "cow-creature" or a "gentleman-cow"—which latter is a bull in a double sense, certainly. He assures us in his preface,‡ on the authority of a friend, that a "grey-headed man of sixty doffed his hat reverently and apologised to a clergyman for having inadvertently used in his hearing the plain Saxon term." These refinements of speech are not confined to the class of subjects just alluded to. A small glass of spirits is termed a "smile." If a gen-

tleman alights from a stage coach and takes a dram at an hotel, he calls it a "leg-stretcher;" that innocent relaxation being the professed purpose of his getting down. One term of this kind deserves honourable mention for its delicate ingenuity. Few English readers probably know what *Ambia* is. It is produced, Mr. Bartlett tells us, "by a voluntary *ptyalism*"—which will not make the matter much clearer. But when we add that it is the result of tobacco-chewing—that a spittoon would be required in our uncomfortable company for its reception—and that the word itself is a corruption of *amber*—we hope the whole poetry of the expression will be recognised, and that we may be spared any more particular explanation.

Wheat, barley, oats, &c., always go by the name of grain, and the word "corn" is applied to the maize only. The peculiarities of this important plant were the occasion of a bit of nigger wit, reported in Virginia, which, as in a certain sense historical, may be worth quoting. The *cob* is the spike on which the kernels of the Indian-corn grow, and from which they are stripped when eaten; while the kernels are attached, it is called the *ear*. After Lord Cornwallis's surrender at York Town in 1782, one negro remarked to another—"He no *Cornwallis* now, he *Cobwallis*; Gen'l Washington shell all the corn off him too slick." "To acknowledge the corn"—which is a popular slang expression for confessing to the truth of any accusation—is only intelligible when its history is told. A raw Yankee from the upper country went down to trade at New Orleans with two boats, one laden with corn, the other with potatoes. He went into a gambling-house on his way, and lost all his money. He then staked his cargo, and corn and potatoes followed the dollars. When he went back to the wharf, he found that the flat boat containing the corn was sunk, and a total loss. He

* We observe that this substantive appears on the Philological Society's List under the sponsorship of Mr. Ruskin.

† Pref., xxvi.

went to sleep off his troubles as well as he could; and before he was well awake in the morning, the successful party made his appearance to claim his winnings. "Slowly awakening from sleep, our hero, rubbing his eyes and looking the man in the face, replied, 'Stranger, I acknowledge the corn—take 'em; but the potatoes you *can't* have, by thunder!'"

The words and phrases which are really the most interesting, and which may with most propriety be classed as genuine Americanisms, are those which bear in their origin the impress of a new country—which come to us with all the racy flavour of the backwoods and the prairie, the settler's log-hut, and the free hunter life. These are not slang, however much they may seem to resemble it. They are the lawful coinage of a new world, expressive of new combinations and new wants. Like many words and phrases in the "old country," they carry a little history in themselves. A "corduroy" road could exist nowhere but in a forest clearing. In no other country could a traveller strike a "bee line." It may sound like a strange inversion of meaning at first to find that to "save" means to "kill"—"I've *shot* three men," says a notorious Western duellist (*Judge W*— of Texas), "and two of them I *saved*"—until we remember that to the hunter, whose subsistence might depend upon his rifle, every wounded animal that escaped was a shot *wasted*. Western talk is full of these metaphors, always with a touch of the picturesque even in their most ludicrous adaptations. If a man changes his quarters, he is said to "pull up stakes," or to "make tracks"—phrases which are in themselves vivid reminiscences of a nomad life amid the pathless wildernesses of a new country. To move off in a hurry is to "wake snakes"—a highly probable result in a country where a traveller about to start in the morning is pleasantly informed by the landlord that

"there's a *smart sprinkle* of rattlesnakes on Red Run, and a powerful nice day to sun themselves."* If a fair lady loses her temper, or if she breaks a tender promise, she is said to "fly off the handle," like a faithless *axe*—as serious a disappointment as a lost love to many a settler. This appears to be a favourite metaphor, for we have it otherwise applied in a New York paper, where a poor man is announced as having succeeded to a fortune from a distant relative, "who *went off the handle* in England rather unexpectedly." If there seem a little affectation of demureness on the lady's part, she is said to be "playing 'possum;" that animal having a trick of feigning death, and so cheating the dogs. If a gentleman gets into difficulties, he is said to be "up a tree"—that being the uncomfortable position in which the racoon or opossum sometimes finds himself, with his enemies looking out for him at the bottom. There was a little paragraph circulated some time ago from an "American paper," in which this phrase was said to have been made use of rather ingeniously, by a preacher of the Spurgeon stamp, to attract the more worldly of his congregation; he announced as the subject of his next sermon—"How to rise in the world—Zaccheus up a tree." So, when a person acts under a mistaken impression, or, as we should say, gets "on a wrong scent," he is said to be "barking up the wrong tree"—a mistake into which the trapper's dogs occasionally fall when the game has "tree'd," and thereby delude their master into straining his eyes to no purpose. Of the same birth and parentage come a whole family of expressive phrases. A man whose energy and pluck can be depended on is said to be "a whole team, and a horse to spare"—sometimes with the ornamental addition of "with a big dog under the wagon." A person gets a hint to mind his own business by being requested to "hoe his own row," or

* CARLTON: *New Purchase*, i. 85.

"paddle his own canoe;" and the folly of meddling with other people's quarrels is expressed in the pithy proverb, "Let every man skin his own skunks," which, as the skunk is something worse than a pole-cat, is not a very pleasant operation. This vermin has been "improved" by the Americans into another maxim, as good as it is original—"Vice is a skunk that smells awful rank when stirred up by the pole of misfortune." We cannot help thinking that, with a little pains, an amusing collection might be made of these essences of new-world philosophy; the list given at the end of Mr. Bartlett's book is very short and poor, and contains none except this last which is worth quoting.

An English coadjutor, as has been said before, might have been useful, and might have contributed a good many phrases which would strike an English reader as decided Americanisms, though they pass unobserved by those who are accustomed to meet with them and even use them continually. One in particular, which is a great favourite both with Mrs. Stowe and Mrs. Wetherell, certainly deserved a place in any collection. When young ladies enjoy themselves, they are said to have "had a good time." "Have you had a good time, dear?" says one to the other on her return from a party. Neither of those lady-authors, of course, has the slightest conception of the odd effect which it has upon English ears; not at all because such an expression is not a familiar one with us; it is in use every day with the good folks in our English villages, and is a favourite one, we believe, with the ladies—only not exactly in the American sense. A careful reading of some of the most popular books (which are not always the best written) published in America, would enable an English critic to supply Mr. Bartlett with a good

many additions of this kind to his dictionary.

One cannot turn over many pages of this amusing volume without observing that there seems to be a good deal of fun going on amongst Uncle Sam's young people, which we miss here in the old country: harmless fun enough, we will be bound to say, in spite of the up-lifted eyelids of modern refinement. Parties of pleasure are actually called "frolics"—imagine such a term applied to our well-behaved stupidities! Probably most readers know what a "bee" is: when neighbours meet together to do one of their friends a good turn, and to have a social laugh and gossip over it at the same time. Some of these gatherings are of a comparatively grave and business-like character: as when the farmers for twenty or thirty miles round meet with their teams at a raising-bee—to help a new settler "raise" his log-house, often by this united strength in a single day; or at a stone-bee, to clear the stones off his land. But the most common and most amusing are those in which the young folks get together, when tongues and fingers move all at once. Quilting-bees,—where the young women sit round a large frame to make a patchwork quilt, and where the young backwoodsmen find their way in, on what pretence is perfectly impossible to say, except on the Irishman's principle that

"If all the young women was ducks in the water,

It's thin the young men would jump in and swim a'ter,"

but the consequence of which is, that when the quilt is finished the fiddling and dancing begin; or "husking frolics," where the business is to strip the husks from the year's crop of maize (in which the gentlemen *may* be of some use), and where the lucky finder of a red ear* is rewarded with the privilege of a

* This is an Indian superstition, according to Longfellow:—

"And whene'er some lucky maiden
Found a red ear in the husking,

kiss all round, or, if of the fairer sex, is expected to make her election of some *one* to the honour. Even a "basket meeting,"—an entertainment peculiar to the West, and described as "a sort of pic-nic, generally with religious exercises," would be preferable, in the month of May, to our Exeter Hall gatherings—certainly more airy, and probably more good-humoured. The most determined polemical divine could hardly venture upon a very long harangue, when the means of escape lay open to his victims in all directions; and the prospective "opening of the baskets" would keep an audience in good humour under any moderate infliction. The worst harm likely to happen on such occasions would be some such mistake as that into which the young New-Englander fell, in the *locus classicus* with which the present compiler has illustrated the phrase:—

"There was a corn-husking, and I went along with Sal Stebbins. There was all the gals and boys sittin' round, and I got sot down so near Sal Babit, that I'll be darned if I didn't kiss her afore I know'd what I was about."—*Traits of American Humour.*

There are certain sacred dishes proper to be eaten on these occasions. When the scene of the gathering is the sea-shore, as is often the case, the chief attractions in the bill of fare are "clam-bake" and "chowder," prepared upon the spot. For clam-bake we confess we have no particular longing. The clam (not a pretty name, but its scientific alias, *Venus mercenaria*, does not sound much better) is a common mollusc found in the sand of tidal rivers, and baked in an impromptu oven made of stones and sea-weed. We cannot help associating this food with the "whelks" of the London costermonger stalls—eight a penny, Mr. Mayhew tells us, "pepper and vinegar included."

"Chowder," we have understood, is excellent; it consists of fish, pork, onions, and biscuit, stewed together; cider and champagne are sometimes added. The least desirable of these undress festivals is a "surprise party," which, it must be confessed, would be rather embarrassing to most English housekeepers—"a party of persons who assemble by agreement, and *without invitation*, at the house of a mutual friend." There is a delightful freedom and absence of form in the notion, certainly; but the mutual friend's wife must be an angel if she can appreciate the joke. But what degree of social perfection may not be expected in a land where such a feast of reason as the following is possible?—

"SQUANTUM.—The name of a species of fun known to the Nantucket folks, which is thus described by the *New York Mirror*: A party of ladies and gentlemen go to one of the famous watering-places of resort, where they fish, dig clams, talk, laugh, sing, dance, play, bathe, sail, eat, and have a general 'good time.' The food generally consists of chowder, baked clams, and fun. No one is admitted to the sacred circle who will take offence at a joke, and every one is expected to do his and her part towards creating a general laugh. Any man who speaks of business affairs (except matrimony) is immediately reprimanded, and on a second offence publicly chastised. Care is thrown to the wind, politics discarded, war ignored, pride humbled, stations levelled, wealth scorned, virtue exalted, and—this is '*Squantum*.' "

Noctes cœnæque Deûm! "If there be an Elysium on earth," it lies in Nantucket, which Tom Moore did not know. The lost Atlantis, the fabled Islands of the Blest, the vanished Golden Age, the "good time coming,"—are but shadows of this. To think that the ideal of happiness, which philosophers of all ages have so long vainly sought, should be found at last—and that its name should be SQUANTUM!

Found a maize ear red as blood is,
Nushka! cried they all together,
Nushka! you shall have a sweetheart,
You shall have a handsome husband."

Song of Hiawatha, cant. xiii. and note.

LIFE IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

THE gentlemen of England who sit at home at ease and read of hardships in their rocking-chairs must think with no little amazement, and some little envy, of the physical and moral qualities constantly displayed by such adventurers as Mr. Petherick. Especially susceptible to such motions are we, the "slaves of the desk"—poor devils, for the most part, in all that respects physical energy,

"With blinded eyesight poring
Over miserable books,"

and quite incapable of "catching the wild goat by the hair," but thinking very strong beer of ourselves when we can catch a good hypothesis by the hair; men with painful consciousness of possessing stomachs and livers; men adventurous enough in the realms of imagination, but not in the least disposed to "rough it" in the bush; daring enough in drawing conclusions, but too delicate and timid to sustain long fastings, or to encounter buffaloes. As to our power of dealing with hostile savages and keeping them in awe, it may be estimated by our equanimity in the presence of critics! We read Mr. Petherick's adventures with perhaps all the greater delight because we feel that we should have cut a very poor figure under similar circumstances. He is no great hand at turning a sentence; and many a literary critic will observe with compassion that the art of making one small adventure cover a sheet of letterpress, and the art of "word-painting," as it is called (dreadfully abused nowadays, and becoming very cheap)—not to mention the art of "giving a comic turn" to useful information—are but imperfectly mastered by this

tamer of savages and explorer of untrodden regions. Yet we like—and probably the general public also will like—his book all the better for the absence of those very qualities which would be demanded in Grub Street. Fine writing is really not the end and aim of literature. Good books are impressive by their matter more than by their manner. And Mr. Petherick's book is good because of what it has to say, and not because of how he says it. It is straightforward, pertinent, brief, unaffected, like its author—a man without sham sentiment, sham enthusiasm, sham beliefs—a man with an open eye, a strong hand, a good digestion, a happy temper—not without a spice of the devil at times—and rare self-command. He can endure hardships gaily, without boasting; and, recklessly adventurous as he is at times, he can be cautious and prudent in emergencies. He is the very man to subdue savages by a mingled audacity and prudence—a man not given to threaten when he does not mean to strike, nor to strike when he does not mean to conquer.

In one reasonably-sized volume he has given the cream of sixteen years' experience of countries and tribes of whom little is known. Compare this reticence with the sprawling communicativeness of other travellers, who have so much less to say, and require so many volumes to say it in? Mr. Petherick might have made a volume (had he been unwise) out of his voyage to Egypt in 1845, when he entered the service of Mehemet Ali as mining engineer; and separate volumes of his other voyages. Instead of this, he has rejected everything not interesting or novel in itself, and has produced what may emphati-

Egypt, the Soudan, and Central Africa. With Explorations from Khartoum on the White Nile to the Regions of the Equator. Being Sketches of Sixteen Years' Travel. By JOHN PETHERICK, F. R. G. S. William Blackwood & Sons.

cally be called a good book. Mehemet Ali wanted to make himself independent of England. For this purpose it was necessary he should establish manufactories for guns and steam-engines; but for these it was necessary he should have coal. Coal had to be found *somewhere* in the Turkish dominions; and he judged Mr. Petherick to be the right man to seek for it. Seek for it our energetic countryman did, but none was to be found, and none was found. Nevertheless, travelling with such an object, and under the immediate care of the Government, the engineer had the very best opportunities of observing the country, and laying the foundations of that experience which was afterwards to serve him, when he set up as a trader on his own account, and explored the districts of Central Africa.

Although there is not a dull page in the book, we shall pass lightly over the earlier chapters, which treat of countries already described by several travellers, merely noticing by the way the confirmation given of the extraordinary power the Arab guides have in discriminating the slightest indications when they are tracking the footsteps of man or beast. To us the impress of one naked man's foot would be undistinguishable from that of another, unless there were some marked peculiarity to guide us. To the Arab each impress is as individual as the face or figure of the man. Mr. Petherick tested this power by having his guide blindfolded, then laid on the ground, and a guard placed over him to prevent his removing the bandage. This done, a clear sandy spot was selected, upon which nine of the camelmen left good impressions of their feet. The guide was then called, his bandage removed, and he was told to say who had made the marks. He identified one from the other immediately, calling out the owners' names as he passed. Only once did he hesitate; and here, from the fineness of the sand, and the man's having moved his feet to make

deep impressions, the marks became wider than usual. He said, if the man were allowed to walk over the ground in his usual way, he could identify him. No sooner said than done. The guide lay down; and on being called, and seeing the two first marks, he laughingly called out the man's name, and asked for *backshish*. On another occasion this Arab showed his remarkable skill in the observation of minute particulars still more convincingly.

"I had been talking to Karag about his family, saying it was strange that, in neither of my journeys, had we fallen in with them, to which he replied, that his wife and children were with his brother and family some distance to the east; but that, when their goats and camels (the latter the joint property of himself and his brother) had eaten up the fodder, they would probably remove to the valley through which we were now travelling. Scarcely had he spoken the last word, when he sprang to the ground, and went through a series of absurd antics, brandishing his whip in Irish fashion, exclaiming, 'Ana achou'l Bénat!'—literally, 'I am the boy for the girls!' His frightened young dromedary had gone off unheeded at a gallop; and I thought his senses had left him, as I could not get a reply to the questions I put to him. At length his excitement abating, he pointed to a footstep in the sand and said, 'Here is the track of my son, and that of his dog.' Incredulous, I allowed him to follow up the tracks, promising to wait his return under the shade of a tree.

"Karag in a short time returned at the top of his speed, but unaccompanied by either boy or dog; this he explained by saying that he had followed the tracks out of the valley through a ravine leading on to the table-land, which convinced him that the boy was going to his home in another fertile spot, about an hour's walk hence.

"He now caught sight of his camel some distance off, and went instantly in pursuit. Returning with the sulky unbroken brute, we again continued our journey; and had scarcely ridden a mile when two little girls and a boy came running from an opposite direction up the valley towards us, crying, at the top of their voices, 'Karag! Karag!' a cry which was responded to by

the honest fellow leaping from his saddle and embracing each in turn.

"It appeared, as soon as Karag could explain himself, that the children, who now ran back to their mother, were his nieces and nephew; and that his wife and only son occupied, with their flock of goats, the exact position he had a short time before described."

All London is at the present time in a state of excitement about the Turkish bath, and many are the eloquent assurances that you cannot be clean unless you have taken one of these baths; that you do not know what a bath is unless you know the Turkish bath; and that the real Turkish bath is not the thing you ignorantly imagine, but is to be found only in Golden Square or Pimlico. Mr. Petherick has a Turkish bath to describe, but it is certainly *not* that known in Pimlico, or elsewhere in the British dominions. On his arrival at Berbera, feeling irritable and feverish after the fatigue of the journey, he told his companion, Ibrahim Effendi, that he thought a Turkish bath would be a great luxury. Whereupon the Effendi quietly said he would order one; and presently returned, saying that one would be brought in the evening. A Turkish bath *brought* in the evening! What would they say in Golden Square and Pimlico to *tepidarium* and *calidarium*, with the whole shampooing apparatus, being quietly carried to a fatigued gentleman's sleeping apartment? The surprise of our traveller was great: it became greater when his ancient landlady appeared, accompanied by a damsel black as night, and dressed in a large scarf of white muslin trimmed with red borderings, who held in one hand a small wooden bowl, in the other a tencup. The old lady then retired after wishing him a good night, and answering his question as to the bath by pointing to the articles in the damsel's hands, "These are the bath." To bathe in a wooden bowl and a tencup, is surely novel enough. The novelty turned out a great luxury. The bowl contained dough, and the cup a small quantity of sweet-oil scented with aromatic roots: the damsel

rubbed the dough well on the bare skin, and then finished off with the oil. "The following morning," says our traveller, "I awoke quite revived; the feverishness had entirely subsided; and, with a calm pulse, I felt a universal cool and refreshing sensation through my limbs and body." This bath is in general use by the natives of the Soudan, when they can afford it, and is taken every evening. To its beneficial effects are ascribed the entire absence of cutaneous diseases, and the indifference with which the natives brave the cold and cutting winds of winter, with no other protection than a slight calico shirt or scarf.

Many and horrible are the stories told of the summary justice of Eastern potentates; but the following story of the Defterdar will not easily be surpassed:—

"The following incident, which, among others of a similar kind, was related to me on good authority, may serve to illustrate the despotic nature of this rude commander's government. A stern disciplinarian, and determined to enforce rigid justice, he had issued strict orders to his troops against pillage of every kind on the now subjugated inhabitants of the Soudan. One day, sitting in his divan at Khartoum (the government office) for the transaction of business, a poor Arab woman from a neighbouring village presented herself to him, complaining that a soldier had robbed her of a pitcher of milk that she was taking to market, and which he drank before her face, refusing to pay for it—the value being one piastre. Being asked if she could recognise the man, and answering in the affirmative, an official was sent with her, who soon returned with the offender. The Pacha, addressing him, demanded if he had been guilty of the fraud, which he stoutly denied; he then turned to the woman, and remarked that, as one soldier much resembled another, she might be mistaken in his identity; she replied that she knew the man personally, and could swear to him. Hereupon, without further preliminary, the Defterdar told her that he would convince himself of the truth of her assertion, which, if false, she would answer with the loss of her head. To this she unhesitatingly agreed, little dreaming of

the means to be employed for the detection of the theft. A word from the Pacha to his officials sufficed to place the prisoner on the ground; and in obedience to a movement of his finger, he was turned over on his back, when a Mameluke was ordered to cut open his stomach—an order no sooner uttered than carried into execution with his kanjar. The presence of a quantity of milk was undeniable; and the Pacha, coolly throwing a dollar to the terrified woman, remarked to the bystanders that the soldier had richly merited his fate, by having, in the first instance, committed a theft, and afterwards told a deliberate lie—both of which acts were disgraceful to a soldier."

It is worthy of especial notice—and the more so at this time, since Manchester is trembling at the prospect of a deficiency of cotton—that the country round Khartoum is peculiarly favorable to the growth of cotton, which is indigenous, and it is only the absence of any proper means of transport which interferes with large exports.

Let us accompany Mr. Petherick up the White Nile, and pause with him among the Hassanyeh tribe, whose customs are in some respects peculiar. For example, the marriage-contract is not only a commercial transaction, as among most semi-civilised nations, but has a clause or two which make the European stare. When the preliminaries of a match are completed, and the highest bidder takes his place as the favoured suitor, the parents of both suitor and damsel meet in the tent of the damsel's father; and a large gathering of relatives assembles to witness the marriage-articles, some of which are written down. The favourite drink—merissa—is served round, and the amount to be paid by the bridegroom is settled, as well as the times of payment. Then comes the important clause. All ears are open while the bridegroom's father asks the mother of the bride how many days in the week the bride is to be considered a wife? The notion of "faithful for ever" is too romantic for their minds. The wife is not bought out and out, but "jobbed," if

we may use the phrase, for so many days in the week. When, therefore, the mother hears this question gravely put, and considers the money, the milch-cow, or even a couple of bullocks, which can be added to the purchase-money, she falls back upon her family traditions (not unaided by imagination) for circumstances corroborative of the importance of her connection; and, referring to the youth and beauty of the bride, winds up with a lofty contempt at the idea of such charms and such a connection being purchased for so paltry a sum. Pressed to give her answer, she weighs everything, and replies that, having due regard to the "feelings of her family," she could not think of binding her daughter for more than two days in the week.

Two days! The indignant bridegroom and his indignant father and friends start to their feet, adjust their scattered garments round their waists and shoulders, and refuse the proffered drink, threatening to break up the match. To a stranger, it seems as if a row must be coming. One or two elders, however, always retained for the occasion, after a good deal of apparent resistance, succeed in pacifying the offended party, put an end to the vapourings and threats, and finally induce them to reseal themselves. The bowl is once more handed round, and an old peacemaker rises. His speech is a laudation of the bridegroom's purse and family; he enlarges on the splendour of the proposed dowry; and while amply acknowledging the value of the bride's family, and the beauty of the bride, insists that two days more should be added, and a suitable addition to the dowry be fixed upon by both. Two days added? What! four days in the week? The proposal creates another storm. The mother of the bride is heard eloquent above the yell. But peace is, after some squabbling, again restored. It is then proposed that, in consideration of a four-year-old milch-cow, a heifer, and a pair of yearling bulls

in addition to the twenty-five dollars offered, and fifty more payable in case of divorce, the marriage shall hold good, as is customary among the "first families" of the tribe, for full four days in each week—Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday. During the three remaining days the wife is free to act precisely as she chooses, either staying with her husband at home, or enjoying independence from all marital claims. This ultimatum is accepted, and a general shaking of hands and congratulations, moistened with drink, keep up the hilarity of the meeting. An early day is fixed for the payment, and the guests remain drinking and feasting until the wedding takes place. Mr. Petherick observes that, although the men wear amulets to secure the love of the one most dear, "the married men felt themselves highly flattered by any attentions paid to their better-halves during their free-and-easy days. They seem to take such attentions as evidence that their wives are attractive; nor is the legitimacy of a child ever called in question—the Goodman of the house hailing every increase to his family."

After this glimpse of their courtship, let us see them feasting. A sheep has been purchased.

"As soon as it was paid for, Said, the effendi's slave, in a trice turned it over, and, kneeling on it, severed its throat to the spine.

"With the last struggle the knife was run into the abdomen, ripping open which, he withdrew the stomach, liver, and lights; and, cutting open the former, and cleansing it by simply turning it inside out and shaking it, he then proceeded to cut it and its accompaniments into small pieces in a wooden bowl provided for the purpose from the nearest hut. Then taking the gall-bladder as a substitute for lemon, and squeezing it over the whole, and adding a copious supply of the hot, red pepper of the country, he served it up, still warm, by placing it on the ground before us, looking like a man well pleased with the feat he had performed. The effendi had already tucked up the sleeves of his right arm over the elbow, prepared to lose not an instant in the enjoyment of what to me at that time seemed an ex-

crable dish; and calling out at the top of his voice bismillah (in the name of God), plunged his hand into the reeking mess, which he conveyed to his mouth as a child would a ripe peach.

"Abou Gadoum, in obedience to the invitation of the jolly effendi and myself, took my place at the feast, for such in reality it appeared to both of them.

"The carcass of the sheep was now being flayed in order to supply us with our dinner."

They also eat the ostrich, the flesh of which resembles beef. Their usual mode of capturing these huge birds is by hunting them down, though snares are also employed. When birds are seen, the horsemen set out in pursuit, and follow until ambush is found, where they can secrete themselves. The birds, which have easily out-distanced the riders, finding themselves no longer pursued, stop, and then turn back over the same ground, at the utmost speed, in search of their pursuers. As soon as they have detected them, they turn again and seek safety in flight, flapping their wings, but never rising from the ground. When they have got over a considerable distance without pursuit, they again stop, and foolishly run back at the same pace, to convince themselves of the absence of danger. The hunters, who have not moved from the spot, allow the birds to tire themselves out, and then gallop after them. It would be a vain attempt to run down the untired bird.

The commercial notions of this people are not enlightened, and they delight in bargaining:—

"A bargain for any kind of animal is seldom or never completed by the parties immediately interested without the aid of a third person, often an occasional observer, and unknown to either. The vendor does not name a price, but on about half the value being offered, replies, 'Eftah Allah,' meaning, 'God is bountiful.' A trifling increase is then proposed, which being met by the same reply, another bid is made; and so on, with various interruptions: the purchaser, retiring and again returning, recommences the proceedings from the point at which he left off, until, after the refusal of several offers, the bargain is at such a stage that it cannot be pro-

ceeded with unless aided by an intermediary. This third party encourages the purchaser on the one hand, while he beats down the vendor on the other, apparently equally supporting each individual's interest. If he perceives a real intention to do business, after a deadlock he takes the affair out of the hands of both; names a medium price between that offered and that which he has a shrewd suspicion would be agreeable to the vendor; and, placing the hands of the parties in each other's grasp, he compels the apparently reluctant seller to say, 'Allah iberak l'ack' (may God prosper it with you), and the bargain is concluded."

We must also take a peep into the school, where, as will be seen, the instruction given is not such as to overwork the brain:—

"The male children are instructed in the Koran: this they must learn by heart; and when this is attained, and they can read and write, their education is completed. Very few, however, attain such proficiency as to be able to repeat the whole of the sacred book, or even to master the art of writing so far as to concoct a letter. A fakeer, whose province it is to study the Koran, and to communicate its contents without comment to the people, is the schoolmaster, for which the parent of each boy pays him two piastres (6d.) a month. They attend school from 4 to 6 in the morning, and from 7 to 9 in the evening, in order that their instruction may interfere as little as possible with other pursuits. The twilight coming to an end very soon after sunset, and the evenings, unless during moonlight, being dark, every boy is expected to bring a log of wood wherewith to make a bonfire, around which they all sit in the evenings. The fakeer recites a sentence of the Koran from memory; this is repeated at the top of each boy's voice several times; and having mastered it, another sentence is recited, and so on. Every lesson is commenced by repetition of the whole of the verses and chapters which they may have previously learnt, by all the boys at the same time, in different keys, and as loud as they can; and to a stranger unaccustomed to such proceedings it seems like Bedlam let loose. Each boy has to furnish himself with a piece of board, eight inches wide by a foot in length, on which, with a reed, a sentence of the Koran is written in ink. This is taken home, and copied by the boy during his

leisure hours, constituting his instruction in writing; no composition ever being expected of him.

"After two or three years' such instruction, they have finished their education, which, however, they generally contrive to forget in a yet shorter time, and, with the exception of a knowledge of straggling verses of the Koran, are pretty much in the same position as when they commenced their studies.

"The fakeer, generally a shrewd man, and awake to his own interests, is both the letter reader and writer of the community, for which he charges according to the importance of the document. He is the oracle of the village, and universally consulted upon all occasions of weighty consideration, but more particularly by mothers wishing to marry their daughters as to the amount of the dowry they have a right to expect, and with regard to the advantages or otherwise which may accrue to them from the connections they propose forming.

"A stern man draped in a long white robe, with a scarf thrown over his head, and nearly covering his face, a rosary worn around his neck, or suspended from his right hand, through which, with the forefinger and thumb, he quietly passes bead after bead, whilst mentally he is supposed to repeat some form of his religion—he never permits a smile to appear upon his countenance.

"Another source of income is the writing of a verse of the Koran, or some unintelligible jargon of his own, on slips of paper; these, contained in leather cases, form amulets, and are worn on some part of the person. The men in general wear them on the arm, mostly the right one, above the elbow; the women wear whole bundles of them, slung by a long twisted leather cord around their necks, hanging down below their waists. They are made up in all sorts of shapes, square, triangular, and oblong; some of them in long round cylindrical forms resembling so many telescopes, of which their wearers, although they cannot but be an encumbrance, are exceedingly proud. If a person is suffering pain in any of his members, he has recourse to the fakeer, who, for a consideration in piastres, supplies him with a written piece of paper, which he, never thinking it necessary to decipher it, attaches to the part affected; thus a man or woman suffering from headache will suspend an amulet to the hair; but this loses its virtue if given

to another person subject to the same complaint.

"The best supporters of the good man are the young of both sexes, who employ him to write amulets to secure to them the affections of those most dear to them. For all the ills that flesh is heir to he is supposed to have a remedy; and, if success does not always crown his efforts, his character or ability does not suffer. Fate, the uncontrollable destiny of the deceased patient, written by Providence on the day of his birth, which it is not in the power of mortal to counteract, was the cause of death; this is equally the conclusion of the friends of the departed and of the spiritual and medicinal professor; and thus his reputation remains untarnished. Sometimes, but rarely, he will stoop to the use of herbs and fruits to effect cures in ordinary cases; but in serious and obstinate disease he has recourse to higher remedies, wherein he suffers no competition. For instance, in high fever, when a patient is delirious, he is possessed of the devil, and his Satanic Majesty can only be driven out by having an appropriate verse of the Koran written on a sheet of paper, burnt under his nose; his head being covered to prevent any escape of the precious fumes, he inhales them, as he is also supposed to do the virtues of the inscription. As a matter of course, a severe fit of coughing ensues, which is attributed to the struggles of the evil spirit while suffering under forcible ejection. In various internal diseases which baffle all ordinary measures, a verse of the Koran is written with a broad-nibbed reed on a plate; and being washed off with the least possible quantity of water, the patient is made to drink it, saying grace before and after the black draught."

On the death of Mehemet Ali, Mr. Petherick quitted the Egyptian service, and tried to establish himself as a trader in gum at Il Obeid. In 1853, this proving no longer sufficiently remunerative, he turned his attention to the interior of Africa, the high road to which is the stately White Nile. Having purchased a good boat, and tons of glass beads, cowry-shells, and other trifles in request among the negroes, he began to look about for a score of Arabs, of different tribes, in whom he could place confidence. When these were selected, he had to instruct them in the use of fire-arms;

and on the 19th November he started with a boat's crew of twelve, twenty various-coloured Arabs, and two Dinka (negroes) as interpreters. Such a succession of adventures as he met with will rarely be read out of romance; and we feel no little difficulty in determining what passages we shall select for the entertainment of our readers.

The French are sarcastic on the subject of our large families; but what would they say to the Shillooks?

"At one of these villages, Gooa, with a view of establishing a trade in hides, or if possible in ivory, I made the acquaintance of its chief, Dood, who, with several of the village elders, entered my boat; the bank being crowded with every man, woman, and child in the village. The chief, a man past middle age, struck me by his intelligent remarks, and a bearing as straightforward as it was dignified and superior to that of his companions. A few presents of beads were greedily clutched by his attendants—he, however, receiving them as if they were his due; and passing an order to one of his men, the trifle I had given him was returned by a counter-present of a sheep. On his leaving, I requested he would call before sunrise, attended by his sons only, when I would make him and them suitable presents.

"Long before the appointed time, Dood and a crowd of men and striplings, with their inseparable accompaniments of clubs and lances, on the shore, awoke me from my slumbers; and as I appeared on deck, a rush took place towards me, with cries of "The Benji! the Benji!" (the chief) followed by salutations innumerable. As soon as these shouts subsided, Dood, disembarassing his mouth with some difficulty of a quid of tobacco the size of a small orange, sat down by my side. My first remark was astonishment at the number of his followers, having expected none but his sons. 'Oh, it's all right: you don't know my family yet; but, owing to your kind promise, I sent to the cattle-kraals for the boys;' and with the pride of a father, he said, 'these are my fighting sons, who many a time have stuck to me against the Dinka, whose cattle have enabled them to wed.'

"Notwithstanding a slight knowledge of negro families, I was still not a little surprised to find his valiant progeny amount to forty grown-up men and

hearty lads. 'Yes,' he said, 'I did not like to bring the girls and little boys, as it would look as if I wished to impose upon your generosity.'

"What! more little boys and girls! what may be their number, and how many wives have you?"

"Well, I have divorced a good many wives—they get old, you know; and now I have only ten and five.' But when he began to count his children, he was obliged to have recourse to a reed, and, breaking it up into small pieces, said, 'I take no notice of babies, as they often die, you know: women are so foolish about children that I never care for them until they are able to lay a snare.'

"Like all negroes, not being able to count beyond ten, he called over as many names, which he marked by placing a piece of reed on the deck before him; a similar mark denoted another ten, and so on until he had named and marked the number of his children. The sum total, with the exception, as he had explained, of babies and children unable to protect themselves, was fifty-three boys and twenty girls—viz, seventy-three.

"After the above explanation, I could no longer withhold presents to the host on the shore; and, pleased with my donations, he invited me to his house, where I partook of merissa and broiled fowl, in which, as a substitute for fat, the entrails had been left. Expressing a desire to see his wives, he willingly conducted me from hut to hut, where my skin, hair, and clothes underwent a most scrutinising examination.

"Each wife was located in a separate batch of huts; and after having distributed my pocketfuls of loose beads to the lady chieftains and their young families, in whose good graces I had installed myself, I took leave of the still sturdy village chief."

It is indispensable in every career that a man should keep himself free from insult; but among savages this is peculiarly the case, since a man who submits to any indignity from them can never hope to prosper with them. It is, however, necessary to understand the point of honour. What one tribe thinks an insult another prizes as a compliment. What from one would elicit a stab, from the other binds for ever. This renders it difficult for the stranger

to discriminate the intention of what he witnesses. Thus Mr. Petherick sees scores of negroes, up to the middle in water, making fruitless and laughable attempts to converse with his men in the boat. At length another party arrives, with a chief. As he approaches the boat, the crowd make way for him; and on being invited, he climbs into the boat with three followers. Mr. Petherick seated himself in his cabin, and beckoned to the chief and his followers to sit on the floor; but the sight of the firearms and hunting-knives excited the chief's attention, "and looking meaningly at his men, he rose on one knee to salute me. Grasping my right hand, and turning up the palm, he quietly spat in it; then looking in my face, he elaborately repeated the process." Ye gods! imagine such a transaction—and in the face of an Englishman. Can we wonder that even our self-contained traveller was staggered at such audacity, and revolved in his mind how he should punish it? But our traveller is not a man of rash impulses. Observing the chief's expression to be all kindness and no contempt, he in turn spat on those smiling features with his utmost energy. Instead of rage, the chief manifested excessive delight, and, reseating himself, assured his companions that this was a very great chief indeed. An interchange of saliva between traveller and attendants established a firm friendship. From which it appears that the *lex talionis* should be rigidly adhered to among tribes whose customs are not understood. Return insult for insult, and if it happen to be a compliment, you have done the utmost that was expected of you. Had Mr. Petherick "let out with his left," and floored the moist chief, bloodshed must have followed. Indeed, when you are among people who grin and rub their naked stomachs with both hands in ecstasies if you spread out a handful of glass beads before them, it may be presumed that the amenities of Europe will be but imperfectly understood, and that a new code will

have to be followed. That it is, immensely difficult to adapt one's-self to these new codes, and to succeed in keeping up the idea of superiority when among savages, is shown by the rarity of any continuous success with them. Mr. Petherick had a perilous task of it, when, as sometimes happened, he found himself amid hostile tribes, only kept from plundering and murdering him by the belief in a sort of supernatural power possessed by the white man. For example, his reception at the Wadj Koing was not only inhospitable, but seemed likely to end in his being eaten. Seated under the shade of tamarind trees, he awaited the arrival of the chief, hearing the remarks of the grinning savages who surrounded him, and who congratulated themselves on the rich prize which had fallen into their hands. The chief arrived, and, striking the ground with his club, demanded what had brought the white man into his territory. With great composure, the white man pointed to the baskets filled with beads, which he offered to exchange for tusks and provisions. Another blow of the club followed, and a stern command to quit the territory at once, as there was no ivory to be had there, nor could any provisions be supplied. Unless the white man decamped at once, he would be massacred. Some white men—and this present writer has a strong suspicion that he is of the number—would have packed up the beads, and made off with all speed while it was yet possible. But Mr. Petherick is a "different guess sort of man" (as our Elizabethan fathers and American cousins phrase it); and instead of decamping, he quietly asked the chief if he knew from whence he came? Of course the chief did not know, but supposed it was from a long way off, as he had never before seen a white face. Upon which Mr. Petherick appealed to his logic, and asked him to consider how many such tribes as his must lie between the Wadj Koing and that distant home; this consideration would make

it clear that if all these tribes had been unable to impede the white man's progress, it was the height of absurdity in the chief to suppose that his small tribe could do it. The logic of the case was clear; and Mr. Petherick reinforced it by quietly adding, that if there was no ivory to sell, the thing could not be helped—no harm was done; but if the chief was mad enough to refuse to sell provisions, there would arise the painful necessity of the white man's helping himself, and the chief's own huts would be the first to be sacked. This was carrying things with a high hand. But this regal calmness was the wisest policy. The chief showed evident uneasiness, and knew not what reply to make to this seemingly tremendous threat. If a handful of men were thus calm and threatening amid a whole tribe of enemies, it must surely be because they knew themselves to be the stronger. Mr. Petherick asked the chief at what distance he could kill a man with his spear; and the answer was, about twenty yards; whereupon, Mr. Petherick, pointing to a tree about one hundred and fifty yards distant, said he could be certain of killing a man even farther off than that. The chief stared like an idiot at this; and, after a pause, said that provisions should be sold, but that no permission to cross his territory could be granted. Mr. Petherick laughed scornfully at this presumption, and told him to provide the food; which was done.

Our traveller now believed that he had established a basis for an amicable settlement, and requested that he might have a hut for the better security of his property. After some demur, this was granted; and his men coolly began felling trees, and erecting a fence round their position, to keep the prying savages at a proper distance. The next day the chief and some of his principal men went out hunting with their guests, and were awfully impressed by their firearms. At every discharge the men leapt from the ground, stopping their ears

with their hands, and inquiring whether this "noise" would have the same effect on a man as on a gazelle at a hundred yards. The firearms and the beads gradually altered the chief's opinion of his guest, and in order to detain him among the tribe, he pretended to send messengers to different villages in quest of ivory. He also threatened Mr. Petherick's negro porters with death if they remained another day, which made them decamp. "From sunrise to sunset hundreds of savages braved heat, hunger, and thirst to satisfy their curiosity by staring at us, and only waited for a favourable opportunity to attack us." The loss of the negro porters was serious. The savages boasted of having frightened them away; and as no one could be found to carry away the merchandise, they advised Mr. Petherick to consign it to them and depart in peace. They had not measured their man. They began a sort of siege, by stopping the supplies of water and food. Whereupon our traveller, enticing the chief into the enclosure, swore he would shoot him and sack the village unless provisions were brought. The terrified chief at once complied; and in half an hour a market was once more opened, though with every sign of reluctance on their part. But although provisions were purchased, no porters could be hired to assist in carrying the merchandise to the next tribe, nor to return to the boats. In vain did Mr. Petherick attempt to glean some information respecting the next tribes. An old negro, who was said to have been a perfect Ulysses in his wanderings, seems to have been a perfect Munchausen in his narratives; and the lies he gravely told, lead to a suspicion that "the reports of natives" are not a very reliable source of information. He told of a people with four eyes—two in front and two behind—who could walk backwards and forwards. The tribe adjoining them frightened him out of his wits, having eyes under their armpits, so that when they wished to see they

raised their arms. Farther south was a tribe with faces like monkeys and tails a yard long. Farther still was a tribe of dwarfs, whose ears reached to the ground, and were so wide, that when they lay down, one served as a mattress and the other as a blanket.

After a fortnight's stay in this perilous position, our adventurer sent a detachment of his best men and a donkey with beads and sundries, in the hope of meeting with another tribe; and should they find one favourably disposed, to return with their assistance and remove the property. After another fortnight of anxious suspense, being daily in expectation of attack, he despatched another detachment of a dozen, each carrying about ten pounds of beads. These started in an easterly direction, amid the hootings of the villagers. His force was now reduced to five men, and yet the fear of the rifle secured them from open attack. But many were the ruses necessary for defence and safety; and an anxious time it must have been to all. Curiously enough, it was the fact of his reading the books and old newspapers he had brought with him to which he really owed his escape. The chief subsequently confessed that, "had it not been for my mysterious dealings with the little black marks on my paper, his tribe would long since have annihilated us; they were not so afraid of our firearms, as it was the destiny of all brave men to die in battle . . . but they feared that my sorcery might result in the extermination of their tribe." The interesting part of this anecdote is, that the chief himself was a sorcerer—and so far from this making him sceptical of the other's power (as it would were the sorcerers of savage tribes the imposters we are apt to imagine), it gave additional respect for the superior sorcery of the white man. Recently they had seen a lion, which had penetrated the camp, quietly surveying the sleeping men, as if revolving which to choose for supper, but was so alarmed by the report of the sentinel's musket that

he fled at once. The next night the chief, club in hand, pointing to the bush where the lion had crouched, made a long speech, threatening the beast with all sorts of disasters if ever he dared again to approach the village, and ordering him at once to quit the territory. Having thus "protected" Mr. Petherick from further visits of the lion, he begged, as a reward, to have some of the white man's drink, since it must certainly be much better than his own. "My stock of brandy being very limited, I could ill afford to entertain him. Fortunately, the bottle being in charge of my servant, I ordered him to bring a glass of vinegar, at the same time telling the chief it was a medicine I was taking, and feared he might not like it. Nothing daunted, he drank off the contents of the glass at a draught, and bolted as soon as he had achieved the feat. He did not reappear till noon, and declared he had never been so drunk in his life, and would never again drink the white man's beer."

Every day the prolonged absence of his men became a more serious anxiety to him:—

"The rainy season was now approaching, and still no tidings of my men; and the Wadj Koiang daily continued to surround my encampment, and attempted, sometimes by the report of the murder of my men, and at others by night-attacks upon ourselves, when in the darkness we could not see them, to induce us to return to our boats and abandon our property. This they the more strenuously insisted on, as they were convinced that as long as we remained in the country the rain would not fall, and both themselves and their cattle would be reduced to starvation. This idea being seriously entertained, I one day plainly stated to the chief and several of the principal men the absurdity of their assertions; and endeavoured to explain that God alone, who had created both heaven and earth, could exercise any power over the elements. The attention with which my discourse was received induced me to prolong it; but to my discomfiture, at its close it was treated as a capital joke, and only convinced them the more that I endeavoured to conceal from them my own powers. Finding no relief from their

increasing persecutions, I at length was reduced to a ruse; and after a reference to an antiquated *Weekly Times*, I told them that the Supreme Being, whose power it was to afford them the so much required rains, withheld them in consequence of their inhospitality towards myself. This, although it had the effect of procuring increased temporary supplies, could not induce them to furnish me with porters. Endless were the straits and absurdities to which I had recourse in order to obtain a respite, but the one creating the greatest amusement to myself and my followers was the following:—

"A deputation of several hundred men, headed by a sub-chief from their kraals, some miles distant, in the most peremptory manner demanded rain, or my immediate departure; the latter they were determined, at whatever sacrifice, to enforce. Placing my men under arms in an enclosure, and with a pair of revolver pistols at my waist, and a first-rate Dean & Adams's revolver rifle in my hand, I went into the midst of them, and seating myself in the centre of them opposite to the sub-chief, a man fully six feet six inches high, and proportionably well made, I stated that no intimidation could produce rain, and as for their compelling me to withdraw, I defied them; that if I liked, with one single discharge of my gun I could destroy the whole tribe and their cattle in an instant; but that, with regard to the rain, I would consult my oracle, and invited him to appear with the whole of the tribe on the morrow, when they would hear the result. Upon which, with as much dignity as I could command, I withdrew. Various were the feelings of the savages: some expressed a wish to comply with my desire, whilst others showed an inclination to fall upon me. Although I was convinced that the chief, Tschol, secretly encouraged his men, he in the present instance made a demonstration in my favour: he threatened them with a curse unless they dispersed. Some device now became necessary to obtain a further respite for the desired rains; and setting my wits to work, I hit upon an expedient which I at once put in execution. Despatching some men to catch half-a-dozen large flies, bearing some resemblance to a horse-fly, but much larger, which infested a temporary shed where my donkey had been kept, the men, confident in the success of anything I undertook, set about the task with a will. In the course of the afternoon they were

fortunately obtained, and were con-
signed to an empty bottle. At the ap-
pointed time my persecutors did not
fail to appear, and, shaking a little flour
over my flies, I sallied out amongst
them, bottle in hand. Referring to their
wants, I treated them to a long harangue
touching the depredations which, I had
learnt in conversation with the chief,
they had committed upon the cattle of
neighbouring tribes, and assassinations
of unoffending men who had fallen into
their power; also to several abstractions
of girls from poor unprotected families
of their own tribe, without the payment
of the customary dowry in cattle; and
dwelt upon the impossibility of their
obtaining rain until restitution and
satisfaction were made. They unani-
mously denied the charges; when I told
them that it was nothing less than I had
expected, but that I was furnished with
the means of satisfying myself of the
veracity of their assertions. The proof
would consist in their restoring to me
the flies, which I intended to liberate
from the bottle I held. In the event of
their succeeding, they should be re-
warded with abundant rain; but if one
fly escaped, it was a sign of their guilt,
and they would be punished with a con-
tinuation of drought until restitution
was made: therefore it was in their own
power to procure rain or otherwise.
Hundreds of clubs and lances were poised
high in the air, amidst loud shouts of
'Let them go! let them go!' With a
prayer for the safety of my flies, I held
up the bottle, and, smashing it against
the barrel of my rifle, I had the satis-
faction of seeing the flies in the enjoy-
ment of their liberty. Man, woman,
and child gave chase in hot pursuit, and
the delight of my men at the success of
the stratagem may be imagined. It was
not until after the sun had set that the
crest-fallen stragglers returned—their
success having been limited to the cap-
ture of two flies, though several spurious
ones, easily detected by the absence of
the distinctive flour-badge, were pro-
duced.

"A long consultation ensued; and,
in the firm belief of my oracle, they
determined to adopt measures for the
carrying out of its requirements, but
with a threat that if the promised rains
did not follow, I should incur their
vengeance. Aware of the difficulties in
store for them from their unwillingness
to part with cattle under any circum-
stances, I promised myself a long cessa-

tion from their molestations. I was not
disappointed."

At length the joyous news of the
men's return was announced by
several musket-shots; and the don-
key reappeared, followed by a score
of negroes, carrying large tusks of
ivory. The men had fallen in with
a tribe whose chief invited them to
return with fresh supplies of beads,
and sent porters to carry his property.
We need not follow the adventurer
further, but merely state that when
our traveller arrived safely again in
Khartoum, and weighed his ivory,
he found its value less than the total
of his expenses: so much peril, so
much labour, so much ingenuity, and
no profit! However, he had gained
considerable knowledge, and made
many friends among the chiefs; so
that in November 1855 he again
started, on a still grander scale. We
have no space to follow him, and shall
merely borrow a couple of passages,
which can easily be detached from
the context.

In one of his shooting excursions,
accompanied by a chief, he encoun-
tered a herd of buffaloes, and brought
down a huge bull with a single ball.
The fall of the bull brought back
the herd, who goaded him with their
horns, until convinced of his death,
and then trotted savagely off. The
delight of the chief at this exploit
was expressed by frantic gymnastics,
and by hugging and kissing the
marksman. The buffalo is more
dreaded than any beast of the forest,
and the negroes were wild with joy
and astonishment at the power of the
gun. They carefully examined the
small hole made by the ball, and this
increased their wonder at so insignifi-
cant a wound causing the death of
so large an animal. They danced
round the corpse, chanting an extem-
pore song in honour of the white
chief and his gun. Indeed, we have
only to read the following account of
their mode of killing an elephant to
appreciate their astonishment at the
white man's thunder:—

"A few days after this, a herd of
elephants was announced in the vicinity.
Instantly the Djour were in pursuit of

them. I sallied after them; and, confining myself to witnessing their exploits, I did not regret the passive part I had taken. The elephants had separated: the different calls of the negroes, a loud whistle produced by blowing in a small horn, emanating from different parts of the bush, indicated where the sport was going on. Joining one of these parties, I found that Pfiing, an intimate companion of mine, and chief of a few Djour villages adjoining my station, with fifty men, had succeeded in bringing an elephant to bay, around which they stood in a circle; whilst the furious young beast, with tusks about one foot in length, with cocked ears and raised trunk, trumpeted his displeasure. Turning round, as if on a pivot, he fronted to the party from whom he expected danger. Signifying to Pfiing that I would not interfere with their sport unless requested to do so, he, with his nephew, a lad of sixteen years of age, sprang into the circle towards the elephant; when within about ten yards of him, the lad, under the direction of Pfiing, making one more bound forward, threw his lance, and hit the elephant on the foot, a feat entitling him to the animal's tusks. Retiring as quickly as they had advanced, the infuriated beast withdrew the lance with his trunk, and, screeching with rage, he broke it in two, and darted at the party who had injured him. At the same time the negroes, watching the event, made a simultaneous attack on his left side, which they pierced with their lances, and succeeded in drawing him off towards them from the object of his rage; this was no sooner undertaken than his right side was similarly pierced by half-a-dozen lances, thrown with such force that they penetrated to the socket. The maddened animal stood for an instant still, squirting water on his wounds from his trunk, extricating some of the lances, and breaking them; while so engaged he was subjected to renewed attacks, until, losing patience, he bolted off at a hard trot with several of the lances sticking in his body. The negroes followed at their utmost speed, and succeeded in bringing him a second time to bay. Before I joined them, the elephant, after repeated attacks, was overcome. Four others had fallen; and during this and the following day both men and women found ample employment in securing the meat, with the skin attached to it, for consumption."

It will have been evident from the few extracts we have made that Mr. Petherick's work is full of entertainment, and that he himself is a remarkable specimen of that Anglo-Saxon race which, in the strangely-mingled characteristics of knight-errant and trader, sends victorious children to every part of the habitable globe. The observant reader will not fail to notice with pleasure, that throughout the trying scenes in which Mr. Petherick figures as chief actor, nothing like cruelty, or indifference to the feelings of others, accompanies the energy and daring of the adventurer. He shows how a man may be strong and terrible without being brutal. While there is not a trace of sentimentalism, or of maudlin philanthropy, there is likewise a complete absence of cynicism and defiant coarseness. His followers are faithful to him, and the chiefs whom he overawes learn to feel like friends towards him. The philosopher will find valuable detail in his book, and the student of human nature will find an agreeable study in his character. What the geographer, ethnologist, and trader may find in the book, will depend on the knowledge and insight they bring with them.

We have dwelt on the character of Mr. Petherick, because much of the charm and value of a traveller's work must depend on his personal qualities; but there is another aspect in which this point becomes of importance. The Royal Geographical Society has proposed that a public subscription should be raised which will enable Mr. Petherick to fit out an expedition in aid of that now undertaken by Captain Speke for the discovery of the sources of the Nile.

Until within the last few months, Gondokoro was the farthest point on the banks of the Nile that was known to geographers. It lies about 1400 miles by river above Khartoum, which is itself 1900 miles above Alexandria. It is the seat of an ivory-mart during December and January, when it is visited by traders from Khartoum, who get ivory in exchange for beads and

grain. Immediately above Gondokoro there is a succession of rapids which prevent further navigation. During the remaining part of the year Gondokoro is deserted; the scanty and barbarous population of the village is dispersed over its barren neighbourhood; and it is therefore to be feared that an expedition such as that of Captains Speke and Grant, exhausted as it will necessarily be of all means of barter, and ignorant of the negro languages of Northern Africa, will be in great danger. If it fail to reach Gondokoro in December or January its position there will be precarious, and all further advance impossible.

With this brief view of the position, let us glance at the proposal of Mr. Petherick which the Geographical Society has so warmly seconded. He proposes to make Gondoroko a depôt of grain under charge of his own men. This will secure Captain Speke against the danger of famine, and the danger from hostile tribes. He also proposes to explore a large

district, and to effect a meeting with Captain Speke, and assist him through the hostile tribes between the Lake and the Nile. Many of these tribes are known to Mr. Petherick; and it fortunately happens that it is precisely in those localities where Captain Speke would be most helpless that Mr. Petherick is most at home. The Geographical Society truly remarks that Mr. Petherick is, beyond all other Englishmen, peculiarly fitted to carry out the proposed expedition. For this the sum of £2000 would be sufficient; and this small sum it is hoped the public will willingly subscribe. As it is of the utmost importance that this should be done at once, in order that Gondokoro may be reached in November 1861, we beg to add our appeal to that of the Geographical Society, and request such of our readers as may favour the plan, to send their subscriptions to the Royal Geographical Society, 15 Whitehall Place, London; or to Messrs. Biddulph, Cocks & Co., 48 Charing Cross.

THE WORLD OF WEIMAR.

A LETTER TO IRENÆUS.

DEAR OLD BOY,—Did you think that I had disappeared in the rain, hail, thunder, lightning, sleet, slush, fog, and, lastly, snow, of the elementally eventful year 1860? The fact is, I have settled down in this little capital of central Germany, on the skirts of the mountain district called the Thuringian Wood, on the banks of the classic Ilm, haunted by the shades, or at least by the associations, of the Dioscuri of German literature, Schiller and Goethe. As they say that a ship settles down just before it sinks, I will try to avert the omen by endeavouring to prove that there is life in the old Weimar (or Wine Market) yet—that I am in a manner living there, though, in truth, I seem to have transmigrated, not only in body, but in soul, to the Fatherland of Germans; by endeavouring to show you, in fact, that there is such a thing as a world of Weimar, just as there is such a thing as a world of London, in a somewhat more widely extended sense; and that men and women manage to live there, though on a scale somewhat smaller as regards sayings and doings, resources and expectations. As to the eye of the philosopher there is no such thing as greatness or littleness, and an ant-hill or a bee-hive is as complete a world in itself as the great cosmos of which we all form a part, so, perhaps, you will agree with me that Weimar is a world in itself, and a world by no means contemptible to a dispassionate observer. I have heard an enthusiastic admirer call Weimar a little Paradise, but my chief objection to the high-flown compliment is, that we are systematically plagued with two little pests, by no means paradisaical—yelept, servants and—keys. I have always thought that it was a deduction from the bliss of Paradise to suppose that it had keys at all; and

I recollect a song of Beranger's which details the practical inconveniences which St. Peter had to endure by having them stolen by a mischievous wench called Margot. To prove that I do not exaggerate, I must mention that we all occupy flats as in the old town of Edinburgh, and have not porters and lodges as at Paris; that every occupant of our flats has a house key, which he is sure to lose once a-week; that the common door is rigorously locked at ten o'clock by order of the police; and that the locksmith is in constant requisition to manufacture new door-keys; item that the said door-key is liable to be lost once a month by a giddy servant-girl at a ball (which she will go to, whether you forbid it or not); item, that every cupboard and cranny has to be locked, to prevent the said giddy servant-girl from what the German language calls "turning away," not herself (as she deserves), but your small movables; item, that if these keys (which jingle unpleasantly in the pocket) are left about, they are systematically spirited away, and have to be renewed continually. As for servants—notoriously the greatest plagues in life everywhere—they are here peculiarly so from the fact of their receiving low wages, and having to indemnify themselves by illegitimate means. But if we add to these twin grievances (and we all must have our grievances, if only to promote a wholesome irritation of the system, which is said to be the final cause of mosquitoes and their congeners) the third grievance of the Thurn and Taxis monopoly of the Post Office, which is rather an obstruction than a furtherance to communication, all that can be said distinctly against Weimar has nearly been said. It is a pleasant little place of fifteen thousand inhabitants, and I cannot see that

those fifteen thousand would be better off by being packed within the same boundaries as two million others. However, the existence rather than the non-existence of those two million others might be considered an advantage to themselves. And amongst these fifteen thousand there are probably as many persons of education and refinement, pleasant to know, as in any community of the same size in Christendom. This is a state of things solely owing to one circumstance, the existence of the Grand Ducal Court. This is a noteworthy thing, not only to foreigners, but to Germans at the present time, who seem to be fast drifting into the vortex of centralisation which has revolutionised and imperialised France, which has revolutionised and threatens to imperialise Italy, and of which, under the most favourable circumstances, the sure and certain effect is the deglutition of all provincial interest by some monster metropolis, which, from the rapidity of its growth, has an innate tendency to stifle, day by day, more and more its own historical recollections, and to become in aspect, as time goes on, more and more decidedly Brummagem. I allow that I was carried away like the rest of the world by the fame of heroic Garibaldi, and, indeed, sympathise strongly in the wish for the regeneration of Italy; but it is impossible to shut one's eyes to the danger that Italian unity may possibly crystallise into a military despotism like that of France, especially under French guidance, and that the fable of the stag and the horse may find an unpleasant realisation, the minor cities, like Florence, becoming aware that they have sacrificed their municipal liberties and great material advantages for an empty name. The absorption of small independent states, like the absorption of small freeholders in the model-farming system, may be attended with certain commercial advantages, evident at first sight; but, on the other hand, it is attended with disadvantages, social and poli-

tical, which are not apparent until the change has been made and is past remedy. There was once, as I have read, a panic among the farmers of some state in North America, consequent on the appearance of what seemed to them a plague of pigeons, which darkened the air and whitened the ground; and every method was used to destroy them. The pigeons were driven away, and then it appeared that their presence was occasioned, not by greed of grain, so much as by the prevalence of a real plague of certain blight-insects which the pigeons were busy in devouring. The pigeons were in reality both destroying and protecting angels. Some years ago I was at Florence, and thought it the most complete little capital in the world; it had galleries, public shows, theatres, a court, a crowd in straw hats, and a Grand Duke—as it appeared to me, a most inoffensive elderly gentleman, who seemed to live for the purpose of bowing and being bowed to. Well, the Florentines were never satisfied till their Grand Duke, whose only crime seemed to consist in being Austrian, was ostracised. They have got rid of him, and are shouting for Italian unity. But they find that their Grand Duke was effecting, though very quietly, some public works of great utility at his own expense, one of which was the drainage of the pestilential Maremma—a work which, in the present undecided state of responsibilities, is likely to become no one's business, and the neglect of the furtherance of which must lead to the undoing of all that has been already done, public works of that nature which have the elements as enemies being a kind of web of Penelope, unless vigorously and systematically carried out. Let Germany look at Italy, and be wise in time. The Italian game is not yet played out. And as for Weimar, it ought to be fully persuaded in its own mind, that Karl Alexander would be much happier without his court and capital than his capital would be without him and his court. For

Weimar possesses in itself none of the springs of trade. The old wine market is a mere tradition. It has no mineral waters, or even strikingly beautiful scenery, to attract summer visitors, like Liebenstein or Eisenach. It is simply what it is because it is the Grand Ducal residence. Everything that is done in it of public importance is done, if not immediately by the private resources, at least under the guarantee and on the responsibility of his Royal Highness and his illustrious lady. All the public charities are kept up by them, and on such a footing that extreme distress and appalling ignorance are unknown at Weimar. The Bürger Schule, or free school, is a most admirable institution, and it possesses so good a building that its large room is available for lectures and public exhibitions; and then, for the classes in more easy circumstances, there is the Sophien-Stift, or ladies' college, kept up and visited by the Grand-Duchess, in which young ladies receive a most excellent education at a very reasonable rate, being kept in order by governesses, and taught at the same time by a most complete staff of professors. If we pass from the useful to the agreeable, there is a theatre which, for completeness and compactness and self-sufficiency—both as regards the staff of actors, the scenery, the properties, and the management—is probably second to none. Its prices are low, yet the actors are salaried, and those who have retired are pensioned. One piece only, as a rule, is given each evening, the performance beginning at half-past six and ending about nine. The whole affair is in the hands of a court official called the intendant, and all deficiencies are made up from the purse of the Grand-Duke, who is thus as disinterested a contributor to the recreations of his people as a gentleman who keeps a pack of hounds in England is to the health and delight of the mounted community. It must not be supposed that because Schiller and Goethe

are no more, and that because the happy contingency which united a literary circle in Weimar in the time of Karl August does not favour the times of Karl Alexander, that that prince is doing nothing to keep up the Athenian character of his tidy little capital.

It is now, if not the metropolis of literature, at least the metropolis of music; by no means, however, a republican metropolis, for the Government has become a perpetual dictatorship in the hands of Liszt, who reigns supreme as ever over the piano, and tells the prince and people of Weimar what they ought to believe in and to love. Whether Liszt, however great a genius, may be called a great composer, some may be inclined to doubt; for the music in which this *maestro* glories is anything but composing, and, to uninitiated ears like my own, the nearest idea that it conveys is that of a melodious and harmonious thunderstorm, mixed with occasional broadsides from half a dozen line-of-battle ships. It is music which, a German critic has said, would make a deaf man hear, and a hearing man deaf. It is heard in perfection in those whirlwind operas of Wagner, in which the harmony mounts and mounts and mounts, with a swing and sweep which seems to take all the house up to the ceiling with it, until it bursts and falls about our ears in a general explosion of *bravos*, scattering clappings of kid-gloves like crackers.

The apotheosis of this distinguished artist has taken place in his lifetime. He is everywhere the oracle on matters of musical taste. He has a fine house on a height commanding the city, said to have nine pianos among its furniture. Here he receives the homage of torchlight processions and gifts from fair maidens' hands. At every musical exhibition he alone, by common consent, is allowed the privilege of a "bravo," while his silence is the severest censure that any artist has to apprehend, unlike that of the severer count in Lord

Byron's "Beppo." For Liszt is a thoroughly genial genius. When he appears in a room, with his long, large, enthusiastic face, spare figure, flashing eyes, and streaming hair, all know that the reign of matter-of-fact and daylight disagreeables is past, and the advent of the artist is hailed by all as the beginning of enjoyment, as might have been the coming of the musical sun-god Apollo, when he shed his vocal beam on Memnon's statue. He is surrounded by a host of lesser stars; and a greater treat for the ears can scarcely be conceived than any musical entertainment at Weimar under his auspices. He is in his glory at the court concerts, where he directs the band. If Liszt is the prince of the piano, so we have here a fair muse of vocal melody in the person of the Frau von Milde. This lady's voice seems to have been created expressly for the Weimar theatre. It is never astonishing in its strength, like that of Grisi or Alboni; but, without the exact measure of fullness, it approximates, in its weird sweetness and delicate flexibility, to that of Jenny Lind. But Jenny Lind would have been too much for our quiet little theatre, as we wish to dine pleasantly every day, and not to feast; so we are perfectly pleased, evening after evening, by the singing of our sweet *prima donna*. As an actress, she is not demonstrative, and rather falls short of than overleaps the mark in action; but in dignified quiet parts—the parts of princesses, especially in the romantic operas of Wagner—she is quite at home. By some she is considered beautiful, but none will deny that the expression of her countenance is as angelic as her notes. Perhaps the most pleasing of all her parts is that of Fidelio, the lady in page's dress who rescues her husband from death in prison. She is supported by another singer of very high merit, and a decidedly good actress, the Fräulein Wolf; and there are other ladies who sing well, as well as some who look very well—for instance, Fräulein Baum.

The gentlemen, also, are fully adequate to the parts they have to sustain. We have the Herr von Milde, the fortunate husband of the *prima donna*, whose imposing face and figure fit him well to sustain the parts of heroes and warriors; *Knop*, a Hungarian, of sweet and delicately-managed voice, as barytone, the latter gentleman being also a very good comedian; *Roth* as basso, and, from his portly figure, a good king or emperor; Meffert as tenor. This gentleman's action, at first somewhat extravagant, has been moderated since his residence in the tasteful Weimar, and he often gives great satisfaction. Schmidt and his lady are also good, both as actors and singers. In fact, the whole singing staff, including the inferior parts, is excellent. When we pass to tragedy and "*drame*," we are pleased by the fine acting of Fräulein Daun, especially in such parts as those of Minna von Barnhelm of Lessing; while other parts, especially those where maidenly *naïveté* is a characteristic, are appropriately rendered by Fräulein Röckel, a young, beautiful, and daily improving actress.

Herr Gräns fitly impersonates the younger heroes, such as Max Piccolomini, while the burlier parts are more fitly rendered by a new arrival of stately presence and commanding mien and voice, Herr Lehfeldt. Herr Wünzer, also, is an admirable coadjutor in the same parts as Herr Gräns. In comedy Frau Hettstedt reigns supreme, the very epitome of piquancy and perfect feminine nature, natural at once and artificial; while the very appearance of her extra comic husband on the stage is sufficient to draw a roar from the gallery. Herr Franke is the *beau idéal* of a comedian, without being farcical, and Hermann is excellent in thoroughly German characters, as his name denotes; while Kaibel, a gentleman now suffering from deplorable illness, makes a dignified father, a Mephistopheles, a Gessler, a Peter the Great, with equal care and pro-

priety. The weakest part of the theatrical repertoire is the ballet; the strongest is perhaps the band, as would be expected in the musical metropolis. This is generally under the direction of Herr Lassen, the composer of the opera of *Frauenlob*, in the style of Wagner. Weimar has to lament the recent death of another distinguished resident composer, Monsieur Chelard, formerly "*Capel-meister*." His opera of *Macbeth*, altered from Shakespeare, is occasionally given, with vociferous applause from those who love the romantic opera, or Music of the Future, as it is somewhat quaintly called by its admirers, its claims being modestly allowed to be not fully admitted at present, or being more pretentiously put forward as too great for the understandings of the present generation.

Whether the operas of Wagner will ever be popular in England, depends much on the set of the tide of fashion—fashion being there in some measure independent of taste; and we should think it highly probable that before long they will have their day, and keep it till the fashion is over and the houses cease to fill. In France, however, I should doubt if the experiment, which is to be tried shortly, will succeed, French taste being as yet too strongly wed to the classical school of music; and French taste is one of those few things in France which is essentially conservative and unchangeable. The object of these Wagnerian operas is the reproduction of the costumes and life of the middle ages with the same faithfulness with which Kean has restored on the English stage the periods of the Shakespearian drama. This object is effected with success at Weimar by the diligence of the *costumier*, and the rich state of theatrical properties. Crowds of people are placed on the stage, till the actors nearly outnumber the audience, and long and splendid processions, civil and ecclesiastic, defile round; and there is great

flourish of trumpets and loud music everywhere—in front, in the middle, and behind—with an echo also, if an echo is admissible by means of rocks or buildings. The spectacle is certainly imposing on these occasions, but there appears to be a proportionate sacrifice of individual parts. We are withal strangely reminded of the decline of Roman art, as complained of by Horace in his Epistle to Augustus—

"Quatuor aut plures anlea premuntur in horas
Dum fugiunt equitum turmæ, peditumque
catervæ;
Mox trahitur manibus regum fortuna
retortis,
Esseda festinant, plenta, petorrita,
naves,
Captivum portatur ebor captiva Corin-
thus."

And, strangely enough, what we have said of the stunning noise of these representations found its parallel in the Augustan age—

"Nam quæ pervincere voces.
Evaluerè sonum referunt quem nostra
theatra?
Garganum mugire pates nemus aut
mare Tuscum,
Tanto cum strepitu ludì spectantur et
artes
Divitiæque peregrinæ, quibus oblitus
actor
Quum stetit in scena concurrìt dextera
lævæ."

But I need not say that the taste of Horace was, of course, classical; and I rather fear I shall be considered to be espousing the heretical side, and perhaps be burnt—at least in effigy—in front of the Göthe-Schiller statue, for the Wagnerists, like all new sectaries, are intolerant of opposition. Their nobler aims consist in endeavouring to give a more national character to the operatic drama, and to infuse a high moral into it. Perhaps the most popular of these operas in Weimar and its neighbourhood is *Tannhäuser*, the scene being laid in the neighbourhood of Eisenach. It is generally known that Eisenach is the most interesting spot in all Thuringia: perhaps it may be the most interesting in all Germany. It nestles at the foot

of that chain of wooded hills which is called the Thuringian Forest—mountains not wild or Alpine in character, but thickly foliaged, and presenting scenery best described by the term *idyllia*. The Wartburg, the old castle-residence of the Counts of Eisenach, and now a summer retreat of the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar Eisenach, crowns the first of these woody mountains, commanding fresh air, fine sun-risings and sun-sets, and a thoroughly sylvan panorama. It is hallowed to Protestants as having been the protecting prison of Luther, whose room is still shown, with all his relics, though the mark on the wall, which was occasioned by his throwing his inkstand at the devil, has become an *intaglio*, in consequence of the curious having carried away, bit by bit, the stained plaster itself. Their Royal Highnesses of Weimar appear to take great delight in the Wartburg; and, under the auspices of the present Grand Duke, it has been restored in a most magnificent and costly manner. Its style of architecture harmonises with that of the superb Venetian Gothic; and its chapel brings to mind, on a small scale, the Cathedral of St. Mark. Those who have seen the handsome interior decorations of the reception-rooms of the president in Magdalen College, Oxford, may form an idea of the nature of the decorations, though those at the Wartburg are naturally on a much larger scale. The fresco paintings, composed of subjects from its history, would be the most attractive part to the stranger. In the opera of *Tannhäuser*, the public are gratified with an external and an internal view of this gem of a feudal castle, and in the latter case with a fine tableau representing the contest of the minstrels. The interest of the piece turns on the legend of Holda, the Venus of the North in days of heathendom. At the period immediately following the somewhat forcible propagation of the Gospel in the north of Europe, the Chris-

tian missionaries, unable to obliterate from the minds of the people the recollections of their ancestral gods, cut the objects of their former worship down into devils, and sowed the good seed round them, just as the backwoodsmen of the present day, unable to root up the trees of the primeval American forest, cut them down to the ground, and plough between the stumps. Holda, amongst other divinities, thus dispossessed of her honours as the "gentle one," or "alma Venus" of the Teutons, became a beautiful demon, and presided over what a sect of American ladies please to call free love, in opposition to more legalised attachments. This being was supposed to have a subterranean country-seat, furnished in the style of Tennyson's Palace of Art, in the heart of a mountain called from her the Venusberg, in the neighbourhood of Eisenach. Tannhäuser, a minstrel-knight of Thuringia, in love with the beautiful and good Saint Elizabeth, is attracted during a moonlight stroll by this demon-goddess into her enchanted abode, and there detained like Ulysses in the Isle of Calypso, spending a very pleasant, but withal remorseful, time of it; until one morning it occurs to him to say his prayers, when the whole of the enchanted palace vanishes in a thunder-clap, and he awakes up on the wet ground in the neighbourhood of the Wartburg, amazed and confounded, in the midst of an astonished circle of his friends. His habits from this time forth become very odd: he is, however, silent as to his adventure or dream, until the time when the rival minstrels are to contend for the laureate's crown in the hall of the Wartburg. In the singing contest which ensues, Tannhäuser bears off the palm in the poetical description of the passion of love, but in doing so inadvertently admits that he has been in the Venusberg. The ladies are shocked; the gentlemen out him dead. He finds himself a moral outlaw, joins a set of pilgrims who are "going over to

Rome," in the hopes of obtaining from his Holiness penance and conditional absolution. The saintly princess Elizabeth remains behind and prays for him. In due time he appears again, more eccentric and miserable than ever. The Pope has refused him absolution, on the ground that nothing can save him from going to the devil, since he has already been actually there. In a fit of despair he calls on the lady of the mountain, who appears with outstretched arms in the background. At this juncture, the dead body of the saintly Elizabeth is brought in. Her prayers have saved him; he kneels beside the corpse, dies, and, as Venus vanishes, appears hand in hand with the fair saint in a vista of glory. The moral lies in the triumph of the prayers of a good loving maiden over the impracticability of the Pope, and is considered to imply a compliment to the Reformation. In this indisputably very fine opera, the part of the princess Elizabeth is most appropriately sustained by the quiet and gentle acting of the *prima donna*, Frau Von Milde, while the very good-looking Fräulein Wolff impersonates the Teutonic Venus.

The practical objections to these Wagnerian operas consist in the expense and trouble of putting them on the stage, as contrasting with what is required for those of simple construction, and in the sacrifice of melody to harmony, the individual voice being generally greatly subordinated to the tempestuous music of the band. I confess, possibly through ignorance, that *Fidelio* and the *Barbiere di Siviglia* give me more pleasure, even when sung in a German translation. What is called in England the legitimate drama still holds its own at Weimar. Shakespeare receives honours which are seldom accorded to him in the land which he has helped to make immortal. The adaptation of *Winter's Tale*, translated by the Intendant, the Herr von Dingelstadt, is truly admirable; and *Lear* is done full justice to by the new tragedian Herr Lehfeldt;

while Fräulein Röckel is a perfect impersonation of Cordelia. On the occasion of the representation of that stormy and exaggerated piece *The Robbers* of Schiller, a singular scene is presented in the Weimar theatre. The students of Jena come over in large numbers, and sit in the place of the orchestra, distinguished by the motley caps which denote their native provinces. Then they join in the songs which occur in the course of the piece, and interpolate one or two of their own. The full burst of their young voices is a fine variation of the usual musical accompaniment. This eccentric privilege was first granted to the students of Jena by the Grand Duke Karl August. The Weimar theatre does not correspond to its world-wide fame, either in external appearance or internal decorations. No one would know it to be a theatre from the outside: if it were in England, it might be supposed to be a kind of building devoted to the miscellaneous and somewhat incongruous purposes of Exeter Hall, or perhaps a tabernacle for popular Spurgeonism, while we were ourselves misled, on entering Weimar, by the much more than trivial appearance of the pillared building of the Reading Museum. The double statue of Schiller and Goethe which stands before it in the Carlplatz, gives it, however, a dramatic character which it does not possess of itself. This statue, like all other statues which we have ever seen or heard of (except that of the superb Frederick the Great at Berlin), has had its detractors; and yet, methinks, it is a work of art which improves upon prolonged acquaintance, which is not the least praise which can be given to a work of art. The two great poets are plainly clad in the usual dress of the period, whose merits are of a negative kind. Certainly a Roman toga would have enveloped them more gracefully, but it would have been an anachronism, and, so far, in bad taste. The statue has excited ridicule, because Goethe appears to be taking care of

Schiller, or to be in a manner his keeper. But the idea is perfectly compatible with the respective characters of the poets, and with their mutual relations while alive. Goethe appears master of the world, as well as thoroughly at home in it. His brow is open, unabashed, and dauntless. He stands well on his legs, and his portly figure indicates a sound constitution, good lungs, and green old age. His manner is at once composed and unrestrained. He stands perfectly upright, and yet perfectly at ease. On the other hand, the position of Schiller indicates bodily languor and weakness, combined with enthusiasm and mental vigour. His breath appears to be drawn with difficulty, and his head is set somewhat forward on the shoulders. His brow and face appear illuminated with intellectual light, while the traits betray an expression of physical pain. He is in the world but not of it: he seems to be stretching out of it in endeavour to discover the secrets of the Infinite. The one just, in fact, appears the complement of the other. They typify the two schools of classical and romantic poetry, not that they exclusively treated of subjects belonging to one or to the other, but that they treated all subjects, each in his own manner—Goethe sensuously, Schiller spiritually. The brotherly embrace of the group denotes that there can be no sharply drawn division between the two schools; and in fact the word schools is less appropriate than that of tendencies or points of view. On the whole, there is no doubt but that this statue greatly ornaments Weimar. It is a pity that there are not more resemblances of Goethe in his youth. If the bust in the Weimar library be an authentic likeness, and not an idealised one, like that of Lord Byron by Kossos the Greek, he must have been more like Apollo than at least any literary man who ever lived; and the wonder is, not that he was able to turn the heads and hearts of so many ladies, but how any

woman born of woman could possibly have had the hard-headedness and hard-heartedness to resist the fascinations of such an intellectual Adonis.

Besides the Goethe-Schiller statue, there stand in the public spaces of the town two other statues, one of which represents Wieland standing near a fountain in the square called by his name, a kind of antiquated *beau* of benignant expression, and otherwise reminding the beholder of Voltaire; and the other, Herder, close to the scene of his labours, the large church of the town. This statue appears the least remarkable in any way, but it presented lately a very quaint appearance, when the head and shoulders were covered with snow, being as a contrast of a portentous black aspect.

While I have been taking you round to see the statues, I forgot the interior of the theatre. The Weimar theatre, though not beautiful, has a characteristic which has been often observed before, that of friendliness. It seems by its construction to make the whole audience what has been called "*altogether*." The Grand Duke's box *par excellence* is in the middle, opposite the orchestra, and he has two other private boxes at each side of the stage. When he is present, and supposed to be present, he sits, as also the Grand Duchess when she is present, in the exact centre of the state box. The right and left balconies diverge on each side. The people taking places in them are supposed to be in the company of their Royal Highnesses, and therefore in evening dress. When the Grand Ducal party arrive, they all rise and bow, their Highnesses bowing to the right and left; and the same ceremony is repeated at the close of the representation. When their Royal Highnesses are present, but supposed not to be, they sit in the private boxes, and in like manner do those members of the audience who wish to be *incog.*, taking their places in the pit or the or-

chestra stalls. The gods in the gallery are the best-behaved Olympians that it has ever been my fortune to know of, forming a perfect contrast to the screaming, whistling, bear-garden of an English gallery. The utmost enormity they are ever guilty of is that of letting fall a play-bill or two on the heads of the inhabitants of the nether world. As for the actors and actresses, they are personally dear to the spectators, and seem more like private friends than artists ministering to their amusement. If they do not sing well or play well, one is sorry for them, but there is not a thought of expressing disapprobation. If they surpass themselves, they are called for, and receive their homage gratefully and gracefully, and the hearty hand-clapping expresses less surprise at the performance than love of the performer. In connection with this loving relationship between the stage and public of Weimar, is the entire respectability of the lives of the members of the dramatic body at Weimar. Scandal would almost as soon dare to attack the established clergy.

In fact, the family-party nature of the Weimar theatre makes it, a not much greater effort to feminine feeling to appear on the stage, than to act at private theatricals or to take a part in a charade. There is so much good-feeling that Hettstedt, the favourite comedian, interpolates jokes on his fellow-actors, and even on the audience, which are invariably well received. In connection with all this good behaviour, as connected with the performances, is the perfect accessibility of the theatre. Ladies come and go unattended with as much ease as if they were visiting at the house of a friend. The hats and cloaks are left in the corridors unticketed, and nothing is ever lost. The theatre at Weimar is a model of what every theatre ought to be in everything but external and internal appearance, which might certainly be improved.

And the theatre is not the only

public enjoyment of the Weimarians. There is a club called the "Erholung," or Refreshment Society, which boasts of its pleasure-garden and adjoining buildings on the slope of the hill, where the barracks stand. On fine summer evenings the members sit here with their families, and, once a-week at least, listen to the band, and they may dine or sup in the shade of the trees in the open air. The winter building is on a much more sumptuous scale. The lower story is taken up by a series of rooms, where the gentlemen sit, and smoke, and play billiards, and read the papers, while the rooms above are devoted to festive purposes. Of them the large ball-room is the most striking, and it is really a magnificent saloon, fitted up in exquisite taste. The walls are white with coloured cornices, and *plafond*, and a chaste abundance of gilding. White casts at intervals on the walls, are seen in delicate relief on the white ground. Musically considered, there is rather too much echo for the band, but the human voice is heard to perfection. In a smaller room are given those quartet concerts which are probably not to be surpassed in any part of the world, and seem to reveal the inner mysteries of music—

"Untwisting all the cords that tie
The hidden soul of harmony."

The large ball-room was never so glorious as on the occasion of the Schubert festival at the beginning of this February. This was a very brilliant affair. It opened with the recitation of an ode composed for the occasion, the fair *tragedienne* Fräulein Röckel being chosen as the officiating muse. This was followed by a concert, in which Liszt himself was the great attraction. He had not played in public for thirteen years, and nothing would have drawn him out but his independent good-nature to his brother-artists, and his wish to make the festival given in their honour as interesting to the public as possible. The Erl-King, sung

by Frau von Milde, concluded this part of the entertainment. Supper followed, with speeches and appropriate toasts; and then a ball, dancing being kept up, as is usually said, 'with great spirit till a late hour in the morning. Seldom has it ever been my good fortune to witness so much talent, wit, and even beauty concentrated in a given space; for the company were all artists or the friends of artists. This entertainment was chiefly got up by the musicians and theatrical people. But the painters are, I hear, even to outdo them in a *bal costumé*, which is to come off in a short time. The painters are becoming also an institution at Weimar. The Grand Duke has succeeded in attracting many artists of talent to his little capital, and has built them a spacious house in a quiet situation, where they occupy convenient studios. The central situation of Weimar, with respect to the rest of Germany, favours the supposition that, with due encouragement, a school of painting may be established here which will almost complete the circle of the arts. Poetry and literature is an exotic of more delicate nature, and less easily transplanted. Such contingencies as those which happened in the time of Karl August are rare, when Goethe, Schiller, Wieland, and Herder, formed an unexampled constellation. All that a prince can do under the circumstances has been done, and is done, by the Grand Duke Karl Alexander, whose means are of course limited, and in all probability do not exceed those of an average British nobleman, who has nothing to keep up but his pack of foxhounds and his yacht, and his town and country residences.

With regard to residences, the Grand Duke has enough of them. The palace at Weimar; Belvidere, two miles off, commanding a view of the town; a garden-house in the park at Tieffurt, also two miles off; the sporting-box on the Ettersburg,

a flat, piney mountain, overhanging the basin of Weimar; the Wartburg at Eisenach, and the country villa at Wilhelmsthat, near Eisenach. He appears to inhabit them all successively, except that at Tieffurt, and this must leave him little time for foreign excursions. There are other small places which belong to him, and where he occasionally dwells—for instance, the Roman House as it is called, in the Weimar park.

The Court at Weimar is kept up with all the ancient etiquette, and a full staff of officials. For receptions the palace is admirably adapted, forming in this respect a great contrast to her Britannic Majesty's palace of St. James. Everything is conducted here with the greatest order and decorum, and the excellence of the arrangements must be chiefly due to the taste and tact of the presiding nobleman, the Court Marshal. Through him all the introductions and admissions to the Court take place. Besides the more formal receptions, where every one introduced at Court is bound to appear, if not prevented by illness, there are balls and concerts on stated days, to which the Court Marshal issues invitations. The concerts are either given in an oblong music-room or a large ball-room, the decorations of which were superintended by Goethe himself. Liszt is the presiding genius on these occasions, and a repast of the most perfect musical enjoyment is provided for the assembled guests. In the intervals of the entertainment, their Royal Highnesses make a tour of the room, and address a few words to each person present—a self-imposed duty which must be no sinecure. The etiquette chiefly consists in not sitting down until their Royal Highnesses are seated, in never turning the back on them, in being always i time to receive them when they come, and in waiting till they go. Beyond this, there is little formality. There is something in the arrangement or lighting of the rooms which gives a peculiar

brilliancy to the company. Nothing is so damaging to the effect of most social assemblies as the monotonously black dresses of the gentlemen. In consequence of every one connected with the Court in any way wearing a handsome uniform, almost all the gentlemen here blaze with colours, stars, and orders, and vie with the tasteful dresses of the ladies in pictorial effect. Unconnected gentlemen appear in plain evening dress, with the addition of a *chapeau-bras* and sword.

The balls are conducted much as the concerts are, except that at a certain hour a number of round tables are brought in with marvellous celerity by the staff of servants, and a light but elegant supper is served upon them; the appearance and disappearance of these tables suggesting the rapidity with which such matters are managed on the stage. The only possible exception which can be taken to the Weimarian Court parties to the preponderance of gentlemen over ladies, which, even although the ladies, with the help of the present fashion, make as much of themselves as possible, prevents the rooms from being thoroughly filled. This is partly owing to the fact that only those German ladies who have some title of nobility, including the not very significant "*von*," are, in fact, admissible at Court; while many gentlemen are qualified, by an official rank, which they seem to be unable to communicate to their wives and daughters, notwithstanding the fact that they are able to communicate the official title in all its fulness—sometimes, indeed, to an extent which forms the subject of ridicule on the stage. This *Hof-fähigkeit*, or *Court capability*, is one of the "*Cosas de España*" of Germany, which is rather difficult for a foreigner to understand. In England nobility is a personal matter, and although John Bull has no particular disrespect for the connections of peers, yet it is always thought that a title requires property to keep it up, otherwise it

becomes a mere sign-board, with no house of entertainment behind it. In Germany, on the other hand, nobility forms a caste, whose privileges are as mysterious as those of the Hindoo Brahmins, and are entirely unconnected with any advantages of property, education, intelligence, or even good looks. Their position with respect to the *bourgeoisie* is more like that of the Roman Patricians *vis-a-vis* of the plebeians under the republic, when the latter had obtained a share of all privileges but certain family religious ceremonies. Intermarriages occasionally take place between the *vons* and "*non-vons*," though they generally give rise to some family bullying, except in cases where plebeian wealth is a compensation for the *mésalliance*. In such cases, if a *Herr von* marries a *Fräulein non-von*, the daughter is admissible to Court, but not the mother; the daughter being thus accounted worthier than the mother, as the husband is worthier than the wife. With all respect for feudal institutions, I cannot help thinking that this arrangement is somewhat unchivalrous, as although, in the Latin grammar, we are told that the masculine gender is more worthy than the feminine, this can scarcely be said to be the case, according to the usages of the best civilised society. It must be a disadvantage to every society, especially in a small place, to find any artificial barrier in the way of people who like and sympathise with each other being as agreeable to each other as possible; for, after all, the sole object of society, in the lighter meaning of the word, is mutual enjoyment. For all this, however, I think a German court a good thing. A circle is always salutary where every one is obliged to exercise self-control, and where people are especially obliged to discipline the tongue, that root of almost all family misery and social bickerings. It does the same sort of good to people that a military or university education does to a man, obviating

habits of slovenliness, and unpunctuality in manners, dress, and hours. And if the *Court-capability* was entirely abolished, a little domestic court like that of Weimar might have some trouble to protect itself against obtrusive vulgarity, as any distinction founded on real merit would be much more invidious than one which is firmly conventional. One only regrets that some method cannot be found of equalising the ladies and the gentlemen, and thus removing a social solecism, and giving an additional reinforcement of lustre and loveliness to the already brilliant Court-circle of Weimar. And here I cannot help placing myself in opposition to the gifted author of the *Life of Goethe* with respect to the beauty of the Weimarian women. Certainly some time has elapsed since his observations were made, and one generation of female bloom only too quickly follows another, so that matters may have in reality changed since his residence in Weimar. The girls of the labouring classes have the disadvantages which in most countries they labour under, making beauty, except in early youth, a rare exception; but in the classes of easy means, I do not know any place of the size where there is more prettiness, if not positive beauty, than at Weimar. And this I attribute, not to any superiority of race over other German towns, but to the "*dolce far niente*" of Weimarian life. The case would be better still as regards beauty and her sister health if the rooms were better ventilated in the winter, and the tobacco-smoke of the gentlemen was less obtruded on the delicate respiratory organs of the ladies, who by no means exercise the same salutary control over the *cloud-compellers* that they do in Great Britain. I forgot to enumerate, among the moral advantages of a court in a German town, that it is good that there should be one place where gentlemen have to stay for some hours together without smok-

ing in the presence of ladies. It seems to me that the final cause of the use of tobacco is, consolation for the absence of female society; unless the ladies smoke likewise, it ought never to be suffered to intrude itself.

The principal promenade, where the beauty and fashion of Weimar displays itself, is the Belvidère Allée in the Home Park. This avenue connects Weimar with the Grand-Ducal villa of Belvidère, which is situated on a hill commanding the town and the sunset on the one side, and the valley of the Ilm on the other. The park of Weimar is one of the most lovely in Germany. It must be remarked that this park, as well as the rest, are open to the public, who are admitted close to the windows of the residence; the only limitations of these privileges consisting in a code of rules as to deportment in general, and abstinence from pulling the feathers out of the peacocks in particular—a proviso which seems as nearly to indicate the prior existence of a colony of young Englishmen at Weimar, as the naked footprint on the sand assured Robinson Crusoe of the contemporaneous existence of savages. Close under the palace the river Ilm flows under two bridges, by one of which are some picturesque mills; then expands into a silent reach under great trees, with a surface only broken by the leaping of trout and grayling—

"A stream whose waters scarcely seem to
stray,
And yet they pass, like happiness, away;"

then, as we follow it up, rod in hand, winds through the varying scenery of the park, cutting a deep channel in clayey banks, the nature of which causes the water to be seldom quite transparent, or even in good condition for fishing. At a little distance on one side is the garden-house, sacred to the memory of the great Goethe, and still belonging to his grandson; on the other, the little root-house whence Karl August is said to have telegraphed to the

poet when he wanted him to pass a social evening with him. Higher up on the right is a kind of church-like building, where is a grand sitting statue of Goethe, the only solecism about it being a little Psyche, or genius of poetry, in proportion a full-grown woman, but in relative size an infant. Higher up, the river becomes more rapid, till we find ourselves at the village of Oberweimar, distinguished by an antique church with a curious porch, and a pure stream flowing under and out of the tower.

Then we follow the river, up through a succession of pretty villages and deep rich meadows, to Berka, where it begins to cut its way through steep hills that deserve the name of mountains, and from thence to Tannröda and Kranichfeld, places conspicuous for the remains of castles, until it becomes, at Ilmenau, a thorough mountain stream, and is traced to the source amongst the highest woodlands of the forest, which rise to the heights of the highest Cumberland mountains, but, from being thickly covered with trees, are far less Alpine in aspect. If, on the contrary, we follow the Ilm downwards from Weimar, it leads, under the beautiful wood of the Webicht, to the village and park of Teiffurt, and so on to its junction with the limpid and legendary Saale, the river which confers so much beauty on the sites of Rudolstadt and Jena. The park at Weimar is rendered accessible in every direction by winding and well-ordered walks, some of them overarched by fantastic trees, and presenting the choice of company or solitude. There is one area, in particular, remarkable for its stately trees, where the troops are paraded, and look remarkably well against the foliage in their neat dark-green uniform, set off by their brass-bound helmets and their glittering arms. These troops, though most of them rather boyish in appearance, display a drill which reflects great credit on the officers; and the band, which inspires them

with valour, is a great addition to the liveliness of the town, as it stands and plays every day at twelve o'clock, excepting when the frost is too severe for the wind-instruments, in the square of the Grand-Ducal palace.

The markets are occasionally a scene of great gaiety, and the dresses of the country-people may then be seen to advantage. The most remarkable of them is the wool-market, held in the autumn in the park itself, booths being erected there, with round-about, and temporary shops, and every other accessory which can be thought of calculated to amuse the multitude and ruin the grass. This would form, with the tower and remaining walls of the old schloss in the background, a thoroughly good subject for a painter; and there are many such scattered about the park. Amongst others, that place under the bridge where the limpid brook flows into the Ilm, and the washerwomen congregate to get up linen and gossip.

To come to more practical matters than painting, some of your friends may wish to know what kind of place Weimar is to live in for emigrants from Great Britain. The first thing is to find room or rooms there; all the best apartments are instantly secured. The flittings generally take place on the quarter-days, and people seem to change their residences very often: this, with the fact that there are no porters' lodges to the houses, makes it exceedingly difficult to find out any one's address; and one may know a friend long and well before one has succeeded, in sporting phrase, in running him to earth. It is a part of Weimarian etiquette to have no address on a visiting-card, as it is considered that a friend compliments you by having had some trouble to find you out. The common method for a foreigner to get into society is, the sooner after his arrival the better, to hire a carriage at the Erbprinz (not a one-horse conveyance, as that is considered to convey an insult as well as a visitor),

to provide a *commissionaire* with white gloves, if you have no servants, and to leave cards on the whole town. These cards are returned by those who wish to form your acquaintance, and are in themselves looked upon as nothing more than an announcement of your existence. But the ceremony is a difficulty to British pride, which prefers having its acquaintance sought in the first instance. The society of Weimar might be as agreeable as any other to be found in the world, and even more so, from the peculiar advantages of the place, but that, from the inherent perversity of human nature, or, to take a more charitable view of the matter, the natural tendency of the human mind to classification, it will divide itself into sets, just as a Christian community cannot consent to live together in unity, without dividing itself, according to certain nominal differences, into denominations or sects; so no society of intelligent and educated people can be found who will be content to associate with one another merely on the ground of the mutual pleasure derivable from social intercourse, but must cut itself up into little sections, each of which plumes itself on excluding the rest. The inferior animals, when sufficiently fed, though by nature accustomed to prey on one another, may, by some trouble, be got to live together in one cage, and to be shown as a happy family; but with the human race it is unfortunately true, that increased familiarity breeds, if not contempt, dislike, and ends sooner or later in disruption. One social division, that effected by similarity of tastes and pursuits, certainly seems natural and healthful; but it may be questioned whether that perfect relaxation from the labour of life which is one of the ends of social intercourse is not to be attained rather by a mixture of

all classes than by the association of painters with painters, musicians with musicians, scholars with scholars, and the like; for there is an inevitable tendency in such associations to what we commercially call talking shop. In this respect, however, I should fancy that Weimar is much as other places, neither better nor worse; but in Weimar, one regrets more than elsewhere the existence of sets, because the society seems to have exactly the elements which, mixed in due proportion, would make it perfect. It must be recollected that Paradise itself only contained a single human pair, who, as they had neither children, servants, nor friends, must, at least during the time of their innocence, have gone far out of their way to find a cause of disunion. With regard to Weimar's desirability as a Continental residence for self-exiling English, I have only to repeat the observation of the ancient sage,—

"Cælum non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt."

Foreigners have the advantage of being generally well received by the upper classes of a place, partly as an object of curiosity, and for the sake of an exercise in languages; and the disadvantage of being objects of dislike to the ignorant and uneducated—a dislike which expresses itself partly in the difficulty of procuring good domestic service, partly in exposing them to petty cheating in dealings with tradespeople and artisans; and an Englishman always labours under the peculiar disadvantage of belonging to a nation unpopular from its wealth, and position, and supposed haughtiness—faults which are apt to be visited on very humble, and by no means arrogant, individuals like your loving friend

TELEPOLEMUS.

NORMAN SINCLAIR.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

PART XV.

CHAPTER XLVII.—MR. POCOCK ON SOCIAL SCIENCE.

THROUGH the influence of the portly Pocock, who was immediately recognised by the railway officials, and treated with a degree of almost superstitious respect, we obtained a carriage for ourselves, and were soon in full career towards the north. The great man did not appear inclined for immediate colloquy; for, having drawn a travelling-cap over his eyes and swathed his limbs in a thick rug, he lay back in a corner, and in a minute or two gave token, by a nasal melody, that the muses were haunting him in his sleep. Davie Osett was disposed to be loquacious; but, finding that I was somewhat niggardly in my replies—for my thoughts were still occupied with the exciting events of the day—he desisted, took a hearty pull at a spirit-flask, and after humming a stanza or two, without the slightest pretensions to a tune, in honour of “bonnie Jean,” he emitted a preternatural yawn, and also succumbed to Morpheus. It was long before I could sleep. My brain was too much excited; and yet, somehow or other, I could not reduce my thoughts to order. When pondering over my interview with Mr. Beaton, it seemed as if the voice of Lumley interposed; and then the harsh croak of Ewins would strike in, forming altogether a most strange and disagreeable medley. At last I fell into a doze; and when I awoke the sun had arisen, and we were speeding through a country unknown to me, but very beautiful—rich meadows, with thick irregular hedgerows, wherein kine, such as Onyp might have taken for a study, were ruminating—on either side picturesque villages, with their quaint old gables and church spires;

and here and there some lordly mansion, seen through a vista of its ancestral woods. Let tourists and romancers and adorers of the wild and the sublime say what they please, there is nothing that recommends itself more to the eye and heart than the rural scenery of England.

I let down the window to enjoy the morning air that blew so wholesomely on my temples, and the change of temperature instantly roused Mr. Pocock.

“Morrow, sir?” said he. “I hopes you’ve rested well. I’ve had my forty winks, and feel all the better for it.”

“I fear, Mr. Pocock, that I have somewhat disturbed your slumbers.”

“Not in the least ways. I allers like to look about me a bit before breakfast—specially in the country, which is invigorating. There’s no denying that it’s a pretty thing to see the sheep and cattle in the green fields, fattening up before they come to London, which is their especial destination; and I’m one of those who thinks that the agricultural interest ought to be supported. For all that the League chaps can say—and a precious lot of gabblers they are—it is the bones and beef of the nation; and vot’s liberty without beef and beer? I hates innowations; and though I am town-bred, no man will persuade me that the whiff of a hay-field isn’t sweeter than the smoke of a factory.”

“I quite agree with you, Mr. Pocock; but I should have expected that gentlemen of your profession would have taken a different view.”

“Ah, you mean because the best part of our business comes from the

other quarter? Well, that's true. It's the rogues and swindlers that gives us work, and they are for the most part to be found in the big towns. I don't deny, master, that I likes to see trade brisk. It's a dull thing to be picking one's nails, and doing nothing; and I allers likes to hear of a good bit of burglary or a stunning plant that rekvires a man of gumption to ferret it out. It's in them sort of cases that a man can show his real parts; and it's a happiness to know that the sporting prospects is good, as they say in *Bell's Life* when cub-boxes is plenty. I ought to be thankful for the blessings vouchsafed," added Pocock, piously, "for I've no end of covers to draw, and am sure of a find in each of them, though my district does not extend far beyond the liberties of London."

"Then, I suppose, you know most of the rogues by head-mark?"

"Lord love your greenness, no! I leaves that to the regular police. I takes no note of coves that has three black chalks against their name, and is to be convicted on common evidence. That's subordinates' duty. In course, I knows some of the poor things, and they knows me, and allers touches their hats to me in the street; but they don't bolt round corners, as they would do if they saw a common peeler. They say to von another, 'That's the great Mr. Pocock, at the head of his profession—he's on the look-out for swells, and don't trouble hisself with cly-faking, or sich-like;' and no more I does. If a gentleman *will* leave his handkerchief half out of his pocket, it's no business of mine to look after it; and I don't keep an insurance office for tickers. I hates low practice, and leaves that to my juniors."

"But if you take no cognisance of the outcasts of society, Mr. Pocock, where can you find an adequate field for your genius?"

Not Aristotle, in reply to some rash question of his juvenile pupil Alexander, could have curved his

lip with more delicate sarcasm than did Pocock when I hazarded the above interrogatory.

"If there vos common-sense in the world—ay, as much as there is timber in the head of my valking-staff—I'd be sitting this blessed day in Parliament, as member for Southwark or the Tower Hamlets; 'stead of which they returns fellows as is all slack-jaw, without von particle of gumption. It's there I should be, master, if they know'd the right man for the right place; and I'm blessed if I wouldn't astonish the big-wigs! See here, now. It's the fashion nowadays to shove everything else aside to make way for trade and commerce, which is about as sensible a thing for a great country to do, as if I vos to order every other kind of vehicle off the street 'cause of a big adwvertising van that goes nigh for to choke up the thoroughfare. Trade's a werry good thing, but it can take care of itself, and doesn't rekvire a vet nurse, which is vot Sir Bobby pretends to be. Fact is, people are in too great a hurry by half to get rich. They won't allow for the growing-time, which is clean contrary to nature; and that's vot makes rascals, and finds work for gentlemen of my profession."

"Then you don't approve of the go-ahead principle, Mr. Pocock?"

"Not when the devil holds the stakes," replied the detective officer.

"In my young days, a chap who expected to get on in the world began life as a shopman or a clerk, worked hard, didn't trouble hisself about finery, took his pint of beer and a stroll into the country on Sundays, and if his master gave him a rise of five pounds in his salary was as happy as a king. He didn't know what debt was, but was allers laying by a little; and in process of time he got on, became a foreman, or mayhap was taken into partnership, and might be chosen Deputy for his ward. Other lads than Dick Whittington have risen to be Lord Mayors from quite as small a beginning. But that sort

of living don't suit the young chaps nowadays. They must needs dress out like tip-top swells, go to casinos and theatres, smoke cigars, and take up with the blowens. Them sort of diversions runs away with cash, if a man has it; and if he hasn't, vy he must find it somewhere, and the till's convenient. Then the upper kind of clerks, they want to set up in business for themselves; and as they have no capital, they get credit from the banks, hooking in their uncles, or some stupid old fogey, to be security. Then at it they go, driving a roaring trade—buying here, selling there— and working away with bills, 'stead of hard cash, which is the fountain of all prosperity. Lord love you! I know them that would think nothing of taking up goods to the extent of twenty thousand pounds, and sending them on speculation to China or the Sandwich Islands. That's vot they call a dashing business; and the Parliament folks look at nothing but the export tables, make a song about them, and lack themselves all over, like a cat before rainy weather, for delight at what they call the progress of the country! Vot signifies exports if they ain't paid for? Eh, master? Wouldn't a word or two about that do more good in Parliament than them flummery speeches about the grand principle of competition?"

"Decidedly, Mr. Pocock—some of our leading statesmen would derive no small benefit from your experience and advice."

"That's it, master! They wants the eyes of a detective, and knows little or nothing of what goes on among the middle classes. And then they are easily gammoned! They make a show of knowing about trade when they are as inno-

cent as babbies; and a real clever cove that has brass enough about him can persuade them of almost anything. But I vos speaking of the smart young merchants. They *are* a lovely set of pups, and no mistake! They have their country-boxes, and their mistresses, and their horses, and their sideboards of plate, as fine as any nobleman in the land; and how think you they manage that? Why, by credit, which is just like wine or spirits—a good thing if taken moderately, but the devil and all if carried to excess. Well, there comes a time of pinch. Bankers get nervous, and insist on advances being paid up. Some of the chaps—who, mind you, are the grand exporters—quietly walks into the *Gazette*; not allers without having made some little provision which it would bother their creditors to find out. They are the best of the whole lot, for they punish the joint-stock banks, who very richly deserve it. But some hold on—swindle, cheat, and forge—till they have ruined every soul within their reach, and then make a bolt to the Continent or America, leaving a written statement to show that they are the victims of unmerited persecution. It's a rum world, sir—a rum world! and the more I sees of it, the more convinced am I that no kind of reform will be worth a button unless it specially provides that the detective profession shall be represented in the House of Commons."

"The claim, as you set it forth, Mr. Pocock, is certainly a strong one. But here we are at a station where a little time is allowed for refreshment; and we may as well have a cup of coffee. As this is the race-day at Tadcaster, we must look for scant attendance there."

CHAPTER XLVIII.—THE RACE-DAY AT TADCASTER.

I defy even the sourest puritan to approach a race-course without feeling a touch of that excitement and enthusiasm which animates the

crowd pouring along to witness the most popular sport of England. And nowhere is the passion for racing more strongly developed

han in Yorkshire, that Thessaly of Britain, famous from time immemorial for the excellence of its steeds, and not without traditions of the Centaurs. As we approached Tadcaster, all was bustle and commotion. Carts, carriages, gigs, and various nondescript kinds of vehicle—all thronged to excess—were moving towards the course, amidst a dense stream of pedestrianism; and there was as much waving of flags and beating of drums as would have sufficed for a respectable skirmish, or, at all events, a contested election.

We had agreed to part company at the station; Osett remaining with me, while Mr. Pocock was to pursue his investigations after his own fashion, ascertain what were the headquarters of the enemy, and report progress before making an arrest.

"You sees, sir," said that able and judicious officer, "three is too many, and is apt to incur observation, which is to be avoided. This here chap isn't by no means a simple sparrow, but a wery wide-awake hawk, up to all manner of trap; and if he were to twig vot we are after, he'd be up and away before we could lay hold on him. Besides, I've to see one or two of the police here—stupid dolts they are, no doubt, but vot can you expect from them country bumpkins?—and I allers gets through business best when I am by myself. The best hand I ever know'd in our profession—he's dead now, more's the pity—used to say to me, 'Pocock,' says he—'Pocock, my lad, it's my advice to you, if you expects to be a great man, never to diwulge your plans to anyone, but keep your tongue in your cheek, and stick to them like wax. I never know'd no good come of axing another chap to think for you. It's degrading, Pocock, to 'a man vot has confidence in hisself. Bonaparte never did that; and he was the long-headedest cove that has been in my time. My eye! vot a detective he'd have made, to be

sure! You mind vot I say—chalk out your own line of operation, and stick to it in every case; and you're certain sure to be at the top of the profession when I'm below the roots of the daisies!' Heaven bless him! I loved him as if he had been my father. He left me this watch and onions, and the tidiest pair of handcuffs that ever were fastened round a wrist!"

Such an argument, of course, was irresistible. So Davie and I separated from our Mentor, and betook ourselves to the Falcon Inn, which, we were informed, was the hostelry in Tadcaster where we were most likely, in the then crowded state of the town, to find tolerable accommodation.

The Falcon was one of those queer rambling old houses which Dickens delights to describe, with wooden balconies, long ill-lighted passages, rooms shaped in utter defiance of any recognised geometrical figure, and occasional flights of steps, most perilous to the progress of the unwary or inebriated inmate. To obtain a private parlour was out of the question; and the common-room, into which we were shown, was crammed full of the inferior sort of sporting men, mingled with jocks, snatching, before proceeding to the race-course, a hasty repast, in which the decoction of the Chinese herb figured less conspicuously than beer and brandy. The general tone of the conversation was not of a kind that interested me, referring as it did to horses, with whose merits I was absolutely unacquainted; besides, the Yorkshire dialect was foreign to my ear, and I could hardly follow the remarks of the various speakers. One thing, however, was clear, that if a magistrate who was determined to enforce the statutory fine for the utterance of profane oaths had been present, he might have carried home as much silver as would have made a handsome centre-table ornament.

Close to us were three Yorkshire betting-men, along with a jock who professed to have the last informa-

tion; and, in the midst of their confused colloquy, I heard mention of "Speedwell's Hippodrome." I was instantly on the alert.

"He stands to win," said the jock; "but it's no go. I've been out on the sly, and seen him twice at exercise. He's showy, has a good stride, and will stand out of the ruck at first; but when he doubles the corner, he won't be able to keep up the pace. He'll go in, though, very narrow; for two horses that could lick his head off are made safe, that I happen to know; but the real winner's beyond him, and he's been precious fenced." Here the jock lowered his voice, and nothing more was audible than such snatches as—"Tried the old trick—a ball you know—grooms wide-awake—chap sleeping in the stall. Fifty pound offered for a quiet look—got a taste of the pump for his pains. Poisoned oats—vet. there who staggered the trick—no go. Back Locomotive, he's sure to win; and I'm glad of it, for I hate Jews, and never like to see them in the betting-ring. They're not safe uns to deal with, for they split and never stump up. Solomon? Well, I dessay he was the best of the lot; but I never heard the parson say that Solomon had the sense to get up races at Jerusalem."

"You hear that, Davie?" said I. "Speedwell is here for certain, and must fall into the hands of Pocock."

"I'm no just sae sure about that," replied Osett. "Yon Pocock is a conceited body; and for a' the brag he makes about his cunning, it wouldna be sae dooms difficult to cast glamour in his een. And it's no impossible that he may meet wi' his match; for I observed something as we came out of the railway station that makes me think he's been expected here by folk that havo nae fancy to shake hands wi' him."

"Why, what did you observe?"

"There was a wee ragged laddie at the outer door, wi a face as sharp

as a darning-needle; and he kept spying at the folk as they came out, just as a herd would do if he thought a strange sheep had got among the hirsell. He didna put himself forward either, but keepit close behind a hurley. Nae sooner did he see Pocock, than he gied a kind o' lauch, which I interpreted to mean—'Aha, billie! you're the chield that I'm looking out for;' and I noticed that he gaed after the blawn-up policeman—for, after a', he's nae better than that—but aye keeping the other side of the causeway, and whiles turning himsel' heels-ower-head, as if he were sair kitted by some funny notion."

"And why did you not mention that sooner?" said I.

"What would have been the use of that?" replied Davie. "Pocock couldna have grippit the laddie for looking at him; and if he had the will, I defy him to have done it, for the callant would hae slipt through his fingers like quicksilver. Besides, ye heard the blether he made about carrying out his ain plans; and was it for the like of me to hint that he might be walking on a slide? He as good as said to us that he wanted nae counsel; and I ken weel that it's perfectly useless to nudge a conceited gowk."

"Nevertheless, Davie, you ought to have mentioned the circumstance to me at once. You are aware that I am deeply interested in this business, else we should not have been here to-day; and when I requested your assistance, I did so in the full assurance that you would help me to the utmost of your power. Whereas now, at the most critical moment, you—from some whim, or absurd dislike to a man who has been forced upon me as an agent, but in whose sagacity I have no great faith—delay communicating a fact, which, according to your own admission, may defeat the object of our journey, and, I must also add, subject me to the deepest mortification."

"Not a word mair, Mr. Norman—not a word mair!" cried Osett,

almost convulsively. "I see I was wrong; but you hivering creature, Pocock, fairly broke the back of my patience, and I couldna help wishing to see his doup come down wi' a thud upon the ice. I'll atone for it as far as I can. I'll gang down to the race-course, try to see the body, and warn him that his coming has been observed. Not that I think that will better us; but my conscience smites me, Mr. Norman, that I have been somewhat to blame in this matter; and I'd rather be doukit to death, as the auld witches were, in a quarry-hole, than have it said that I injured you by word or deed."

"Make haste, then, Davie; and tell Pocock not to delay the arrest, if he has any reason to suppose that his person has been recognized."

Osett having departed, I requested to be shown to my bedroom, which I found to be nothing more than an exceedingly ill-furnished closet, originally intended as a dressing-room to an adjoining apartment, and communicating with it by a door. Whilst making some slight change in my dress, somewhat disordered by the night journey, I was surprised to hear a low moaning, as if proceeding from some one in bodily pain: then the bell in the next room was rung violently; and there were other sounds indicative of deadly sickness.

"Some unlucky fellow," thought I, "who has been exceeding over-night. It's little of the races he'll see, judging from those convulsive efforts. I hope, though, this sort of thing is not going to last, for it is not pleasant to hear a man crowing like a cock, with nothing but a board to divide us."

The voice of a maid-servant, who had replied to the summons, now caught my ear, and I heard her say something about a doctor. The answer, if any, was inaudible, but the distressing symptoms still continued. Leaving the room, I encountered the girl in the passage.

"That gentleman," said I, "ap-

pears to be very ill. Is it anything more, think you, than a temporary attack for which brandy may bear the blame?"

"Indeed, sir," replied the girl, "brandy has nothing to do with it. The poor young gentleman has been in a bad way for these three days, and has seen the doctor twice—a very nice old man, but not over bright—who gave him some stuff to take. But it has done him no good, and I think he is getting worse and worse."

"Is there no one here to look after him?" said I.

"Yes; he has a friend who sometimes comes to see him, but does not put up here. But he's not of much use, for he's a sporting man, and is altogether taken up about horses. Indeed, I wish he would stay away, for the young gentleman seems always worse after his visits. But I must go down stairs and fetch hot water."

"Stay one moment, my girl!" cried I, a horrible suspicion darting across my mind. "This friend—what sort of looking man is he?"

"Lauk, sir!" said the girl, "I don't heed gentlemen much, for I've got my own work to attend to. But the man is remarkable enough, though no way to my liking. He's one of the flash gentry—thick-set, swarthy, and very like a Jew."

"Speedwell, for a thousand!" muttered I.

"That's his name, sure enough!" replied the girl, with a look of surprise.

"I wonder how you came to find it out, for I do suppose you are none of his set."

"You are right there, my girl. And now tell me—is not the name of this poor young fellow Littlewoo?"

"Well! I declare you are a very clever gentleman indeed!" replied the chambermaid, who, like many others of her calling, was not without a touch of coquetry. "How you do find out secrets, to be sure! Littlewoo is his name, at least that is on his portman-teau. La, sir! I hope you're not a conjurer."

"You may rest easy on that score, I assure you. Now go, like a good girl, and fetch the hot water. Poor Littlewoo is an old acquaintance of mine; and as he seems to have no one to look after him just now, but yourself—and I'm sure you are a kind nurse—I shall take the liberty of stepping into his room, and see if I can be of any service."

"That's very good in you, sir. I know'd you were a real gentleman as soon as I saw you," said the chambermaid.

As Nerissa was becoming rather confidential—I may remark that she was a bouncing black-eyed lass, with cherry cheeks and a roguish smile—I thought it wise to terminate the conversation by a nod, and went straight, without even the ceremony of a knock, into Littlewoo's bedroom.

I found the poor fellow lying on his back, evidently in a state of great exhaustion; and I was shocked to observe how emaciated and spent was his appearance. He did not look at me when I entered; but when I placed my hand, rather through instinct than design, upon his wrist, he muttered feebly—

"Doctor, I'm very much worse—awfully sick. The stuff you sent has done me no good. Sick—sick! O, dear me, I hope I'm not going to die!" and a shudder passed through his limbs.

"I hope and trust not!" said I, in a tone as soothing as I could assume. "But I am not the doctor. Don't excite yourself. I am your old friend Norman Sinclair, who, hearing that you were ill, have come to see you, and stay with you if need be. We'll get you put to rights, old fellow—never fear; only you must not be cast down."

"Ah! Norman," said Littlewoo, turning on me his eyes, which, alas, were hollow, and showed no lustre, "this is kind—very kind! You have always been a true friend; but, wo is me, I have let the devil prevail. Hush! what noise was that! Are you sure Speedwell is not listening?"

"No fear of that," said I. "He has other things to think of. He is down at the course, looking after his horse, entered for the principal race."

"Will his horse win, think you, Norman? I—put your ear close to me—I hate the man, but I hope his horse may win; for if it does not—O God! these convulsions again!" And the poor fellow shook and writhed so dreadfully, that I can liken it to nothing but direct demoniacal possession.

"Where is the landlord?" cried I to the girl, who now entered. "Desire him to come here instantly. Mr. Littlewoo is worse than I supposed."

"Master has gone down to the races, sir," replied the girl; "and I don't expect he will come back before evening."

"Most unfortunate!" I said. "But tell me—is there no other doctor in the town except the old man whom you mentioned as having been here already? We must have immediate medical assistance."

"Why, yes, sir: there be a young man, a Dr. Menelaws; only he's not in much practice yet, though they do say he's very clever. He lives just in the next street, and I daresay you'll find him at home, for he's quiet and steady like."

"Well, then, you stay here and take care of Mr. Littlewoo till I return."

I had not much trouble in finding the small surgery. The doctor was within; and in him, to my no small surprise and delight, I recognised my old college chum, Willie Menelaws, along with whom I had made my first unfortunate attempts at chemical experiment.

The urgency of the occasion left little space for greeting, and none for those inquiries which friends are so eager to pursue after being separated for years. I explained to Menelaws, as briefly as I could, the state in which I had found Littlewoo, and we hastened back to the Falcon.

The more violent convulsions had

passed away, and Littlewoo was now comparatively quiet, but so feeble that he could give no articulate answers to the questions of Menelaws. The latter made a minute inspection, asked to see what medicines had been given, and examined these closely.

"When was Dr. Sloman here?" said Menelaws to the girl.

"Last night, sir, just before bedtime. The gentleman had been very sick in the afternoon, but the doctor gave him a draught—that's it in the bottle you have in your hand—and desired me to give him some of it every hour. I gave him two spoonfuls, and then he seemed relieved and fell asleep."

"Hum!" said Menelaws, putting the mixture to his lips. "Henbane, I think, with a little laudanum, and probably some fluid magnesia. Come—the old gentleman is not in his dotage yet. I don't know that he could have prescribed anything better. Pray, did you hear him say what he thought was the nature of the illness?"

"I think, sir, he said it was bile. Mr. Littlewoo's friend was present, and told him about the sickness."

"He called it bile, did he?" said Menelaws. "I fear I must eat in my words: he's but a fool and a fogey after all. And was that the last medicine given to him?"

"It was the last he got from the doctor, sir; but I don't think it was the last he took."

"How was that, my girl? Who gave him anything else?"

"Why, sir, this morning about eight I came into the room, found Mr. Littlewoo awake, and asked him how he felt. He said he was much better, and thought he would be able to get up in the course of the day. Just then his friend—that was Mr. Speedwell, you know, sir—came in, looking rather flustered like, and asked me to go down and fetch him a glass of bitters from the bar. I somehow took it into my head that he wanted to get me out of the room, for he always spoke cross when I was there; however,

I went for the bitters; but before coming into the room again, hearing Speedwell speaking earnest-like, I—I——"

"Well?—go on, my girl. I think I know what you were about to say. You stopped to listen—a very natural thing, and quite justifiable under the circumstances."

"Yes, sir, that's just what I did; for I never could abide that man's face, and I heard him say—'Nonsense, my good fellow—you must take the pills. It's Sloman's orders. He'd have been here himself, but he has been called away to the country.'"

"And what followed?"

"Mr. Littlewoo said something that I did not hear, but the other persisted, and I suppose the pills were swallowed, for I heard the young gentleman ask for a mouthful of water. Then I went into the room, and gave Speedwell the bitters, which he tossed off, but his hand was shaking very much. Shortly afterwards he went away, and I went to my work in the other rooms. Presently I heard a loud scream like, and, running in, found Mr. Littlewoo all drawn up, beating the bed with his hands, and looking very wild. That lasted for a good while, and then he became mortal sick."

"Show me the pill-box," said Menelaws.

"I don't think there was a box, sir—at least I saw none in the room after Mr. Speedwell left."

"Well, my good girl, I am much obliged for your information. Pray remain here till I speak a word or two with Mr. Sinclair. You have a room here?"

"Yes," said I: "the next to this."

"And what think you of the case?" I said, as soon as we were alone.

Menelaws looked very grave.

"To say the truth, Sinclair, I am not very willing, without knowing somewhat more about the parties, to tell you what I think. Who and what is this Mr. Speedwell?"

"I can give you his character in a few words. He is a consummate and unscrupulous villain."

"And this poor young fellow—whom, by the way, I remember well enough, for I have seen him going about Edinburgh—how comes he in such company?"

"He has been duped and made a tool of by a sharper, Willie."

"Do you know of any object that could be served by having him put out of the way?"

"I believe there is such an object, and that Speedwell desires to get rid of him."

"Then, between you and me, my firm conviction is that his life has been tampered with. There is no natural cause to which I can attribute those convulsions. The symptoms indicate that he has taken poison."

"Good heavens! And do you think he will die of it?"

"No. The vomiting has saved him. Though he is miserably emaciated, his constitution is still strong enough to throw off the poison; but a very little more would have finished him."

"The thing seems hardly credible! yet I doubt not you are right. What do you think has been given to him?"

"I should say strychnine. The previous illness which old Sloman mistook for a fit of bile, but which was clearly nothing of the kind, was probably the effect of some other drug. The sedative draught relieved him; but this new attack is quite of another character."

"Then what is to be done?"

"If you mean with regard to that poor fellow, the best thing is to leave him quiet for a little—time enough for medicine an hour or two hence. There is no greater mistake than to precipitate remedies, when nature has begun to operate its own relief. But here is something amounting, in my judgment, to a deliberate attempt at murder, and it is my duty to make the authorities aware of that. My only doubt is, whether I should not first see

old Sloman, and try to find out whether he really sent any pills, and what was their composition. But he is a pompous superannuated blockhead, who honours me with his hatred because he considers me a rival; and the chances are that he would fly into a passion on learning that I had been called in, and positively decline to give any information."

"But, Menelaws, do you consider that there is sufficient proof to entitle you to apply to a magistrate?"

"No doubt that is a serious difficulty. We can't, you see, have a *post mortem*; and as there are no materials for chemical analysis, I might get into an ugly scrape. But then, are we warranted in allowing this scoundrel to have further access to the patient?"

"That, I think, can be prevented. You must know that a criminal officer is at this moment in search of him, with a warrant to apprehend him on another charge; and it is very unlikely that he can escape. But if he should return and renew his attempt, there are means of baffling him. This door communicates with Littlewoo's apartment. Fortunately the key is in the lock, and there is no other kind of fastening; so, by maintaining a watch here, we can instantly come to the rescue."

"A capital notion! But who is to bell the cat? I can't stay with you all day."

"Oh, as to that I am well provided. I have a friend here, a strong fellow on whom I can depend; and one or other of us will occupy this room, and be on the alert. So, till we have further news of Speedwell you need take no further steps."

"I daresay that is the wisest plan. But, Sinclair, when am I to have a talk with you about old times? Ah me, man! I have often laughed heartily at thinking over the fun we used to have at college in our daft days, though since then I have had sorrow and misfortune

enough to weigh me down. Can you not come with me to the surgery?"

"Impossible, my dear Willie! I am on duty now as a sentinel."

"Ah, true! But you won't leave Tadcaster without giving me an evening? It is so seldom that I chance now to meet with an early friend."

"Be sure that I will not, unless necessity compels me. But now, take another look at your patient, and bring the medicine with you when you return. By that time I trust we shall have the satisfaction of knowing that the villain is in the hands of justice."

CHAPTER XLIX.—THE RUNNING FOR THE QUEEN'S PLATE.

More than three hours had elapsed, during which time Littlewoo had fallen into a slumber, and yet there was no appearance of Davie Osett. I fretted somewhat at this, both because it was irksome to be cooped up in a close room without even the solace of a book, and because I could not help being apprehensive that our plan might possibly have miscarried. Osett had promised to return so soon as he could communicate with Pocock; and that functionary, albeit gifted with a most unexpressive countenance, was too portly in figure to claim the privilege of fern-seed and walk invisibly. No doubt, in such a crowd it might be difficult to find him, or he might be lying in watch, and keeping himself purposely concealed—in short, a whole host of "might be's" swarmed up, like hornets, to torment me, and grievously did they disturb my equanimity.

At length I heard a footstep in the passage, which my sharpened ear immediately recognised as the tread of Osett; and the surveyor entered, out of breath, and in a state of heat that would have sent up the thermometer, had there been such an instrument in the room.

"Hech, but it's awfu' hot!" ejaculated Davie, as he threw himself into a chair. "Let me ring the bell, Mr. Norman, for something to drink, for I'm just perishing wi' thirst!"

"Order what you please, Davie, only don't keep me in suspense. Have you seen Pocock?"

"I looked east, and I looked west—I gaed through tent, and booth,

and stance, and even into the betting-ring, but not a glimpse of the creature could I get anywhere. I wot it's been a sair search to me; for the silver watch that I won at a raffle in Selkirk, seven years syne, has disappeared from my pouch as clean as you could knock the head off a syboe. Lass, bring me a jug of the very smallest ale!"

"This is most unfortunate!" I said. "What—no trace of him whatever?"

"Nae mair than if he had been melted down for candles—though it's like, if that were to be done, they would e'en gae out wi' a sputter. But lordsake, Mr. Norman, what needs ye take on sae about that man? He's auld enough to look after himself; and he never would thank you if he heard that you had sent me after him, like a nurse to take heed that the bairn disna tumble into the water. But here's something better than water; and it comes in gude time, for my throat is as dry as a cinder."

"I wish, Osett," said I, "you would be more serious. Since you left this house, circumstances have transpired which render this unaccountable absence of Pocock doubly hazardous."

"Dear me! Mr. Norman," replied Davie, "you're no just yoursel' the day. Serious? I was never mair serious in my life! A man that has lost his watch is not apt to be in a joking humour. And, mind ye, this Pocock's what they call a detective. It's no his business to show himsel', and gang majoring about like a serjeant enlisting recruits. I dinna

think him clever; but I've a better opinion of him now than I had in the morning, just because I could find him nowhere. But what new thing is this that you speak of?"

I could not help seeing that Osett, in the main, was right, and that my anxiety or impatience—excusable, I venture to think, under the circumstances—had made me somewhat unreasonable. I now told my foster-brother, in as few words as possible, what had taken place since he left me.

All over the habitable globe there are zones appointed by Providence for the production of food and the making of beverages suitable for the inhabitants of the climate; and in like manner do the passions of the people vary: for that which in one country is deemed a venial offence, or at least so common as to excite no thrill of horror, is in another regarded as a most hideous atrocity. In Scotland, open assaults, though rare, are judged perhaps too leniently, but a case of poisoning excites a degree of horror which a native of Italy probably could not comprehend. As I spoke, the veins swelled on Davie's forehead.

"The villain!" he said—"the infernal scoundrelly villain! I'd be content, for aince, to take the office of hangman to have the pleasure of sending such an unredeemed black-guard out of the world! Na! that beats everything I ever heard o'! To make away in sic a fearsome manner wi' the puir lad that he has brought to ruin, and fling him, without an hour's warning, headlong into the pit of perdition—it's a thing that the muckle deil himsel' would hardly hae the heart to do! And then, to think that he could gang down to the races, and bet, and drink, and swear, kenning a' the while that the unfortunate creature he had seduced and plundered and poisoned was screeching in the agonies o' death! It's no the ordinary Tophet that will be made hot for sic a ruthless sinner!"

"Did you hear anything about

the probabilities of his winning the race?" I inquired.

"It had not come off when I was down at the course," replied Osett; "but it's looked upon as the grand event of the day, and the folk were betting thick for and against Hippodrome. There are as many Jews yonder as you'd expect to see at the skailing of a synagogue, and they're a' keen for their Barab-bas."

"The chances, then, are that he will not return till late. Before that time we ought to hear of Pocock; but I have committed a sad mistake in not directing him to make the arrest at the earliest possible moment. You may depend upon it that Speedwell, if still at liberty, will be here to-night, and force his way into Littlewoo's room. Such a miscreant as he is will not leave the work half done, and a foul murder may be committed if we are not here to prevent it."

"Manslaughter there may be, but not murder," quoth Davie; "for if he offers but as much as to lay a finger on the puir lad, I'll thrash his neck with as little compunction as I would that of a hoodie-craw!"

"It is a fortunate circumstance," I continued, "that what he may do can hardly escape our observation; and more fortunate still that, through this door, we can pounce upon him at any moment. It is not likely that he will attempt anything during the day; still I wish you to stay here, and receive Dr. Menelaws. I shall go for an hour or two to the course, and possibly may fall in with Pocock."

Just as I reached the course, the bell rang preparatory to the start; and there was an immediate commotion and crush among the people, who eagerly crowded to the rails. By paying a few shillings, I obtained a place on a stand, which gave me a full view of the scene, and it certainly was a very striking one. On the curving line of broad green turf, walled on either side by

a living throng, some eight or ten noble animals were displayed: some urged into a gallop by their riders, as if to abate a little of their superabundant mettle; others pacing leisurely towards the starting-post, husbanding the strength to be presently put forth to the uttermost.

"Can you tell me which race this is?" I asked of a bystander, who appeared to be somewhat less under the influence of excitement than most of those around me.

"The Queen's Plate—the great race of the day," he replied. "Do you not know the horses, sir? That black horse just going by, ridden by the man in the crimson jacket, is Mr. Truck's Locomotive. That's the horse I'd lay my money on if I was a betting man. Black and green is Lord Darlingford's mare, Messalina. She was rather a favourite a week ago, but has since gone down on the list. And that, with the blue and white colours, is Speedwell's Hippodrome: he's said to be a very good horse too. The others, it is thought, have little chance."

And now they are ranged in line—the bell rings—the signal is given—and on they come, sweeping like a whirlwind through the throng of eager and gesticulating spectators. So close are they together that the colours are massed as in the field of a kaleidoscope. You cannot tell which is first; nor does that matter now, for ere long the squadron will be broken, and superior strength and speed will assume their proper place. An inequality in the intervening ground conceals them for a little from the view; but now they emerge—Hippodrome leading, the mare a length or two behind, then two other horses, then Locomotive, the remainder dropping behind. "That ish beautiful!" shouts a hideous Hebrew by my side. "I alwaysh said Mishter Speedwell was sure to win!" And he thrust his hand into the breeches pocket, as if counting the anticipated shekels.

Now they approach the turn of

the course. Still no change in the relative position of the leaders; but Locomotive has crept into the third place. "I'll lay a hundred to shixty on Hippodrome!" bawls the Hebrew. "Done with you, Mr. Moss!" says the quiet-looking man who gave me the information about the horses; and he makes a note of the transaction in his tablets.

But here they come, still at a distance, but, as it were, right towards us, men and horses bulking larger at every stride. Messalina is behind—yes, clearly behind; no chance of her winning now—and Hippodrome and Locomotive are running neck to neck.

"Hippodrome has it yet!"—"No, it's Locomotive!" And there is a regular roar among the multitude. Now they are at the distance-post. The rider in the blue and white lashes furiously with his whip—the other only touches his horse with the spur. And it is enough. The mighty stride seems to lengthen out. Locomotive shoots forward like an arrow from the Parthian bow; and a tremendous cheer proclaims his victory! "O vat a terrible dish-aster dish ish!" groans the Hebrew, whose countenance has assumed the hue of a decayed orange. "Sh'help me Moses, I've losht a thoushand poundsh!"

"So!" thought I, as I descended from the stand, "it's all up with Speedwell. But what could poor Littlewoo mean when he said that he hoped his horse might win? Can he have fathomed the depth of this scoundrel's villany, and become aware that his own life depended upon an issue so precarious? Yet why should Speedwell have made this diabolical attempt if he expected that the success of his horse would relieve him of his present difficulties? That's an enigma. Can it be that, with fiendish calculation, he has so tempered the dose as to bring his wretched dupe to the very gates of death, without absolutely thrusting him in whilst a chance remained in his favour?"

The insurance! Ay—if such a thing does really exist, that would explain the mystery. The more need for watchfulness just now!”

It was in vain to look for Pocock amidst the hubbub which now prevailed, and I resolved to return to the town. As I wended my way thither, a man pushed past me in excited haste. I caught a glimpse of his countenance. It was Speedwell; and the expression of his face was that of a demon! He saw me not; indeed, I doubt whether he saw anything—but he pressed

on, and I kept him in view, until he turned abruptly into a small public-house, and disappeared. I looked back with some curiosity to see if Pocock might not be on his track, but there was no appearance of that vigilant officer. Nevertheless there was a watch upon Speedwell, as he knew in his guilty conscience; for close behind him trod the Avenger of Blood—the presence felt but unseen—as He has followed every murderer on earth, since Cain first raised his hand against his brother!

CHAPTER L.—MURDER WILL OUT.

Littlewoo, I was informed, had expressed a most anxious wish to see me; and as Menelaws reported that he was decidedly better, though still very nervous, I went at once to his apartment. He was sitting up in bed, propped by pillows, and extended to me a clammy hand.

“It is you, Sinclair—God be praised! I was afraid you had gone away altogether. Promise that you won’t leave me! It is a terrible thing to lie here alone, thinking of the past; but I could bear that, if I were sure that he would not come again to scare me out of my senses. I was asleep just now, and had such a horrible dream. I thought he stood at the bedside and told me I must die, for he knew I intended to betray him. I tried to cry for mercy, but I could not utter a word; and then he clutched me by the throat, and my eyes became full of blood, and I heard awful sounds like the rushing of flames and the howlings of the damned!”

“Be calm, my poor friend! No one shall hurt you. Is it Speedwell you mean?”

“Ay—who else? Speedwell who led me into folly—Speedwell who tempted me to crime—Speedwell who has made me a rogue and a beggar, and who is now driving me to perdition! O Norman, you do not know, you cannot know, what a fiend incarnate he is!”

“I know that he is a very wicked fellow,” I replied, “and that he has acted a villain’s part towards you. But why do you fear him so much?”

“Because—because, Norman—I feel—I am sure—that he is trying to poison me!”

“Now, collect yourself, James, and do not be afraid to speak out; you are under my protection now. What grounds have you for thinking that?”

“I’ll tell you, Norman, as well as I can. You must know that before he brought me down to this place he contrived to get from me all the money I could raise—some of it, Heaven help me! was not my own—and when he found that I had no more, he tried to persuade me to forge my father’s signature to a bill for a thousand pounds, which he said he could easily get discounted, because the old man would certainly retire it rather than suffer his only son to be convicted as a felon? I know that I am a reprobate, Norman, and that I have done some very bad things, but I was not so far lost as to consent to that. I told him I would rather rot in a jail than do what he proposed.”

“My poor James! there is hope for you yet. And what said he to that?”

“He replied with a sneer—it makes my blood curdle to remem-

ber it, for it was more like the snarl of a wolf—that if I wished to go into jails, I had ample choice. My creditors would provide me with one, and he could lodge me in another from which I could only pass into the criminal dock! It's no use making concealments now—the monster had me utterly in his power. But I remained quite firm. It seems to me wonderful that I did so, considering how deeply I had sinned already; but you, Norman, were the means of saving me.”

“I, my dear James? you must be labouring under some strange delusion.”

“Not at all. You may have forgotten it; but when you first called on me in London, you warned me against Speedwell; and when I told you what was my real intention then—that I would shun his company—you bade me not trust to my own strength, but pray for power to resist temptation. O that your words had impressed me earlier! But, when this devil in a human shape prompted me to a deed of villany that would have broken the heart of my kind old confiding father, what you then said flashed across my memory; and, for the first time, I offered up a prayer to God to help me. And it was answered on the instant. All the terrors of the rack would not have made me commit so detestable a crime.”

“And was he incensed at your refusal?”

“Dreadfully. He ground his teeth, swore that I should have cause to repent my obstinacy, and went away. When he returned he seemed to be in a better humour, talked to me as if there had been no disagreement between us, and proposed that we should come down here, as it was not safe for me to remain in London. That was true enough; for I had debts, and there were other matters which I feared might be brought up against me. Here he had a number of acquaintances, sporting men like himself, and for a few days I was kept in a

regular whirl of dissipation. One night, when we were alone, seeing that I had drunk too much, he renewed the proposal about the forgery, but I was still resolute.

“O, well,” said he, “my fine fellow, I see you are becoming too holy for me, altogether. Since you won't make yourself useful, there's nothing for it but breaking up the connection, for I can't go on paying your shot for ever. But we needn't talk about that till the races are over. In the mean time, to show you I bear no malice, let us have one more glass of brandy-and-water.” Norman! I am as certain as I am of my own existence that some poisonous drug was put into the liquor, for I no sooner swallowed it than I felt a burning sensation in my throat, and presently became very sick. Speedwell affected great concern, got me to bed, and next day fetched an old doctor, who made light of my illness, saying that such things would happen when young men lived too freely. But I know, Norman, that my illness was not caused by that; for, the day after, I saw Speedwell with my own eyes pour something from a phial into a cup of broth that had been sent to me; and when I declined taking it, alleging that I was too sick to swallow anything, his face grew as dark as night, and, with a muttered curse, he threw the broth out of the window. And that is not all; for, last night, he forced me to take a couple of pills, after which I was seized with those frightful convulsions.”

“Now, tell me, Littlewoo, and tell me candidly,” said I; “has this fellow any interest in your life?”

“Not in my life, Norman; but he has an interest in my death! You have divined the cause of my terror. For the last three days that thought has haunted me; and when I hear the step of Speedwell in the passage, it sounds to me like the tread of a murderer. He holds a policy of insurance on my

life to the amount of two thousand-pounds; and if his horse fails to win this race — O, Norman, can you tell me how it has gone?"

"Don't agitate yourself, Littlewoo. My life for yours, in so far as this scoundrel is concerned! Hippodrome was not the winner."

"Then he'll try to murder me, Norman — do you hear? — he'll try to murder me! I know that he is hard pressed, and has nothing else to look to. O, dear Norman, won't you save me?"

"Yes, James, I will; but you must collect your senses, and not give way to unnecessary terror. Listen to me. If your suspicions are well founded — and I think they are — Speedwell will be here to-night. Nay, don't be alarmed. I shall be in the next room with two friends; and if he proceeds to threaten you or to offer any violence, we shall rush in through that door, which is unfastened, and secure him. But you must not let him see that you suspect him, or cry out for assistance before you are menaced, otherwise we can do nothing, and you will still remain exposed to his attempts. Do you thoroughly understand me?"

"Yes, Norman, I think I do; and I shall try to restrain myself. But you won't fail to be at hand?"

"Be assured of that. I shall not leave that room to-night except to enter yours."

I had engaged Menelaws to join our watching party, in order that, should Speedwell again attempt to administer any of his infernal drugs, they might be placed in the hands of a competent scientific witness. Our arrangements were quite simple — we had merely to keep quiet, and leave the door of communication slightly ajar, taking care that there no light should enter. As for weapons, we required none. We had not long to wait. About nine o'clock a footstep was heard approaching. I instantly extinguished the candle, and some one entered Littlewoo's apartment.

"How are you to-night?" said

Speedwell, whose voice I recognised. "Better, I hope, for we must be out of this place early to-morrow. It's all up with me! That brute of a horse came in second — I suppose the infernal rascal I employed to ride him was bribed — so there's an end of the stakes, bets, and all! I can't show to settle, for I haven't a stiver — so this is my last venture on the turf."

"I am very sorry," said Littlewoo.

"O, confound you and your sorrow! Don't lie snivelling there, but sit up and listen to me. It's all d—d nonsense and humbug to tell me that you are ill. Sloman says, there's nothing the matter with you, only that you've been lushing too freely. I've just seen him, and he thinks you will be quite able to travel to-morrow, after taking a couple of opium pills that he has made up. Get a sound sleep and you'll be all right."

"I can't leave this to-morrow, Speedwell — I can't indeed! I am so weak and faint."

"Don't try to come over me with your gammon, idiot!" replied Speedwell. "Confound you! you were as strong as a rhinoceros when you came here, and would have been so still, only that you can't see a brandy-bottle without making a beast of yourself. You've a touch of the horrors on you, but the opium will put that to rights. So swallow these, and be done with it."

"No, I won't take them, Speedwell. The last you gave me made me much worse."

"But I tell you you must take them," said the other. "Listen to me! I must be off to-morrow, else I'm done for. If I leave you here, what is to become of you? You haven't enough money even to pay your bill; and how are you to make good the bets you have lost upon Hippodrome? There's nothing for it but to cut and run. And how do I know but that this is a dodge of yours to give me the slip? You have too many secrets of mine in your keeping for me to part with you

just yet. Safe's the word with Sam Speedwell! You think yourself mighty cunning, but you don't get the better of me, my lad! Ill or well, you go with me to-morrow—so make no more words about it."

"If you insist upon it, Speedwell, I suppose I must—at any rate, I'll try. But leave me now. If I can get a good night's rest, perhaps I shall be stronger in the morning."

"Come, that shows some sense! You are not a bad fellow, after all, Littlewoo; only you should not be so confoundedly obstinate—it provokes one. Here—take the pills, and I warrant you will sleep sound."

"No—I can sleep well enough without that."

"Bah, man! Don't trifle with me. Do you pretend to know better than the doctor? Take them, I say."

"Once and for all, I tell you that I won't do it, Speedwell; and I desire that you will leave my room!"

"Heyday! So you are going to rebel, are you? My fine fellow, I'll soon let you know which of us is the master. Don't you wake the devil within me, for I can tell you he's stirring already! Do as I bid you, or——"

"Or what, Speedwell? Would you venture to use violence?"

"You hell's baby! If you don't take them quietly I'll thrust them down your throat, though I should have to wrench your teeth open with my knife!"

It needed not the cry for help from Littlewoo to summon us into action. We dashed open the door, rushed into the room, and Osett and I simultaneously grappled with the Jew. Well was it for us that he had no lethal weapon in his hand; for he instantly comprehended his peril, and, though taken unawares, fought with the ferocity of a tiger-cat, displaying a muscular strength which certainly would have prevailed had I been the only assailant. But Davie was an expert wrestler, and had closed with him so suddenly that, had Speedwell been possessed of the fistic science

of Dutch Sam or Mendoza, he had no room to plant a blow. The struggle did not last more than a minute, for a back-trip prostrated the Jew, and Davie held him down with the grasp of a giant.

"Lie ye there, my man!" said Osett. "Now if ye offer to stir, I'll gie you a mark that you'll carry to the gallows! What? you'd bite, wad ye, you brute? Mr. Norman, clap a spoon across his mouth, and gie a towel a turn round his head! That will settle him till we can get a rope. My certie, he's sure o' aye some day! I'm laith to knock the life out of him, if I can help it."

By this time the sound of the scuffle had alarmed the inmates of the house, and the landlord and others appeared. Menelaws, who was personally known to them, desired a constable to be summoned immediately; and, seeing that further resistance was of no use, Speedwell gave in, and ceased to struggle. I observed, however, that he put his hand into his waistcoat-pocket as if to withdraw something; and it was not without using extreme force that we wrenched it open, and found in the palm what had been the pills, now crushed into a shapeless mass. I made the landlord and another witness specially mark what we had discovered, and the substance was then put into a box and sealed up for future analysis.

All this while Speedwell had never uttered a word; but now he addressed himself to Churton, the landlord.

"There will be a heavy reckoning for this outrage," he said; "are you, Mr. Churton, ready to take the responsibility? It has occurred in your house, and, as you are present, I hold you liable. You know me for a gentleman of means—owner of one of the best horses that ever ran at Tadcaster—and a person of character. I come here to visit a sick acquaintance whom I find to be delirious, and I am suddenly assaulted by a Scotch savage and his confederates, and overpowered. Will you, who are an Englishman,

and, no doubt, a lover of fair play, permit this?"

"Whoy, I doan't know, Measter Speedwell," replied Churton. "Sure enough I've seen thee afore; but, as for character, that's neither hers nor there. It's spiggot law that he what pays for his beer is an honest man; but as thee doan't put up here, nor trouble my tap, I can say nothing one way or other. It's a constable's matter now, and I wash my hands on't."

"Then what's the charge against me? Why am I detained? By G—, things have come to a pretty pass, if, in a free country, a gentleman is to be laid in limbo because he has been trepanned by a lousy Soot, whom he could have settled in five minutes, if the fellow had the manliness to stand up for a fair fight! What have I done? I tell you, Churton, this is a serious matter, and may be your ruin; for as sure as you stand there, I'll bring an action against you at the next assizes. Ask even that poor pitiful devil in the bed there, who is labouring under *delirium tremens*, and sees no end of rats and snakes—he won't tell you that I laid a finger on him. HE DARE NOT!"

Speedwell overshot his mark. The last words, though most emphatically uttered, and intended to convey to his victim a significance different from that intelligible to the others present, entirely failed. Littlewoo raised himself in the bed, and spoke thus with a calm and distinct utterance, that contrasted strangely with the vehement ravings of the other:—

"That man has dared me to tell the truth, and tell it I will, whatever the consequences may be. Let all present listen to my words, and mark them; for Heaven is my witness that they are true! Would you know why I am now lying on a bed of sickness and pain, crushed and tortured like a worm that has been trodden under foot? It is because poison has been administered to me by that cruel wretch, calling himself my friend, who came

hither this evening to put an end to a life made miserable through his accursed instigations!"

"Liar!" roared Speedwell—"drivelling doting liar!—but I am a fool to bandy words with such a sot! Once for all I ask you, Churton, will you suffer such an outrage to be committed in your house? Speak out, if you have the pluck of an Englishman."

"And once for all I say, Measter," replied Churton, "that I know nowt o' the business, and wash my hands on't. But here be the constable—best speak to him."

But Speedwell, being probably aware that his eloquence would be utterly thrown away upon the provincial Dogberry, abstained from any further pleading, and was marched off to the station-house, therein to be detained for examination before a magistrate on the following morning.

The doctor having ministered to Littlewoo, whose nerves had been sadly shaken by the foregoing scene, we retired to my room for a little refreshment, of which we stood very much in need. I congratulated Osett on the prowess he had displayed.

"It wasna muckle to brag o'," replied Davie, modestly, "for I kenned weel enough that if we ance came to grips I could fling him. There's no many that can stand the auld Border back-trip. Haith! he's a strang deevil, though; and he would have given that body Pocock an awful kemping if they had yoked thegither. I should has liked weel to have seen that sight. It wad has been grand fun."

"But what on earth can have become of Pocock?" said I. "His disappearance is an utter mystery. One thing alone seems clear, that he never has been on the track of Speedwell, else the scoundrel would not have been here. I wish, though, we had him back; for the warrant in his possession might save us from a great deal of perplexity and trouble which, I foresee, may arise out of this horrid attempt at poisoning."

"It is a very nasty affair," said

Menelawa. "The evidence against Speedwell, so far as I can see, is scanty to found a criminal prosecution. Yet it would be a great pity if such a monster should escape."

"I think it highly improbable," said I, "that he will escape conviction on the charge of forgery, in which case the sentence will no doubt be a severe one. But we really cannot do without Pocock. Do you think, Osett, that it would

be of any use to make inquiry about him at the police station?"

Scarcely had I uttered these words, when the door flew open, and the individual in question rolled into the apartment. We all stood aghast at the apparition. Not Hector's ghost when it appeared to Eneas on the night of the conflagration of Troy——. But the adventures of Mr. Pocock deserve to be recorded in a separate chapter.

GENERAL PATRICK GORDON, THE RUSSIAN SCOT.

In a few recent sketches of the services of our countrymen in foreign lands, grouped under the collective title of *The Scot Abroad*, we mentioned, and merely mentioned, the name of General Patrick Gordon. His Diary was then lying before us, translated into four sturdy German volumes; and as we knew that the English or Scottish original was shortly to come forth, it appeared to us, without reference of course to any question whether the one language came as easy to hand as the other, that it would be more satisfactory to read the original Diary, as set down by the writer, than a German translation of it, however faithfully and skillfully executed. A fair sample of the style and method of the original manuscript, and doubtless the most valuable portion of it as historical material, is now accessible to all who belong to, or are acquainted with, the Spalding Club, the members of which have received this valuable volume as a present from Mr. Beriah Rotfield—a name renowned in bibliographical fame. It is probable that many of our readers have not fallen in with this volume, and even possible that some who have had it in their hands have not taken full advantage of their opportunity by devouring its contents. For the advantage of both classes we offer the following cursory notice.

The writing of autobiography,

like many other human functions, may be done in more ways than one. Some reviewers of *Dr. Carlyle's Autobiography* have complained of it as ill suited for the exhibition of their powers, because the author himself treats every topic with such exquisite felicity, that a writer going over the same ground is afraid of exciting disparaging comparisons. There is no such difficulty in dealing with the style and method of the old cavalier. The room for improving on what he says is abundant. The matter is by no means valueless, however. It is rough ore, to be sure, which may need smelting and working up to make trinkets of it, but it is a rich ore full of precious metal. It is not attractive, however, in its present condition. The editor tells us, with unusual candour, that

"When his diary really becomes such—when the incidents of each day are recorded as it passes—it too often becomes lamentably tedious. It is not merely that his page is filled with trifles—dry interminable lists of rivers crossed or stages passed, letters received and answered, visits made or bills paid; but even when historical figures appear upon the scene, it is for the most part only to provoke expectation, which is left unsatisfied. We have seldom more than a bare, bald note of their names. Then we are told of meetings at London in 1666, with Prince Rupert, with Clarendon, and with Lauderdale; but nearly all that we learn of them is, that the first

was very sick, that the second was confined by the gout in Berkshire House, and that the third gave Sunday dinners in his house at Highgate, and one evening kept the author waiting half-an-hour, and did not see him after all. So, of a conversation at Hamburg with Queen Christina of Sweden, we are informed that it lasted thirty minutes, but have not a syllable of what was said. So, again, all the stages of a journey on horseback from London to Edinburgh in company with Lochiel are carefully recounted, but we gather nothing more of the renowned Sir Evan Dhu than that his nag broke down at Huntingdon."

But Gordon had fought in the most memorable battles of his day—had marched with Charles Gustavus, had negotiated with John Sobieski, and had become the trusty friend and right-hand man of Peter the Great, for whom he put down those troublesome janissaries called the strelitzers; and it would be an almost superhuman exertion of perverse ingenuity, if a man who had seen all this could set down the daily incidents of his life without preserving something that might be turned to instruction or enjoyment. In truth, however, General Patrick neither intended to instruct nor to please through his daily task. It was something between his conscience and himself, pursued with the arid zeal of a long-protracted vow. He wrote for no eye but his own. There are more of such diaries in existence than the world is aware of, for most of us like to chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancies, and to hang them on some peg of actual reminiscence. It was at such a time and in such a place that our fortunes took such a turn—on the anniversary of that same day came another event, good or evil. It depends on the nature of the man: in some, the faintest association will recall a flood of tender recollections, not perhaps the less sweet that they are tinged with sadness; for others, again, there is the mere material interest of the position of their worldly fortune at such a date, and the epochs at which it has taken a turn for better or for

worse; their diaries are a sort of continuous record of stock-taking, and are the instruments for recalling the gains they have made and the losses they have got over. Diaries such as we refer to are brief and cabalistic, for a word or two, perhaps an arbitrary sign, recalls everything to the writer, and he does not want to tell it to any one else. Hence, such books being consulted with difficulty, and not often worth deciphering when that is practicable, find their way naturally to the lumber-garret, and next to the flames; nor in this is there often much to grieve for, since it is rare enough that such methodical recorders of their own history have, like Gordon, passed through so much of that which is the history of the world.

Gordon was a native of Buchan. Washington Irving attributed that genial and imaginative turn of mind which has made his own works so pleasing in a great measure to the influence of the fine scenery of the Hudson. Perhaps the scenery of Buchan had its influence in toning the intellect of Patrick Gordon. The staple of the district is a flat cake of granite, which nature has clothed inland with heather and seaward with sand, although the indomitable perseverance of the inhabitants has made many an acre smile in grain and pasture. How hard their struggle has been is exemplified by one parish, which, after being rescued from barrenness, was again, in one night, covered deep in sand—the walls of the church may be seen peeping through the yellow waste. And yet this unlovely district signally contradicts the theory that grand scenery is necessary to the production of great men. We are not aware that it has given much to the world in the shape of æsthetics or the lyre—though there are a set of curious poems in "brood Buchan's." But it has supplied men of the clearest brains, the strongest arms, and the most determined wills, to a country

in which these commodities have never been wanting. *Arida nutrix leonum*; among her whelps, not the least strong and brave was our friend Patrick.

There is something savouring of granite and east wind in the harsh nomenclature of his surroundings. The paternal estate—dreary and sterile enough, no doubt—bore the name of Auchleuchries, of old a dependency of the Barony of Ardendraught. Then we have among his ancestry Ogilvy of Blarac, and the Gordons of Pitlurg, of Straloch, and of Coclarachy, and their feudal foe, Strachan of Achnagat, and Patrick's neighbour, Buchan of Auchmacy, with whom, after he has become a great man, he has a merry rouse, and a reminiscence of auld langsyne, at my Lord Chancellor's table. To such topographical characteristics might be added Bothmagoak, Ardendracht, Auchmedane, Auchmylin, Kynknoky, Auchquhorleis, Creichie, Petuchry, and others equally adapted for pronunciation by Cockney lips.

Patrick was born in 1635. His father was not the laird but "the guidman" of Auchleuchries, an important distinction in the homely hierarchy of ranks beyond the Grampians. An estate held directly of the Crown was a lairdship; when lands were held of any of the great families, such as the Dukes of Gordon or Earls of Sutherland, they were but a guidmanship. In 1640, on Lammas-day, he was sent to school at the kirk of Grochdan, "and put to lodge and dyet by a widow called Margaret Allan." Four years afterwards he migrated to a school at Achridy; and then, the great troubles of the seventeenth century having broken out, "all public schools were abandoned;" so he went to live with his father at Achmade, the genius of the Buchan guttural seeming still to guide his steps. In 1651, being sixteen years of age, he entered on the great resolution which decided his destiny. He belonged to a family, or to "a

house," as he calls it—for it was not becoming to apply the humble word family to his illustrious ancestors—who followed the old faith, the prospects of which were becoming darker every day. "I resolved," he says, "partly to dissolve the bonds of a youthful affection wherein I was entangled, by banishing myself from the object, partly to obtain my liberty, which I fondly conceived to be restrained by the careful inspection of my loving parents; but most of all, my patrimony being but small, as being the younger son of a younger brother of a younger house, I resolved, I say, to go to some foreign country, not caring much on what pretence, or to which country I should go, seeing I had no known friend in any foreign place." However strange it may now seem, it was not an uncommon thing then for a youth of his age, come of any of the best "houses" in the north, thus to throw himself abroad upon the world in this random manner. Patrick being obstinate, his father and uncle accompanied him to Aberdeen, where, with a provision in clothes and money, he went on board a merchant ship belonging to Dantzic, David Bartlman, skipper. The vessel touched at Elsinore, where "we went ashore, and dined in a Scotsman's house very well for twelvecence a man, and at night returned to the ship." On reaching his destination at Dantzic, he "lodged in a Scotsman's house, in the Holy Ghost Street, our landlord being called John Donaldson." As he began, so he went on, finding fellow-countrymen dotted here and there at convenient posting distances, on through Austria and Russia, to the very extremities of European civilisation. He set off for Königsberg with another countryman of his own, Thomas Menzies, and on the way met with Father Blackhall, also a native of Scotland, eminent among the Jesuits. Another countryman and Jesuit priest, named Alexander Michael Menzies, now casts up; and Gordon finds

himself, how he does not explain, nor does he seem to have himself known, in the toils of this scheming and zealous order. He found himself a student at a college they had at Branensburg, near Konigsberg; but, though a zealous Romanist, this was far from being the destiny he desired: "albeit," he says, "I wanted not for anything, the Jesuits always bestowing extraordinary pains, and taking great care in educating youth; yet could not my humour endure such a still and strict way of living." He resolved to be off. It is evident that a feeling of respect prevents him from explaining that he was in some shape under restraint, since the method of his departure was an escape, planned with a special view to avoid the vigilance of Father Blackhall. Not seeing any other path open to him, it was his intention to return home—an intention in which he was frustrated by his destiny.

He thus rather picturesquely describes his departure: "On a Tuesday, about ten o'clock, I took my journey on foot to save expenses, for I had no more money left than seven rix dollars and a half, and one suit of clothes, which I had on. So, taking my cloak and a little bag, wherein were my linens and some books, with a staff in my hand, I pilgrim'd it away all alone. I had not learned any Dutch, by reason of our speaking Latin in the college, but had acquired and written down some words necessary for asking the way, victuals, and suchlike. My portmanteau I carried for ease on my back betwixt villages, or when I did see nobody; but, coming to any village or meeting anybody, I took it under my arm. Thus accoutred, I went privately round the old town, P. Menzies only conveying me to the highway. I walked the well-known way through the wood to Frawensberg, pleasing myself either with trifling fancies, or such objects as offered on the way."

It was all very pleasant at first, and until the hardships and dangers of such an enterprise began to press

upon him. After a while, he came to that established curse of the pedestrian's existence—a severance of the roads to right and left, with nothing whatever except a fortunate guess to indicate the one he ought to take. To add to the unpleasantness of the difficulty, he had entered a forest; but there was nothing for it save to choose the likelier of the two ways. It was then that the first cloud passed over the boy's heart.

"After I had gone a pretty way into the wood, and doubting whether I was right or not, I began with serious thoughts to consider my present condition, calling to mind from whence I was come—from my good, loving parents and friends, and where I was now, among strangers whose language I understood not, travelling, myself knew not well whither, having but seven dollars by me, which could not last long, and when that was gone I knew not where get a farthing more for the great journey and voyage which I intended. To serve or work I thought it a disparagement, and to beg, a greater. With these and suchlike thoughts, I grew so pensive and sad, that, sitting down, I began to lament and bewail my miserable condition. Then, having my recourse to God Almighty, I with many tears, implored his assistance, craving also the intercession of the blessed Virgin and all the saints in heaven. Then, getting up, I went forward, continuing in prayer with great fervency, when, on a sudden, from the right hand came an old man riding, whose grey hairs might exact and force reverence from the haughtiest heart. He seeing me crying in crossing my way, said to me in Dutch, which I understood so—'Cry not, my child, God will comfort you.' I was very astonished at his sudden appearance and words, and also ashamed that anybody should see me in such a plight. However, keeping on my way, I began to recollect myself, and to think that God had sent this old man of purpose to direct me from such passionate fits, the conceit whereof made me rouse up myself and walk on more cheerfully."

Even when he feels himself subdued by the overwhelming conditions he is surrounded by, the natural pride and self-reliance of the Scot break forth. Far from seeking

help or protection from the angust stranger, he is ashamed that human eyes should have beheld him in his moment of transitory weakness. At night he comes to a village, and lodges in the *cruc*, the term by which he almost always designates an ale-house or village tavern: it is a variation of the low-Dutch *krag*, which has the same signification. The landlord asked him various questions, to which he returned no answer, for the satisfactory reason that he did not understand them. However, they sat at meals together, and he indulged in half a stoup of beer. When he asked for a sleeping-place, he was shown an empty waggon in the stable, and then he laid his cloak one half above and one half under him, with his coat and portmanteau under his head; and so, being exceedingly wearied, he laid him down. A good-natured maid of the inn had already shown the boy some kindness; and ere he went to sleep, "by-and-by" came the maid, and, reaching him a pillow began to laugh downright, then jumped away in such haste, as if she had been afraid of some infection. I made but one sleep the whole night, and got up half an hour before the sun, and, bringing my pillow to the room, asked what I had to pay. The landlady told me a stoup of beer, which I paid; and then asked what I had to pay for victuals, and, she answering nothing, I thanked, and went on my way." The full significance of such a picture of sordid hardship can only be felt by keeping in view the climax to which the narrative is gradually coming. The poor youth, who endures all that is endured by the beggar's brat, except that he will not beg, rises to an eminence which, in power and external pomp, far outshines that of the greatest nobles in his own poor but free country. Covered with the many honours and decorations of the barbarian court of the Czar—invested with vast estates and feudal powers—he becomes more like a petty sove-

reign than a subject. Nor was such a history uncommon among his countrymen—a history that, in its realities, far outshines in brilliancy of contrast the romance of the destined lord mayor hearing the welcome of the bells, and returning tired and foot-sore, till he beholds, "o'er his head the lights of London flaring like a dreary dawn."

In his next day's journey he fell in with two "sturdy fellows," both professing to be, like himself, on their way to Dantzic. They pestered him with questions, against which he had his old defence; and though he seems to have believed that they had evil designs, and was warned against one of them as a professed robber, he seems to have thought that the meagreness of his purse would protect him against this, as his deficiency in language protected him from the lesser evil. Two days being passed, he says, "The next morning I was not able to go farther. My feet, not being used to such hard travel, were full of blisters, and the skin off in many places." He got a cast in a waggon, and at last reached Dantzic, where he found his old landlady. Poor comfort awaited him here, however: he was told that the last ship of the season bound for the British Isles had sailed, and he must have to wait some ten months for the next year's fleet. What was he to do?

His countrymen seem to have swarmed in the district, for his landlady had only to let it be known that she had a Scottish youth on her hands who seemed in great perplexity, and was, as she feared, in need of money, to bring a crowd of them to her table. They offered aid to their countryman, but not in the direction of his ambition, for they had followed the arts of peace, but his selected destiny was war. Yet they were kind in advising him, and it was his interest as well as his desire to be civil to them. "So, the next day at dinner, these merchants began to persuade me to turn merchant, to the which I, finding

my nature averse, answered in fair terms however, not being willing to disoblige any."

The practical conclusion of the advice he received was, that his best chance was in Poland; and he set out, consequently, on a devious journey to Warsaw. He was recommended to take on his way a countryman, of his own clan, "living in a town called Culm, about twenty miles off, who was a very civil man, and would be very glad of my company."

He sailed along the Vistula in a flat-bottomed barge or Shute. There was no room for stepping about; he could only crouch in one position; and his only relaxation was an occasional walk on the bank, as the lazy vessel sweltered along. But the view, whether from the vessel or the towing-path, was not interesting, for the river was lined with high embankments, over which nothing could be seen but the occasional top of a house. At Culm his countryman received him, and harboured him during the winter months, when travelling was impracticable. His impatience to start for Warsaw was excited by the welcome news that the Duke Ivan Radzevill "had a life-company, all or more Scotsmen," which he might pretty securely calculate on entering. He arrived at Warsaw when the Sejm, or national parliament, was sitting, and took a lodging in the Lescziniski suburb. There was no Radzevill with his life-company of Scots there, however; and, bitterly disappointed, Gordon again thought there was nothing for it but to return to Scotland. There were many of his countrymen in Warsaw, but his pride would not permit him to approach them in his penury and dejection, for he had but eight or nine florins left, wherewith, as he justly remarks, he was not able to subsist long in Warsaw, nor travel far either. He got an opportunity of being franked to Posen, by a man who went thither in charge of several horses, and seems to have worked his way by assisting in driving the horses.

Posen is one of the few places which have tempted him out of his Spartan or Buchan brevity:—

"The buildings are all brick—more after the ancient form, but very convenient, especially those lately builded. The marketplace is spacious, having a pleasant fountain in each corner; the shops all in rows, each trade apart, and a stately Radthouse, &c. There are divers monasteries of both sexes and several orders, and a vast cathedral, which make a stately show. The suburbs are large, and decorated with churches and monasteries. The city is fortified with a brick wall, yet very tenable by reason of its vastness. But that which surpasseth all is the civility of the inhabitants, which is occasioned by its vicinity to Germany, and the frequent resorting of strangers to the two annual fairs, and every day almost. The Poles also, in emulation of the strangers dwelling amongst them, strive to transcend one another in civility."

There he immediately met a fellow-countryman named Lindsay, whose conduct put the youth's pride and sagacity both to the test. "He was imperiously inquisitive of my parents, education, travels, and intentions." On being told of his birth, the stranger exclaimed—"Gordon and Ogilvie!! these are two great clans; sure you must be a gentleman." Patrick knew this to be said in derision of his sordid condition; but he sagaciously made answer, that he hoped he "was not the worse for that." The kindness he received at Posen probably gave him his favourable impression of the place, for he was seized on by a swarm of his fellow Scots—"Robert Farquhar, James Fergusson, James Lindsay, James White, James Watson, and others." They recommended him to the good graces of a young nobleman named Oppalinski, with whom he travelled, in what capacity does not clearly appear, to Hamburg. It was now the year 1655, and Hamburg, like many towns in Northern Germany, was filled with emissaries recruiting for the great Swedish army, and all the inns were full of cavaliers "ranting and carousing."

He evidently felt, though he does not tell us, that as this great mustering and marshalling afforded various opportunities, differing greatly from each other, for effecting his design, he must be cautious, and pick his footing warily. He was strongly tempted by the talk of two recruiting officers, a cornet and quartermaster, who, knowing whence he came and what his views were, showed him much kindness and attention, he permitting them no opportunity for fixing their society upon him save at meal-time. The recruiter is probably much the same all the world over, and the following is as good a specimen of him as Sergeant Kite: "In all their discourses they extolled a soldier's life, telling that riches, honours, and all sorts of worldly blessings lay prostrate at a soldier's feet, wanting only his will to stoop and take them up; then, falling out in commendation of our countrymen, than whom no better 'sojers' were of any nation to be found, and that albeit nature had endowed them with a genius fit for anything, yet did they despise the ease, advantage, or contentment any other trade might bring, and embraced that of a soldier, which, without all dispute, is the most honourable." No compliments could be more skilfully put, and no sentiments could have been expressed more in harmony with those which were fermenting in the mind of the ambitious young Scot; but he believed he could make a better bargain for himself than these men could give him, and he held on till, one day at dinner, the quartermaster electrified him by the information that there was in the city a Scotsman—a neighbour—in fact one of the Banfshire Gardens, holding the rank of Rittmaster. This was conclusive, and away the youth hied to pay his respects where they were so eminently due. "I told him that, hearing of a person of such quality as he was being come to this city, I could not be satisfied with myself until I had paid my

respects to him with a visit, hoping that he would pardon my abrupt intruding myself, &c." There was much coming and going of military people, and trampling to and fro, in the Rittmaster's house. At a carouse where they "were all pretty well warmed," the important question was opened; but he was still cautious, and mumbled something about his intention of returning home. They laughed at him, and insisted that his friends would say he had gone to the Continent to see what o'clock it was, and returned as wise as he went. "But what needed," he says, "many persuasions, it being a course to the which I was naturally inclined; so that, without any further circumstance, I gave my promise to go along, so ignorant I was of such matters at that time." His career at this juncture was interrupted by a remittent fever, which threatened abruptly to close it. On the 15th of July 1665 he joined the Swedish army, encamped on a large meadow near Stettin. "It consisted of thirty brigades of foot and 7000 Reiters, being in all about 17,000 men, with a gallant train of artillery. It was a most delightful and brave show, the Reiters being very well mounted, and the foot well clothed and armed, and, above all, the officers in extraordinary good equipage."

Our young hero now held a command in that foolish invasion of Poland, the first of those aggressive acts of Sweden which gave her a bad character throughout Europe, and brought her ultimately to grief. The Buchanite youth had perhaps as much right, in consideration of his pay and rank, to plead an honest espousal of the cause he was fighting for as any other of its promoters, from the King of Sweden downwards. Professing no devotion to any higher motive for his own conduct than a selfish ambition—an aspiration after military renown, rank, and pay, combined in large and due proportions—he took the measure of his master's conduct in the following terms, which embrace his own private opinion, as distin-

guished from the views adopted by the philosophers and politicians of the age :—

"But, to tell you briefly, the main reason was this. The Swedish King having been bred a soldier, and having now obtained the crown by the resignation of his cousin, Queen Christiana, would needs begin his reign by some notable action. He knew that the remembrance of the honours and riches obtained by many cavaliers in the German wars, under the Swedish conduct, would bring great confluence of soldiers to him when it should be known that he was to arm, which, by reason of the late universal peace in Germany and the many forces lately disbanded, would be more easily effectuated. Having in his conceit already formed an army, there was no prince or people except Poland to which he could have the least pretence—albeit princes indeed never want pretensions to satisfy their ambition, and will have their pretences looked upon as solid and just reason."

We shall see that Patrick Gordon practised and avowed a code of political ethics which responded pretty accurately to those of the ambitious king. But first we give a passage which tells in a few words its own story, and furnishes a powerful exemplification of the ferocity generated by the contemporary civil conflicts in Britain. The date is 1658 :—

"Whilst we lay in this Werder, an English ambassador called Bradshaw, having been on his journey to Moscovia, and not admitted, returned this way, and was lodged in Lambeband's tavern. We getting notice thereof, and judging him to be that Bradshaw who sat president in the highest court of justice upon our sovereign King Charles I. of blessed memory, were resolved, come what will, to make an end of him; and being about fifteen with servants, six whereof might be accounted trusty weight men, the others also indifferent, we concluded that, doing the feat in the evening, we could easily make our escape by benefit of the strait ground, and darkness of the night, and so, being resolved, we took our way thither. Being come near, and asking a boor come from thence some questions, he told us that just now some

officers were come from Elbing to the ambassador, and some forty dragoons who were to guard and convey him to Marienburgh, which made us despair of doing any good, and so we returned. We had resolved to make our addresses to him, as sent with a commission from Field-Marshal Von Der Linde to him; and being admitted, seven or eight of us, to have gone in and stabbed him, the rest guarding our horses and the door; and so, being come to horse, make our escape to Danzig."

Even if they had been successful, they would have found that they had not done "any good" in their own sense of the terms, for the Bradshaw they were to put to death was not the Bradshaw who had committed the mortal offence. If they had slain him, no doubt they would have been disappointed that they had thrown away their exertions and peril in extinguishing the wrong life; but Gordon has not the affectation to express a word of thankfulness for not having done it. He seems, on the whole, rather to regret that a project so well planned should have come to nothing.

So long as it remains a fixed principle that every writer of biography is to bring his hero through, attributing to him all the virtues under heaven, and fighting with splenetic bitterness against every accusation against him, it is fortunate that we have autobiographies in which people speak about their own conduct in a sensible, practical, business-like way, without attempting to make themselves better than the best men of their day, or even very much better than they are. It is from good sort of fellows—not wiser than their neighbours, and not pretending to be better—telling a few facts without much consciousness of their significance, that we know the truth about history and the condition of governments and peoples. Take up any ordinary history, and see what it says about any campaign in the European wars of the seventeenth century, for instance. There are sentences, duly turned and balanced, about ravaging a territory from one extremity to the other, sweeping away the fruits of the soil, and the accumulated pre-

duce of industry, subjecting the people to the horrors of military havoc, without respect for age or sex, &c.; and yet, if we read a memoir of any actor in such scenes, we find him accredited to the world by his biographer as everything that is disinterested and gentlemanly, according to our modern notions of "an officer and a gentleman."

Hence the use of people telling their own story in their own way, and according to the lights conferred upon them. If Gordon ever perpetrated what would have been a crime in his own social circle, of course he would not tell of it, for his autobiography is not a confession; and except an occasional hard boose, with its consequent headache, told with an apologetic explanation that it was against his nature and forced upon him, he sets forth his practice like a man who has nothing to be ashamed of. The editor of the volume justly remarks that, in some instances, he appears to have aided the natural rapacity of the German mercenaries by what might be called "a wrinkle" from Highland practice. Thus he levies a sort of black-mail by engaging for certain dollars to protect certain cattle; and in other instances, with the full knowledge that the beasts have been driven away by men under his own command, he claims and pockets tribute for their restitution.

The way in which Gordon dealt with employers for his services as a military commander would shock "the service" at the present day; but it is nevertheless as well that we should know it from the statement of one who practised in it, and was so little ashamed of it as to be very explicit about his method of transacting business. He was repeatedly taken prisoner by the Poles, and on each occasion tempted to serve with them; but he always declined, and went back to the Swedes on exchange of prisoners. At length, in 1659, after he had been four years in the service, having come to the conclusion that

the Swedish cause was not likely to be a propitious one, and being a prisoner in the hands of the Poles, who, somewhat conveniently, refused in this instance to exchange him, he began to listen to the proposals made to him. He was offered by John Sobieski, whom he calls "a hard bargainer, but courteous," the command of a body of troops permanently stationed on the Sobieski domains—a sort of household regiment apparently. This offer did not suit his views, as he found that, however high and lucrative the appointment might be, it shelved him out of the way of promotion. He preferred, therefore, the next appointment offered to him, that of quartermaster. He had not been long in the Polish service ere he heard of the restoration of the Stewart dynasty, and naturally thought of Britain as the proper field for his ambition. "But," he says, "my father informing me that the armies were disbanded, and that only a few troops were continued in pay, and that the charge of these was given to the nobility, and to such persons as had extraordinarily deserved and suffered for his majesty, and that without a good stock it was very hard living in Scotland." So he remained where he was, but not contentedly, for the Polish army and the Diet were at feud, and Gordon's sagacity taught him that the service was not one of sufficient force and compactness to offer scope for the genius of a great commander—an outlook in the direction of ambition, rare, it may be supposed, among young soldiers just entering on their career, and glad to have secured the first step. He had an eye then on the service in which he finally distinguished himself: "I had great temptation from the Muscovitish ambassadors; for having by order conducted some of their chief officers to them about their ransom, as also they having ransomed two officers from me, they very earnestly desired their colonels to engage me in the Tsar's ser-

vice, to which I seemed to give half a willing ear. So they promised that I should not be longer detained nor three years—one year whereof to serve as major, and two for lieutenant-colonel. Yet did I not accept of these offers, but only kept them in hand to have another string for my bow."

Meanwhile a prospect opened up, seeming to be far more brilliant. The traditions of the old supremacy of Rome still so far lingered in the European continent that the house of Hapsburg, which in name represented the empire, was the most illustrious service in the world. Patrick's course was clear, then, when "the Roman emperor's ambassador, the Baron D'Isola, got orders from the emperor to engage officers to levy a regiment of horse; to which purpose he engaged Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon, commonly called Steelhand, who, using all the pressing reasons he could to persuade me to engage with him, telling me of the honourable service, the good pay, with the advantage and easiness of the levies at this time; wherewith being overcome, after mature consideration I resolved to engage; and so we entered into a stipulation, four of us, to levy a regiment of eight hundred horse." The person called Steelhand was another Patrick Gordon, who frequently figures in his namesake's narrative. He was excommunicated in Scotland by his title of "Patrick Gordon of the Steelhand"—a designation which he obtained doubtless not without fitting reasons, though they are not explained; he was to be the colonel, and, besides our hero, the other two field-officers were to be John Watson and Major Davidson—Scotsmen all.

This brilliant prospect was, however, immediately blighted. "The tenth of July, by an express from Vienna, the Roman emperor's ambassador received an order not to engage any officers, or to capitulate for the levying of men; and, if he had engaged any already, to discharge them the handsomest way he could." Gordon was retained

in the service he had adopted, but not in a shape suited to his ambition. He was to hold a secondary rank on a peace establishment, instead of casting his lot into the chances and changes of the mighty contest with the Turks, which was unfortunately, as he laments, coming to a close.

He lets us into his secret estimate of his position, and it seems to have been sagaciously taken. "Soldiers of fortune," he says, "unless of great merit and long-standing in that service, would be hardly admitted and little regarded;" and thus, if he were at last to obtain a company, he would be thrown an unoccupied stranger among "men of great birth and rents, or well-stocked and acquainted with the ways of that country, where quarters, accidences, and shifts are the greatest part of their subsistence."

He then bethought himself of the proffers which had been made to him by his friend Zamiaty Fiodorovitch Leontiu, the Russian Ambassador, and resolved to join that service, if, on close examination, he should find it adapted to his views. But he was ordered by the imperial authorities to go to Vienna, on duty, with despatches; and the question was, "how to come handsomely off" from the service he had so adopted. It would be unsafe to attempt to describe his method of coming "handsomely off" in any but his own words: so here it is—a very fair type, no doubt, of the ethics of the better sort of Dugald Dalgettys:—

"So, having made use of the Russian Ambassador, and let off the most of my servants, I went to the Roman Emperor's ambassador, and desired to know how long it would be before his despatches would be ready. He told me that it would be eight days. Then I told him that I had all my best things lying at Thorun, thirty miles from hence, and that he would permit me to go and fetch them, promising to return precisely against that time; which he granting, and desiring me not to delay nor disappoint him, I took my leave.

"I had nothing now to do but to prepare for my journey; so, having got Colonel Craufurd and Captain Menzies ready, I took leave of my friends; and, to make clear with the Roman Emperor's ambassador, I left two letters by a trusty friend, one dated three days before the time I had promised to return, giving him notice that, upon my coming to Thorun, I was falling into a heavy sickness, being a hot fever, so that I could not be able to come at the appointed time, promising how soon I were recovered, to make all possible haste—the letter not written by myself, but subscribed. The other letter, dated a fortnight thereafter, from the same place, informing his Excellency that the violence of sickness was relented, but that I was taken with a sort of quotidian fever and want of appetite, which had weakened me so that I was out of hopes of being able to travel in haste—making a great regret that by this misfortune I had lost the honour which I thought to have had to serve his Imperial Majesty—and such expressions more."

Of course, a man in so precarious a state of health, interrupted in an important mission by a severe and protracted attack of illness, was by no means a desirable acquisition, and little or no inquiry seems to have been made after him. Having thus laid his plans, he went off in another direction, crossed the Vistula, "and the next morning, after breakfast, and a merry cup with the friends who had conveyed us, we began our journey." There were eight of them—all Scots apparently, among whom he names Colonel Craufurd, Lord Henry Gordon, and Colonel Paul Menzies. It happened, owing to the cross-services in which they were engaged, that the position of Craufurd was that of a prisoner of war to Lord Henry Gordon; but no kindly Scot would take improper advantage of such an accident to ill-use his countryman, and Craufurd "was not only maintained by him at a plentiful table at Warsaw, but dismissed ransom-free, and gave him a pass for a captain of horse." If our hero had been superstitious, and supposed that there was anything to affect his conscience in the manner

of his departure from the Emperor's service, he might have supposed that a judgment had been prepared for him, since, pretty exactly at the time when his anticipatory letters were to announce him sick at Thorn, he has to give this account of his condition at the small town of Kiadany, beyond the Niemen: "Being welcomed by some of our countrymen with a hearty cup of strong mead, it did so influence my blood, that the same night a hot fever seized me. The next day I caused blood to be let. Towards night I got ease, and slept indifferent well. The next day, Sunday, I went to church, where the fever again seized me, so that I was not able to hear out the devotion, and with much ado got to my lodging. The fever continued very violent, with a delirium;" and so on until, "on Thursday, we dined with Major Carstairs—were very kindly entertained, and not pressed with drinking."

He reached Riga, still feeling his way before committing himself to the Russian service. He was in search of General Douglas, who had just marched onwards; and the next statement shows, in a characteristic light, how his countrymen swarmed wherever he went. "I was very sorry, and so went into the town to look for acquaintance. Coming to the marketplace, I did meet with my old comrades and friends, Alexander Landells and Walter Airth, with whom I went to a tavern and took a glass of wine, to whom I revealed my intentions. These being out of service themselves, having been lately disbanded by the Swedes, were in a poor condition, and willing to engage anywhere; and told me that no service was to be had among the Swedes; and besides, that it was so poor, they having but pitiful allowance, that it was not worth the seeking; that they had heard that the Muscovites' pay, though not great, was duly paid, and that officers were soon advanced to high degrees; and many of our countrymen, of great quality, were there, and some

gone thither lately; that they themselves, with many others of our countrymen, and strangers, were resolving to go thither, not knowing how to do better; so that the consideration of a certain, at least, livelihood, preferment, good company, and my former promises and engagements, confirmed me in my resolution, to go to Moskow."

So onward they went, having settled among each other the relative ranks they were to accept in the service, until at last "we came to Moscow, and hired a lodging in the Slabod, or village where the strangers live. We were admitted to kiss his Tzarasky Majesty's hand at Columinsko, a country-house of the Tzaar's, seven versts from Moscow, below the village of the same name. The Tzaar was pleased to thank me for having been kind to his subjects, who had been prisoners in Poland; and it was told me that I should have his Majesty's grace or favour, whereon I might rely." It was on the 5th of September 1661 that the event took place which not only decided the fate of the poor wandering Scot, but had no little influence on the subsequent destinies of Europe; since, after his friend and master Peter the Great, it may be questioned if any other one man did so much for the early consolidation of the Russian empire as Patrick Gordon. His great services date at a far later period; but at the very beginning we find him engaged in the faint remnant of a contest which, though he seems to have been unconscious of it, was really a life and death struggle of the imperial power for predominance in its old domain of Muscovy. It is a phase of European history not often kept in view, that the corporate influence of the great towns maintained a long contest with the predominant royal houses of Europe, and that this contest had its very highest development in Russia. The corporations, indeed, with Novgorod at their head—now that we look back on their power, and compare it with other

institutions commemorated in history—were evidently so far the predominant power, that, had they been led by a few great men, they might have kept out the empire, and preserved a rule over Russia more like that of the East India Company's in Hindostan than perhaps any other method of government on record. It was to be otherwise, however; and, as history tells us, the great men came on the side of the empire, not of the corporate republic. When Gordon joined the service, the contest with the corporations was nearly over. His "Tzaric Majesty" was in a state of transition from "the Duke of Muscovia" of old to "the Emperor of Russia" of our own day. It was not long since the power of the corporations had been so great, however, as to give significance to the old Russian proverb, "Who can resist the great God and Novgorod?" The annual market, drawing its traders from the extremity of the empire, and from other empires, is the only existing relic of its greatness. When Gordon and his companions passed through it, he jotted down the following memorandum—"The town of Novgorod, called 'the Great,' having been one of the greatest market-cities of Europe, giveth name to a large dukedom, the greatest of all Russia, where Rurick, from whom all the Russian princes and dukes draw their original, did reign;" and then he refers to the ordinary histories for the cruelties which Ivan the Terrible inflicted on the inhabitants when he got access to the town. Another municipal relic which had "been a free principality in former times, until subdued by the Tzar Ivan Vasiliovitz," attracted him by its faded though not entirely ruined splendour. "About mid-day," he says, "we had a sight of Plesko or Opako, which had a glorious show, being environed with a stone wall and many towers. There are many churches and monasteries, some whereof have three, some five steeples or towers, whereon are round

globes of six, eight, or ten fathoms circumference, which, being covered with white iron or plate, and thereon great crosses covered with the same, make a great and pleasant show. One of these globes, being the largest, is over-gilt." That the municipal spirit, though broken, still lingered among the people, is shown by such incidents as the following, in which Gordon showed an early appreciation of the approved Russian method of treating difficulties with the ordinary citizen: "Some contentions did fall out betwixt the officers and sojourns with the rich burgesses, who would not admit them into their houses. Among the rest, a merchant by whom my quarters were taken up whilst my servants were cleaning the inner room; he broke down the oven in the utter room which served to warm both, so that I was forced to go to another quarter. But, to teach him better manners, I sent the *profos* (provost-marshal) to quarter by him, with twenty prisoners and a corporalship of sojourns, who, by connivance, did grievously plague him a week; and it cost him near a hundred dollars before he could procure an order out of the right office to have them removed, and was well laughed at besides for his incivility and obstinacy."

This was very early in his career, and shows how quickly he had learned that in Russia there was no justice to be got but what could be taken or bought. His proud Scottish spirit revolted against the slights and impositions he was subject to, and nothing but a threat to leave the service would bring "the chancellor, being a most corrupt fellow," and his subordinates, to acknowledge his position and claims. The Russians had not yet been much accustomed to see the adventurers from Scotland step in among them as their natural lords and masters; and Gordon spoke of the calamity of leaving those countries, "where strangers had great respect, and were in a great reputation, and even more trust as the natives them-

selves; and where a free passage for all deserving persons lay open to all honour, military and civil;" and coming to a land where he perceived "strangers to be looked upon as a company of hirelings, and at the best (as they say of women) but *necessaria mala*: no honour or degree of preferment here to be expected but military, and that with a limited command, in the attainment whereof a good mediator or mediatrix, and a piece of money or other bribe, is more available as the merit or sufficiency of the person; a faint heart under fair plumes, and a cuckoo in gay clothes, being as ordinary here as a counterfeited or painted visage." A certain Boyar to whom he made his complaint, "being vexed, caused stop his coach, and caused call the Diack; whom being come, he took by the beard, and shook him three or four times, telling him, if I complained again he would cause knout him." Notwithstanding this broad hint, the Diack showed no great improvement either in civility or honesty when the Boyar's back was turned; but when he heard one man in the rank of a gentleman talk to another who happened to be his inferior in this fashion, the Scot was fain to suppose that there was an intention to propitiate him according to the national manner.

We shall conclude our extracts from this part of the Diary with his notandum of the way in which he entered on his duties: "1661. September 17.—I got orders to receive from a Russ 700 men to be in our regiment, being runaway sojourns out of several regiments, and fetched back from divers places. Having received these, I marched through the Sloboda of the strangers to Crasna Cella, where we got our quarters, and exercised these soldiers twice a-day in fair weather. September 20.—I received money—twenty-five roubles—for my welcome, and the next day sables, and two days thereafter damask and cloth. September 25.—I received a month's means in cursed copper money, as

did those who came along with me."

Gordon had roughed it for a quarter of a century in the service before he met his illustrious master Peter the Great, with whose name his later achievements are historically connected. Characteristically enough for one who became notorious in later life as a lover of strong drink, the young prince presented him, at their first meeting, with a glass of brandy—at least it is likely that no smaller measure of the liquid is referred to in the following notandum: "1686, January 26, was at their majesty's hands—receiving a charke of brandy out of the youngest his hand, with a command to return speedily." Peter was then a boy fourteen years old; but three years only were to elapse ere a crisis in which events, directed by the sagacious old Scot to whom he presented a dram, were to secure to him the throne he made so renowned.

The service by which Gordon set his mark on the history of Russia and of Europe was the subjugation of the Strelitzers. These were a power more immediate and menacing than the corporations, if not in reality so deeply founded; and it was necessary that this power should be broken before the autocracy of the empire could be fully developed. The Strelitzers were the guards or household troops of Muscovy, and in their constitution and fate they have often been compared with the janisaries of Turkey. They had been created by Ivan the Terrible, in the middle of the sixteenth century, for the purpose of breaking the power of the independent Boyards. Their distinctive peculiarity—that they were solely under the command of the Czar himself—intended to make them potent agents of despotism, enabled them in reality to set up on their own account. In their desire to take their orders immediately from their master, they refused obedience to the officers set over them; and on some occasions showed their zeal for their master

by taking the labour and responsibility of punishment out of his hands, and knouting, shooting, or hanging those officers who had not, in their opinion, acted faithfully in the discharge of their duty to the Czar. It was a corollary, and a very formidable one to such principles of duty, that it lay with themselves to decide who was the proper Czar from whom they were to take their instructions. Such was the body with whom Peter had to deal in the early and unstable period of his reign. Immediately before its commencement, they had performed one of their most terrible outbreaks of loyalty, ending in the slaughter of several officers; while others, probably to save their lives, were knouted in the presence of the Strelitzers to appease their just indignation, which, like that of the seppys, arose out of a religious difficulty: their consciences had been violated by their being ordered on duty during Easter week. Gordon's first affair with them appears to have given its turn to the memorable struggle between Peter and his sister Sophia for the actual government, while their imbecile brother Ivan still lived and held nominal office as senior Czar. The princess got the ear of the Strelitzers, who promised to surprise and slay her brother. According to Gordon's account, they were as close to success as failure could well be. He describes how his young master—he was then but seventeen—hearing at dead of night that the bloody band were surrounding him, sprang out of bed, and, without waiting to dress himself, leapt upon a horse and galloped to the nearest wood. There, waiting a short time for clothing, he pursued his flight, and reached the monastery of the Troitzca, or Holy Trinity, about six o'clock in the morning. Here he was protected by the sanctity of the place, and issued his orders to the officers of the Strelitzers, and to the foreign officers in the Russian service. The former had taken their course; the critical point lay with the foreigners. Gor-

don took a short time to consider and inquire. He then said he had made up his mind: whatever orders came from the Kremlin, he was to march to Troitzca, and take his own orders there. This decided the others; and the foreign officers, with their troops, made their welcome appearance at the gates of the monastery. The contest was thus decided. Two days afterwards the youth who became Peter the Great entered Moscow in triumph; and then of course came the usual conclusion of the drama in torturings and executions.

The Strelitzers, as a body, conformed outwardly to the new order, and remained composed and powerful as ever. It was in the year 1697 that Peter left his home on his celebrated ramble among the working districts of Europe; and if he had not left Gordon with four thousand troops under his separate command to guard the Kremlin, he would probably have found a change of occupancy on his return, and a difficulty in getting access to his own house. The main army of Russia was then stationed on the frontiers of Poland, for the purpose of influencing the election of a king to succeed John Sobieski. A rumour spread through the ranks of the Strelitzers that the Czar had died abroad; and as they always felt it their duty to see the right person placed on the throne, they resolved, without consulting the Commander-in-Chief, to march to Moscow, for the purpose of installing the heir, Alexis Petrowich, and appointing a regent during his minority. There were thus eight thousand troops, in high discipline and compact order, approaching the capital, and four thousand to defend it. Gordon seems to have at once resolved to save the town the horrors of a siege by meeting the enemy at a distance. He had an element which compensated the inequality of numbers, in the possession of twenty-seven field pieces—six to ten pounders. He intrenched himself strongly on the road which the mutineers must pass, never hesitating in the resolution to subdue them, or doubting his ability to do so. He

parleyed with and exhorted them over and over again to return to their duty, and there is no doubt that he was sincere in recording the sorrow he says he felt in the contemplation of their fatal obstinacy. When he was driven to action, he took that most humane of all courses when an irrational and helpless mass of men are to be brought to a sense of their position—he made quick and sharp work of it. His own brief and practical account of the conclusion is—

“I brought up the infantry and twenty-five cannon to a fit position, surrounded their camp on the other side with cavalry, and then sent an officer to summon and exhort them once more to submit. As they again declined, I sent yet another to demand a categorical decision. But they rejected all proposals of compromise, and boasted that they were as ready to defend themselves by force as we were to attack. Seeing that all hope of their submission was vain, I made a round of the cannon be fired. But as we fired over their heads, this only emboldened them more, so that they began to wave their colours, and throw up their caps, and prepare for resistance. At the next discharge of the cannon, however, seeing their comrades fall on all sides, they began to waver. Out of despair, or to protect themselves from the cannon, they made a rally by a lane, which, however, we had occupied by a strong body. To make yet surer, I brought up several detachments to the spot, so as to command the hollow way out of which they were issuing. Seeing this, they returned to their camp, and some of them betook themselves to the barns and outhouses of the adjoining village. At the third discharge of the guns, many of them rushed out of the camp towards the infantry and cavalry. After the fourth round of fire, very few of them remained in their waggon rampart; and I moved down with two battalions to their camp, and posted guards round it. During this affair, which lasted about an hour, a few of our men were wounded. The rebels had twenty-two killed on the spot, and about forty wounded, mostly mortally.”

So far as open contest was concerned, the affair was at an end. The conquest was obtained, one would

say, at a small sacrifice of life. But while, in ordinary warfare, slaughter is at an end for a time when the battle is over, and the victors are then occupied in saving the lives and alleviating the sufferings of their enemies—in such an affair as this the slaughter and suffering were only in a manner inaugurated by the battle; and the subsequent journal which records, not the victorious general's doings, but other people's, has such entries as—"To-day seventy men were hanged, by fives and threes, on one gallows."

We have not thought it necessary or desirable to pull the reader through the successive events of Gordon's long professional career. We cannot leave it, however, without recommending engineer officers who want to hear of operations entirely out of the way of any of the routine systems of any age or nation, to read the accounts—he gives none, by the way, himself—of the method of his capture of Azof in 1696. The necessary data for his peculiar system of engineering are—a strongly fortified place, with a small but well disciplined and officered garrison; a large unsoldierly horde of an attacking force; and a surrounding soil deep and friable. These being the conditions, and the question what engineering alternative should be adopted after the repeated failure of every effort according to the ordinary rules of attack, the method proposed by Gordon was, *to bury the fortress*. He proposed that twelve thousand men by day, and as many by night, should raise a circumvallation of earth, ever increasing, until the place, if it did not surrender, should be actually buried. His son-in-law, in the *Life of Peter*, says:—

"So to work they went with such cheerfulness, that within the space of five weeks the fosse was actually full,

and the earth above the heights of the ramparts rolling in over them, which obliged the governor to put out the white flag. Though this seems to be a very extraordinary and uncommon method of taking towns, yet here it proved very successful and safe; the loss of men during the siege not amounting to above three hundred. According to General Gordon's plan, there were constantly twelve thousand men at work, who threw the earth from hand to hand, like so many steps of a stair. The greatest danger was upon the top, the earth being so loose, especially as they advanced nearer the town, that the enemy's small shot killed and wounded several; for which cause, they were relieved every half-hour, the uppermost rank falling down and becoming the lowermost, and so on."

Patrick Gordon died on the 29th November 1699; and we are briefly but effectively told by the editor of the Diary that "the Czar, who had visited him five times in his illness, and had been twice with him during the night, stood weeping by his bed as he drew his last breath—and the eyes of him who had left Scotland a poor unfriended wanderer were closed by the hand of an Emperor.

Having drawn so extensively on this volume for our own special purposes, it might be expected that we should say a word or two in worthy commendation of the manner in which its editor, Mr. Joseph Robertson, has performed his functions. We shall not do so. To say that the piece of work before him could not have been better executed would be no commendation worthy of such a masterly hand. He frequents a much higher department of archaeological learning, and we would require to come upon him in the midst of some critical disentanglement, *dignus vindice*, to have the opportunity of speaking about him as he deserves.

THE PUNJAB IN 1857.

THE Sepoy-War of 1857 is a fine subject for the historian. But its treatment is far from easy. There are abundant materials of the best kind: incidents, numerous and exciting—records of doings and of suffering almost unparalleled in their magnitude; varied characters of every shade, from the brightest chivalry to the darkest villany; and copious food for philosophical investigation into the motives of human action, national and individual;—all are there to render the subject an attractive one to the workman, and to beguile him with a flattering promise of success. To the uninitiated, therefore, in the mysteries of historical composition, the task may appear as easy as it is inviting; but the difficulties foreseen by the practised writer would rise up before the novice, if he were to attempt the work, at every stage and every turn, and throw him into hopeless complexity and confusion. The total want of unity of action would be his grand stumbling-block. Distracted by the multiplicity of concurrent event scattered over a vast area, and, in the newest critical cant of the day, “cropping up” unexpectedly, without any apparent connection with each other, he is likely to go groping and sprawling about in a fragmentary incoherent manner, utterly bewildered and overwhelmed by the multiplicity of details pressing upon him for simultaneous attention. It is no easy thing to hold in hand so many different threads, and to wind them off at the same time into one compact historical body. Some will snap; some will slip between one's fingers; some will get knotted and entangled. Only a clear brain, a steady eye,

and a delicate hand—the clearness, the steadiness, the delicacy, all being the growth of skilled labour—can weave so many threads of narrative into a smooth consistent whole. Whether it can be done at all with success may, indeed, be a question, so difficult will it be in many instances to find the connecting link between concurrent events, and to distinguish aright between mere coincidence and cause-and-effect.

But there are episodes in the great epic of the sepoy war which have a unity and completeness of their own—all the incidents converging to one common centre. Of these the most conspicuous is that which has for its catastrophe the fall of Delhi. In official language, it is the mutiny in “the Punjab and its dependencies.” This is *ex post facto* nomenclature we know, for it was not until after the mutiny that the Delhi country became a dependency of the Punjab, under a common Lieutenant-Governor. But the Punjab Commission made all that country its own, and Delhi was conquered from the Punjab. A narrative of events, therefore, starting from the outbreak at Meerut and culminating in the capture of Delhi, would necessarily embrace all the momentous events in the Punjab upon which the means of wresting the imperial city from the hands of the Mogul were dependent. In such a circle of events there is a unity and succinctness which recommend it to the historian. There is neither too much nor too little. It has a beginning, a middle, and an end. There are grand central figures round which the interest clusters. Even the wretched old Mogul is

The Punjab and Delhi in 1857; being a Narrative of the Measures by which the Punjab was Saved and Delhi Recovered during the Indian Mutiny By the Rev. J. CAVE BROWNE, M. A., Assistant-Chaplain, Bengal Presidency, Chaplain of the Punjab Moveable Column in 1857. 2 vols. Blackwood & Sons.

great in history by reason of the associations with which he is surrounded. The fall of Delhi and the utter ruin of the House of Timour, form a suitable catastrophe upon which the curtain may well descend. There is nothing more — no feeble anti-climax — after that, the Deluge.

Of such a series of events we have now before us a record, in a work written by the Rev. John Cave-Browne, a chaplain in the old Company's service, who was in the Punjab at the time of the outbreak, and who writes, therefore, of that with which he was either personally acquainted, or concerning which he had means of deriving information from the chief actors themselves. It will be remembered that, two or three years ago, we published, in this journal, some papers under the title of the "Poorbeah Mutiny in the Punjab." Those papers, written whilst the events were yet fresh, were recommended to us by an apparent fidelity, the reality of which has since been abundantly tested. The veracity, indeed, of those statements has been confirmed by a variety of concurrent evidence of the best kind. They were chapters of authentic history well worthy of preservation in a separate form, even if nothing had been added to them. But, encouraged by their reception, Mr. Cave-Browne bethought himself of enlarging his original design, and working these scattered chapters into a continuous historical narrative of the scope which we have already indicated; and we have now before us the result of his labours. The original matter has been carefully rewritten and redistributed; and so much has been added, that the volumes may be said to constitute substantially a new work; and it is by far the most elaborate work on the subject of the great Indian mutiny that has yet appeared: indeed, the only example of legitimate history.

With a few pages of inquiry into the causes of the great mutiny,

the author commences his work. It is his opinion that the main object of the movement was the restoration of the House of Timour—that this, indeed, was the *fons et origo* of all the evil. Artistically, this should be the beginning of the story, as the strangling failure of the Mogul is its close. But Mr. Cave-Browne is not a writer to sacrifice one particle of truth to dramatic effect. And we may be sure, therefore, that it is his deliberate conviction, arrived at after much investigation and much study of the subject, that the movement was primarily a Mohammedan movement, and that the restoration of the Mogul dynasty was its primary object. There is, doubtless, much to favour this hypothesis. There had been, for months before the first manifestation of rebellion among the sepoys, symptoms of feverish inquietude, giving out no loud signals of any kind, but not the less certainly felt throughout all the strata of Mohammedan society in Upper India. It would be more properly, perhaps, described as a state of restless expectancy—a looking for something strange and portentous, the nature of which none could define. There are some who think that it had its origin in a Zenana intrigue—that the desire of the Begum Zeenut Mehal to set aside the rightful succession in favour of her son not seeming to be in a fair way towards accomplishment, owing to the obduracy of the British Government, a design was formed for the establishment of a new state of things, under which the will of the Mogul would be the law of the land. All this is very probable. Perhaps there has seldom or never been a period of our history during which some undercurrent of intrigue has not flowed out from the Delhi palace. But the object is generally so unattainable, the means proposed so vague and impracticable, that the stream soon runs itself dry; and then another begins to flow in the same channel, to be exhausted with equal rapidity. A vast deal

of treason is talked and written, circulated by post, placarded even on the walls, of which Englishmen have really no knowledge, and of which, if they had, they would, in ordinary times, take no account. The Begum may have had her emissaries, and they may have sown sedition here and there; and so it may have happened that everything was ripe at Delhi, and even beyond Delhi, when the opportunity came. But we do not very distinctly see that unity and completeness of design—that cohesiveness, as it were, of all the several parts—which would lead us to believe in the existence of a comprehensive plot for the restoration of the Mohammedan empire. The absence of cohesion and co-relation may be more apparent than real. It may be the result only of our own ignorance. All the several parts of the watch may be there—all its springs and wheels and chains complete—though we know not how to put them together. But, for our own parts, we are at present disposed to think that the causes of the mutiny were not one, but many—that there was concurrence and coincidence rather than co-relation between them—that not one of the many alleged causes was sufficient to produce such results, but that they all aided each other. and, in their aggregation, wrought out the great calamities which we are still deploring.

But it is not our purpose in this place, however tempting the subject may be, to enter upon an elaborate examination of these several concurrent causes, but to follow out the results as developed in Mr. Browne's interesting volumes. From Barrackpore, where the first symptoms of revolt manifested themselves, to Oude, where the disaffection betrayed itself with far deeper significance—to Meerut, where it received the first fearful baptism in the blood and tears of women and children—to Delhi, where it swelled into the proportions of a national or dynastic movement, which might have grown

into a revolution—the author carries his readers by rapid stages, and there halts beneath the walls of the imperial city. The stream of rebellion is just flowing in from Meerut: "On that eventful morning all seemed as usual. The daily morning service of the church was over, and the little congregation had dispersed to their homes or their duties. The weekly guards had been relieved at the main guard, the treasury and the palace; the civil surgeon, Dr. Balfour, had gone his round of dispensary and jail; the hum of native litigation had begun in the various *kutcheres*, and the hum of native barter and bargain in the *Chandree Chouk* and the smaller bazaars of the city. Yet all bespoke peace; there was no unusual bustle that morning; no appearance of excitement among the natives; no prognostic of a coming storm; nothing to give warning of an approaching tempest, which in a few hours should sweep down half a century's growth of civilisation, and saturate the ground with the blood of murdered Christians!"

Mr. Brown thinks that the old King, though he may have long been brooding over the thought of recovering the lost empire of the Mogul, was, at the last, taken by surprise. Doubtless he did not think that the crisis would have been precipitated so soon; and when it came, he could hardly believe in the successful activity of the rebel cause and the torpor of the British power. It was not like the English to be paralysed in this way. Could it, indeed, be paralysis? or was it but

"The letting go
His shivered sword of one about to spring
At the foe's throat!"—

the quietude of preparation that precedes the striking of the decisive blow? We will let the author here speak for himself. The following passage has a double interest, for it tells also of one of the most heroic incidents of the outbreak at Delhi—the explosion of the powder-magazine by Willoughby and his little band of warriors:—

"The King had at first been taken by surprise: the spirit of insurrection which he had evoked had broken out before the preconcerted time. The thought of the strong European garrison of Meerut, and of the dire retribution which might come from that quarter, made him cautious. He hesitated before compromising himself. Messengers were despatched on camels along the Meerut road to give immediate intimation of the advance of any European force. About the middle of the day they returned to the palace, and reported that not a soldier was within twenty miles. The old King now took courage. Another and a stronger guard was sent down, under a son and a grandson of the King, to demand the immediate surrender of the magazine in the King's name. On this being refused, scaling-ladders were sent out from the palace and planted against the walls along the main road. Danger threatened also from another quarter. Under the south wall of the magazine stood the old Christian burial-ground, with its wonted array of unchristian monuments, stoic porches, broken shafts, and obelisks, towering up even above the level of the magazine walls. The sepoy and King's guard, baffled in their attempts to effect an entrance at the gates, climbed up to the tops of these tombs, and from thence fired in upon the little garrison as they stood at their guns, and were unable to defend themselves against this new enemy. Then, the scaling-ladders once fairly planted, up swarmed the rebels. On reaching the tops of the walls, they were greeted with volleys of grape, and swept off; but more crowded up. Nobly were the guns worked by the few Englishmen, but it was all in vain. As a last hope, Willoughby rushed to the small bastion on the river face: one more look—a long, anxious look—towards Meerut, but not a sign of coming succour. It was clear that Meerut had failed them. Willoughby returned to his guns. For above five hours had that noble little band defended their fortress. Buckley had been wounded in the arm: Forrest had two shots in the hand. Further defence was hopeless. Willoughby passed the fatal word to Buckley. Buckley raised his hat. Scully fired the train: the whole building seemed to be hurled into the air, and hundreds of the rebels were buried in the ruins!"—Vol. i. pp. 77, 78.

We need not enter into the details of horror which distinguished the first

memorable day of rebellion in Delhi. It came to an end at last. Night closed upon the scene; and what a night!—

"What scenes were enacted during the dread hours of that night, with all their harrowing details of woe and suspense, who can attempt to describe? Each survivor has his tale of horrors, of mental trials worse than bodily suffering, to haunt him with ever-recurring vividness to the hour of his death. Some there were, struggling away, footsore and weary, hoping to find shelter in some quiet lurking-place, or protection from villagers around: but many of them doomed to prove that the village demons were more fiendish than the monsters they had left behind in Delhi. Here a party, driven from the suspected shelter of false or timid friendship of a native chief, was hurrying on, wounded and faint, through gangs of marauding Goojurs. Another group, dragging themselves along, with buggy broken and horse exhausted, over fields and ditches, through brooks and morasses—at one time scarcely eluding a party of vagrants greedy for plunder, at another skirting some village bounds, fearing to ask for shelter, dreading lest every step might betray their presence and seal their fate: others again, heartbroken and famished, throwing themselves down on the roadside in despair, courting their doom, praying that they might die and be released from their misery! Others there were, still penned up within the city walls, unable to escape, sheltered by faithful domestics—or even by strangers moved to sympathy—passing those hours in agonising fear within hearing of the devilish orgies; a few, a very few, enabled to escape, and through perils and trials brought at length to safety and rest. Such were some of the scenes on which the moon rose that night!"—Vol. i. p. 89.

Such is the opening of the story now before us—the prologue, as it were, of the drama. It is of the Punjab that these volumes mainly treat. Every reader knows its geographical position, and, knowing it, must feel that, humanly speaking, the safety of the British Indian Empire mainly depended upon the attitude assumed by the mixed population of that great country—by its thousands of recognised, and its tens of thousands of unrecognised soldiers—by its Hindostanee

sepoys, and by its Sikhs and Pathans. It is not easy to determine, and perhaps it is not very profitable to inquire, what might have been the result if the Punjab had still been under the Sikh government. Had the battalions which confronted our British troops with such courage and resolution at Ferozshuhur and Sobraon swept down upon us in the hour of our tribulation in that disastrous summer of 1857, we might have been driven into the sea. But had the Sikh government been our faithful ally, and the Sikh army held well in hand by a powerful ruler—such as was Runjeet in his prime—it might have been led down, in such a conjuncture, to our aid, careless whether it went against the Mohammedans or against the Feringhees, so long as it went to the plunder of Delhi, of which its day-dreams had been long and alluring. By such an incursion, the Mogul might soon have been crushed; but would our danger have ended there, or would it have commenced? Would the Sikh army, gorged with the plunder of the imperial city, have retired quietly to its trans-Sutlej home? or would it not rather, with stimulated appetite, have turned the aspiration of its greed towards the sack of Calcutta, and longed to glut itself in the metropolis of the Feringhees? This last, it appears to us, under the circumstances supposed, would have been no very improbable contingency; and we can hardly doubt, therefore (although we willingly admit the advantage which we derived during our recent troubles from the existence of the few remaining Native States of India), that the fact of the Punjab being British territory was a gain to us when the crisis arose. It is to be remembered, however, upon the other side, that if our frontier had not been thus extended, we should have had European troops nearer at hand. But then it may be said, and truly, that we might not have had the Lawrences, the Montgomerys, the Edwardeses, the Nicholsons, and the Chamberlaines, to help us in the hour of our need.

We have said, however, that there is little profit in such speculations as these. The rebellion broke out in Upper India, and found the Punjab firmly in the grasp of the British. "The sepoys have come in from Meerut, and are burning everything. We must shut up." Such was the brief epigrammatic language which the telegraph wires addressed to the authorities at Lahore. Sir John Lawrence was then at Rawul Pindiee. Before his return to the capital he might find it in a blaze. But Mr. Montgomery, the Judicial Commissioner, was at Lahore, and he was equal to the occasion. The tidings which had arrived, says Mr. Browne, were "such as might well appal the stoutest hearts in the strongest and least exposed stations of India, but on Lahore, where we will first follow them, they fell with portentous meaning. This vast city—the political capital of the Punjab, peopled by hereditary soldiers, Sikh and Mohammedan, from the former of whom the spirit of their *Singh Gooroo*, and the 'baptism of the sword,' had not wholly passed away; while of the latter class, rising up under British protection and favour from the degradation and thralldom to which the Sikh rule had reduced them, and waiting only the opportunity to change their present state of seeming content and quiet into a more genial course of marauding and bloodshed;—this city, with its 90,000 inhabitants, could at a word give forth hundreds who would be only too ready to emulate the atrocities of Meerut and Delhi. Nor was it from the city alone that danger was to be apprehended. At the military cantonment of Mean-Meer, six miles off, were quartered four native regiments—three of infantry and one of cavalry—and who could say they were less traitors than their bhaibunds?—while there was but comparatively a small force of Europeans, consisting of the Queen's 81st, with two troops of horse-artillery and four reserve companies of foot-artillery. Such was Lahore."

Of the military arrangements

made by Mr. Montgomery, there is a very clear and complete account in these pages; and then we have the following general tribute to the vigour and sagacity displayed by the Judicial Commissioner:—

“Nor was it only, or indeed chiefly, in concurrence with the brigadier that the Judicial Commissioner distinguished himself: the mantle of Sir John Lawrence rested indeed for the time on one worthy to take his place—one whose every act bore testimony to his English energy and his Christian courage. He saw that it was not merely in the larger military cantonments that danger threatened, but that the peace of the whole country was at stake. Dotted over the face of the Punjab were small civil stations, with perhaps little more than a handful of Punjabee police to check the Poorbeah detachments on guard. Close by the native city, crowded with a population whose innate lawlessness and misquies can hardly in the time of peace be kept under by the strong arm of English law, there was the treasury, almost unprotected (so entire was the feeling of security), to tempt the loot-loving Hindostani; there was the jail teeming with its convicts, ready at a moment's notice to burst forth and join in the work of plunder and massacre; and in the midst of these were the civil officers with their wives and children, from whom only a merciful Providence could avert the fate which had overwhelmed the defenceless residents of Delhi. The cry once raised, the tocsin of rebellion once sounded, one single station sacrificed, and station after station must have gone! All this Mr. Montgomery foresaw. While the messengers were hastening to the east and the west to put the cantonments and forts on their guard, other messengers were speeding to the civil stations, with instructions as wise as they were peremptory: ‘Send in all the treasure to the nearest military station, under escort of Punjabee police;’ ‘Don't trust your Hindostani guards—stop all sepoys' letters passing through your post-offices;’ and he summed up with the following advice: ‘Whilst acting vigorously, and being alive to the great importance of this crisis, I would earnestly suggest calmness and quietness; *there should be no signs of alarm or excitement*; but BE PREPARED TO ACT, and have the best information from

every source at your disposal;’—advice which his own example so admirably enforced, eliciting from the Chief Commissioner, in an official form, the following well-merited testimony: ‘Mr. Montgomery, neglecting no precaution, admits of no alarm, and inspires all with confidence and zeal.’—Vol. I. pp. 133, 134.

No praise was ever better deserved than this. But not only to the resolution and the sagacity of the chief civil officers at the station does the historian ascribe the safety of Lahore. The possession of the same high qualities by the chief military officer, Brigadier Corbett, is acknowledged with befitting commendations. The disarming of the native infantry regiments was a great achievement performed in a masterly manner. Mr. Browne speaks of it as “the first move in the game which saved the Punjab—if not India.” The danger was doubtless great, and if there had been any vacillation at the outset, the game would have been lost. Never was it more emphatically true that the right man was in the right place; and yet, in whatsoever direction we turn our eyes in the Punjab, still it seems that there was the right man just in the place where we would wish to see him; John Lawrence being everywhere, presiding over and directing the whole. When the news first came that the rebellious sepoys were in possession of Delhi, the Chief Commissioner was at Rawul Pundee, on his way to a hill sanatorium, where his failing health compelled him to spend the hot weather. But there could be no such indulgence now: though his life might be jeopardised, he must do his work on the plains—where-soever, indeed, his presence might be most needed. He appears to have had some prevision of the coming storm; at all events, when it came he was as cool and collected as if he had been expecting its advent. There were not at that time two more remarkable men in India than Henry and John Lawrence—men resembling each other in courage,

sagacity, and fertility of resource, but in many traits of individual character widely dissimilar. Everyone had faith in them — Englishmen, from one end of India to the other, rejoiced to think that, when the storm burst, the one was in Oude the other in the Punjab; whilst at home, all who knew the recent history of India congratulated themselves with equal confidence on the fact. Such, indeed, was the faith of the home Government in the wisdom, the firmness, the high chivalrous character of Henry Lawrence, that they sent him out a commission to succeed provisionally to the Governor-Generalship in the event of the death or removal of Lord Canning. And it is not to be recorded without tears, that he did not live to receive this tribute to his worth.

But our business is with John Lawrence, who did live to receive the honours which he had so nobly earned. Colossal, adamant, he bestrode the Punjab with a step that never faltered and a heart that never quailed. His trumpet never gave an uncertain sound; so all men under him armed themselves for the battle. Only on one occasion — of which we shall speak presently — was his counsel other than the counsel of wisdom. The danger was imminent, and he confronted it with a sternness suited to the occasion. There were two things which might have brought ruin with them in that conjuncture — a fear of responsibility, and a mandarin short-sighted humanity — John Lawrence had neither. It was not a time for a nice scanning of official proprieties, or for the indulgence of the refinements of a sensitive nature. There is a time to be merciful and a time to be unmerciful. If ever there were a period in history, under the new dispensation,

when we might righteously hew men to pieces before the Lord, it was when, in that early summer of 1857, the native army of India broke into bloody revolt. It was our stern duty to shed blood to stop the shedding of blood — by the sacrifice of one guilty life, a hundred innocent lives might be saved.

On the subject of "responsibility" a few more words may be said. It has been often bitterly remarked, that India was preserved, in the hour of her greatest need, by the cutting of the telegraph wires — that if messages could have been flashed from Calcutta to Lahore, John Lawrence's arm would have been paralysed, and that he could not have done what he did. We are not quite sure of this. It is obvious that the tendency of telegraphic intercourse is towards excessive centralisation.* To use the telegraph without abusing it, is an art of government that has yet to be learnt. Bureaucratic self-sufficiency is proverbial; and the man of action may be so fettered by the man of office, that neither the strong arm nor the powerful brain is of any use to him — he might as well be a babe in swaddling-clothes. We may play games of chess by telegraph, but we cannot fight battles. If the Government of India had insisted, in 1857, on continual references from the local rulers of distant provinces to the supreme Government in Calcutta, the fire of rebellion might never have been trodden out. But the danger was too great, and the agents of Government were too good, for any such trammels to have been imposed upon them. "Give me full powers," telegraphed Henry Lawrence to Government; "I will not abuse them." Government knew their man, and the powers were granted. To John Lawrence the same full

* We cannot say that we are among those who deplore the failure, up to the present time, of the attempt to establish telegraphic communication between England and India, or who desire, one line having failed, to witness the success of another now in progress. We believe that there are more elements of danger than of safety to our Indian empire in the accomplishment of the project.

powers would have been granted if the telegraph wires had played uninterruptedly from Calcutta to Lahore. It is preposterous to suppose that Lord Canning would have jeopardised his own reputation and the safety of the empire by mistrusting such men as then represented him in the Punjab.

Mr. Browne has devoted a page or two to this subject; but he has scarcely spoken out with his usual distinctness. Speaking of the council of war held at Peshawur—the members being General Reid, Brigadier Sydney Cotton, Colonels Herbert Edwardes, Neville Chamberlain, and John Nicholson, the Chief Commissioner being as it were in the midst of that conclave, for “the telegraphic wire carried to and fro each plan and project”—our author says: “Here was a goodly array! India might have added to their number, but could scarcely have increased their strength.” He then goes on to observe:—

“To be united in purpose was felt to be only half effective: they must also be prompt, and free to act promptly. To secure this required a bold stroke—it was necessary to get free of those drags on the wheels of government, which in time of peace are well enough to keep all straight and in its course, but in emergencies like this would prove the most fatal bar to its progress and safety. To be dependent on the telegraphic wire, or the post, which might be cut off any hour; to be kept waiting for Army Headquarters’ sanction for every act and move: to be, moreover, at the mercy of the military authorities who had really, though of course unintentionally, accelerated the outbreak by indifference and contempt for feelings which they had tended to excite—a delay of hours, perhaps days when minutes only remained for successful action, with the uncertainty how far the strong vigorous measures which alone could insure safety, might be approved or condemned—such delay and such uncertainty would have rendered even that Council in all its intrinsic strength, worse than powerless. The iron will and strong arm of the Chief Commissioner cut this Gordian knot. At his suggestion General Reid, as the senior officer in the Punjab, assumed the chief command; and it was resolved that he should hasten down to

join the Chief Commissioner at Rawul Pindie, leaving Brigadier Sydney Cotton in command at Peshawur, thus effecting a concentration of the chief civil and military authority, and insuring vigorous independent action for the Punjab. This was the first point carried in that council.”—Vol. i. pp. 143, 144.

This is not very intelligible, and, so far as it is intelligible, it appears to us to be not very logical. What was the “bold stroke?” In what manner did the Chief Commissioner “cut the Gordian knot?” One expects, after the preamble, to be told that he cut the telegraph wires, and severed all communication with Calcutta. But we are only informed that, at the suggestion of the Chief Commissioner, General Reid, “as senior officer in the Punjab, assumed the chief command.” Of what? Not of the army of India (although the previous mention of Army Headquarters might lead to such a conclusion), but of the army in the Punjab. But who was to have—who had, indeed, already—the chief command, but the senior officer? Then, if the theory to be maintained is that centralisation was an evil, and that danger might arise even from the loss of minutes, why was the “concentration of the chief military and civil authority” at one point so grand a stroke of policy, and how did it insure “independent action?” Precious minutes might be lost by references to Rawul Pindie, and the independence of men of action might be fettered by a central board at that place, as well as by the existence of one at Calcutta. “What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.” We must say nothing, in this case, against centralisation or the electric telegraph. The fact is, that John Lawrence knew the country well: he knew the people, and he knew the officers under him. Deprived of the means of communicating with Calcutta, he did right well on his own responsibility: but we cannot bring ourselves to believe that, if the

telegraphic wires had been in full action, the Governor-General and his council would have had the madness to paralyse him by asserting their superior authority, and binding him by the strict rules of official procedure.

But central boards may err even in the Punjab; and local officers may have a clearer perception of local exigencies even than the one great directing mind. Geographically, we are now at Peshawur. We have seen the council of war there assembled; and we would now say something about the importance of the place. Every one knows that it was our extreme frontier station, that we there rubbed shoulders with the Afghans. Nothing can be better than Mr. Browne's description of the place—of its geographical and ethnological peculiarities and political importance. After speaking of the different tribes—the Momunds, the Afreedes, the Eusofzaies, &c., commanding the passes into Afghanistan, he says:—

"In the month of May 1857, the aspect of all these tribes was singularly unfavorable. Never, perhaps, had the political horizon looked darker or more threatening along the whole frontier. There was hardly one tribe that was not what is technically called in a state of blockade; some crime or other had brought nearly every one of them under a ban scarcely less potent than the dread interdict of mediæval Rome. One had murdered an English officer; another had assassinated one of our native police; a third was giving asylum to noted outlaws; others had been guilty of raids in the district, or of robberies in cantonments; and each was suffering its blockade. All intercourse with Peshawur, all traffic with the city, all trading through the valley—the very privilege of entering the valley—was forbidden; the luckless member of any such interdicted tribe who dared to force this blockade was instantly captured and confined, and kept close prisoner till the submission of his clan. Strange must it seem to an Englishman that such a state of things could exist; yet such it was. Here were tribes, any one of which could have called to arms a force of clansmen numerically stronger than the whole garrison of Peshawur—

tribes whose collected strength could have brought ten times that number into the field—yet there they were, irritable, excited, yet providentially inactive. Had they once formed a combination, the valley was theirs. Had they closed in on it, scarce a man would have escaped to tell the tale. Yet there stood Peshawur, girt in on either side by these Mohammedan fanatics, like Corinth of old between 'her double tide'—they

'chafed to meet,

Yet paused and crouched beneath her feet.'"

—Vol. i. pp. 139, 140.

Nor was this the whole danger, in the opinion of Mr. Browne. He goes on to show that we had an old enemy in Afghanistan supreme over the whole country:—

"Beyond the Khyber, too, still lingered Dost Mohammed, the notorious ruler of Cabul, successively the open foe, the prisoner, and the ally of the English. Although the recent treaty with the English had seemingly healed up the old wounds, and effaced all remembrance of the Cabul massacre and its retribution—although he was so lately supplied with arms, and a monthly subsidy of a lakh of rupees was still pouring in to the Cabul treasury, nominally in support of the Herat expedition—still it was impossible to foresee into what course the Dost might be driven by the fanaticism of his followers. Whatever, too, might have been his own personal feelings and convictions, in his *darbar*, and still more in his own family, were troublous spirits, ever striving to goad him on to a course of treachery and ingratitude—which in the eyes of an Afghan was neither treacherous nor ungrateful—and its turpitude would be forgotten in its success. At such a time the Khyber Pass would have presented no obstacle to his progress; he might have recovered Peshawur almost without a struggle, and thus have won back the province which had been the glory of the old Douranee empire, the loss of which had ever been a national grief and reproach."—Vol. i. pp. 151, 152.

We may here arrest the progress of the narrative to observe that Mr. Browne is sometimes a little unjust to the Mohammedan princes of India. He can see no good in them. It appears as though, in the eyes of the Christian minister, Mohammedanism

were, of very necessity, so saturated and sodden with evil, that nothing but baseness can ever emanate from a follower of the Prophet. He had not completed the first ten pages of his book before he falls foul of the Nawab Nazim of Bengal. After stating that the deposed King of Oude had perhaps been bribed by the Delhi emperor to join in the movement against the British, the historian says: "Probably, too, a similar bribe was held out to the other richly-pensioned representative of a fallen house, the Nawab of Bengal, the descendant of Surajah Dowlah, who has been immortalised by the pen of Macaulay as the 'hero of the 'Black Hole' and the victim of Plassey; but he seems to have lacked either the courage or the time for action." That the Nawab Nazim lacked everything but the will to strike, is a perfectly gratuitous assumption. It is the opinion of the officers who represented the Governor-General at Moorsheadabad during the period of our troubles, that the Nawab conducted himself in a manner entitling him to all confidence and all praise, that the safety of Bengal was in his keeping, and that he kept it for the British Government, as a firm and faithful ally; and surely we have nothing to say against the conduct of Dost Mohammed in that conjuncture. If he had turned against us, "ingratitude" would hardly have been a word fitted to the occasion. We knocked Dost Mohammed down when it suited our purpose; and when it suited our purpose we set him up again. We imprisoned him, as we thought, for our own good, and for our own good we subsidised him; and now that we no longer need his services, we leave him to shift for himself.

This, however, is a digression from which we willingly return. We are writing now of the importance of Peshawur. If we had been driven from that post, it is not improbable that the game would have been up with us. Mr. Browne, who was at Umritsur with the Moveable Column at the time, gives us the fol-

lowing significant illustration of the stress laid by the Sikhs upon our retention of our frontier post:—

"It was the middle of June; the Moveable Column was at Umritsur. News had come in that General Wilson, after his two glorious victories on the Hindon, had effected a junction with the Ukhalla troops, and that the united forces had driven the rebels out of their intrenched position at Badlee Serai, and carried the heights which commanded the city of Delhi. That very morning, one of the most influential of the Sikh sirdars was paying his usual visit of courtesy to the head civilian of the station. In the course of conversation, the latest news from camp was exultingly mentioned, when the Sikh, seeming to pay little heed to what was generally received with so much joy, asked, 'What news from Peshawur?' 'Excellent; all quiet there,' he was told. 'That,' said he, 'is the best news you can give me.' 'Why do you always ask so anxiously about Peshawur?' the civilian said. The sirdar did not at once reply, but, with much significance of manner, took up the end of his scarf, and began rolling it up from the corner between his finger and thumb. 'If Peshawur goes, the whole Punjab will be rolled up in rebellion, like this.' The Sikh was right. Had the sepoy once made a successful *emeute* there, and the European force even for a while been overpowered, the fate of the Punjab would have been sealed. The city of Peshawur would have risen; Eusofzai, Afreedee, Mohmund, Khuttack, Swattee, and Afghani would have rushed down. The European force, strong as it was and ably headed, would have sunk beneath the united attack of the traitor within and the foe without. The flood-gate once forced, the torrent of rebellion would have flowed on with resistless force, gathering strength at each station as it passed, until it had swept through the length of the Punjab, up to the walls of Delhi itself!"—Vol. I. pp. 153, 154.

And yet it was from this frontier, exposed to such great danger, that much of the available strength was to be drawn for the recapture of Delhi. It is the glory of Sir John Lawrence, that, surrounded as it was with all the elements of combustion, girt with peril on every side, great responsibilities cast upon

him, the safety of the Punjab his primary, and it might excusably have been his sole care, he could yet take a large imperial view of the great interests at stake, and weaken himself for the preservation of others. To improvise an army — to raise new levies, and so to absorb much of the inflammable spirit around him, and to turn it to our own uses in Hindostan, was sound and most intelligible policy. But to drain the frontier of its European troops — to send, indeed, one single English soldier from the Punjab — involved a self-sacrifice of the most heroic kind. But what was to be done? The siege of Delhi was languishing. To have drawn our reliable strength from Peshawur would have exposed it to the incursion of the tribes, and to have been driven out of it would have been a gigantic calamity. In this dilemma Sir John Lawrence seriously considered whether it might not be expedient voluntarily to abandon Peshawur, rather than risk the failure of the siege. Of the two evils — the withdrawal of the British army from Delhi, and the relinquishment of the Peshawur valley — the latter may have been the least. But the extremity was not such as to render it expedient to make so large a positive sacrifice to avert the possibility of a greater disaster. It is true that we are wise after the event, and that the contingency of the withdrawal from Delhi may not have been so remote as now, to eyes dazzled by the splendour of the after-triumph, it commonly appears to be. At all events, it is right that the argument in favour of a measure, the consummation of which would have done much to mar the completeness of Sir John Lawrence's success, and would have detracted not a little from his reputation, should be fairly stated. Sir John has no need to complain of the manner in which the case is here laid before the reader. The statement of it derives its chief value from the fact, that it is the statement of one who would have sided in council with the opponents of the contemplated course:—

“Another point there was of momentous importance, which about the same time pressed on the Chief Commissioner's mind, and on which the line he was prepared, if driven to extremities, to adopt, has been misunderstood. It was the abandonment of all our *trans-Indus* territory. Now, what were the facts of the case? He was being constantly reminded that the advance on Delhi had been originally made solely at his instigation, that the personal advisers of General Anson had, as has been already stated, nearly all opposed it. Sir H. Barnard, then commanding the Sirhind Division, had strongly condemned it, and now that circumstances had placed him in command of the force, he seemed to maintain the siege under protest; and hints were constantly thrown out, that unless more reinforcements could be sent down from the Punjab, the siege must be abandoned, and the force withdrawn until succours could arrive from below. Frequently did Sir John Lawrence remonstrate against so fatal a step; the siege must be maintained at all hazard, even though the Punjab could not spare another man. Even now, in moments of calm security, one's heart sinks at the thought of all that a retreat might, and most probably would, have involved — the certain loss of the Punjab, and the almost certain sacrifice of every man, woman, and child still left in the country. Retreat is the one trial an English soldier cannot endure: it is fatal to subordination—fatal to the *morale* of an army: both subordination and *morale* were already shaken, and a retreat would have ruined all. Corunna, of chivalrous yet bloody memories, speaks to us of the effects of a retreat on English troops, even under a Sir John Moore. We may point, indeed, to Busaco, where Arthur Wellesley, with his retreating columns, repelled the pressing foe, and rallied around him in redoubled force his wavering allies; or to Torres Vedras, where, during long weeks of firm discipline, he restored order and tone to a disorganised and disheartened army. Why not re-enact a Buesaco at Kurnaul, and a Torres Vedras at Umballa? For one reason, among others: perhaps in nothing does Asiatic warfare differ more widely from European than in this, that in the one a retreat may be acknowledged as masterly strategy, in the other it is sure to be regarded as an admission of defeat. At the first sight of a retrograde

move, our native allies, who were still so nobly fighting for us, would have *gone*—it would have snapped the last link of the chain of loyalty, or of interest, which held them to our side. Jheend could no longer have breasted the tide of rebellion which surged around; Puttiala even could not have stood, and with him would have gone Nabha and every Sikh chief. And how would our army have fared? Had we once given up the vantage-ground on that ridge—had we moved one single march from camp—our native troops would doubtless have turned against us *en masse*; our irregular cavalry would have harassed the rear, and cut up all the sick and stragglers; the city would have poured out its 50,000 armed men and its multitude of budmashes; the whole country around would have risen; the villagers would have mobbed and clubbed the worn-out famished soldiers; the sun of Hindostan would have proved as deadly as the snows of Cabul, and the banks of the Jumna have witnessed the annihilation of an English army stronger than that which perished in the Khyber.* Nor was this all; with Delhi abandoned, there would be little hope of saving the Punjab. Between the Sutlej and the Indus were only four European regiments—one with Nicholson's column, and the other three weak in numbers, and weaker still by being broken up into detachments over seven stations: with three more beyond shut up in the Peshawur valley; while above 10,000 women and children had to be cared for and protected. At Lahore itself above 3000 had been concentrated from the neighbouring stations; as many more were at Umballa and the hills; at Murree were above 1500, and quite that number at Peshawur; and how was their safety or their escape to be provided for?

"All this the Chief Commissioner saw, and when the subject was again revived by General Wilson with the possibility of the retreat from Delhi being attempted, his only hope lay in bringing into use the three regiments at Peshawur. He was prepared, if the exigency arose, to

make a present of the valley to Dost Mohammed, to give back to the Douranee empire its long-lost, long-mourned province, if at such a price he might save the rest. It was a desperate step; one only to be attempted when all else should fail. Cotton, Edwardes, Barnes, and other of his most trusted friends, to whom he had most confidentially broached the subject, strongly opposed it; abandon Delhi, but don't give up Peshawur. Still Sir John remained unchanged in his opinion, that in this step might lie the only chance of saving the thousands of women and children, by bringing them down under strong escort, and then, that achieved, the three regiments, if only mustering 1000 bayonets among them, would have been above all value at Delhi. Nor, despite the strongly-expressed opinions to the contrary, did the Chief Commissioner, in calmly reviewing the struggle of that time, modify his own opinion. 'In that extremity,' he wrote in May 1858, 'the only chance for the British of even preserving existence, would have been to collect the European troops into one solid mass,' though he still admitted that, at best, it was but a *doubtful chance*. Providentially the extremity never arose. The siege still held on, and Peshawur remained untouched.—Vol. ii. p. 43-46.

It is no secret, we believe, that it is mainly to the remonstrances or persuasions of Herbert Edwardes that we owe the retention of Peshawur. Too much praise cannot be given to the manner in which this officer, with true wisdom, and with a chivalrous heroism that never failed him, upheld the national honour on the troubled frontier of Afghanistan. We believe that it was at his suggestion that the treaty with Dost Mohammed was negotiated, which, when the storm burst over us, was found to contribute so much to our strength. Reared in the great school of Henry Lawrence,† he has shown himself to be, in peace

* Mr. Browne here falls into a mistake, which, in one so accurate and well informed, we must regard as a clerical error, though it is one repeated by writer after writer, in every possible shape of book, pamphlet, and article. No British army ever perished in the Khyber. General Elphinstone's force was destroyed between Cabul and Jellalabad, not between Jellalabad and Peshawur, where lies the Khyber Pass. But, even as we write this, we read in a *Times* leading article (March 21) of the 44th Queen's Regiment perishing in the Khyber Pass.

† With no common interest and pleasure do we learn that Sir Herbert Edwardes, who is now in England, is devoting his furlough to the composition of a *Life of Sir Henry Lawrence*, which we are sure will be worthy alike of the subject and of his own reputation.

and in war, the model of a Christian hero; and it will be well indeed for India if, under her new political dispensation, England sends her such men as that master and that pupil.

Ay, and as others, who took part in that struggle for dear life in the country up above Delhi—such men, for example, as John Nicholson, who is one of the heroes of Mr. Browne's history, and of whose remarkable career there is no more remarkable phase than that embodied in the following tribute to his worth, written by Colonel Edwardes before the mutiny:—

"I only knocked down the walls of the Bunnoo Forts, John Nicholson has since reduced the people (the most ignorant, depraved, and bloodthirsty in the Punjab) to such a state of good order and respect for the laws, that in the last year of his charge, not only was there no murder, burglary, or highway robbery, but not an attempt at any of these crimes.

"The Bunnoochees, reflecting on their own metamorphosis in the village gatherings under the vines, by the streams they once delighted so to fight for, have come to the conclusion that 'the good Moham-medans' of historic ages must have been 'just like Nikkul Seyn' (Nicholson)! They emphatically approve him as every inch a *hâkim* (ruler)—and so he is. It is difficult to describe him; he must be seen. Lord Dalhousie—no mean judge—perhaps best summed up his high military and administrative qualities when he called him 'a tower of strength.' I can only say that I think him equally fit to be Commissioner of a Division or General of an Army. Of the strength of his personal character, I will only tell two anecdotes.

"1. If you visit either the battle-field of Goojerat or Chillianwalla, the country-people begin their narrative of the battles thus, 'Nikkul Seyn stood just *there*!'"

"2. A brotherhood of fakeers in Huzara abandoned all forms of Asiatic monachism, and commenced the worship of Nikkul Seyn, which they still continue! Repeatedly they have met John Nicholson since, and fallen at his feet as their

Gooroo (religious or spiritual guide): He has flogged them on every occasion, and sometimes imprisoned them; but the sect of the Nikkul Seynees remains as devoted as ever. 'Sanguis martyrorum est semen ecclesie.'

"On the last whipping, John Nicholson released them on the condition that they would transfer their adoration to John Becher; but arrived at their monastery in Huzara, they once more resumed the worship of the 'relentless Nikkul Seyn.'"

This passage is extracted by Mr. Browne from a very interesting volume written by Mr. Charles Raikes, of the Bengal Civil Service, whose work on the North-Western Provinces we quoted with commendation in our last. It has been stated in some Indian journals, that on learning the death of Nicholson before Delhi, some of these fakeers committed suicide, partly in grief, partly with an earnest longing to join their Gooroo in regions beyond the grave. We doubt whether there is anything to parallel this in all our history—great as have been the triumphs of intellect—great the influence of individual minds over uncivilised masses of men.

There is no more interesting passage in the volumes before us than that in which the death of Nicholson is related. We need scarcely apologise for giving it *in extenso*:—

"It has often been the misfortune of England to have the lustre of her brightest achievements dimmed by the death of the victor. Wolfe fell at Quebec, Abercrombie at Alexandria, Nelson at Trafalgar, and now, no unworthy comparison, Nicholson at Delhi. The fame of John Nicholson—the choice of the Lawrences—had, perhaps, hitherto scarcely reached beyond the Peshawur frontier, at furthest the Punjab. But he was so well appreciated there that men who knew, admired, and loved him, augured for him a bright career of honour, should he ever have a field worthy of his master mind.* In curbing and taming

* The following anecdote, which the author heard Edwardes himself relate, will illustrate this: In the beginning of 1857, Colonel Edwardes was asked by Lord Canning, at Calcutta, to state his real opinion of Colonel Nicholson's character as a public servant. After entering at some length into his high qualities, Colonel Edwardes wound up his account with these words:—"If ever there is a desperate deed to be done in India, John Nicholson is the man to do it." Before the year was over, the necessity arose—a desperate deed had to be done. John Nicholson did it, and fell in the act.

the fierce spirits of a wild frontier, he displayed powers capable of the highest emprise—powers which, should the opportunity offer, would place him scarcely second among Indian generals. The day did come; and Trimmoo Ghat, Nujufghur, and Delhi, showed that he had been rightly judged. His course—brief, brilliant, meteor-like—fulfilled all that had been hoped of him, and then closed in glory.

"From the first, little hope was entertained of him when once the wound was carefully examined; indeed, considering the course the ball had taken, the vital regions it had traversed, it was only wonderful he survived so long. He was, however, spared to know that *all was well*—Delhi occupied, the King a prisoner, the princes killed—and then he could say, with Wolfe at Quebec, 'I die contented.' Nor had those days of suffering been unprofitable; his mind was active as ever; and though, from the nature of the wound, it was agony to him to speak, his pencilled notes passed about, and his wish—though his voice no longer—was ever listened to in council. So widespread and deep was the interest which centered in him—not in camp only, but throughout the Punjab—that with each day's bulletin of the progress of the troops was flashed up a report of his state. After lingering nine days, he sank on the 23d, at the early age of thirty-five years. The next day his remains were followed to their resting-place in the new cemetery, close to the spot where he formed up the columns for the assault on the 14th, by sorrowing hundreds; chiefest among those present, his long-tried friend and brother-in-arms, Neville Chamberlain; while all the Punjab felt the shock of grief, and hearts bled at the whispered tidings, 'Nicholson is gone.' His was 'a name,' as Sir John Lawrence well said in his official report, 'which can never be forgotten in the Punjab.'

"Anxiety and suspense," wrote Colonel Edwardes, 'about Delhi, reached its climax on the 14th September, the day fixed for the storm; and when the telegraph at last announced that desperate

feat of arms, and General Nicholson dangerously wounded, it did not sound like victory. And day by day, as gate after gate and quarter after quarter of the rebel city was mastered by that band of heroes, the question still was, *Is Nicholson any better?* On the 20th, Delhi was completely in our possession, and every English heart thanked God for it. There seemed a hope, too, that Nicholson might live. On the 23d that hope was extinguished; and with a grief unfeigned, and deep, and stern, and worthy of the man, the news was whispered, *Nicholson is dead.*

"Five-and-twenty years before, Dr. Darling, the schoolmaster of Dungan-nan, had declared that John Nicholson, then a small boy, would one day make himself heard of in the world; and on the page of history the name of John Nicholson will ever be interwoven with the records of the fall of Delhi. Ten years after, the Dungan-nan Schoolboy had grown into a stripling soldier, and was giving promise of a career of chivalry by deeds of prowess within the walls of Ghuznee. For the bitter tears he then wept, when forced to give up his sword to the overwhelming foe* he now received the tears of a sorrowing army."—Vol. ii. pp. 196, 197.

The pages which immediately precede these are, we confess, in our estimation of a character of which we have far less reason to be proud. Among the minor heroes of the war, "Hodson of Hodson's Horse" occupies no undistinguished place. That he was a dashing sabreur—a brave, bold man—every one willingly admits. His published letters abundantly testify that he was something better than this. But there is no page in the whole history of the suppression of the great mutiny which we read with more pain than that which records Hodson's execution of the Delhi princes. It is thus that, after a graphic description of the capture of the old King, Mr. Browne tells the sad story of the death of the Shah-zadas:—

* It is pleasant to record any act of individual heroism: Nicholson, then quite a stripling, when the enemy entered Ghuznee, drove them thrice back beyond the walls at the point of the bayonet, before he would listen to the order given him to make his company lay down their arms; he at length obeyed and gave up his sword with bitter tears, and accompanied his comrades to an almost hopeless imprisonment."—Kaye's *Afghanistan*.

"The next day saw a further ruin of the house of Timour. Two of the King's sons, and a grandson,* learning that the King had surrendered under guarantee of his life, were encouraged to hope that the clemency, dictated, as they thought, by a sense of weakness, would extend to them. They were also sheltering in an old tomb, and Hodson was again the fortunate captor: their surrender was wholly unconditional; the only assurance asked for and given by Hodson was that the old King was still alive. Once master of their persons, he deprived them of all arms and ornaments, and made them sit in a small native vehicle, and, surrounding them with his trusty sowars, moved off towards the city. They proceeded a considerable distance without interruption, when a crowd of natives who followed began to close up, and Hodson's suspicions were aroused that an attempt at a rescue would be made, so he shot down the three *Shahzadas* in the car, and then hastened on to the city. On reaching the Kotwallee, the procession drew up, and the lifeless bodies were thrown out on the *chabutra* in front. It was a dire retribution! On the very spot where, four months before, English women and children had suffered every form of indignity and death, there now lay, exposed to the scoff and scorn of the avenging army, three scions of the royal house who had been chief among the fiends of Delhi! To the Sikhs, who crowded round, that scene appeared in all the solemnity of a fulfilled prophecy. Here, generations before, one of their own *Gooroos* had fallen, the victim of Akhbar's relentless hate; and their race had ever since treasured up the hope that on that self-same spot condign vengeance would one day fall on the imperial house, until the hope had grown into a prophecy; and in that scene they now saw the hope realised, the prediction fulfilled. Their national Nemesis was appeased."—Vol. ii. pp. 193, 194.

This story has been told before with more painful circumstantiality of detail. It is plain that the present historian does not much like this part of his task. He appears to hurry over it, on the principle of "the least said the soonest mended." But we should

have been better pleased if he had calmly condemned the act. Perhaps we are not in a position to measure aright the exigencies of the case; but it has always appeared to us that there was really nothing approaching an attempt at a rescue, and it was only under a pressure of this kind that a British officer could have been justified in forestalling the law, and turning executioner himself.

It was the last act of the drama. The curtain descends upon the English in the Dewan Khas—"the hall in which, three centuries before, the great Akhbar had received in solemn state, and welcomed Sir Thomas Roe"—and now the crystal throne of the Mogul has come to England, and next year will, in all probability, be among the wonders of the great Exhibition.

Our space is well nigh exhausted, but we feel that we have very inadequately represented the merits of these interesting volumes. To have followed the author through all the momentous events which crowd upon us as we peruse his history, would have filled not one but many such articles as this. We find ourselves now dwelling thoughtfully upon his closing chapters, which treat of the causes and results of the Mutiny. In these, he takes a larger and more comprehensive view of the former than at the commencement of his work; and reading now what he has written at the end, we find that his opinions are more in harmony with our own than we had reason to suppose. At all events, we concur in very much of the following, though, for reasons which we have already stated with reference to Mr. Browne's opinions respecting the Mohammedan origin of the war, we object to the use of the word "entirely"—"mainly," perhaps, would better represent the realities of the case:—

"The late mutiny establishes this fact, that the active form which it assumed in 1857 it owed entirely to religious fears and suspicions; some perhaps, not all, unreasonably, others most causelessly aroused. Those fears and suspicions are not, by any means, yet

* Mirza Moghul, the commander-in-chief of the rebel forces, Mirza Khejoo Sultan, and Mirza Aboo Buker, son of the late heir-apparent.

allayed. Indeed now, perhaps, more than ever, each act of Government is watched with anxiety and mistrust; and unfortunately, Government protests and assurances have lost much of their weight on the mass of the natives. Moreover, the large influx of Englishmen fresh to India is daily keeping this feeling alive by heedless and inconsiderate, often unintentional, offences to that very feeling. It should ever be remembered that the natives, especially the Hindoos, are of a deeply religious turn of mind. We may look down with scorn on a mind so constituted as to regard caste as the sum and substance, the beginning and the end of religion; yet it is a fact, and in our intercourse with such a people the fact should be borne in mind. It need involve no compromise of our own religious principle to have respect to the feelings, while we reprobate the tenets, of other creeds. It need involve no sacrifice of Christian truth to deal cautiously and considerately with superstitious error. It is not necessary, for instance, to recognise in the ranks of the army, in Government offices, or in Government schools, any priority of caste, such as is assumed by natives among themselves. It is enough that we treat all alike; promote worth, reward merit, punish delinquency, in the *Chumar* as well as in the *Kulin Brahmin*. This may be done without wounding their religious sensibilities. And all this is wholly consistent with the efficient action of a Government which a Christian nation exercises over a heathen colony; and it is by such a course alone that India can be well, wisely, and safely ruled. This warning has the mutiny, in its religious phase, given us. Let the Englishman, by even-handed justice and wise liberality, by truthfulness and probity, by gentleness and courtesy, by sobriety and chastity, in his public and in his private life, show his real superiority, not merely as the result of Western civilisation, but as the fruit of a practical Christianity,—and the warning may not have been sent in vain. That breach so much to be lamented between the two races may yet be gradually lessened, the mutual antipathy now existing be removed, contempt on the one hand and suspicion on the other be mitigated and allayed, and confidence between the ruler and the ruled, the white and the black, the

Christian and the heathen, be restored and blessed."—Vol. ii. pp. 305, 306.

This is written in a spirit of enlarged toleration very creditable to the writer; and we commend it with all our hearts.

The book is altogether very honourable to our nationality. Englishmen may well be proud of the great deeds that are recorded in it—the deeds of the Lawrences, the Montgomerys, the Edwardeses, the Nicholsons, the Chamberlains, and other Punjabee heroes. Never surely was English pluck and English resource more nobly illustrated than in this chronicle of the great events which occurred in the country above Delhi in that summer of 1857. Every week of that summer was as a year of another cycle; and how men ripened into fulness of vigour under that fierce blazing sun of difficulty and danger! Great qualities were then drawn forth from some; in others they were only developed. But heroism truly was contagious in the Punjab. It was impossible to resist the influence and example of John Lawrence. One fool makes many. One coward makes many. But one hero makes many too. Nothing does the history of the mutiny in the Punjab more clearly demonstrate than this; and all these heroes—they were men of that now despised local service, soldiers and civilians, whom the East India Company had reared and fostered. Stay—there was one exception, a notable exception; Sydney Cotton was not a Company's officer; but he had served many, many years in the Company's territories, and was almost as much a local officer as Nicholson and Chamberlain. He had ripe Indian experience; and he differed only, in an official sense, from his comrades of the local army. May India often have such men! May the officers of the line army become orientalised like Sydney Cotton—may they, like him, ascend the ladder step by step, honourably and meritoriously, and, of a race of soldiers, find their way to the front by the impetus only of their own deserts.

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THE MINISTRY AND THE BUDGET.

Nor very long ago, in connection with the subject of administrative reform, the cry of "The right man in the right place" was taken up by almost every journalist and public writer in Great Britain, as if it embodied some new principle heretofore undiscovered or unrecognised by the collective wisdom of the nation. We, in our Bæotian ignorance, had taken it for granted that the apothegm was at least as ancient as the days of Solon, and that the great majority of mankind had in all ages tacitly admitted its truth, and shaped their conduct accordingly, at least so far as their private interests were concerned. Certainly we were not disposed to admit, judging from the complexion of the present Administration, that the rule had been adopted by the Whigs in their political arrangements; but in the simplicity of our hearts we conceived that the people of this country must long ago have been satisfied that good government was incompatible with Whig ascendancy; and that, by giving their support either to the Family Alliance, or to the Coalition which succeeded it, they were, at no small risk and cost, indulging a political preference in de-

fiance of the maxim which they upheld.

Now, however, it appears that a large section of that heterogeneous mass which used to be denominated "the great Liberal party," has separated itself entirely from the Whigs; and loud and bitter are the taunts and recriminations which are interchanged by the former allies. With the merits or demerits of that quarrel we have nothing whatever to do, and we certainly shall not volunteer our services either as umpires or mediators. It may be true, as the Radicals allege, that the ministerial Whigs have broken some mysterious and illicit compact, and thereby forfeited their right to insist upon allegiance—or it may be, as the Whigs retort, that the said Radicals are so unreasonable and democratic in their demands, that further compliance would be alike impolitic and dangerous. We cannot enter into any such discussion because we neither know nor care what were the terms of the private bargain. It is no gratification to us to be informed from the mouths of the angry malcontents, that, if they had then known what they now know, they never would

have lent themselves to the displacement of Lord Derby's Administration. It is just possible that, in their present state of exasperation, they may deceive themselves into such a belief—for retrospective repentance costs nothing, and sometimes carries with it a show of magnanimity which people who are not habitually magnanimous are very glad to assume; but the facts remain written upon the broad clear page of history; and we do not court even a temporary alliance with the men whose Radical tendencies and demands have shocked even the unsusceptible and somewhat callous conscience of the Whigs.

Nevertheless the cry which they have raised—for it is mainly of their getting up—about the "right men in the right places," is of national importance and deserves consideration, as applied to the higher offices of the State; and, as we are firmly convinced that the great bulk of the electoral body, who virtually command the representation of the country, are sick of mere party discussions and intrigues, and desire nothing else than that her Majesty's Government, whoever may be in power, should administer affairs for the utmost advantage of the nation, and pursue a wise and sound policy, which may secure us against foreign intrigue and combination, and allay heart-burnings and discontent at home—we must, acknowledging the propriety of the saying, apply it to the present Ministry; and that we shall attempt to do without any rancour or misrepresentation.

Lord Palmerston, whatever may be his faults or inconsistencies, stands in advance of his whole Cabinet, a noble "stag of ten." To those who, like the late Lord Macaulay, still recognise Whig traditions as an article of faith—and to many others who despise such shredwork notions of the past as more preposterous, applied to men of our time, than the unintelligible jargon of heraldry—he appears as a British champion; and consider-

ing whom and how much he has to defend, a champion undoubtedly he is. Hereafter it will be related as a marvel, that a man in the seventy-seventh year of his age should be able not only to cope in the House of Commons with the master intellects of the age, but on the public hustings, to confound and put to silence the very Shimei of the democracy—pelting the discomfited Radical with his own missiles, and stoning him back, amidst the cheers of a delighted audience, to his noisome and polluted Bahurim. Age has not diminished one jot of his energy, subdued his vivacity, or even weaned him from a certain recklessness more befitting a Diomedes than a Nestor. Perhaps wisdom, in the highest sense of the word, is not the attribute to which he can lay claim; but he has a quick and ready perception, keen natural sagacity, thorough knowledge of character in its weakness as well as its strength, and is, moreover, intimately acquainted with the tone and tactics of every section of political party. For it must be remembered, that not even Dugald Dalgetty, that sage and unscrupulous soldado who took service successively with the Scoto-German legion, the Swede, the Imperialists, the Spaniards, the Dutch, the Cavaliers, and the Roundheads, displayed more versatility than our admired and remarkable Palmerston, who, almost from the time when he first handled a razor, has maintained himself in office, high or low, in connection with all sorts of administrations, and now occupies the proud position of Premier of the United Kingdoms, and autocrat of the oligarchical Whigs, a troublesome faction to subdue, but whom he has cowed into abject submission. No unapt simile, applied to him, is that of the Stag of Ten. In the House of Commons, before his followers, to what can he be more fitly compared than to the monarch of the forest marshalling the subordinate herd, standing forth in their front, emitting the note of defiance, and lowering his antlers to

meet the rush of the rabid assailant? Vain is the hope to circumvent or hamstring that veteran sire of venison, for the scythe of Death is not more deadly than the sweep of his unerring tines; and with each toss of his magnificent head, when baited by Radical curs,

"He adds new monsters to the startled sky!"

Nor is it less pleasing to observe how he asserts his supremacy over his own species. It will happen that some stunted and ill-conditioned deer—who has a notion that, by rights, he ought to be the leader of the herd, and have the first choice of the hinds—thrusts himself forward, and offers a blunt and frusky horn to the meditated charge of the hound, which, were he to abide, the fangs would instantly be in his crinkled throat, and the poor animal, unsaleable even at the rate of twopence per pound, would give up the ghost among the heather! Beautiful it is to see the quick turn of the head, and the admonitory prog on the ribs which the royal stag bestows on the pretender, driving him back to his proper place and function, which is that of superintendent of the calves. But we shall not pursue the simile further. There stands Palmerston—in this year of God 1861—the first, foremost, and best bulwark of Whiggery, which faction he has at last adorned by becoming its leader—the elderly Hector of a beleaguered Troy, maintaining his post at the Scæan gate, and breathing defiance to every adversary. Whatever we may think of his followers, he at least, so long as Whiggery obtains the rule, is the right man in the right place.

But which of the sons of men will be so daring as to say the like for Lord John Russell, that caricature of a statesman, who, at the hour when war and insurrection appear inevitable—when state is conspiring against state, and nation against nation—when old landmarks are being swept away, and old alliances

and treaties are repudiated and cast aside—fills the office of British Foreign Secretary? Fearful it is, and shameful alike, to know that the honour and influence of this great country, in regard to its international relations, is intrusted to that most unfortunate scribe, whose itch for letter-writing amounts to a positive monomania, and who yet cannot pen a despatch without committing himself by some serious blunder or contradiction. Who has forgotten that most woeful document which misled the late Czar as to the real intentions of England, and accelerated, if it did not altogether bring on, the war which terminated with the reduction of Sebastopol? Who has perused his later brochures on the Italian question without an involuntary shudder at the thought that the penner of such platitudes should have charge of our whole foreign policy at a period which might have taxed the iron will and masculine understanding of a Cromwell? Will any one out of the Family Alliance have the hardihood to assert that the destinies of magnificent India are safe in the hands of Sir Charles Wood, even with the local assistance and advice of the ingenious Mr. Samuel Laing? These instances we specially select, because they are really public scandals, so notorious and flagrant that every man who wishes well to his country has a right to protest against an apportionment of high offices so hazardous to the national prosperity. Therefore most emphatically do we say that neither Lord John Russell nor Sir Charles Wood are the right men in the right places; and we hold it to be a monstrous thing that interests of such magnitude should be made subservient to the needs or rapacity of an exclusive oligarchical faction.

With the other ministerial arrangements—one alone excepted, to which we shall presently refer, and which seems to us peculiarly objectionable—we have no fault to find, or, to speak more correctly, see no especial reason for condemn-

ing them. They are not obnoxious to the public or the public interest; and, that being admitted, it would be mere railing and wanton vituperation to assail them. Therefore let them pass unchallenged—a measure of lenity which, however, we cannot extend to the gentleman who now fills the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, and has charge of the national finances.

We cannot with truth aver that Mr. Gladstone's political conduct and career have been such as to win for him our esteem, or to engage our sympathies. Far otherwise. He has been untrue to the creed of his early adoption; and we must express our conviction that he behaved towards the Conservative leaders, when they offered him the right hand of reconciliation, in a most shabby and unhandsome manner. These things, however, are between him and his own conscience, and we shall not dwell upon them now. Though he, more than any other living statesman, has given point to the lines of Cowper—

"The age of virtuous politics is past,
And we are deep in that of cold pretence;
Patriots are grown too shrewd to be sincere,
And we too wise to trust them"—

we shall in the first instance, waive all question of his sincerity, and apply ourselves solely to that which most concerns the public—viz., Mr. Gladstone's innate capability for rightly and wisely discharging the duties of the office which he has assumed.

No one, we think, can have attentively watched the progress of events for the last quarter of a century, without perceiving that oratory, or the power of public speaking, has come to be generally accepted as the best criterion of talent in the general estimate of public men, and has, in numerous instances, been the foundation of the fortunes of those who, tried by any other standard, would have cut but a sorry figure. Now, although oratory is an excellent thing in

itself, and very pleasant to listen to, it by no means follows as a necessary consequence that the most accomplished orator should be a sound thinker or a wise and careful administrator. Oratorical skill, though based upon the possession of a natural gift, may be greatly improved and enhanced by sedulous study and practice; while by that process neither the judgment of the orator is matured, nor his capability for the execution of other mental labour enlarged. Nature, though sometimes most bountiful in her gifts, always stops short of absolute prodigality. Thus we find, as in the case of Cicero, that extreme fluency and persuasiveness of speech may be incompatible with firmness of character, and even with poetical accomplishments. Demosthenes, grand in the rostrum, was about the most unfortunate administrator that Athens ever knew. The Admirable Crichton, who challenged to public discussion all the sages of the European universities, would have broken down if called upon to contend in figures or numeration with the Calculating Boy. Out of the thousands who have thronged to the tabernacle of Mr. Spurgeon, would it be possible to find one infatuated enough to crave his advice upon a merely mundane matter?

Mr. Gladstone is, beyond all doubt, a very accomplished rhetorician and orator. Not Belial himself had a tongue more cunning to win over and persuade;—there is no trick of the trade which he does not know, no artifice which he does not habitually practise. He would absolutely be perfect could he but go one step further, and, by concealing artifice, achieve the crowning triumph of making his audience thoroughly believe in his sincerity. That, however, he cannot do. It is impossible to listen to one of his wonderful speeches without feeling your admiration of his eloquence somewhat impaired by a suspicion that a vein of sophistry runs through the whole of his argu-

ment. You may be for the moment too dazzled and bewildered to be able to point it out, just as you cannot immediately explain the manipulations of a very clever conjurer; but you are satisfied of this much, that somewhere or other there has been deception. Therefore, even in oratory there is a point of excellence beyond the reach of Mr. Gladstone, and one which he never can attain.

That he has a most highly cultivated mind every one must allow. He has cultivated it to the fullest extent that the soil will bear; but, apart from the golden pippins of oratory, the trees of his orchard are not remarkable for the richness or flavour of their fruit. He is, we must needs say it, an indifferent artist with the pen. Put that little implement into his hand, and the animation which is so conspicuous in his speeches instantly disappears—he becomes vague, dreamy, and monotonous—crotchets turn up and explode, not fiery and sparkling like crackers, but fizzing like squibs that have been kept since the last Queen's birthday in a damp cellar—and you, the reader, become wearied and mystified as though you had been perusing the tome of an antiquated scholiast, and lay aside the book, with half the pages still uncut, marvelling exceedingly that a man, able to shake the senate, should prove himself to be, in another mental department, as helpless a visionary as Swedenborg.

There is sense in the vulgar old adage, that "fine words butter no parsnips." Nevertheless, we have handed over, or have had handed over for us, the care of our purses, if not our parsnips, to Mr. Gladstone, in respect of his fine words alone; and we have a clear right to scrutinise, with extreme minuteness, the arrangements of our financial manager. That his antecedents were such as to qualify, or rather to recommend him for such a post, we broadly and distinctly deny. Genius may, as we are

well aware, be found in combination with practical business talent; but the union is not a common one, and the great majority of mankind instinctively prefer, for the transaction of ordinary affairs, men of staid habits and plodding thought, to visionaries and electrical declaimers. Nor are they to be blamed as narrow-minded and illiberal exceptionists for this. Perhaps the cleverest financier that the world ever saw was John Law of Lauriston, the projector of the Mississippi scheme, who nearly ruined France; and he, according to popular tradition, was a man of much the same calibre as Mr. Gladstone, having an appetite for china monstrosities, indulging in visionary talk, and able, by the magic of his tongue, to wile a bird from off a tree, as the adder is said to do when it desires to batten upon the brooding sparrow and her callow young ones in the nest.

We desire that we shall not be misunderstood. Law probably—nay, certainly—was a swindler. Mr. Gladstone is nothing of the kind. Within the memory of those still living, his house was elevated, by untiring industry, and wise yet not contracted prudence, from a humble situation to one which is a legitimate source of pride; and he now stands before us all as the best and most practical refutation of the often-repeated assertion of his Radical allies—alas, that a man so gifted should stoop to such ignoble company!—that, for those unconnected with the hereditary aristocracy, there is no chance of rising in the world. Mr. Gladstone cannot complain of having been overlooked or undervalued. He had scarce emerged from boyhood when he was marked as a young man of great promise, certain ere long to take a distinguished place among politicians; and from his onward path all the obstacles and impediments which so often retard the progress of genius were carefully removed. Thus he reached, without external care, though no doubt by dint of

patient study, a position which very few attain without a severe and exhausting struggle. The bent of his mind is speculative and theoretical. Like other fine scholars, his capacity for the discharge of ordinary business is limited; but distrust of his own powers is a sensation which he never felt, and his ambition, fostered by vanity, has become so exorbitant, that he considers himself eminently well fitted to perform the duties of any office within the wide range of administration.

We must, however, be allowed to distinguish between the qualities which make a man a dexterous, keen, and fluent debater, and those which recommend him to the public trust and confidence as a wise and provident steward. Beyond all question, Mr. Gladstone is in possession of the one; but that he can lay claim to the other, we broadly and unhesitatingly deny. Men of genius, especially when it happens to be of an erratic and discursive kind, are not always successful in the management even of their own affairs. The failure is not, even in the majority of cases, the result of carelessness or inattention, but rather of the sanguine temperament, which, while it prompts them to undervalue difficulties, gives a bright but fictitious colouring to their schemes, and insensibly lures them on to rash and hazardous speculation. Jack Tibbets, the uncle of Pisistratus Caxton, who was never without some colossal project for realising unbounded wealth, and whose calculations were as minute as ingenious, is the type of a certain class of modern financiers, among whom we must reckon Mr. Gladstone. They lack neither invention nor plausibility, and arithmetic is ready at their call. Grant their premises, and they will prove to demonstration that certain results must follow; but their premises are never based upon unquestionable facts—they rest upon the insecure foundation of speculative theory.

The time has not long gone by

when the appointment to the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer of a man like Mr. Gladstone, whose fame, without any violation of metaphor, may be said to be derived from his flightiness, would have filled the public with consternation. Rhetoric is not an accomplishment which the shrewd dealers of Lombard street profess to comprehend; nay, it is quite possible that, by a natural inductive process, they may have formed a suspicion that the very brilliant orator who can play such dexterous tricks with words, might possibly do the like with their purses, if unfortunately they were committed to his charge. It is a very natural feeling. No one likes to hand up his watch to a conjurer to have it apparently smashed to pieces, even though he receives an assurance that at the end of the juggling feat it will be returned to him uninjured. Conjurers sometimes contrive to get hold of a deal of money; but it is a notorious fact that, in no one instance, have they ever been known to retain it. The Wizard of the North has not bathed in the waters of the Pactolus; and even the incomparable Barnum did not possess a spell for making fortune his slave for ever.

The old impression, and we think it the right one, was that the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who is the national steward, should be a hard-headed, cautious, unspeculative man, averse to unnecessary changes and experiments, and not liable to be led astray by theories, as children go hunting after butterflies. Finance must be regulated, more or less, by the state of the commerce of the country, and will vary with any changes that may be made in the commercial system; but it is not, or at all events should not be, the function of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to try experiments with commerce. It is not for him to decide between opposing systems, such as those of free trade and protection; to negotiate commercial treaties which

are truly matters of national policy ; or to interfere directly with the operations of trade, which are placed under different guardianship. Those are matters reserved for the united consideration of the Cabinet, in whose deliberations, doubtless, he takes a share ; but his particular and especial duty is to adjust the finance to the policy, not to arrange the policy so as to suit his ideas of finance. A simple enough distinction this, but one which has unfortunately been disregarded ; yet, unless it shall be again recognised as a principle, and rigidly adhered to in practice, we must prepare ourselves for a series of those annual sleight-of-hand financial operations which, more than anything else, disturb the sobriety and perplex the operations of the whole mercantile community. The Chancellor of the Exchequer should proceed upon real not hypothetical data. When the policy for the year has been finally arranged by the Cabinet, then, and not till then, should he address himself to the all-important labour of constructing his Budget. From each department of the State he receives estimates of the sums that will be required for the public service, and for payment of the interest of the public debt, and these, on the aggregate, constitute the whole expenditure, which is to be provided for by taxation. He is not, in his capacity of Chancellor of the Exchequer, answerable for the amount of that estimated charge ; for it is not the function of a steward to control the expenditure of his master, though he may indeed warn him of the inevitable consequences if he chooses to persist in a career of reckless or wanton prodigality. His grand duty is to provide for the supplies, to find the needful money, and to raise that, through taxation, in the way that shall be most equitable, and at the same time be the least burdensome to the industry of the country.

Taxation in no shape is agreeable, but it is inevitable ; and so long as it is justly imposed, no man

has a right to complain. But it is wholly impossible, when we have to deal with such a variety of interests, some of which appear to be conflicting, to devise any scheme by means of which taxation shall be distributed with absolute impartiality. Political economists, who have this much in common with the venders of quack medicines that they always recommend their own specifics as infallible, and ridicule the pretensions of their rivals, have not yet been able to invent any scheme of taxation under which no man can aver with truth that he is called upon to disburse one penny more than his righteous share of the reckoning. The utmost that can be hoped for is an approximation to justice ; and, considering that taxation in the aggregate—that is, the amount which must be annually raised—must increase, as the country increases in population, wealth, and development, the problem which naturally would present itself to a Chancellor of the Exchequer to be solved is this—"What *new tax* ought I to impose, to bring up the revenue of the coming year to the level of the estimated expenditure?" But, under the recent arrangement, which not only allows but encourages the Chancellor of the Exchequer to exhibit as a professor of legerdemain, the question comes to be—"How shall I best display my ingenuity by remitting *old taxes*, whilst providing for an increased expenditure?"

For an explanation of this phenomenon we must go back to a period which is now rather remote. If the taxation of this country had been uniformly gradual in its increment, and corresponding merely to its internal wants, there would really have been no great difficulty in arranging the matter of supply. The land and assessed taxes, the customs, the excise, and the stamp duties, are the legitimate and recognised conduits for bringing revenue to the Exchequer. It is just as if a great reservoir of water for the supply of an important city were

to be formed out of the surplus yieldings of four perennial springs. From each source a certain proportion of the needful element is taken, and that proportion is regulated by the positive requirements of the city, which, as its population augments, must have an additional supply.

But there may be disturbing causes in finance, and such, in fact, emerged during the tremendous and most momentous European convulsions which terminated with the battle of Waterloo. It would be absurd, at the distance of more than half a century, especially in a casual article like this, to enter into a minute examination of our old finance. We all know that the borrowing power was lavishly exerted, and also that taxation was laid on in a measure which to us, though really much richer than our fathers were, appears almost incredible.

In four years, from 1812 to 1815 inclusive, no less a sum than £396,376,500 was raised by loan and taxation for the public use; and since that time the population of Great Britain has been doubled.

Such a tremendous drain as that could not be of long continuance; indeed, the country could not much longer have afforded the supply. At the termination of the war we were in this condition, that the annual interest of the public debt amounted to nearly £32,000,000, and the revenue raised from taxation to £72,000,000. In 1817, and for several subsequent years, the annual revenue and expenditure was about £54,000,000.

Eighteen millions, therefore, of taxation were taken off—the income-tax, which had become universally odious, being the first of the remissions; and the annual yield of the customs and excise together was, on an average, about £37,000,000, leaving about £17,000,000 as the produce of stamps, direct taxes, and the post-office.

From 1824 to 1842, the revenue drawn from *direct taxation* amounted in round numbers to four mil-

lions and a half annually, being about *one-tenth* of the whole amount. In 1843, by the re-imposition of the income-tax, submitted to by the country on the faith of Sir Robert Peel's assurance that it was only to be a temporary impost, the revenue from direct taxation was very nearly doubled, it representing £9,439,747 out of £52,582,817, the sum total paid into the Exchequer. Direct taxation then contributed more than *a fifth* of the whole.

We are quite aware that financial statements of this kind, interlarded as they must be, in order to make them intelligible, with arithmetical calculations, are not very choice or pleasant reading; nevertheless, to disregard them altogether is an act of egregious folly or stupid laziness on the part of any man who suspects that he is now called upon to hand over to the State a larger share of his yearly income than can possibly be his fair proportion. Now, we undertake to show that since 1843 such has been the case, and that Mr. Gladstone is now bent upon perpetuating a vicious system of taxation which his political Gamaliel durst not have proposed to the ratepayers, except as a makeshift to provide for a particular exigency.

It is not our intention to state at length the objections which have been taken to the income-tax; for, on principle, no man—not even Mr. Gladstone—has the hardihood to defend it. It is felt by all who are subject to its operation to be the most oppressive of taxes; and, according to our view, it is also grossly impolitic, seeing that its tendency is to contract the demand for labour. That proposition, which has never yet received sufficient notice, we shall endeavour to demonstrate by-and-by. In the mean time let us remark, that for the last eighteen years that source of supply, though always spoken of by Chancellors of the Exchequer as one which must soon be cut off, in accordance with the pledge so solemnly given

by the veteran intriguer who revived it, has been used for the purpose of reducing indirect taxation to an extent which has become positively dangerous. Whenever Mr. Gladstone can persuade the House of Commons to consent to the entire abolition of any duty formerly levied upon certain articles of *importation*, he becomes like an insane sexton, slapping with his spade the turf that covers the departed impost, and swearing by Athene and the Virgin Mary, which with him are synonymes, that for the dear deceased there is no possibility of a resurrection. Well, who reaps the benefit?—who gets his eggs, his oranges, his butter, or his cheese cheaper than he did before Mr. Gladstone swept off the duties? Let the consumers of Great Britain look to their house accounts and say whether or no the removal of small duties has in the slightest degree diminished the cost of their living.

Last year, while augmenting the income-tax, Mr. Gladstone abolished £382,000 of customs duties, and reduced others to the extent of £650,000. Nay, he was most desirous to push his changes in that direction even further, for he proposed the sacrifice of the paper-duty, involving a further loss of nearly a million and a half; and that measure would have been carried, had not the House of Lords deemed it absolutely necessary, even at the risk of exciting the jealousy of the Commons, to curb this profligate tampering with the public revenue. This year he has again returned to the charge, and insists that the paper-duty shall be given up.

Now, what must be the necessary result of those sacrifices of revenue but a perpetuation of the income-tax? This year, we are told, a penny is to be taken off, but that still leaves us charged at the rate of ninepence per pound; and Mr. Gladstone, who, three or four years ago, expressed himself in the strongest manner as hostile to the continuance of the impost, and declared

that in 1860 it must cease altogether, has once more changed his mind, for in his recent Budget speech he expressed himself as follows:—

“In speaking thus of indirect taxation, I cannot deny that remissions of direct taxation are as just and as desirable; and I as fully feel as gentlemen opposite may feel, that our direct taxation has reached a point at which it is most desirable that we should, if we can, begin at least to apply to it the process of reduction. I do not think that the condition of this country with regard to its finances can be wholly satisfactory when, in time of peace, the income-tax stands at 10d. in the pound. I know very well that I am supposed to be under a special responsibility, not only for the amount, but for the existence of the income-tax. It has often been charged upon me, and I believe it is to this day alleged that it is my duty, *whatever be the circumstances*, and whatever be the expenditure, to find means of abolishing that tax with or without a substitute. I must confess that I think that is a hard imposition. I should like very much to be the man who could abolish the income-tax. I do not abandon altogether the hope that the time may come—(a laugh)—I can assure honourable gentlemen that I am not going to be too sanguine. I was going to quote the Rev. Sydney Smith, who, in his admirable pamphlet upon the ballot, speaking of some very remote result, says, ‘I think we had better leave the care of this subject to those little legislators who are now receiving a plum or a cake after dinner.’ *I am afraid that that course may be necessary with regard to the income-tax.*”

It is possible that with some people this may pass for a stroke of humour. We confess we regard it in a very different light. It is a flippant, and, at the same time, a sufficiently indicative declaration. We cannot accept the sorry jest with which it concludes as an attempt at

a *bon mot*—we take it to be intended for an intimation that so long as Mr Gladstone has the charge of our finance, the income-tax shall remain in operation. That does not any way surprise us, for it is a marked feature in Mr Gladstone's character that opposition only serves to intensify his purpose. In this respect he resembles the pig who will not submit to be driven. He might now, if he thought that direct taxation should be reduced, do more than take a single penny from the income-tax; but the defeat of last session is of itself a sufficient incentive to make him renew the conflict. His real reason for insisting this year on the abolition of the paper-duty is, not because he considers it, even on his own showing, as the best possible reduction which could be made for the benefit of the humbler classes, but because last year he was prevented by the Peers from doing a very foolish and reckless thing, and he is now bent upon showing them that he will have his way in spite of every opposition. This year he has already sustained a defeat upon the subject of the income-tax, Mr Hubbard having carried his motion for the appointment of a committee; and that circumstance is enough, and more than enough to make him rancorous for the continuance of the income-tax in its present objectionable form. Pity it is that a man of such rare ability should so often display the pettishness and perversity of a boy.

Who alleges, or ever has alleged, that it is Mr Gladstone's duty, *irrespective of circumstances*, to abolish the income-tax? What we complain of, and the public along with us, is that, for years past, Mr Gladstone has been deliberately and purposely *creating circumstances*, with the view of rendering the abolition of the income-tax impossible. No one disputes the proposition that a revenue must somehow be raised; the only question is as to the sources from which it should be drawn. Mr Gladstone has filled up so many wells, that the choice is greatly

limited. And at the very time when he hypocritically affects to admit that direct taxation has reached a point when its reduction has become desirable, he does all he can to prevent any such attempt, by making ducks and drakes of another million and a half, which, by a process of conjuration peculiar to himself, he parades as an undoubted surplus.

But further. Even if Mr. Gladstone should have persuaded himself that he can change a deficit into a surplus, and that the surplus will be large enough to admit of new remissions of duty, why should paper have the preference? We presume that by this time he must have acquired some practical information as to the peculiar nature of that manufacture;—enough, at all events, to convince him that the beautiful little rural sketches with which he favoured us last year, of secluded valleys with crystal streams, and miniature paper-mills beside them, were mere phantoms which never could be called into actual existence. He is shrewd enough to know that the abolition of the paper-duty will be of no real benefit to the consumer, though it may be a considerable bonus to the manufacturers, newspaper proprietors, and publishers, who will divide it and be thankful. He cannot be deceived by the vulgar and oft-refuted assertion, that this is virtually a tax upon knowledge; but even granting that he labours under that hallucination, he must know that the physical comforts of the people have a claim to be first considered. For example, there are the articles of tea and sugar, which are of far more importance to the poorer classes than even the most mangy sort of literature. Let us see what Mr Gladstone says regarding them:—

"Two of these subjects are the duties upon tea and those on sugar, and these subjects are connected together by the fact, that the duties were imposed together, and have been handled together for the purpose of war, and for the purpose of

meeting an extraordinary expenditure. It is quite true, that the duties now liable upon tea and sugar are what are called war-duties; that is to say, that it was in consideration of a war that Parliament consented, not absolutely and in fact to raise them, at least as regards tea, but to allow them to remain at a higher point than had previously been contemplated; and I think that no one can fail to feel that they are duties, the reduction of which is greatly to be desired. At the same time, while the duty upon tea is more than 100 per cent, and the duty upon sugar is over 50 per cent, the supplies of both articles are abundant; the consumption of them both in ordinary years, and in ordinary states of the country, shows a decided disposition to increase, and there is no such great difficulty attending them as to give them an urgent, imperative, and paramount claim upon the attention of Parliament."

Here is a new doctrine of political economy with a vengeance! If the supply of an article of primary necessity is abundant, it does not signify what amount of duty you impose, provided the demand is on the increase! Because poor old women will persist in drinking tea, which is perhaps their only comfort—because the number of those so drinking it is every year on the increase—and because the Chinese can send us an unlimited supply of the article—Mr. Gladstone considers himself entitled to levy a war-duty thereon! That is his argument—not ours. Refer to the above text, and you will find that is substantially what he says. Had his immediate object been to reduce these duties, we should have had most pathetic and touching pictures of old crones sitting over a handful of miserable embers, solacing themselves with the contents of tiny bits of brown crockery; and an indignant appeal would have been made to the feelings of the House, whether, as men and Christians, they would consent to the iniquity

of exacting one farthing more than was absolutely necessary from creatures so poor and uncomplaining. We almost regret to be deprived this year—but we shall certainly have it hereafter—of the sketch of the labourer's wife in the act of making the gooseberry-jam, while the cheeks of her chubby children are streaked with the luscious treacle. But as the reduction of the tea and sugar duties is sure, if proposed by a Chancellor of the Exchequer, to be carried without opposition, it is much too good a card for Mr. Gladstone to throw away at this stage of the game. His object is to bind us down now and for ever to direct taxation; therefore he is desirous in the first instance to get the paper-duty out of the way. "The City people," says the *Times*, "appear to think it bad policy so to leave matters that a deficit can only be met by increasing the income-tax, or keeping it at its present amount. The paper-duty once repealed will be dead and gone, and will never contribute a farthing to save the State from ruin. We have only to suppose the customs and excise as bad as last year, and we have a deficiency which can only be met by increased taxation; yet we are not content with reducing taxes, we abolish them altogether." Turning to the City article in the same journal for 17th April, which has just reached us, we find the following commentary on Mr. Gladstone's scheme of finance: "Although its totals are more favourable than had been anticipated, the Budget met with a very cold reception in the City this morning. A large portion of the trading community feel great disappointment that the opportunity afforded by the surplus has not been made use of to justify the experiment of a reduction of the tea-duties and an equalisation of those on sugar, which might have resulted, at the end of one or two years, as on former occasions, in producing an increase rather than a diminution

of revenue. On every side the feeling prevails that the present moment is scarcely a fitting one for the entire abolition of any of our sources of income, and that therefore all lightening of taxation should have been effected by operating upon items which would allow the prospect of the loss being speedily made up." It rejoices exceedingly to be assured that the wise men of the City take a view so entirely sound; but we venture to think that they do not yet thoroughly appreciate the character of the self-sufficient but most artful individual who has charge of the national finance. He knows, quite as well as they do, that if he has a surplus (which we believe in no more than we do in the existence of Prester John), it would be far more beneficially applied for the reduction of the tea and sugar duties, than for the extinguishment of that on paper. But he has a Machiavellian policy which he is determined to work out, not only because he thinks it the same which his quondam chief and instructor would have pursued, but because it is that most agreeable to the wishes and interests of the Manchester politicians, who dislike indirect taxation, for the twofold reason that they can neither evade it themselves nor lower wages in the face of it, but who like the direct system, because it gives them the option of making what returns they please. By that faction Mr. Gladstone is now regarded as their future leader, and that post, we confidently prophesy, he will sooner or later assume; for, though his fine and subtle intellect should render him antagonistic to such an association, he is far too vain to allow us to suppose that he retains the virtue of an Abdiel. He is doing now what he can to provide for the future; and if he is allowed to demolish this year, by one blow, a million and a half of indirect taxation, next year we shall have him, to a certainty, pleading for the reduction of the duties on tea and

sugar. So intense is his love of the rhetorical art, that we can conceive him feeling almost annoyed at being compelled to abstain from this grand opportunity of holding forth upon tea and sugar. But reticence must sometimes be practised, and no doubt he consoles himself with the thought that this is merely a postponement.

Will the reader be kind enough once more to refer to the first quotation which we made from this Budget speech, and, after conning it, reflect what meaning it is intended to convey? Our distinct impression is that it points to the perpetuation of the income-tax, which is direct taxation in the very worst possible form. It is a rhetorical way of expressing an absolute intention in words that seem to be jocular or playful: because, if the intention must hereafter be abandoned, it is quite easy to say that the speaker was merely indulging in *badinage*; but if, on the contrary, a charge of double-dealing should be preferred, there are the words, to be interpreted in their most literal significance. Several such passages, easily understood by the few who are adepts in the use, or as in this case the abuse, of language (for it is an abuse when an officer of the State betakes himself to glozing and double meanings), occur in Mr. Gladstone's speech; and perhaps the most remarkable is this:—

"Here we are faced by the old question, between direct and indirect taxation. I take some credit to myself that I have never entered into the debates upon that subject. I have always thought it idle for a person holding the position of finance minister to trouble himself with what to him is necessarily an abstract question—viz., the question between direct and indirect taxation, each considered upon its own merits. To many people both appear sufficiently repulsive. As for myself, I confess that I entertain quite a different opinion. I can never think of direct and indirect

taxation, except as I should of two fair sisters, who have been introduced into the gay world of London, each with an ample fortune, both having the same parentage — for the parents of both I believe to be necessity and invention — having somewhat different manners — one being more free and open, and the other more retiring and insinuating. I cannot conceive any reason why there should be any unfriendly rivalry between the admirers of these two damsels; and I frankly own, whether it be due to a lax sense of morals or not, that, as a Chancellor of the Exchequer, or a member of this House, I have always thought it not only allowable, but even an act of duty, to pay one's addresses to them both."

This, craving Mr. Gladstone's pardon, is sheer nonsense, for the metaphor is not only inapposite, but it is pitifully bungled. We have no wish to institute an inquiry into his morals; and if it shall please him to be hereafter drawn, as Garrick was, with a bouncing nymph upon either side, to give form and substance to his preposterous personifications, we shall offer no objection. But we cannot allow him to escape under cover of these muddy sentences. If he means us to understand that he has never taken the pains to consider whether the direct or the indirect mode of taxation should preponderate, he pays but a poor compliment to the discrimination of the Premier who recommended him for his present office; for a minister of finance who has not formed any settled views upon such a subject, is quite as anomalous a being as a clergyman who cannot make up his mind as to the conflicting merits of the Churches of England and Rome. There is, no doubt, a kind of loose and spurious catholicity which encourages a dalliance with both; but surely there is a marked distinction between *Una* and *Duesá*; and if it be true that a man cannot serve two masters, it is difficult to understand how he can partition

his fidelity between a rival brace of mistresses.

But it is clear, from the passage we have first quoted, that Mr. Gladstone is resolute to leave direct taxation as it stands, bating the single penny from the income-tax; and did he propose to pursue the like course in regard to indirect taxes, at least for the present financial year, he would have secured our acquiescence. He sets down his estimated surplus, before making any reductions or remissions, at £1,923,000, a sum which we believe to be utterly visionary, seeing that it includes the large item of £750,000 of indemnity money from China, which can hardly be expected to come to hand for a considerable period of time. On the other hand, he has not charged himself with the balance due for the expenses of the war, beyond the million included in the estimate, which will more than absorb the whole of the indemnity money, even were that forthcoming. We also entertain grave doubts as to the soundness of several of Mr. Gladstone's calculations, for his numerous blunders of last year have destroyed all faith in his accuracy; but supposing that all these calculations have been fairly and carefully made, we still demur to the propriety of sacrificing one shilling of revenue under the circumstances in which we are presently placed. Neither the internal state of the country nor external movements are favourable to any relaxation.

We would be exceeding the mark were we to say that general distress prevails among the people; for although in certain localities and among certain trades there is a great deal of distress, as yet there is no absolute lack of employment. But the harvest last year was a deficient one, and that has already cost us much, agricultural profits having been in many instances reduced to zero; and it is possible, as meteorologists indeed prognosticate, that we may have entered into a cycle of seasons unfavourable for the ripen-

ing of the fruits of the earth. That deficiency, in conjunction with other causes, has led to an exportation of gold, in consequence of which the rate of discount rose to 8 per cent, deranging trade, checking enterprise, and materially limiting production. Trade in no branch whatever can be said to be active; in some it is positively stagnant; and the following extract, which we make from a recent number of that excellent periodical *The Press* gives a succinct and most truthful account of the present posture of matters: "Our trade, first seriously shaken by the failure of the harvest, then by the rupture of the American union, and next by political distrust, has, in the course of the last six months, received a shock which it will take more than a year to recover, even if the adverse elements just described were miraculously removed. There is not a great staple in which there is not a state of depression unequalled for many years. The iron trade, notwithstanding the blessings of the French treaty, was never so low; cotton is suffering; in wool there is nothing like animation; silk is greatly in distress; the farmers are living upon their capital, or barely paying their way. In short, there is not a single interest, nor a single industry, which is not in a condition of extreme depression." Such a state of things may be taken as indicative of a material prospective deficit in the revenue drawn through the customs and excise; indeed that has already commenced, for Mr. Gladstone informs us that last year there was a falling off to the extent of £21,000 in the article of tobacco, and no less than £500,000 on the duties levied on spirits. The malt-duties also yielded £800,000 less than the estimate. These are serious and suggestive facts, and such as ought to be most carefully weighed and considered before we resolve upon making fresh encroachments on a revenue which, even taken at the highest rate, may barely be enough, if it is absolutely adequate, to meet the estimated expenditure of the year.

The distracted state of the American Union cannot but excite serious alarm, the more especially as upon the supply of raw cotton from the Southern States the working of the mills in Lancashire and Yorkshire depends. It is possible that hereafter the severance of the Union may prove no disadvantage to this country; but that is a distant prospect; and there can be no doubt that, in the mean time, our interests will be prejudicially affected. From the last accounts that have reached us, it would appear that a peaceful solution of the difficulty is no longer to be hoped for, and that the Northern and Southern States will speedily be arrayed against each other in fratricidal conflict. On the continent of Europe everything seems to point to speedy convulsion and war. Insurrection is already on foot. There have been grave disturbances and much shedding of blood in Poland. Austria is menaced both by revolution and war, there being danger both from Hungary and Sardinia. Italy is still chaotic, and the influence of France has been extensively employed to keep it so. There is ill blood between Prussia and Denmark, states which ought to have no quarrel; and most sincerely do we deplore that difference, for a collision between two constitutional powers, who should both be defenders of the cause of order, is, in our estimation, the heaviest misfortune by which Europe could possibly be afflicted. Meanwhile France, armed to the teeth, awaits an opportunity of striking in for her own advantage, and with a view to her further aggrandisement. She has already acquired Savoy and Nice, and yet her appetite is unsatiable as before.

The aspect of affairs is so disquieting, and so much uncertainty prevails as to the future, that prudent men are almost universally contracting their expenditure — a measure which, however wholesome for the individual, is the reverse of beneficial to the masses of the labouring community. The inevit-

able result of that must be a less amount of employment for working men, and consequently a still further decline in the receipts of the customs and excise.

One important item of deficit in the department of the excise is directly owing to the headstrong and obstinate legislation of Mr. Gladstone, who last year would persist, in spite of the remonstrances of those who thoroughly understood the subject, and in the teeth of all previous experience, in raising the duties on British spirits 25 per cent, while those on foreign spirits were reduced. Though warned of the inevitable consequences, and entreated to pause before inflicting such a blow on an important branch of home manufacture, and risking the loss of a considerable amount of revenue, he would listen to no advice; and the result is, that whereas he had calculated on a large increase, the amount realised was £910,000 below his estimate!

After having committed so egregious a blunder, and done so much positive mischief, one would naturally expect that Mr. Gladstone should exhibit some contrition. Not he! In the face of a result which would have been appalling to any other Chancellor of the Exchequer, not only as exhibiting the fallacy of his views, but as pointing to a future and further loss if the present and exorbitant rate of duty is to be maintained, he has the audacity to tell the House of Commons that he is "convinced the experiment is likely, even in a fiscal point of view, to be successful, while on social considerations it will be beneficial." In accounting for the unparalleled decrease in the demand for spirits, he is delightfully ingenuous, declining any credit that might accrue to him from the hypothesis that his delicious light clarets at 14s. per dozen have supplanted the more potent alcohol. "No doubt," quoth he, "the competition of wine may have had something to do with it, but that can only be slight and insignificant. The consumption of *malt liquor* has more to do with

the decrease in the consumption of ardent spirits; certainly there is a change that, in its social aspect, must be viewed with satisfaction."

The consumption of malt liquor increased! O ye Powers of Imposition—was the like of this ever heard of before? Why, not ten minutes previously, Mr. Gladstone had confessed to a loss on *malt* of no less than £800,000!!

The revenue, you observe, suffers an enormous loss, both on malt and spirits—hops also swelling the deficiency by £300,000; and yet we are asked to believe that the consumption of spirits has been diminished by the increased demand for malt liquor! This is not even legitimate jugglery. It is an open insult to the capacity and understanding of his audience; and we marvel that the palpable self-contradiction escaped immediate challenge, even though it was wrapped and involved in a complexity of intricate detail.

But we have more to do than to point out such glaring fallacies. It is full time that, at any cost, this experimenter, as he calls himself, should be checked in his mad career; for he obviously does not know where he is driving to, and it will never do to leave important interests to the mercy of so mad a Phaeton. As regards the spirit-duties we have some observations to make, which, as they relate to an important staple, are at least worthy of attention.

And, first, as to a popular delusion. Many people who are, as we are also, advocates of sobriety and temperance, seem to think that the consumption of spirits in Great Britain, especially Scotland, is something positively disgraceful, and that any measure which could check that assumed evil must be for the public benefit. We cannot, of course, expect that total abstainers, or advocates for a Maine liquor-law, will so much as listen to anything like an argument tending to show that the use of alcohol, for the sake of indulgence, is permissible even in an infinitesimal ratio; but others, who are not blinded by pre-

judge, will probably admit that there is some truth, at least, in the following remarks, made by a statistical writer, Mr. Porter, in reference to the consumption of spirits:—

"It appears," he says, "that, taking into account home-made, colonial, and foreign spirits, the average consumption throughout the kingdom is somewhat greater now than it was at the beginning of the century, and it is hence inferred that the vice of intemperance has gained an accession to the number of its votaries. If, in the year of the greatest consumption, the quantity used had been equally divided among the people, the share of each would not have been quite the tenth part of a gill per diem—a quantity that might be taken with impunity by any one advanced beyond the stage of infancy. It is true that there is a very large proportion of people in this country who never taste intoxicating drink; but it is very possible, and, considering the general progress of society as regards the means of commanding conveniences and luxuries, it is even highly probable, that the number who practise this degree of abstinence is continually becoming less; it by no means follows, however, that an absolute, and even a great increase, in the general consumption of ardent spirits affords certain evidence of increased intemperance. It might even be that the quantity consumed throughout the country should be doubled, while the general character of the population for sobriety would be improved."

Be that as it may, one thing at least is apparent and beyond contradiction. We look to the spirit-duties as the item which contributes most largely to our revenue, the amount derived from that source alone, during the year ending March 1860, being upwards of £10,000,000; and the effect of increasing the duty has been to lower the revenue by half a million. No doubt this is evidence of a decreased consumption in home-made spirits; but then we must not lose sight of

the fact, that a large quantity of foreign and colonial spirits has been imported at a reduced duty, and has come into competition with the produce of the native distiller. We have not before us the papers requisite for making anything like an accurate estimate of the extent by which British spirit has been superseded by foreign produce; but even from Mr. Gladstone's speech we have been able to glean a little information on the subject. For example, he tells us that the *increase* of duty drawn from Geneva or Hollands during last year, was £67,000. Now, turning to former tables, we find that in 1857, 1858, and 1859, the average amount of customs duties on Hollands was £20,000, the duty being then 15s. per gallon. The duty has been reduced to 10s. 5d.; and, as the amount of it must now be £87,000, it follows that the import of Hollands must have increased from 25,000 to about 160,000 gallons.

This fully accounts for a circumstance which came under our notice in the autumn of the bygone year, and it is a very pretty illustration of the operation of the competition system, as Mr. Gladstone intends to work it. We observed that, in a certain district of the north of Scotland, Hollands of a superior quality was frequently produced, instead of home-made whisky as heretofore. Mr. Gladstone, who opines that the consumption of spirits of most large houses does not exceed two gallons per annum, will perhaps be surprised to learn that, in the north country, spirits are almost universally preferred to wine, even by that class who could well afford the more expensive indulgence. Right or wrong, their notion is that a glass of spirits diluted in water is a beverage more suitable to the climate, and more wholesome, than the juice of the grape; and they act according to their belief. On inquiry, we found that Hollands was now being extensively used in place of whisky, not because our friends liked it better, but because they could obtain

it at a cheaper rate. We were told that it was ordered direct from a foreign distillery by parties who had clubbed together to take a considerable quantity, and that it cost, including duty, about 18s. per gallon.

At that time, the price charged by the retail merchants for good Scotch whisky was 18s. 6d. per gallon, the difference being 5s. 6d. in favour of the foreign spirit. That statement alone was not sufficient to enlighten us as to the real merits of the case, for we were still ignorant of the exact amount of the retailer's profit on the home-made article; but it left on our mind a strong impression that the foreigner had, somehow or other, an undue advantage given him by the fiscal arrangements of last year. Since then we have investigated the matter, and obtained the following results.

The *best* Hollands can be purchased, free in bond, for 2s. per gallon. Add duty on foreign spirit, 10s. 5d.; and the price is 12s. 5d.

The *best* malt whisky, corresponding to the above, costs in bond 4s. per gallon. Add excise duty on British spirit, 10s.; and the price is 14s.

The exact difference, therefore, between Hollands and whisky equal in quality, is 1s. 7d. in favour of the former.

An inferior British spirit distilled from grain, but such as no respectable dealer would own to have on his premises, can be purchased, duty included, at 12s. 2d.; but to meet this, rectified foreign spirits of good quality cost only 12s. 1d.

These are actual facts, which we have verified by inspection of invoices; and to our mind they afford a striking illustration of the mad way in which Mr. Gladstone seems determined to sacrifice, not only revenue, but every domestic interest that can possibly be undersold. Let us see what were the former rates of duties.

From 1855 to 1859 the duty on British spirits was 8s., on foreign

spirits 15, being an advantage of 7s. to the home trade.

In 1860 Mr. Gladstone made two alterations. First, he raised the duty on British spirits to 8s. 1d., and lowered that on foreign spirits, to 8s. 6.; and, secondly, after 17th July, he raised the duties to 10s. on the one, and 10s. 5d. on the other. During the time that the duty on foreign spirits was at 8s. 6d., a very large quantity was imported.

Fivepence, therefore, per gallon, is the amount of protection (for we must use the word, despite the obloquy with which it used to be received by a vast number of persons who are now beginning to think that it is possible to push abstract theories too far) to the British distiller, who has now three things to contend against—1st, The decreased demand for the article which he produces, occasioned by the raising of the duty 2s. per gallon; 2d, The increased consumpt of foreign spirits, occasioned by the lowering of the duty on that article 4s. 7d. per gallon; 3d, The lowering of the wine-duties, which Mr. Gladstone exultingly hopes will knock the distillers on the head altogether.

If this kind of legislation were to be persevered in, doubtless Mr. Gladstone's anticipations would be realised; but we repose some faith in sound British sense; and we prophesy that crape will be worn for the ingenious orator before the last of the distilleries is levelled with the ground. In the mean time, however, the result is sufficiently appalling. The excise has lost, on spirits alone, £500,000, balanced, as Mr. Gladstone tells us, by a gain of £79,000 on customs from foreign spirits. In the year to come we expect that the loss will be much greater, though the Chancellor of the Exchequer, with his usual hardness, or rather recklessness, has set down a prospective increase both on customs and excise. But there is something to us quite inexplicable in this Budget speech of his, which it is our duty to notice;

though we certainly do not expect that he will vouchsafe to solve that riddle, any more than some dozen similar enigmas which we encounter in his reported speech. He takes credit over and over again, not directly, but through the insinuating process, which is the accomplished rhetorician's best trick of fence, for having reduced the consumption of ardent spirits in this country. That he has done so we fully believe—for exorbitant price and reduced means of consumption must lower every article; but he has *not* told us what *amount* of foreign spirit has been imported under the new tariff to supersede the native manufacture. And—what is more extraordinary—he has not been pleased to explain why he, the philanthropist, being placed in charge of the public revenue, and having that alone to look to as his especial business and duty, should be so delighted with the results of his manipulation, when he finds, by his own admission, that his former estimate was £900,000 above the actual yield. What does that mean? It means simply this: Mr. Gladstone, admitting all his brilliant qualities, is *the wrong man in the wrong place*. An experienced clerk from any mercantile house would be a much better and safer Chancellor of the Exchequer. He does not expect from the increased future importation of foreign spirits anything like an equivalent sum to that which has been lost in the branch of excise, by taxing the home article to the uttermost. He has simply created a loss to the revenue, without benefiting any person; for the distillers lose by decreased demand, and the consumer loses by having to pay 2s. per gallon more than formerly. It is quite a fallacy to tell us that the duty cannot be considered exorbitant or oppressive so long as there is no proved increase in smuggling or illicit distillation. That is a most vicious and dangerous test. Experience has shown us that there is no effectual way of suppressing illicit distillation but by making the

spirit-duty so moderate that smuggling ceases to be a profitable business. In this way the illicit manufacture has been very nearly, if not altogether, extinguished; but now Mr. Gladstone offers a direct premium for its resuscitation, and revive it will, unless we fall back upon the old scale of duties, which would at once replenish the Exchequer, and destroy the temptation—by no means a light one—which is now held out to the peasantry in districts where such operations can be carried on with a lessened risk of detection. Illicit distillation may not yet have increased, because the changes of duty were comparatively recent, and some amount of preparation is required for such a process. But if the smuggler is once assured that he can make a profit, the risk of incurring penalties, which he fears not, because he is unable to pay them, will not deter him from attempting the violation of the law.

We think then, on the whole, that, so far from there being any rational grounds for expecting, as Mr. Gladstone does, an increase in the customs and excise together to the extent of £308,000, the probability is, that there will be a deficiency in both branches; and when we reflect on the amount of loss which the country sustained last year from the bad harvest and the fluctuations and depression of trade, we cannot understand how Mr. Gladstone can reasonably expect that the income-tax, if levied at the former rates, could yield £277,000 additional. That is not a prospective but a retrospective tax. It falls to be levied on the incomes of the bygone year; and unless we are to discard facts altogether, and to believe, contrary to the evidence of our senses, that we have reaped a splendid harvest, and been driving a most profitable trade, this part of the estimate must be cast aside as utterly apocryphal. Indeed, we are inclined to rate Mr. Gladstone's statement very much lower than the Apocrypha, for it neither can be read "for example of life and instruction

of manners," nor yet be so applied as to establish any doctrine for the comfort or edification of the community.

By whatever ingenious combination of figures Mr. Gladstone has contrived to exhibit a surplus for the present year, we must not lose sight of the fact that he is also creating an enormous deficit for the future. His remissions, as he calls them, consist of a penny less than last year's rate for three-quarters of the year, and the whole paper-duty for half a year from 1st October. These two remissions will amount to £1,515,000, leaving an unappropriated surplus of £408,000. But in 1862 these remissions will affect the revenue to the extent of £2,400,000, and there is due £1,000,000 of renewed Exchequer bonds, making a prospective deficit of £3,400,000. It matters not whether we have peace or war—a good harvest or a bad one—brisk trade or unusual depression—there is the deficiency which we must make good, some how or other, at no more distant period than twelve months from the present time. Now let any reasonable man apply the national circumstances to himself—let him suppose that he has a balance of available cash to the extent of £1900 lying with his bankers, but that a year after this he has to take up bills to the amount of £3400—would he be acting like a sane person if he were to give that balance away? We apprehend that no one will answer in the affirmative. But to make the parallel perfect, we must suppose that the £1900 is not a casual balance, but an annual income, which, along with £500 more of annual income, is to be completely surrendered. Any man who should act so in private life, and attempt to vindicate his conduct by an appeal to the principles of economy, would assuredly run no small risk of being made the subject of a lunatic inquiry; because though recklessness and prodigality do not necessarily imply mental derangement, a dog-

matic assertion that arithmetic is a false science, and that its determinations are grotesquely wrong, can only be treated, according to our present notions, by blistering, shaving of the head, and, if need be, a course of the strait-jacket. We implore the public, whose interest it is to be sharp-sighted in such matters, not to allow any dust to be blown into their eyes by this windy rhetorician. Let them, if they so please, accept without demur his estimate of revenue for the present year. Let them forget how miserably hitherto his anticipations have been refuted by the results. Let them suppose that on this occasion the oracles whom he habitually consults have, by some strange accident, forgotten how to lie, and mysteriously mumbled out the truth. But let them not forget that, as certainly as the clock goes round, within twelve short months they will have to provide for a large deficit, either by the imposition of new taxes, or by a sweeping reduction of the national expenditure.

The Radical faction, whose hopes are now concentrated on Mr. Gladstone, make no secret that the latter alternative is what they vehemently desire. But how could the expenditure be reduced consistently with the advancement and safety of the country? We shall not suppose that any one meditates an onslaught on the public creditor; for, though there may be a few who would not break their hearts were such a monstrous felony to be attempted, the mere hint of such a design would raise a storm that would sweep the repudiating gang into their original limbo. If the country is to advance in civilisation, we must expect rather an increase than a decline in the civil and miscellaneous estimates. No reductions in expenditure of the least importance can be made without striking at the army and the navy; and it is well that this should be understood, because the Peace Society is again attempting to rear its disfigured head, having crawled out of the hospital

wherein it long has lain in a state of delirious coma, consequent upon a severe operation of trepanning. Mr. Gladstone's ostentatious acknowledgment of the public services of Cobden cannot fail to have excited remark; and as there has been no false prophet at all comparable to the member for Rochdale since the days of Zedekiah the son of Chenaanah, we must suppose that the compliment was not without some ulterior object. Cobden has queerer faiths than even Mr. Gladstone. He believed that we had somehow got into the millennium through the agency of cotton instead of Christianity. He believed that Russia was a most mild and unaggressive State. He believed that the United States afforded the only constitutional model, and would be permanent though monarchies decayed. And—most absurd delusion of all—he believed in American railways! Now he believes that France is the most pacific State that ever existed; and that Napoleon III. is treading in the steps of Numa—no, we are wrong—Mr. Cobden knows nothing about Numa; but he considers that his Imperial friend is as unwarlike a personage as Mr. Bright. We have no occasion to pursue the subject further; for, whatever may be Mr. Gladstone's anticipations or Mr. Cobden's design, sure we are that Britain will not disarm nor abate one jot of vigilance or preparation, so long as a neighbouring power maintains an attitude of aggression.

Well, then, if we cannot reduce the expenditure, what is in store for us next year, if we lop away the paper-duty, but an augmentation of the income tax? Money cannot be raised now from any other source, though Mr. Gladstone, emulous of distinguishing himself in every line of character, has come out as a *chiffonier* or rag-picker, and improves his leisure moments by groping in the kennel for casual pence. Many years ago he was impressed by a saying of the late Dr. Chalmers regarding the power of the penny: but he totally misunderstood the application, for in his view a million of pence are equivalent to the pence of the million. So, last year, he inflicted a small Egyptian lice-plague upon merchants, in the shape of infinitesimal stamps, which really added nothing appreciable to the revenue, while it materially obstructed trade; and, this year, he smites at chicory, renders it an unlawful thing to light a cigar in a tobacconist's shop unless the owner pays an additional duty, and follows the pharisaical method of taking tithes of mint and cummin, while neglecting the weightier matters of the law. After having deliberately and most attentively perused the Budget speech, and considered it in all its bearings, we have no other advice to give to the ratepayers of Britain than the wholesome but often-neglected warning of the police—"GENTLEMEN, LOOK TO YOUR ROCKETS!"

MRS. BEAUCHAMP'S VENGEANCE.

CHAPTER I.—SITTING FOR A PORTRAIT.

"THE head a *leettle* more this way," said Charles Rackit, slightly pointing with his mahlstick; "not quite so much. There, that's the very thing. Now look towards me."

"So?" asked the docile and pretty Mrs. Beauchamp, whose portrait was slowly taking shape on the canvass.

"Charming," said the painter, sweeping a bold line down the hair.

Nothing could be prettier than the young widow, whose features he was intently perusing, while her affianced second husband was wearily perusing the *Times*, trying to extract mental nutriment from offers of desirable family mansions, self-acting boot-jacks, and articles of common use and uncommon names; occasionally interested by the appeal to a runaway husband, who was earnestly implored to return to his disconsolate family and duns; but feeling, on the whole, a languid interest in the ninety-six columns of information. Mr. Smythe Briggs, the gentleman in question, was an ornament to the Corn Exchange, but his views of art were not lofty, and his interest in this portrait of his "intended" simply showed itself in a not unreasonable impatience to see it finished. In vain his friend, the painter, tried to rouse "a nobler enthusiasm." It wouldn't do. Briggs was not enthusiastic—and he wanted to get married. Until the portrait was finished, the marriage was not to take place. Mrs. Beauchamp had said so; and what Mrs. Beauchamp said, she meant.

Now I don't know whether you agree with Briggs—(I do)—that sitting by, while a portrait is being taken, is one of the least flattering and exhilarating of positions. You are so obviously playing dummy.

It is not *your* noble features that are being contemplated; and if you are at all jealously disposed, it is not very pleasant to sit by and see another man scrutinising the features which you regard as peculiarly your own. Suppose you not to be of a jealous disposition, the situation then becomes simply fatiguing. You feel that you are *outside* the real business and interest of the scene. You are "playing propriety," and perhaps both the others wish you away.

Briggs was not jealous, but he was bored. He had made some novel observations respecting the weather, and foreign affairs, sprinkled with personal details as to purchases he had made, or intended to make; he had read the *Times*; and he had for the fiftieth time looked at all the paintings, sketches, casts, and odds and ends, in the atelier; and now there seemed nothing left to do, until Rackit suggested that he should step upstairs and see his sister.

"Is your sister at home?" said Briggs, eagerly catching at the offered relief. "Then I'll step up. Meanwhile, old fellow, *do* be as quick as you can. Let it be a speaking likeness, but never mind about chiaroscuro, and all that, you know."

"He's dreadfully bored," laughed the widow, as Briggs left the atelier.

"Is he jealous?"

"Jealous? of whom?"

"Why . . . your head a little more this way . . . he doesn't seem to like my having to look at you so intently. As if a man with eyes to see, a soul to appreciate . . . You have moved again!—If it has been wearisome to him to be present at these sittings—delicious sittings!—why doesn't he keep away? I don't want him. His

presence irritates me—it stifles my emotions——”

“Is portrait-painting then so *very* agitating?” asked the widow, with an arch smile, and pretending not to understand him. “I thought it was quite mechanical.”

“So it is, with *other* sitters.”

There was a pause. He felt that he had said too much, so he begun vigorously painting.

Charles Rackit was not an R.A., not even an A.R.A.; but he was a painter of fervid genius, I have been told (by himself); and he was, I observed, a man of flighty imagination, and not very sedate habits. He wore very long hair, and took extremely long credit. Bills he considered to be “proofs of the egoism of our age.” He was generally eloquent on “our age,” speaking as if he were intimately acquainted with other ages; and complained loudly of the “prosaisms of the day,” which robbed life of its romance. In an unguarded moment I once asked him whether romance were really indispensable to existence? A look was his reply.

He liked me, though he said I was “utterly respectable;” and I liked him, though I could have wished to see him less unsettled, as I once remarked.

“Unsettled?” he replied. “It is true, *I am* unsettled; so is the eagle!”

It was not clear to me how the habits of eagles could serve as exemplars to portrait-painters.

“The polype,” he continued, dashing the long hair back from his face—“the polype is settled. Go and admire it. There it is, fixed for ever to its bit of rock, passive, amid the noble tumult of life.”

As I knew nothing of the domestic economy of polypes, and had but the dimmest perception of what bearing they could have on the present question, beyond the very obvious proposition that he, Rackit, was not a polype, I was silent. He fancied he had answered me.

Having given this glimpse of the painter, let us return to his atelier,

and the scene which is being acted there. He is still painting silently, and feeling every moment his embarrassment increase; but observing that Mrs. Beauchamp seems quite calm, he resumes the interrupted conversation.

“I said that it was mechanical work, in general, painting the portraits of ordinary people. But the soul has its sympathies—its finer instincts.”

Not distinctly comprehending the full significance of this proposition, Mrs. Beauchamp merely smiled, and said, “Oh yes.”

He quitted the easel, and said, as he approached her, “Your shoulder is a little too advanced; your hand should be here.”

He took her hand; but instead of placing it in the eminently desirable position, he held it lingeringly in his.

“There?” she said, with an arch smile, which quickly broke out into a ringing laugh,

Rackit felt ridiculous, so letting the hand fall, he returned to his easel.

“What an original you are!” said the laughing wicked widow.

“Would you have me a stone when a goddess sits to me?”

“Don’t be mythological, please,” she said; “I would rather you should be serious than throw *Lemprière’s Dictionary* at my head.”

“I am serious,” he replied. “People think me gay and careless. It’s a mistake. By nature I am profoundly serious—the income-tax not more so.”

To this Mrs. Beauchamp made no reply.

“I should have thought,” he continued, “that you would have better understood me.”

“Surely,” she said, “it was the kindest thing I could do, *not* to understand you.”

“What do you mean?”

“Nay, you will force me to ask you what *you* mean.”

“And if—if I were to speak *plainly*?”

“In that case, I should be forced

to remind you of a detail, a trifling detail which you seem to have forgotten."

"And that is?"

She hesitated a moment; then looking fixedly at him said:

"Mr. Smythe Briggs is your friend."

"I know it," passionately exclaimed Rackit—"know it but too well."

"You seem to have forgotten it, though."

"Never, not for one instant. Don't be offended with me. I know you belong to another—are about to belong to him. I know you can never be mine——"

"Mr. Rackit!"

"I must speak now, I must tell all. You have misunderstood me. I must clear myself."

"It will be much better to let the subject drop altogether. Too much has been said."

"You must hear me now. Mrs. Beauchamp, sweet Mrs. Beauchamp, understand me. I know the respect due to you, but I cannot help my feelings. The beam of sunshine gladdens the artist's room, though he cannot call the sun his own."

The slightly theatrical tone in which this was said threw the widow into a provoking fit of laughter, during which Rackit looked supremely ridiculous. No man likes to be laughed at when he is not deliberately humorous; and to be laughed at when you are deliberately sentimental, is one of the cruelest of positions. Real passion resents ridicule with savage energy; but affected passion is powerless in the presence of ridicule, because it feels itself detected.

"I did not know that I had said anything funny," he grimly said, at length.

"Excuse my rudeness," she said, "but the idea tickled me so immensely."

"What idea, if I may ask?"

"The idea of all your sitters as beams of sunshine, and this as the hothouse for such very exotic plants."

"I am glad you can laugh. It proves that you are not angry. I have stood for hours before your portrait, agitated, vexed, discouraged——"

Here he took her hand and pressed it tenderly.

"You seem to have regained your courage," she said.

"While I hold this hand I feel capable of anything. Continue, as before, to be a beam of sunshine,—it will give me strength—genius. I will paint pictures that shall drive Millais to despair, and make the Academicians aghast at my audacity."

"As to audacity," said the widow, withdrawing her hand, "that is not likely to be in default."

"Be my lodestar."

"Don't be ridiculous."

"I am serious. Listen to me. I will be frank with you. You have discovered my secret; but as my passion passes no limit of respect, you cannot object to it."

"But I can, and will, and do object," said the widow resolutely.

"Never mind," he said, "you can't prevent it. I demand no return, observe."

"Very considerate!"

"I know you are to be another's. To be—ye gods! to be Mrs. Briggs!"

"Mr. Rackit!" she exclaimed, in a tone of severity.

"You may command me to be silent."

"I do."

"And I obey. But you cannot command me to be insensible. You may tear out my tongue with red-hot pincers, but you must tear out my heart before I can be dead to such loveliness, such grace, such winning ways——"

Mrs. Beauchamp rose and quietly put on her bonnet.

"What are you going to do?" he asked.

"To join Mr. Briggs and your sister."

"Go, then, beautiful statue. You have no heart, no feeling."

Mrs. Beauchamp scarcely looked

at him, and yet he felt as if she looked through him as she quietly said—

"Have I not?"

"None; as cold as ice."

"Don't be too sure of that," she

said, as she opened the door and disappeared, leaving Rackit dazed. Instead of following her, he took up his palette and began mixing the colours with an air of preoccupation.

CHAPTER II.—THE SORROWS OF WERTHER.

Mrs. Beauchamp went upstairs to see Arabella Rackit, who was quarrelling with Briggs about Mario, whom that ornament of the Corn Exchange thought a namby-pamby kind of fellow. He was delighted at the entrance of his Emily; nor was Arabella less so, for she felt certain of having an ally on this question. But the widow did not enter very warmly into the dispute; and, indeed, seemed to be somewhat preoccupied. If she had imagined that Rackit would have rushed after her, and gently forced her back into the atelier, she was mistaken. If she now imagined that he would speedily present himself, she was mistaken. Mario and Grisi, Tamberlik and Verdi, *Adam Bede* and *The Idylls of the King*, Epsom and the shape of bonnets, these and twenty other subjects were discussed with more or less fervour, but no Rackit appeared.

At last the widow rose to take leave. Briggs expressed his intention of having a look at the likeness. She loudly protested there was no time to-day; but he as firmly declared there was time, and plenty; and that he must "take a squint at it." A sudden thought seemed to strike her, and she consented graciously to go down again to the atelier. In fact, she rather wished to see how the artist looked.

They tapped at his door, but receiving no answer opened and went in. Rackit was standing contemplating the portrait, with both hands thrust amid his long dishevelled locks. His face flushed and his eyes sparkled as he saw her; and she also looked a little confused.

"You don't seem to have made much progress," said Briggs.

"You don't understand portrait-painting, my dear fellow."

"Probably not. I prefer photography."

"Goth!"

"Goth if you like, but I do. It's done in an instant, and so cheap."

"Very cheap," said Rackit, grimly.

"But there is no talent required for that," suggested the widow, anxious to propitiate the artist.

"So much the better," retorted Briggs. "What's the use of talent?"

"You cannot be expected to know that," said Rackit, with a sarcastic smile.

"Oh yes, I can though. I'll tell you what it is. Talent is the ape of Nature. It does imperfectly what Nature does perfectly."

"It's something more than that."

"Yes, I know—it's a pretext for charging high."

At which sally the ornament of the Corn Exchange laughed unctuously. But the others were unresponsive. He was a little nettled, and, turning to the easel, said—

"Now look at this portrait. Devilish clever, I daresay."

"You are very good," said Rackit, bowing sarcastically.

"It must be clever, because it costs so much. Very like Titian, and all that—but shall I be quite frank with you?"

"By all means."

"Then I must say it isn't a bit like Emily. It's idealised, as you call it."

"You are complimentary," said Mrs. Beauchamp, with some acidity.

"It isn't a question of compliment, but of fact. Now, when a portrait isn't *like*, what does it matter how well it may be painted?"

"You understand nothing of Art."

"No; but I do of likenesses; and this isn't a likeness."

"How *can* you say so?"

"Because I have eyes and can see."

"Will you be kind enough to point out any defects," said Rackit, interposing.

"Well, the mouth is too delicate."

"Too delicate!"

"Yes, and the nose is much too small."

"You know nothing of pictures," said the widow, impatiently.

"I know a nose when I see it. Then, too, he has given you a complexion of roses and lilies, when everybody knows you are as brown as a berry."

"Perhaps," said the piqued widow, "other eyes may see differently."

"Then they don't see you as you are."

"You are a great judge, I perceive."

"I know a brown skin when I see one."

"Of course. On the Corn Exchange you learn *everything*."

"Now you're unreasonable, and out of temper; and all because I was frank and open. I'm sure Rackit has far too much sense to take what I have said in ill-part."

"That," retorted Mrs. Beauchamp, "is very plainly saying that *I* have no sense."

"The subject is getting hot—let's drop it. Our appointment with Broadwood is for two o'clock—it only wants ten minutes now."

"When shall I have another sitting?" asked Rackit, in a soft tone, to Mrs. Beauchamp.

"To-morrow," she replied. "And then we can continue . . . from the point at which you left off."

"By-by, Rackit," said the unconscious Briggs as he walked out, leaving the artist to escort the widow to the door.

In escorting her, he pressed her hand tenderly. Was it fancy, or was it fact, that the gentlest of pressures was returned by her? Fancy, or fact, Rackit was thrilled by it; and when a few minutes afterwards I happened to look in, I found him in a state of great excitement. It required very little to make him open his heart to me; I saw he was longing to take me into confidence, and, to confess the truth, I was not at all unwilling to be his confessor.

"It's clear she loves me," he concluded.

"It certainly looks like it."

"My dear fellow, whether she pressed my hand or not, the mere fact that she heard my declaration without anger, and is to give me more sittings, is equivalent to a declaration. Was ever a man so happy? Look at her—the portrait doesn't do her justice. Such eyes: sparkling with wit and melting with tenderness. Such lips: pouting with caprice and smiling with gaiety. And this creature is mine."

"How you run on!" said I, trying to calm him.

"Run on, you stone, you log, you unimpassioned what—~~you~~—you-may-call-it! Wouldn't *you* run on if such a glimpse of paradise were offered to you?"

"But you seem to forget that the gates are guarded. Touching Briggs now—?"

"Briggs be— Yes, you're right. There's Briggs. She can't be mine, she's pledged to him. Hideous nightmare!"

"It seems to me that you are in not the pleasantest of situations. To be the lover of a woman engaged to another fool— no, I don't mean that—but it's *The Sorrows of Werther* over again, and a very absurd story that was."

"I shan't end it as Werther did, by blowing my brains out. That process is too ridiculous, and the result so dirty!"

"But how will you end it then?"

"I shan't end it at all."

"Eh?"

"I shall enjoy the romance of love, without mitigating it by the prose of marriage. I have longed for some romance in life. Here it is."

"Can't see it."

"I can. Look here; to love the affianced of another, is to feel your heart stirred without danger. She never can be yours—there's the poignant misery, which becomes a charm! Life is irradiated with passionate romance—you have your passion, your sorrow—and no increase to the weekly bills! With such a passion (and with such security), I shall become a great artist. *I will paint the sadness of the world!*" He dashed back his long hair as he said this, and seemed to call upon the universe for its applause.

"The great dread I have always felt," he resumed, "is lest I should fall in love with some marriageable woman; marry her, and feel the romance dwindle day by day to prose. Now this fear is removed. Like another Werther I sought everywhere for a Charlotte."

"She's found, please sir," said Bob, his colourgrinder and factotum, who entered at this moment.

"Who's found?"

"The Charlotte you wanted."

"What do you mean, Bob?"

"Haven't you been bothering about a virgin for your *Virgins of the Sun*? Well, I've found the very model you require, and her name happens to be Charlotte. A real

beauty, and no mistake. Such a simple chit! None of your academy models; no, no. *My* choice, sir. Eyes as long as snuff-boxes; a nose like a hawk's beak; and a mouth—oh! such a mouth! Besides, she has an air of modesty that 'ud take anybody in."

"Then you know this paragon, Bob?" said I.

"Intimately—I have stood tea and shrimps," replied that knowing young scamp.

"Bob is a devil among the women," observed his master.

"If you won't consider me taking a liberty, sir, I should like to hear your advice on a point."

"What is it?"

"Well sir, it happens to be just something about marriage; what may be your honest opinion about it, sir?"

"Hm! . . . Why . . . You see it all depends . . . There are times—Are you thinking of marriage?"

"Well sir," replied Bob, "as you say, that depends . . . There are times when it don't seem a bad spec."

"Then marry."

"And yet, sir, only think! to fix one's self in a fix for ever; for ever's a long time, you know. Charlotte's very well, but suppose it shouldn't turn out well?"

"Bob is right," said Rackit, turning to me, as Bob quitted the room.

"For ever is a deuced awkward word, you know. That's why I prefer my position with Mrs. Beauchamp—there's no 'for ever' in it."

CHAPTER III.—THE GRAPES WITHIN REACH.

A troubled yet delicious night did the painter pass, revolving all the felicities and romance of his position. He was so full of hope, that when the bootmaker called after breakfast for his "little account," Rackit hoped he should be able to settle it on Saturday—and not only said this, but somehow believed it; and his conviction communicated itself to the creditor,

in spite of that man's long acquaintance with the promises of his debtor. Faith moves mountains, and sometimes even creditors. I have often marvelled at the facility with which men, notoriously without means, contrive to get trusted by men whom they have constantly left unpaid; while others, really possessing some outlying means, and known to have paid their way

honourably for years, cannot get even the smallest extension of time. The man who never pays is more certain to be trusted than the man who pays irregularly. I suppose there is a sublime confidence in the former which imposes on his creditors; whereas in the latter there is a secret misgiving, a painful sense that the hope may not be realized, an uncomfortable feeling at being asked for money which he hasn't got; and this perplexed, confused, sneaking frame of mind, communicates itself to the creditor.

The bootmaker departed, and the widow arrived. Great was the joy of Rackit to see her arrive alone. He helped her to take off her shawl, and observed with pleasure that she was agitated, and did not reply to his little questions and remarks. Her agitation grew greater, and communicated itself to him. A certain "all-overishness," which was at once pleasant and painful, made him fidget aimlessly about the atelier, pretending to be arranging the easel and the seat for her, but really disturbing one moment the arrangement of the last.

At last Mrs. Beauchamp broke silence.

"I have had a very unpleasant time since yesterday."

"Indeed?" inquired the sympathetic painter.

"Very. On quitting you, Mr. Briggs and I came to a serious misunderstanding——"

"I hope not."

"Nay, why should I mince phrases?—it was a serious *quarrel*."

"Dear me! And what about?"

"I was annoyed—I may say irritated—at the criticisms he permitted himself to pass on the work of a man of genius."

"Pray do not mind them. I care little for what he says, so that you are not dissatisfied."

"But I could not help feeling for you."

"It was very kind."

"And then his replies to me had a tone—oh! a tone that no man who

respects a woman would permit himself, especially to the woman of his choice. I am not particularly sensitive, but indeed he was rude—rude, almost insulting."

"Triple brute!"

"I knew you would feel as I do."

"That man must be a brute who would insult a defenceless woman, who has no weapon but her tears, no armour but hysterics."

"Especially when he knows she must submit to his ill usage—must hear the coarsest accent and rudest language, because she is to be his wife."

"I have no patience with the fellow."

"Oh! had I known the man to whom I was about to link myself—and yet I *ought* to have known what tyrants you can be. I was a widow."

"Then the lamented Beauchamp was——?"

"A brute! Most men are."

"Nay, that I will never allow."

"I thought Mr. Briggs, whom I had known from childhood, was different. But a woman never knows the real character of a man till she's married. He couldn't have loved me."

Here the widow was on the point of weeping, and this roused all the chivalry of Rackit's nature, as he confidentially informed me.

"He never loved me," repeated the widow.

"Never!" energetically exclaimed the painter.

"Eh?"

"I repeat it: Never! I should not have ventured on the indelicacy of such a remark under other circumstances; but from the first that has been my conclusion. He is an egotist. I know him. I saw at once that, however he might admire you (as who does *not*?), he could not understand, he was incapable of appreciating you."

She held out her hand to him with a frank cordiality and an impulsiveness which was irresistible.

"You understand me," she said.

"And to understand is to adore

you," he replied, kissing the hand he held in his.

"Don't plague me at *such* a moment with idle gallantry. Do be serious—pray do."

"Serious? I never was more so."

"Pray don't."

"Hear me calmly. I swear it is genuine passion which now speaks in tone, look, and gesture."

"No, no, no. Don't say it."

"But I have said it."

"You cannot love me."

"But I *do*."

"You must not."

"I must and will. From the very first moment of our meeting——"

"You fancy so."

"Fancy!"

"You have an artist's imagination."

"And the heart of a man."

"Hush! I cannot listen to such words."

"You bid me be silent, and I obey. I will not tell you how in secret I have hung upon your looks, and treasured up your slightest words. I will not allude to the blissful visions I have had of a blissful existence passed for ever at your side. I will be silent. I know the barrier which circumstances have cruelly erected between us. But I must be allowed to dream of the paradise from which I am shut out."

"Fortunately for you."

"Don't say so. Had fate willed it otherwise, and had you been free . . ."

"Then you would in all probability have never given me a thought."

"This is unjust."

"It is the simple truth, and you know it."

"You have no belief in me."

"Men are so deceitful."

"Not all."

"All."

"You are resolved against me. But oh! would that I could prove the truth—if you were but free."

"But I am not."

"I know it. But if you *were*——"

"What would you do then?"

"Throw myself at your feet."

And he suited the action to the word, adding, as she rose hastily, "I would say, here is my heart—accept it; here is my life—share it."

Rackit had been hurried on to this passionate climax, in his eager desire to make an impression; but it was like a dash of cold water in his heated face when the widow suddenly held out her hand to him, and with a tone of trembling tenderness said—

"And dare I trust you? If it is my engagement which *alone* forms the barrier, be happy—I *am* free."

He was speechless for a few seconds, and then stammered—

"What? That is . . . you? . . . I'm bewildered."

"As you spoke, the sincerity of your conviction stirred my heart. I felt you were in earnest. You *are* so, are you not?"

"Quite!" he answered, though with abated fervour.

"I felt that you were worthy of all confidence, and the resolution was formed which at once sets me at liberty."

How was it that Rackit felt anything but enraptured by this announcement? I do not know; but this I know, that he felt very much as we feel on awaking from a dream which we know to have been a dream, and yet cannot quite help believing as reality. Here was a woman whom he greatly admired—whom he had been loving, as he vowed, for several days, with an insurgent rage against the superior luck of Briggs, who could call her his own; and yet no sooner did he learn that Briggs was no longer in that enviable position—no longer barring him from the chance of being her husband—than he began to feel utterly miserable. Perhaps it was his general dislike to marriage: and he was not merely talking at random when he vowed that true happiness consisted in loving a woman whom you couldn't call your own.

On her asking him if he was happy, he vehemently protested

that his felicity was "supreme;" but she would have had less than woman's sagacity had she not detected the complete change in his manner, and suspected that by felicity he really meant quite another feeling.

When I looked in upon him shortly after, impelled by a knowing curiosity to hear the continuation of his story, I found him extremely quieted, and almost solemn in his manner. It required only sympathetic expressions on my part to induce him to tell me all that had passed.

"Well," I said, "I congratulate you. Your happiness is now about to begin. I never was in that condition myself, but I have always imagined that a man, when he has received permission to get the ring and the licence for the woman he loves, must be supremely happy."

He looked at me with a lugubrious air that was almost comic, and said—

"Yes, I suppose I am happy now."

"Suppose?"

"Well, to be quite candid, I don't think I should ever have discovered that I was happy if you had not told me so. Perhaps a bridegroom's happiness is of a serious kind. Certain it is that I am awfully serious. It's a devilish ticklish thing, let me tell you, to feel yourself about to take such a plunge in an unknown gulf."

"But you love her, don't you?"

"Passionately."

"Then how is it that the idea..."

"My dear fellow, love is all very well; but no man can be expected to be gay when marriage comes tumbling on his head like a chimney-pot. You wouldn't like it yourself."

"Then give her up."

"That's easily said."

"Do you want to be her husband, or do you not?"

"Yes—and no. Look here, I tell you what it is. There is a story of a soldier standing outside

a shop-window looking at a picture of a military execution, where the faithful dog is fawning upon the kneeling wretch, who is awaiting his execution. 'I would sell myself to the devil for that picture,' said the energetic soldier, in his enthusiasm. A horrible old woman heard the words, rushed into the shop, bought the picture, thrust it into his astonished hands, and said with witch-like savageness: 'There's the picture, and your soul is mine.' It seems to me that I am very much like that soldier."

"I can't understand you. The other day you were in raptures about Mrs. Beauchamp."

"So I am still. No woman could be more charming, and if I wanted a wife—but you see I *don't*, and that's the fact."

"Well, you had better tell her so before it's too late."

"It's too late already. Besides, I don't like the idea of giving her up. She's an exquisite creature, and that's the truth. Don't you thing marriage a very absurd institution?"

"No, I can't say I do," said I.

"Then why are you a bachelor?"

"Why? Probably because I'm not married."

"Now, be serious. Help me with your advice."

"My advice is, if you love her, marry; if you don't, don't."

The announcement of Smythe Briggs interrupted our conversation. Rackit had only time to whisper—

"Now I'm in for a scene! But if Briggs has come here to dispute my claim, he shall find I'm not a nose-of-wax. I may want your aid."

Briggs entered, and after the usual futile attempts to stave off the real object of his visit, he turned away from the portrait of Mrs. Beauchamp, and said to me—

"I say, Johnson, it's a doozed hard thing that we should always be dupes of women, though, isn't it?"

"Very," I replied.

"They make us all as blind as moles—extreme asses."

"Speak for yourself, Briggs," said I, laughing.

"Well, I do speak for myself. That woman there," pointing to her portrait, "doesn't she look the soul of truth? She isn't the woman she seems."

"Indeed?"

"She *seems* mild, gentle, smiling, tender, doesn't she? Well, then, she *is* . . . if my marriage were not irrevocably fixed, and if it were not for those disgusting 'damages' . . ."

"You don't mean to say . . . ?" said Rackit, eagerly.

"Yes, I do, though. Bless you, the cat is a gentle, quiet, graceful, purring animal, but we all know the claws she sheathes in velvet."

"You astonish and alarm me—I mean for *you*," said Rackit.

"I am astonished and alarmed for myself," he retorted. "You haven't to marry her. I have."

Rackit looked monstrously uncomfortable.

"You know," continued Briggs, "I'm not very particular. Women aren't angels. We call them so, but of course that's all gammon. And if Mrs. Beauchamp had only shown a little skittishness, I shouldn't much have minded. Nay, had she *always* shown her real temper, I could have made allowances. I could have made up my mind to it, as she makes up hers to my not having a Roman nose. We are none of us perfect."

"Especially *some* of us," I said.

"As you say, some of us. She's of the some. I'll tell you what it is which makes me so uncomfortable. For so many years—ever since I can remember—she has only shown her velvet paws; now, you'll own that never once to give a hint of the claws looks suspiciously hypocritical, don't it?"

"Surely you must be exaggerating," said Rackit.

"Not a bit. Place yourself in my position."

"I can, perfectly."

"No, you can't; not until you know all. Suppose you had chosen a wife whom you believed to be tender, amiable, without a bit of deceit, and then suddenly you find the ice cracking beneath your feet, while you are skating far away from the banks, and no Humane Society at hand."

"Yes, yes," said Rackit, nervously. "Well?"

"You suddenly discover that your angel has a *temper*—a *feminine* temper—a temper A 1, and no mistake! All her gentleness then was hypocrisy, and you are left to guess what remains behind."

Had Briggs come expressly to heap coals of fire on the head of the unfortunate painter, he could not more maliciously have chosen his words. I asked him what was the source of this change in his opinion of the widow.

"I can't tell," he said. "It was only because I yesterday made a few innocent remarks on her portrait, and when we got into the brougham she was in such a tantrum! In fact we had a regular 'row'—the first, and a surprise! Observe, I don't lay so much stress on that. Perhaps I was wrong. Be it so; but she showed herself to be so unjust, unreasonable, fantastic, and irritable, that I saw, as in a flash, my whole married life before me—a horrible vista of brats and bickerings."

"Lovers' quarrels!" said I, apologetically.

"Lovers' fiddlesticks," he replied. "Rackit, old fellow, you have an irritable temper; take warning in time and don't marry."

"I won't," said that unhappy man, gloomily.

"At any rate do not marry one of those *gentle* creatures—they are lambs till they get you in their clutches, and then they're tigresses. Be warned by me."

"I will."

"D'ye think," said Briggs to me, "I could manage to put off the match for a few months? Suppose I were to break my leg, now, would

there be a chance of her marrying some one else?"

"No," said Rackit, "it would only rouse her sympathy for you."

Here Bob came in to say that a messenger was below, wanting to see Mr. Briggs. That gentleman went down stairs, leaving me alone with Rackit, who looked questions at me.

"This is awkward," I said.

"I thought," said Rackit, "Briggs had come to dispute my claim, and I had armed myself to resist him fiercely. Instead of that, I find him willing to break his leg on the chance of getting rid of her."

Briggs returned, crushing a note in his hand, and showing the greatest agitation. We asked him anything was the matter, any bad news.

"No," he said, "nothing. At least nothing unexpected."

"You seem put out."

"Yet I ought to be jolly—highly so. What I wished for has arrived; and when one's wishes are realised, one is supposed to be happy."

"That's a vulgar error," said Rackit. "Only the most superficial philosophy could propound such a view as that happiness consists in the realization of our wishes. Men are asses, and don't know what to wish for!"

"I believe you're right."

"I'm sure I'm right. Brown wishes for the command of a ship, gets it, and has his head blown off on the first broadside. Smith wishes Mary Jane to *name the day*; she names it, and he never smiles again. It's always so. True happiness, I maintain, consists in disappointment."

"What a cynic you are! If you had received such a letter as this — but I can't speak of it—it throttles me. Rackit, I'm miserable."

"So am I."

"Not so miserable as me."

"Worse."

"Impossible; you don't know what it is to love the woman that jilts you."

"Worse, I love the woman who *won't* jilt me."

"You don't know what it is to love such an angel as Emily—an angel, if there ever was one upon earth."

"You said just now she was a tigress."

"So she is! None but a tigress would have written such a letter."

He caught up his hat, and made for the door.

"Where are you going?"

"I don't know. Perhaps to drown myself—probably to the Corn Exchange. Good-bye."

He vanished, leaving Rackit thoroughly miserable. I have never thought *Hervey's Meditations among Tombs* a lively work, but it is gaiety itself compared with the reflections which fell from the once gay and flighty Rackit. Never greatly entranced by the prospect of marriage, even with the woman he loved, and considered perfect, it may be guessed that the prospect of marriage with a widow who had her "infirmities of temper," was far from cheering. The grapes which hung so tempting when out of reach, seemed unpleasantly unripe now that he had clambered within reach of them.

CHAPTER IV.—HOW TO READ A LETTER.

In silence Rackit made a cigarette, offered it to me, and then set about making another for himself. No one feels the necessity of speech when a cigar is in his mouth, and it is very uncomfortable to be in company with a man, and dread to say anything lest it should jar on his sensitive feelings; so we smoked on

in silence, thinking a great deal. His mobile expressive face plainly showed the tumult that was going on within; but as I had no idea what direction his resolution would take, I dared not say a word; and to leave him in this condition seemed unfriendly.

Our silence was broken by the

return of Briggs, who said, impatiently,

"Rackit, make me a cigarette. I can't rest. I have been wandering about the streets like a murderer."

Rackit, who had just finished making one, presented it to him, and he puffed furiously as he went to the easel on which stood Mrs. Beauchamp's portrait.

"What a face she has!" he exclaimed. "Look at it. What a smile! Who could help loving such a woman?"

Rackit flung a glance at me, in which I read as plainly as if he had spoken the words, "He must take her back!"

"Did you ever see one to compare with her?" inquired Briggs.

"Never!" replied the painter. "And I have always said that you are a lucky dog—the luckiest of dogs—to have captivated the affections of such a woman. Johnson will tell you that I have always said so."

"Don't!" groaned Briggs, "don't remind me of my loss!"

"Pho! *she's* not lost."

"She is though."

"You fancy so."

"I know so."

"It's nothing but a lover's quarrel—kiss and make up."

"Ah! I wish I *could* kiss and make up."

"What is to prevent you?"

"Everything!"

"Nonsense! Who ever heard of a marriage being broken off for a little tiff? Why, my dear fellow, angels tiff sometimes—for the sake of the making up again."

"I should be glad enough to make up. For on reflection I will confess that it was *I* who was wrong yesterday—very wrong—I was hasty."

"No doubt. Your temper *is* peppery, you know. I have always said it of you."

"No, not generally. But yesterday, perhaps—"

"Yesterday you were hasty—perhaps a little *offensive*—it may be brutal—"

"No, no, I wasn't at all that."

"You can be brutal, Briggs—I know you can; not that you *mean* it, of course. She will understand that. And no doubt you laid too much stress on a little vivacity in her language; she is *so* vivacious!"

"She is. Besides, if she has a fault, I never expected her to be quite perfect."

"Of course not. A perfect woman would be a monster—her goodness would be an eternal reproach. As far as I can judge—and Johnson will tell you I'm no bad judge of women—my experience is tolerably extensive. Well, as far as I can judge Mrs. Beauchamp combines all the qualities necessary to make a man happy."

"All, all," responded Briggs.

"And, moreover, let us joke as we like about marriage, it is the dearest aim we have in life, you know."

"That it is."

"The haven into which the storm-tossed mariner—and all that kind of thing."

"Exactly my sentiments."

"Well then, go at once, and ask her forgiveness. Tell her you regret the hastiness of your temper—"

"Never!" said Briggs, with resolution.

"Madman!"

"I may be mad, I am miserable, but I am resolved. We are parted for ever."

"Now, don't be absurd."

"Yes, yes. It's easy to say, Don't be absurd. But there *are* things . . . this blow is a heavy one . . . but I may confide in you two . . . dine with me at the club to-day—you shall know all."

"Tell it at once," said I.

"*That woman has no heart,*" exclaimed Briggs. Then going to her portrait, he apostrophised it, "No, you have no heart. One can read it in your face. Rackit, look at this picture—and then read this letter."

He handed a crumpled note to Rackit, who smoothed it, read it, and returning it, said—Well, upon

my word, I see nothing to object to in it."

"You don't?" exclaimed the astonished Briggs, throwing away the end of his cigarette. "Johnson shall judge. Listen to this." In the driest tone imaginable he began to read: "*John*."

"Well, your name is John, isn't it? You wouldn't have her say Mr. Smythe Briggs?"

"You think that a proper beginning, do you?"

"She might have said *Sir*," replied Rackit. "Don't let us be unjust. *John* is simple, affectionate, comes from the heart. I may be wrong, and I don't know what Johnson thinks, but there seems to me (under the circumstances, observe!) something very touching in that simple *John*. It is worth a hundred phrases such as *dearest pet*, or *my own Tootles*."

"And perhaps you say as much to what follows." He then read, severely: "When people find they have made a mistake, they are bound, by every consideration, not to continue in it, but, if possible, to repair it. We made a mistake in fancying our natures suited each other. It would be very wrong to continue in this error. Let us part."

Briggs here looked at us as much as to say, What do you think of that? As what I thought was very unequivocal, I was silent; but Rackit broke forth:

"Well, never did I hear a more dignified, and at the same time touching, accent of a wounded heart. How free it is from rhodomontade, and from sophistry! She throws no blame on *you*, observe! Not a syllable. She doesn't say that you showed yourself coarse, tyrannical, violent, brutal——"

"Because I didn't!"

"Yes, yes, you did; you confessed as much not long ago. Besides, I'm sure you were—you must have been—you were angry, and anger is always blind."

"I don't care what I was, that letter's plain enough."

"Quite plain, if read in another

spirit. Let any unprejudiced eye read it, read it without bias, without anger, and it will be found as noble in conception as it is severe in its simplicity of style."

Briggs, somewhat staggered by this unexpected, and to him, incomprehensible, view of the matter, looked at me. Fortunately I have great command over my countenance, and did not explode in a loud Homeric guffaw.

"Only profound feeling," continued Rackit, "ever expresses itself simply."

"But where is the feeling here?" asked Briggs.

"Where?" replied Rackit. "In every phrase. Listen, while I read." He took the letter, and, throwing a subdued reticent tenderness into his voice, which did honour to his talents as an actor, he began: "*It would be wrong to continue in error*. Do you not feel the selective delicacy of that word *error*? Then, too, the phrase: *Let us part*! No shrieks—no reproaches—all is severely calm, like the expressions of a Roman matron."

"But go on," said Briggs; "you see, she adds, '*We were to be married shortly*. *Our marriage is now impossible*.'"

"There again! After the calm statement of the fact, her heart begins to swell, in spite of herself, and in brief sentences—each sentence a sob—she says, looking tenderly backwards, *We were to be married shortly*. Then sorrowingly she remembers, *Our marriage is now impossible*. Really, the tears gather to my eyes as I read this."

Briggs was moved but not convinced.

"You certainly have a way of reading it," he said, "which wasn't at all mine. But listen to this: *I do not think you will find a nature to suit your own, but you are free to try. Henceforth we can only be friends. You will only see me when united with another.*—Emily."

"Of course," said Rackit, "if you persist in throwing that accent into it, you may read hatred in the ten-

derest confession of love. What does she *really* say? Why, that she fears you cannot find a woman *worthy* of you; but you are free to seek one; *she* will not be an obstacle to your happiness, she will withdraw into privacy with her grief——"

"Pho! she talks of marrying another!"

"You misinterpret again; read it properly, thus: *You will only see me when united with another Emily.* It's as clear as day, that she refers to *your* marriage, should you find a woman worthy of you. Then—when you are happy—when her presence can no longer be an intrusion—as a friend you will see her again. Observe further, that here the letter *ends.* Emotion has reached its climax—the pen drops from her hand."

"He *has* a way of reading, hasn't he, Johnson?"

"Why, yes," I replied, "but then you know everything depends on the *accent.* It's the tone which makes the music, not the notes. Suppose I say to a woman, 'You're a *pretty* creature'—that's an unmistakable gallantry; but if I say the same words with another emphasis, 'You're a *pretty* creature,' it's a sarcasm."

"Of course," interposed Rackit. "A woman may call you a *wretch*, and mean that you are a darling:

all depends on the accent. When a Frenchman calls his wife 'his cabbage,' the accent makes it palatable."

"You almost persuade me. The fact is, I should *like* to be persuaded."

"Go home; read the letter over in the spirit I have suggested, and it will soon be clear to you that you will only need to make the proper advances—to apologise for your conduct, and ask for a reconciliation—telling her that life can have no happiness for you without her—alluding darkly to your black-handled razor—and she will quickly made it up, trust me."

"He gives you good advice," said I.

"I'll think of it," said Briggs, and departed.

When the street-door had fairly closed upon him, we both gave vent to our long pent-up laughter. But Rackit speedily became serious again.

"Only the left wing is routed," said he. "I have still the widow to fight. If I can manage to pick a decent quarrel with her, she will perhaps be ready to welcome back the repentant Briggs. It's a ticklish business though. I can't tell her plump that I don't want to marry her, especially after having sworn that I loved her better than life. But I suppose it's possible to get up a quarrel if one is bent on it."

CHAPTER V.—THE SECOND BLOW BEGINS THE QUARREL.

Considering how easily two people quarrel about foolish trifles, and misinterpret phrases or actions, it is remarkable that there should ever be a difficulty in getting up a good "row," when one of the antagonists desires it. If those who love and respect each other quarrel and regret to do so, surely one would think it must be very easy to quarrel when there is any desire for it? Yet, I appeal to the experience of every middle-aged reader, whether he has not occasionally found it by no means an easy thing to pick a quarrel. You may be

ready enough to strike, but if your adversary won't put up his guard, you are shamed into not striking. You may even lash yourself into a rage, and strike; but, suppose the blow is not returned? you then learn that it is the second blow which begins the quarrel.

Rackit found himself in this position. The widow informed him of her having broken off her engagement with Briggs; and he received the intelligence with the most mitigated rapture. But she refused to see this, and accepted his feeble excuses. When he said he was

deep in meditation, she inquired if it was respecting their future lot?

"No," said he, "I was meditating on my great picture — the *Virgins of the Sun*."

With playful reproach she said, "I thought a lover would have had other objects of meditation."

"But I am an artist—and artists, you know, are always self-absorbed."

"Women do not like that—and I warn you, I am a very woman."

"Not a tyrant, I hope," he said, coldly.

"No," she replied, tenderly placing her hand on his arm, "a slave."

Rackit mentally observed that this was the velvet of which Briggs complained.

"You must make me a sharer in all your thoughts," she said, "and in all your cares."

"Impossible — an artist can never —"

"Have a care! Remember I shall have a *right* to know. As a wife, I may *insist*."

Here was an opening; and he seized it.

"My dearest creature, let us be perfectly frank with each other. I must tell you, beforehand, that I shall admit of *no* insistence; and that on the merest trifles I pretend to have entirely my own way."

"Do you revolt already?"

"Yes," he said, trying to get angry, "already and always. It is necessary to be plain at the outset. I never could, and I never will, yield to a woman's caprices."

Here was a blow well delivered from his left; and he expected a rejoinder. She looked a little staggered; but taking his unwilling hand, said:

"Well, then, it is *I* who must yield."

It was clear to him that *that* match wouldn't light.

"With very bad grace," she continued, "could I even seem to thwart the man who was soon to be my husband."

"And if he were already your husband?"

"That would be a very different matter, you know."

"Eh!" said Rackit, quickly.

"In a husband," she replied, with diabolical coaxingness, "my confidence would necessarily be absolute."

The claws were shown, but it was clear they were not prepared to scratch—just yet.

"You turn from me. Look me in the eyes, Charles."

He felt that if he looked he was lost; so he didn't. But she took him by the shoulders and turned him round. Their eyes met. Hers were so blue, so tender, so bewitching, that it was all over with his resolution. A quarrel was hopeless.

After an infinite amount of lover's prattle, which I need not repeat, they were on the best of terms, when Bob came in to say that Charlotte insisted on speaking with him.

He stepped into the adjoining room, and there had to encounter a young woman who seemed by no means indisposed to quarrel.

"Mr. Rackit, sir," she said, "I wishes to know this: Am I to sit, or not?"

"Yes, yes, of course; but not yet."

"Because I'm tired of waiting."

"Very well, then, my dear, go home."

"But I don't want to go home with a flea in my ear."

"Then remove the flea, and go home without it."

"But I don't want to go till I have sit. It was settled I should sit. My family knows I'm to sit; and sit I will."

"So you shall; but not now."

"I dare say, indeed; not now means never."

"You foolish girl, I tell you I want you to sit, but it must be some other day; I'm particularly engaged just now, and as you don't want to wait, go home. If you don't want to go home, wait."

"I want to sit, and don't want to wait. Do you never find yourself between two stools, sir?"

"Often, my dear, but I only sit on one."

"That's it—I want to sit on one."

Several minutes were passed in trying to persuade Charlotte that she was not ill-used; she began to cry; this made Rackit impatient; and by the time he had got rid of her, and re-entered his painting-room, he was in an impatient and irritable frame of mind.

What should await him here but a scene with the widow, who had heard a female voice in anger and tears, and who began to form ugly suspicions of the morality of her intended husband; and these she began very plainly to intimate to him. He was in no mood to listen patiently to such nonsense, even had he no secret desire to quarrel with the widow; and when he had brought her to something like an explicit avowal of jealousy, he said quickly:

"Then am I to understand you are of a jealous temper?"

"Do I not love?" she answered.

"No evasions. Speak plainly. Because it is requisite that you should know beforehand, that I am one of those who hate jealousy, and think it monstrous, ridiculous, insupportable."

"Then for your sake," she said, submissively, "I will cure myself of it."

It was plain: she was a demon in crinoline; and she would not quarrel.

"You will learn to correct all your bachelor habits when we are married."

"Perhaps. And yet no one knows. Bad habits cling to one like a damp shirt. I almost fear I shall never change."

"Then I must learn to accommodate myself to them, for I shall at any rate be always certain of one thing."

"And that is?"

"Your love."

"Seriously, do you think love of such supreme importance?"

"The *one* important thing in life."

"Then why did you not marry Briggs, who adores you?"

"Not he."

"He does, I assure you. His love is immense! He was here just now, and his grief at the idea of losing you was so pathetic, so heart-rending—that, to confess the simple truth, I felt *ashamed* of my position. I felt that I had no *right* to inflict on a human being so great a wrong as to deprive him of the woman he adored."

Mrs. Beauchamp raised her handkerchief to her eyes and said, almost sobbing, "You felt that?"

A bright gleam danced before him. He had evidently touched the right chord at last. Women are *so* sentimental!

"Yes," he said, "so profoundly did I feel it, that I began to ask myself whether it would not be a nobler part to sacrifice my own happiness—to relinquish my claim—and to be content with that proudest of emotions, the preference of another's welfare to your own."

"Noble, noble fellow!" she sobbed.

His heart bounded. The success was as great as it was unexpected. He blessed the sentimental nature of woman, and continued:

"Yes, Emily, I thought this, and I feel it still. Much as I should rejoice to call you mine, I feel it would be nobler, better, wiser, to give you up."

"Noble creature!" she exclaimed, removing the handkerchief from her radiant face. "You make me love you more. By those words you have riveted for ever the bonds which bind me to you."

It was no use. She *would* have him, and his struggles were vain. It seemed to him as if Nemesis, in the form of a widow, had attached herself to his life. It was—

"Venus toute entière à sa proie attachée."

And he had nothing left but to resign himself. Either she could not, or she would not, understand him; one alternative was as fatal as the other.

CHAPTER VI.—ANOTHER LETTER.

A man more thoroughly worried and beaten I never saw than poor Rackit when I called on him half an hour after. All his passion for Mrs. Beauchamp seemed vanished, or rather to have become changed into a savage irritation. He blamed himself; but, as usual, the reproaches he heaped upon his own conduct were strong in expression but mild in feeling. It was upon her head that the bitter vials were emptied. She was a designing hypocrite; a demon incarnate. He didn't know what vices might not be concealed beneath that soft exterior. Why did she wish to marry him? why persist in wishing it, when it was so palpable to the dullest mind that *he* didn't wish it? He had no wealth to tempt her; he had no rank; he had no fame—as yet; he had not anything remarkable in the way of personal attractions; what then could she see in him? It was clear she had some sinister motive. Briggs was a better match, yet Briggs had been thrown overboard? Why was this? Some horrible design must be hidden here.

I suggested that he should write her a plain letter avowing that he was by nature unfit for the quiet of domestic life, and unequivocally expressing his sense of the mistake which he had made in ever imagining that he could settle down. "You told her she was a beam of sunshine, and now you can hint to her that in an atelier it is necessary to let the blinds down to keep the sunshine out."

"I'll do it," he said; and he sat down to write. But it is no easy matter to write on such subjects; still less easy is it to tell a woman whom you have sworn that you adore, how impossible it is that you can have been in your right senses when you swore it. Rackit thrust his disengaged hand through his redundant locks, bit reflectively the

end of his pen, drew figures on his blotting-book, but could not get beyond "My dear Mrs. Beauchamp." Presently he rose, and lighted a cigarette, and then walked up and down the room, in gloomy meditation. Occasionally a thought seemed to inspire him, and he sat down; but when he came to express the thought in words, it seemed utterly inapplicable, so he threw down his pen, and resumed his walk.

"Tell a fellow what to say," he at last said despairingly to me. And I began to help him. We hammered out a letter together; but it seemed so lame and tame that we both felt it wouldn't do. We tried again, but with no greater success.

"I tell you what it is," he exclaimed at length, "I shall cut and run. I'll pack up and go to Rome. I want to see Rome; and when she hears that I have quitted England without informing her of my intention, it will be a delicate way of letting her know that I've changed my mind. She will despise me, perhaps, and abuse me, for certain; but better that than that she should marry me."

"Better still," said I, suddenly illuminated, "if you were to write her precisely the same letter which *she* wrote to Briggs; I remember the words perfectly."

"By George! what a good idea!"

"She cannot take exception to her own sentiments in her own words, you know. If it was justifiable in her to throw Briggs over as she did, she can never pretend that you are not equally justified; and by using her very expressions you escape all cavil."

"Say no more. The thing is perfect. Johnson, you're a genius. I never thought so before; but in you common sense amounts to genius."

In a few minutes the letter was written, sealed, and despatched by Bob.

Rackit was now in an uproarious state. He punched me in the ribs, and called me his best friend. He sang at the top of his voice *A che la morte ognora*, and threw such fervour into *Addio, Leonora, addio*, that one might have imagined him to be a Mario—in a greatcoat.

In the very height of this excitement, Briggs arrived, face flushed, eyes sparkling, hair damp with perspiration.

"My dear fellows," he said, exultingly, "I'm so glad to find you both here. Only think! you remember that letter I showed you from Mrs. Beauchamp? Well—all a flam! It's the First of April! she has been making April fools of us."

"You don't say so?"

"Fact. Look here. When she sent the letter here by a messenger—the one I read to you—she sent this other to my club: Listen," and he read aloud, "'Dearest John, at the time I write this note to you, I send another, and a very *dif-ferent* one, to you by messenger at Mr. Rackit's. If that seem incomprehensible to you, look at the date and all will be explained. If the date does not enlighten you, come for consolation to yours, ever affectionately—Emily Beauchamp.'"

I congratulated him, and thought that Rackit also would be overjoyed; but to my surprise I read an expression of deep mortification on his features; and then it occurred to me that, glad as he certainly was to

have escaped the marriage, he was deeply vexed at having been made ridiculous.

He called on Mrs. Beauchamp that very afternoon, and received from the bewitching widow an explanation which was a reproof.

"My dear Mr. Rackit," she said, "for some days you made vehement love to me. Don't deny it. You knew you did; yet you knew all the while that I was engaged to Mr. Briggs—your friend and my old playmate. I tried quietly to call you to order, but in vain. Now, I was certain that you really cared nothing for me."

"Oh, Mrs. Beauchamp!"

"You didn't, so don't pretend you did. I knew enough of you to be sure that the attraction lay in the fruit being forbidden. The whim suddenly seized me of putting your sincerity to the test, and the licence of All Fools' Day suggested the means."

"But, suppose you had been mistaken?"

"Then, I confess, my prank would have placed me in a serious position. But I was quite *safe*. I knew with whom I was playing. I knew that, if volatile and thoughtless, he was, and would always prove himself—a *gentleman*."

He took her hand, kissed it, and pronounced her an angel. But from that day to this I have never heard him mention the name of Mrs. Smythe Briggs.

MOTLEY'S HISTORY OF THE NETHERLANDS.

A new style of historical composition has sprung up in England. It dates, we believe, from Carlyle's *History of the French Revolution*—at least, this is still the most conspicuous example of it. It claims to be both more imaginative and more truthful, more pictorial, and yet more strictly in accordance with the severest canons of historical criticism, than that of our Humes, our Gibbons, and our Robertsons. It obtains its end chiefly by large quotations from contemporary annals; by reproducing the very words, if possible, of eyewitnesses, or of the very actors in the scene; of reviving for us, from the same sources, the minutest details of the scene itself, the place, the season of the year, the dress, the manners. It demands of the writer that he should have both imagination and philosophy; imagination, because it is only one who has something of the poet's eye who can select such quotations as will bring the picture or the person vividly before the reader; and philosophy, because without the power to seize on great generalisations, and to review from some elevated point the turbulent current of human passions and human events, the most vivid pictures and most interesting details would afford little instruction—would be hardly more valuable in the page of the historian than in the page of the novelist.

In the older type of historical composition, the contemporary annals, letters, records, reported conversations, whatever they might be, had passed through the alembic of the writer's mind, and were fashioned or moulded into his own stately or eloquent periods. Not venturing to take the licence which the ancient historian permitted to himself,

of inventing dialogues or speeches, his narrative necessarily assumed a somewhat monotonous form. This lent itself very readily to discussion or controversy, and the historian was in danger of becoming too much the essayist. In this later type, the historian constructs his own narrative in great measure out of the very words which the dead have spoken or written. He builds up in his own structure, in the very walls he himself is raising, whole fragments taken from contemporary annals; and whereas the classical writers of antiquity thought themselves at liberty to coin speeches, and put words into the mouth of the dead, he finds himself in a condition to animate his narrative by the far more legitimate expedient of recording the very words reported to have fallen from their lips. Without recurring to the dangerous privilege of invention, he can lay before us a narrative which shall satisfy all the claims of the imagination.

When Walter Scott startled the world by his historical novels, it was not unfrequently remarked that it had fallen to the lot of the novelist to revive for us those popularly interesting details which our grave historians had neglected. What they had passed over without regard, or had been unable to find room for in their stately pages—details of dress, manners, and the like—had been appropriated by this great master of fiction. To him had devolved the vivid narrative which stirs the passions, which excites curiosity, which repeoples the blank past with the previous generations of mankind. The professed historian, it was said, had grown more and more didactic and controversial; he was for ever weighing evidence, discussing principles, de-

History of the United Netherlands, from the Death of William the Silent to the Synod of Dort; with a full view of the English-Dutch struggle against Spain, and of the origin and destruction of the Spanish Armada. By JOHN L. MOTLEY, D.C.L., &c. 2 vols. 8vo. John Murray, London.

termining the credibility of the narrative, or canvassing the motives of the actors; the narrative itself was the least part of his history, and when he did narrate, it was rather with the caution of a judge who sums up the evidence of conflicting witnesses, than with the vigour of one who might be supposed to have been an eyewitness himself. The once living men and women it was left for the novelist to bring before us, clad in their ancient costume, moving and speaking in their own system of manners, and stirred with veritable human passions. "Good histories," said an eminent critic, destined himself to become, a few years later, our most eminent historian,—"good histories, in the proper sense of the word, we have not. But we have good historical romances, and good historical essays. The imagination and the reason, if we may use a legal metaphor, have made partition of a province of literature of which they were formerly seised *per my et per tout*; and now they hold their respective portions in severalty, instead of holding the whole in common."

Lord Macaulay, when he wrote thus in his review of Hallam, was already contemplating the glorious enterprise he had planned for himself, of supplying this deficiency, and giving the world a history which should compete with the novel in the charm of its narrative. This he accomplished, however, by infusing an unexampled vigour and a quite marvellous eloquence into the old type of Hume and Robertson. Others, even while this criticism was being penned, were bent on attaining the same result by a different method. Not content with drawing their materials from contemporary annals, they, by a bolder use of these, and by apt quotations, would make the past, so to speak, describe itself. The historian should again be put in possession of both provinces, of reason and of imagination, and should again be seised of them *per my et per tout*. This should be done by reanimating the

records themselves, by reading them in an imaginative spirit, and by extracting from them whatever was most vital and characteristic. Instead of a few quotations thrown into the appendix, the narrative itself should be animated by the very words that had been spoken or written in the past. There should again be life in the page, but a life restored by the industry, not due to the creative imagination, of the historian. The true romance of history is again presented to us, and this by a process in strict accordance with the requisitions of a most critical age. It is not, in fact, a grand historical painting that is set before us, where the drapery and attitude, and all the adjuncts of the scene are the invention of the artist, but rather an elaborate mosaic, every fragment of which has been painfully collected from such remains of the past as have descended to us.

Apparently no expedient could be more complete or satisfactory. What better can be had than the very words or letters of the actors themselves, or their contemporaries? But a little reflection will reveal to us that this method of writing history has no signal advantage over that in which the historian pours out, as from himself, an unbroken stream of narration. For, in both, we must finally depend, for the impression we receive of any character or event, upon the point of view which the author has himself decided on. It is that estimate which he himself has drawn from the perusal of conflicting evidence that determines the nature and tenor of his quotations. Herein lies the spirit of selection which must preside over his labours. In order that there should be any consistent portraiture, or any intelligible narrative, there must be this selection. To give us all the record, to quote largely from all conflicting witnesses, would be to write no history at all. And when we enter on periods of strife and faction—and all important epochs of modern history are dis-

tinguished by this conflict of parties —contemporary annals are so much at variance that it is often at the option of the selector to paint the same man either as a hero or a criminal, as one acting strenuously for the good of his country, or sacrificing his country for some sordid end of personal ambition. We will give the historian credit for having formed his own judgment after a candid perusal of the whole evidence; but, having once made up his mind on the nature of the facts and the men he has to deal with, it is this final judgment which will colour the narrative for us, whether it flows uninterruptedly from his own pen, or is largely composed of the very language of contemporaries. Nor does the habit of citing contemporary authorities necessarily control even a wayward spirit of favouritism. No history is built up more largely of quotation than Carlyle's *French Revolution*, and it has never been remarked that this method of composition has interfered with the bold or capricious judgments of the writer. With him, for instance, Robespierre is an entire odious character, Danton a great man of somewhat rude formation. How easy for him, or for another to reverse the characters, and, with the most scrupulous adherence to contemporary authorities, to portray Robespierre as the political enthusiast, of narrow intellect, perhaps, but of genuine fanaticism—a political zealot: and to contrast him favourably with Danton, the passionate man of the people, headstrong himself, and tossed upon the surface, and borne along upon the revolutionary torrent, without one distinct aim or purpose by which to steer his course.

Let this new style of historical composition take its place amongst others and let those select it who find in it a congeniality with their own tastes and literary habits, but let it not be supposed that it guarantees us against error and partiality. It has no exclusive claim to our approbation. The older method of

a continuous narrative given in the words of the author, has also its advantages; it may be combined with equal candour and discrimination; and in both cases we are equally at the mercy of the historian, and must depend on the conclusions which he himself has arrived at after the perusal of much contradictory evidence. You say that the writer who commits himself to the current of his own eloquent narration, may easily be tempted to exaggerate what is effective, to suppress what would interfere with dramatic interest, to play with paradox, to deal out censorious satire, or graceful and uninterrupted eulogy. This is true; but, on the other hand the writer who trusts much to the quotations he intersperses in his narrative, is under a subtle temptation to read his authorities for the sake of what may be quaint, graphic, or in some way interesting to his reader. He reads to quote as well as to determine his own opinion, and is not unlikely to relax his critical canon in favour of what adds an interest to his page. This search for the picturesque may lead astray, even amongst the musty records of the Tower or the State Paper Office.

The style of historical composition we have been describing has been adopted by Mr. Froude in his *History of England* and by Mr. Motley in that of the *Dutch Republic*. Both quote largely—both encumber their pages, we think, with too many extracts from their authorities. This is felt and regretted more especially in the case of Mr. Froude, whose own narrative is so felicitous that we grudge every interruption to it. His style is the perfection of ease and grace, and what seems negligent power. Mr. Motley with all his energy and spirit and pictorial talent, cannot be described as having that undefinable good taste, that moderation and refinement, which presides over every sentence of Mr. Froude. Neither is he equally distinguished in a still more important element,

intimately connected with this of good taste and refinement—the perfect equity and impartiality which seeks to do full justice to both parties in the great political and religious contests which make up the modern History of Europe. Both are advocates of freedom, and especially of the freedom of the mind,—both are engaged in those epochs when liberty of thought, under the name of the Reformation, was imperfectly asserting itself; but Mr. Froude never forgets, in his sympathy for the persecuted and oppressed, that the religious persecutor is himself the victim of the common error of the times,—he does not forget that the martyr at the stake would himself, very often, have been the severest of oppressors in the seat of justice—he does not forget that the genuine persecutor is a sort of martyr too, driven onward to a detested *doing*, as his victim to a compulsory *suffering*. He knows that in the blackest robe that ever shrouded the Dominican there run some golden threads, and he arranges the folds, and turns it to the light, till we see where the golden hue shoots through the coarse and gloomy texture. A labour such as this we must not expect from Mr. Motley. He finds it black, and thrusts it farther into the darkness. Where he hates he also despises: he is too ready with his *contempt*, a mood of mind which is more damaging to the historian than hatred itself. No doubt the historian who has to deal with the blind passions of mankind—with cruel wars and senseless persecutions—will often be tempted to treat the whole subject with a bitter irony—with cynicism, or even with ridicule. But such a temper of mind is destructive, both in the reader and the writer, to an earnest wish to arrive at the truth. Why care much about historic truth, if the whole business of human history seems a mere folly and madness, worthy only of our derision? A prevailing disposition to cast contempt on all things, and cry “Vanity of vanities,” is more adverse to

a candid, impartial, and thorough estimate of human character than any other sentiment—far more so than the wish to raise our wonder and admiration. A certain grave judicial frame of mind has been always thought and with good reason, to be the fit prevailing spirit of the historian. On the other hand, let us add, since we have entered on some comparison between these two writers, that we find in the vigour, promptitude, and decision of Mr. Motley a safer guide on the broad outlines of a character than we do in the more subtle and discriminative powers of his contemporary. The historian of Henry VIII. has been led astray by his prevailing tendency to discover merit and virtue unseen by others, and to reverse a too severe judgment of his predecessors. If the one would exaggerate from boldness, the other would leave half undrawn from timidity or hesitation.

The first portion of Mr. Motley's history of which we gave our readers some account, concluded with the assassination of William the Silent, Prince of Orange. The two volumes now published—two closely printed thick octavos—continue the history during the short period of the succeeding six years. They are distinguished by the same indefatigable industry, by the same careful examination of original documents, manuscripts, letters, public records, as marked the previous volumes. There is an appearance of haste in the composition. One would say that the author had not given himself sufficient time to arrange and make the best use of the materials which his industrious reading had procured for him. We do not find the style of these volumes disfigured by violent expressions or by occasional exuberance of metaphor; but we oftener meet with a rapid, redundant, light, and semi-caustic manner, which to us is not altogether agreeable. The great point, however, is to determine whether an

author has added to the sum of our historical knowledge; and here, we apprehend, there will not be two opinions. The value of Mr. Motley's additions may be, and already has been, exaggerated; but that the materials which he has brought to light fully justify the great literary enterprise he has undertaken, there can be no doubt.

If the period of time, barely six years, appears very short, the field of history surveyed in these two volumes is very extensive. We seem to gain in space what we lose in time. Holland is little more than the central point round which are grouped the monarchies of France, Spain, and England. To raise any objection to the work on this account would be very pedantic. It certainly is the case, that in reading these volumes one thinks less of Holland than of any other country engaged in the great strife;—it is France, it is England, it is Spain, that we are mainly occupied with. The mind of the reader travels round Holland, viewing it from one or other of these countries, rarely places itself within the little Dutch republic as its central position. We suspect that a Dutchman will think that scant justice has been done to the heroes of his own country. A great portion reads like an expanded episode of English history. But this, we presume, could not be helped. If Mr. Motley, who has visited the Hague, and who had doubtless prepared himself by a sufficient knowledge of the Dutch language, could find nothing new or attractive in these six years that peculiarly concerned the Dutch, and if he was more fortunate in his discoveries of what might be thought to belong more appropriately to English history, he was perfectly right in giving us, as he has done, a valuable chapter of the history of England, rather than weary our attention by uninteresting details about the burgomasters of Holland. Moreover, this struggle between Spain and her rebellious provinces may fairly be viewed as

a great fragment of European history; in these volumes it is Europe assisting, so to speak, at the birth of the Dutch republic; hereafter we shall doubtless have the republic itself asserting its place among the great governments of the world, and fairly claiming a history of its own.

What first strikes us when we open these volumes, is the unfortunate issue of the struggle, so far as those cities and provinces were concerned that are now embraced in the kingdom of Belgium. There was a time when in all of these the cause of liberty and of the Protestant religion seemed about to triumph. They had revolted at once from Philip and the Catholic Church, and such was their wealth and population, that if only a unity of action could have been preserved amongst them, these cities would have been able, it seems, to maintain a successful resistance to the King of Spain. But this unity was wanting; there was no common country to fight for; each great city saw in its own municipality the only power that could claim its allegiance; and thus each in its turn fell back under the dominion of the powerful and persevering monarch. Brussels, Mechlin, Ghent, Antwerp, succumbed, one by one, to his generals, or were reduced to submission by the arts of diplomacy. The monarch was constant to his purpose; the city was often divided by hostile factions; and thus as much was effected by skilful negotiation as by the power of the sword. The Catholic faction in each of these cities was made to triumph over the Protestant, and the speedy or gradual expulsion of the heretic was sure to be one of the terms of a treaty of peace with Philip II.

Brussels, Mechlin, Antwerp, are now again free cities, and, under a constitutional monarch, enjoy all that we designate and applaud under the name of political freedom. But they have never regained their religious freedom. Their Protestantism once lost has never been

recovered. How is it that, with political liberty, no liberty of thought has been asserted? The answer is, that people do not rise to assert liberty of thought, they rise to profess some given doctrine, in the assertion of which they necessarily claim so much liberty of thought as the new heresy implies. But why, it will be still asked, did not these people, when no longer oppressed by their government, again uplift the banner of Protestantism? Those who find a difficulty here, seem to overlook the operation of a very simple element—novelty. Why cannot Protestantism be as successfully preached now as at its first appearance? Because it cannot a second time have a first appearance. A new religious opinion, embraced by considerable numbers, has, in this very novelty, an element which enables it to compete with established creeds, supported by custom and authority. On the minds of that age in which it appears it has all the effect of a new revelation: men receive it as a truth direct from Heaven; they feel inspired by it, and it spreads by a contagious enthusiasm, not by the slow process of reasoning or controversy. It is quite otherwise when this new doctrine has become the established creed of our neighbours, of whom, possibly, we have no very high opinion. We have heard of it from our childhood. Imperfectly understood, and in this obscure apprehension familiarised to us as an error to be condemned, what chance has it now against custom and authority? It must win its way by tedious, uninviting controversy. Even with readers it is no longer the *new learning*, it has become an old heresy. What is there to excite inquiry, or give the requisite impulse to adventure a change, where change is always painful and dangerous? We cannot wonder that, once crushed out by the iron heel of despotism, this *arbor vitæ* did not grow again, even when despotism was withdrawn, and a liberal government substituted.

We have in these present volumes a full and spirited account of the siege of Antwerp, which terminated fatally for that city; but, for the most part, our interest must be henceforth limited to that portion of the Netherlands which became the famous republic of Holland. No famous republic at this moment, but a few scared and distressed provinces, deprived of their great patriot and governor, the Prince of Orange, and seeking, somewhat wildly, for shelter and assistance from foreign powers against the old tyranny of Spain. As yet distrustful of themselves, unconscious of their own power, dreaming little of their future greatness, they are solicitous only to give themselves away to any protector who can shield them from their implacable tyrant. They turn naturally to Germany, the country of Luther, but from Luther or Germany no help was to be had; "nothing," says Mr. Motley, "but dogmas and Augsburg catechisms," nothing in the shape of men, money, or gunpowder. France—where the Huguenots were at this time a powerful faction—France, who could have protected them from Spain, and whose interest it manifestly was to take possession of these commercial and maritime provinces—was for a long while the European state on which they sought to bestow themselves. The party of the Huguenots, which would have been strengthened by this accession of Protestant territory, fostered their hopes. They, on their side, claimed only toleration for their religion, and, in return for this boon, were prepared to bestow on the military monarchy of France a most extensive commerce, and the dominion of the sea. And if wise counsels, or if even the ordinary ambition which, in general, animates a great monarchy, had prevailed in France, their petition would assuredly have been granted. If a Richelieu had been at the head of affairs, with what a decided, firm, and powerful grasp, would he have seized upon these provinces

rescued them from Spain, and added them for ever, with all their wealth and industry, to the crown of France! He would have forgiven them their heresy; these good Dutchmen were not aggressive Protestants; and they in return would have enriched his exchequer, and given him ships and colonies and commerce. Well for England, perhaps, that it was otherwise; that there was no Richelieu, no wise counsels in France, no national spirit, not even the old monarchical pride. That great nation was never reduced to so low a state of political and moral degradation as it was under the reign of Henry III. It was the reign of vice, of faction, and of bigotry. So far as the State was concerned, it was perfect anarchy. Let us hope that many a good Christian, Catholic and Protestant, was living in obscurity during these times; but society, as painted by the historian, displayed every vice that has been associated with the most corrupt form of heathenism, together with the most ferocious bigotry that a corrupted Christianity could supply. Judging from the surface of things, from the public and national transactions of the period, Christianity was doing nothing for this people except adding to all the disorders of our natural passions and our political factions, the most cruel of all passions, and the greatest of all our follies—a religious hatred. It was to a France of this description, ruled over by the weakest and most effeminate of sovereigns, that our honest Dutchmen offered themselves. It was to a court where licentiousness and faction, and the gold of Spain, and an arrogant priesthood, were all struggling together for the possession of this puppet of a king, that these distressed Protestant provinces came for protection! To such a haven were they steering. The King could not have protected them, even if he had seen the wisdom of doing so—could not have protected them either against Spain or his own priesthood. They and some

sanguine Huguenots might have been dreaming of an era of toleration, of equal rights accorded to both denominations of Christians, but the great faction of the League was prepared at this moment to dethrone the King rather than to abate a jot of the supremacy of Catholicism. Loyalty had gone down before priestcraft; the Catholic clergy were teaching, as they always will teach under the like circumstances, that a king who fails in his first duty—the support of religion, or rather of the Church—has forfeited his right to obedience.

When, after the delay of many months, and after much tedious and deceptive negotiation, the patient Hollanders were admitted to the court of Henry III., they found a timid and voluptuous prince surrounded by his parasites, by hostile priests, and by courtiers in the pay of Spain. Mr. Motley has given us a very vivid description of the interview. We see the “black-robed, long-bearded Netherland envoys” ushered with all formality into the cabinet of the King, there to be amused and dismissed with some frivolous courtesies. A solemn embassy offer unreservedly to a young sovereign a gift more precious, of more sterling value than Eastern kingdoms, than the mines of Peru, or the principalities of India, and they are mocked with hypocritical courtesies, and their gift rejected with some unmeaning grimaces.

“On the 13th February the King sent five very splendid, richly-gilded, court coach-waggon to bring the envoys to the palace. At one o'clock they arrived at the Louvre, and were ushered through four magnificent antechambers into the royal cabinet. The apartments through which they passed swarmed with the foremost nobles, court functionaries, and ladies of France, in blazing gala costume, who all greeted the envoys with demonstrations of extreme respect. The halls and corridors were lined with archers, halberdiers, Swiss guards, and grooms ‘besmeared with gold;’ and it was thought that all this rustle of fine feathers would be somewhat startling to the barbarous Republicans fresh from the fens of Holland.

"Henry received them in his cabinet, where he was accompanied only by the Duke of Joyeuse, his foremost and bravest 'minion,' by the Count of Bouscarge, M. de Valette, and the Count of Chateau Vieux.

"The most Christian King was neatly dressed in white satin doublet and hose, and well-starched ruff, with a short cloak on his shoulders, a little velvet cap on the side of his head, his long locks duly perfumed and curled, his sword at his side, and a little basket, full of puppies, suspended from his neck by a broad ribbon. He held himself stiff and motionless, although his face smiled a good-humoured welcome to the ambassadors; and he moved neither foot, hand, nor head as they advanced."

In fine, the King and his puppy dogs declined the offer of the United Provinces. The Hollanders next appealed to England, and made the same offer of themselves to Queen Elizabeth. If she was less capable of defending them against Spain, she was at least the sovereign under whom they, as Protestants, could expect the most equitable government. But our Protestant Queen refused, and perhaps judiciously, to accept so onerous a gift. Separated by the sea, as well as by difference of language, the two peoples would not long have remained united; and the acceptance of the sovereignty would have placed her in an attitude of open war with Philip—of open, undisguised war—from which there could have been no possibility of retreat. Declining the sovereignty, she had next to determine what aid or assistance she would grant: she had to resolve for herself that question of intervention or non-intervention of which we have heard so much in our day. These Netherlands were rebels. How could she, one of the crowned heads of Europe, interfere between them and their legitimate ruler? Was it under the plea of liberty, or of Protestantism, that she was to interfere? Not surely of liberty, for our Tudor Queen could have little sympathy with Dutch burgomasters; and if she, a Protestant, interfered to protect the Protestants of another kingdom, how could

she henceforward protest against the interference of Catholic sovereigns in favour of her own Catholic subjects? But Queen Elizabeth found, as we also have found, and as every people and government will find, that a question of this kind is not determined once for all by general reasoning. Each case brings its own measure of danger and advantage with it, and will be decided on according to the preponderance of good or evil likely to accrue in that individual instance. The Queen and her ministers set aside the principle of non-intervention, and granted aid and assistance to her co-religionists, in arms against a monarch who entertained no friendly designs towards herself. The measure was popular with her subjects; it was thought good policy to keep Philip employed with his rebel subjects in the Netherlands; and the step did not commit her to hostilities from which there would have been no easy escape. She promised troops, and placed her favourite Leicester at the head of them.

The whole of this episode of English history, Leicester's administration, our alliance with the United Provinces, our hostilities and negotiations with Philip and his great general, Alexander Farnese, the terrible *Armada*, and the manner in which the threatened invasion was really defeated, will be found recorded by Mr. Motley with an amplitude quite unexampled. On many points a new light is thrown, on all a fuller light. It was our original intention, by comparing Mr. Motley's narrative with that of previous historians, to indicate to our readers what new materials had here been added to the common stock; but the task would occupy more space than we have at present at our disposal, and we can make no statement, even on this limited subject, which would be a substitute for the perusal of the work itself. One or two topics are all that we can touch upon. Mr. Motley, it must be confessed, would have very much improved his book by retrenchment and concentration;

there is an undeniable prolixity, and especially in this portion of the history; we grow heartily tired of Leicester and his quarrels, and the fractious nobleman does little else than quarrel, either with his own government or the Dutch. Nevertheless, this episode of English history, taken as a whole, will be read, by all Englishmen at least, with very great interest.

We are not aware that any new light is thrown on the character of Leicester, but such good qualities as he is admitted to have possessed, and his still more notorious faults and vices, are here brought distinctly to view. All historians have agreed that he was utterly incompetent, either as general or statesman; in either capacity he was a mere child compared to his great opponent, Farnese, Prince of Parma; he was weak, vain, irascible, eager for power, and fonder still, perhaps, of the titles of power, and (greatest crime of all for one in his position) he was false and treacherous to that cause of the Dutch he had come amongst them to contend for. But he was a brave knight, and capable of admiring the bravery of others; he was generous, and had one good quality which his proud mistress wanted—he could spend freely of his own substance. In some degree his failure as a general at the head of an army must be attributed to the extreme parsimony of his sovereign. We wonder how any authority whatever could be exercised over troops who were not even fed or clothed sufficiently, who were, in some cases, reduced to absolute beggary. And if Leicester was a brave knight but no general, this is the character, we suspect, we should have given to any other nobleman of Queen Elizabeth's court whom she might have appointed. Brave knights she had in abundance, but whether she had amongst them all a soldier capable of conducting a campaign successfully against the generals of Philip, may well be doubted. They were all burning for personal distinction; the best of them, like Sir Philip Syd-

ney, were knights of romance; each one would have liked that the fortune of the war should be decided by his single arm, and could indeed contribute to the victory nothing but his individual valor. Leicester's companions in arms were chiefly men of this stamp. Witness the famous battle of Zutphen.

Zutphen was besieged by the allies; it was the object of the Spaniards to relieve the town, to throw provision into it, and fresh troops. It was the object of the English to prevent this relief. How it happened, by what mismanagement or accident, is not very distinctly told, but some five hundred of the English found themselves in face of more than three thousand Spaniards. Amongst the English were a body of volunteers, valiant and noble knights, whose names, as Mr. Motley says, "sound like the roll-call for some chivalrous tournament"—Stanley, Essex, Pelham, Russell, and the memorable Sir Philip Sydney. To turn their backs on the enemy was simply impossible. The attack was as hopeless, in a military point of view, as the charge at Balaklava, and it could not plead the excuse of mistaken orders. On the contrary, each knight revelled in the idea of displaying his prowess on the Spaniard—this was all his care: what became of Zutphen or the convoy was no concern of his. This band of knights cut their way several times through the Spanish host, and miracles of valour were performed by them, but nevertheless the convoy slowly proceeded towards the town, a sally was made by the besieged, and no reserve came up in aid of the English, who were finally compelled to retreat. Nothing was affected. Zutphen was relieved. But these noble soldiers were each one sufficiently content; there was glorious battle, in which they individually won renown. This was their idea of war. In this desperate skirmish Sir Philip Sydney met his death. Having seen Sir William Pelham riding to the encounter lightly armed, and

without his *cuisse*, he threw aside that portion of his own armour. By the same rule, if he had met another nobleman without his helm or casque, he would have felt himself bound to ride bareheaded to the charge. This emulation after mere danger might be suitable in a knight-errant of romance; in real war, and in men who have an earnest cause to fight for, it is simply irrational and absurd. Sir Philip had to rue his chivalrous folly, for it was on the thigh, which would have been protected by the piece of armour he threw away, that he received his mortal wound. Such, however, was the spirit of the times, and such the noblemen amongst whom Elizabeth had to choose her general. The choice of Leicester, therefore, may be more excusable than we are apt to think it.

The obligation which the Dutch owe to us for any military assistance rendered by Leicester and the troops under his command, seems to be very slight. It was perhaps more than repaid by the good service which their fleet performed at the time when the Spanish Armada threatened us with invasion. How much we were indebted to the Dutch at this critical moment is not, we believe, generally known. Let us, following the enlarged narrative of Mr. Motley, try to bring briefly before the reader the chief events which constitute what may be called the "history of the Spanish Armada."

That the King of Spain should resolve on the invasion of England, is not at all surprising; the only thing that surprises us, in reading the narrative, is the blindness to the coming storm of Queen Elizabeth and her ministers; of some of her ministers, for all did not share in the same delusion. The Queen of England had not hesitated to provoke the hostility of Philip; her troops had fought side by side with those of his rebellious provinces, and, on the sea, her ships had made booty of the treasures of Spain. Drake had lately entered

Cadiz itself to burn and destroy the Spanish fleet. Nothing had been omitted which was calculated to excite the anger of Philip; nevertheless she seems to have calculated on being always able to make peace before she had quite driven him to extremities. Philip, who never once vacillated in his purpose or paused in his preparations, was willing that she should be amused by fruitless negotiations, and should believe that his vast preparations were intended only against the Netherlands and France. But the Queen was chiefly deceived by her own strong desire for peace. She had never for a moment felt a genuine sympathy with the Hollanders in their struggle for liberty, political and religious; and now she had grown weary of a war which, with all her parsimony, must cost something, and disgusted with burgo-masters and Dutch patriots who presumed to have an opinion of their own as to the good of their own country. She was prepared to throw over the Dutch to make her peace with Spain. How far she would have gone in treachery and desertion of her allies, it is impossible to say. Her own general, Leicester, is proved to have had the most perfidious designs. We have his own letters, in which he deliberately proposes to the Queen to put her in possession of certain cities in the Netherlands, in order that she, by delivering them over to Spain, might, "if the worst came to the worst," make good terms for herself.

In the year 1587 the Queen very seriously, and with the most sanguine hopes, entered into secret negotiations with the Prince of Parma, and the vain attempt she made to keep these negotiations for peace concealed from the Dutch, is sufficient proof of the insincerity of her conduct. On the grave charge made against her of premeditated treachery, Mr. Motley makes the following observations:—

"The course of Elizabeth towards the Provinces, in the matter of the peace,

was certainly not ingenuous, but it was not absolutely deceitful. She concealed and denied the negotiations, when the Netherlands statesmen were perfectly aware of their existence, if not of their tenor; but she was not prepared, as they suspected, to sacrifice their liberties and their religion as the price of her own reconciliation with Spain. Her attitude towards the States was imperious, overbearing, and abusive. She had allowed the Earl of Leicester to return, she said, because of her love for the poor and oppressed people; but in many of her official, and in all her private communications, she denounced the men who governed that people as ungrateful wretches and impudent liars.

"The worst consequence of the concealment was, that a deeper treachery was thought possible than actually existed. 'The fellow they call Barneveld,' as Leicester was in the habit of designating one of the first statesmen in Europe, was perhaps justified, knowing what he did in suspecting more. Being furnished with a list of commissioners, already secretly agreed upon between the English and Spanish governments, to treat for peace, while at the same time the Earl was beating his breast and flatly denying that there was any intention of treating with Parma at all, it was not unnatural that he should imagine a still wider and deeper scheme than really existed against the best interests of his country. The Queen exhausted herself in opprobrious language against them; and he dared to impute to her a design to obtain possession of the cities and strong places of the Netherlands, in order to secure a position in which to compel the Provinces into obedience to her policy. She urged with much logic, that, as she had refused the sovereignty of the whole country when offered to her, she was not likely to form surreptitious schemes to make herself mistress of a portion of it. On the other hand, it was very obvious that to accept the sovereignty of Philip's rebellious provinces, was to declare war upon Philip; whereas, had she been pacifically inclined towards that sovereign, and treacherously disposed towards the Netherlands, it would be a decided advantage to her to have those strong places in her power. But the suspicions as to her good faith were exaggerated. As to the intentions of Leicester, the States were justified in their almost unlimited distrust. It is

very certain that, both in 1586, and again, at this very moment when Elizabeth was most vehement in denouncing such aspersions on her government, he had unequivocally declared to her his intention of getting possession, if possible of several cities, and of the whole Island of Walcheren, which, together with the cautionary towns already in his power, would enable the Queen to make good terms for herself with Spain, 'if the worst came to the worst.' It will also now be shown that he did his best to carry these schemes into execution. There is no evidence, however, and no probability, that he had received the royal commands to perpetrate such a crime."—Vol. ii. p. 287.

The royal mistress, however, to whom a confidential servant proposed such a scheme, and proposed it more than once, cannot be pronounced above suspicion. Practically speaking, it was of little importance what sacrifice of the interests of her allies, or of her own honour, Elizabeth was capable of making; for the Prince of Parma, from the beginning to the end, was merely deceiving her by feigned negotiations. It is singular how often we find that the most practised dissemblers are themselves made the dupes of other dissemblers. Elizabeth was no bad actor when she thought fit to play the hypocrite, and the Earl of Leicester could lie very stoutly in his political capacity, but they were both the easy dupes of the more finished dissimulation of the Prince of Parma. The Queen seems to have built her hopes of peace mainly on the conviction she had of the sincerity and princely honour of Parma. So complete a gentleman, so gallant a soldier, could not, she thought, be false to her. Mr Motley speaks of "English frankness" being no match for "Italian and Spanish legerdemain;" but those who represented England in these negotiations had, in general, as little of frankness as any Italian or Spanish politician. Alexander Farnese, while deceiving them, believed that *they* had no other design in the negotiation than that of deceiving *him*. Therefore he gave full scope to a quite magnificent hypocrisy, professing the highest esteem for the Queen and the most pious as-

pirations after peace, knowing all the while that his master, the King of Spain, had one fixed resolve, from which nothing would divert him, that of invading England. Here is a specimen of the instructions he received from Philip :—

"Say that you have had full powers for many months, but that you cannot exhibit them until conditions worthy of my acceptance have been offered. Say this only for the sake of appearance. This is the true way to take them in, and so the peace-commissioners may meet. But to you only do I declare that *my intention is that this shall never lead to any result, whatever conditions may be offered by them.* On the contrary, all this is done—just as they do—to deceive them, and to cool them in their preparations for defence, by inducing them to believe that such preparations will be unnecessary. You are well aware that the reverse of all this is the truth, and that on our part there is to be no slackness, but the greatest diligence in our efforts for the invasion of England, for which we have already made the most abundant provision in men, ships, and money, of which you are well aware."

"Is it strange," asks Mr Motley, "that the Queen of England was deceived? Is it matter of surprise, censure, or shame, that no English statesman was astute enough or base enough to contend with such diplomacy, which seemed inspired only by the very father of lies?" But indeed Queen Elizabeth and Lord Burleigh were not deceived owing to any remarkable frankness or scrupulous honour which they brought to these negotiations. An earnest desire for peace, and a disposition to believe that to be true which they wished to be true, is the real explanation of their credulity. Walsingham was not deceived: he had received accurate information of the great preparations that were being made both by the King of Spain and his general, Farnese; but there was so strong a desire for peace in the Queen and her prime minister that Walsingham's representations obtained no credit.

Leicester, who by this time had lost all hopes of obtaining the government of any portion of the

Netherlands, lent his aid to the delusion of peace. He represented to the Queen that the Netherlands were beginning to look with approval upon her negotiations with Philip. Such a representation, however, was so false that it could not long be adhered in.

"In a very few weeks he was obliged to confess that the people were no longer so well disposed to acquiesce in her Majesty's policy. The great majority, both of the States and of the people, were in favour, he agreed, of continuing the war. The inhabitants of the little province of Holland alone, he said, had announced their determination to maintain their rights—even if obliged to fight single-handed—and to shed the last drop in their veins rather than submit again to Spanish tyranny. This seemed a heroic resolution, worthy the sympathy of a brave Englishman; but the Earl's only comment on it was, that it proved the ringleaders either to be traitors, or else the most 'blinded asses in the world.'"

To such language had descended our champion of Protestantism and the United Provinces! The residue of his stay in the Netherlands was employed in plots and machinations more worthy of a conspirator than a governor. Not the least disgraceful of these was the attempt to gain possession of Leyden by an alliance with the Calvinistic party, at that time struggling for its spiritual supremacy. The Calvinists were to put the city into the hands of Leicester, and Leicester, in return, was to secure the triumph of Calvinism. An alliance highly honourable to both parties! Fortunately the conspiracy was detected. Leicester shortly after retires from the scene.

The negotiations, no longer secret, were still continued, the Queen being resolved to believe in the sincerity of Farnese. He, on his side, by ingenious delays, kept the commissioners constantly employed, and earned, by his duplicity, the warm approval of his master. "I see you understand me thoroughly," writes Philip. "Keep the negotiation alive till my Armada appears, and then carry out

my determination, and replant the Catholic religion on the soil of England."

At length this formidable Armada was ready to set sail. It left the port of Lisbon at the end of the month of May 1588, and consisted of about one hundred and thirty or forty ships of various sizes. There was the huge galleon moving heavily under sail, and the galleasse, which was rowed by three hundred galley-slaves. Both were built up at stem and stern like castles. The galleasse was splendidly decorated. It had its state-apartments, its chapel, its pulpit, abundant awnings, cushions, gilded saints, and its band of music. The whole fleet carried about 19,000 troops, with the necessary complement of sailors and galley-slaves, and (considering the pious purpose of the enterprise) the not less necessary addition of three hundred bare-footed friars and inquisitors. According to the plan of the expedition, Medina Sidonia, who had the command of the fleet, was to proceed straight from Lisbon to Calais roads; there he was to wait for the Prince of Parma, who was to come out from Newport, Sluys, and Dunkirk, bringing with him his 17,000 veterans. Parma would then take the chief command. He would land his own troops, strengthened by 6000 Spaniards from the fleet, and with this army of 23,000 men march at once upon London. Medina Sidonia, with the remainder of the force, was to seize upon and fortify the Isle of Wight—keep off the English and Dutch fleets—and proceed to the conquest of Ireland. In the original programme Scotland was to rise at the same time, to invade England, and place James upon the throne. But the intrigues with the Catholic nobles of Scotland had been fortunately foiled, and James was, at this period, in terms of amity with the Queen of England, and himself a confirmed heretic.

The whole expedition, it will be seen, depended on the junction of Parma and his forces with the fleet. Now the Hollanders and

Zeelanders blockaded the Prince so closely, that he, in his open boats and light pinnaces, could not venture out of port. The mouth of the Scheldt, and the dangerous shallows off the coast of Newport and Dunkirk, swarmed with their craft. It was in vain that the Prince had urged on his preparations, day and night, with utmost activity, building his transports, and practising his men in the manœuvres of rapidly embarking and disembarking. He was kept fast prisoner by the Hollanders and Zeelanders, creeping about the shores, often out of sight, but always on the watch. Philip and his counsellors in the Escorial could so little appreciate this difficulty, that the King more than once wrote to Parma, that, if the weather admitted, he might pass over to England without waiting for the Armada. Parma, on the contrary, needed the Spanish fleet, first of all, to rid him of these persevering Dutchmen, and Medina Sidonia had no instructions, and perhaps no means, for rendering this service. He fulfilled his part. After some skirmishing with the English, he succeeded in anchoring his enormous fleet in Calais roads. But no Parma, with his 17,000 men, skilfully packed and stowed in his transports, came out to meet him.

The English fleet was not so contemptible an antagonist to the Armada as is generally supposed. England had been very dilatory in making preparations for defence, both by land and sea, against the threatened invasion. The Court had been resolved to disbelieve in the invasion. But when there was no longer any doubt of the hostile intentions of Spain, there was no lack of energy or patriotism. If Philip had calculated on being joined by the Catholics of England, he was egregiously mistaken. Catholic and Protestant were animated by the same national spirit. The royal fleet numbered only about thirty-four vessels, of various sizes, but the merchant navy and the volunteers from every part of the coast

swelled the number to one hundred and ninety-seven vessels, small indeed, but some of them manned by the most resolute and skilful seamen in the world, and capable always of outmanœuvring their bulky antagonists. There was Lord Howard, the High Admiral in the *Royal Ark*; Vice-Admiral Drake in the *Revenge*; Lord Harry Seymour in the *Rainbow*; Captain Frobisher in the *Triumph*. When one reads of the exploits of these men, too familiar to need that we should here repeat them, it does not appear to us very clear that, even if Parma had been able to join the Armada, the Armada would have been able to land her troops on the shores of England. Say that the storms had not fought for England, or for Protestantism, as Protestants fondly believed (Philip thought that God would surely "give good weather" to his Catholic fleet)—say that the battle had been fought out at sea, the contest was not very unequal. The greater magnitude of the Spanish vessels, and their greater number of men, were balanced by the better seamanship and the more manageable craft of the English. And though the Spanish soldier of that period was of unsurpassed bravery, yet there were no seamen in the Spanish fleet that could compete with the men who had sailed with Drake, and Hawkins, and Frobisher.

It is, however, fair subject of congratulation, up to this present hour, that Parma was kept prisoner in his own ports by the staunch Hollanders and Zeelanders. There were men enough in England, and spirit and courage enough, to secure it from a final conquest; but the English forces had not been concentrated so as to render it probable that they would have been able to repel the first attack of Parma, presuming that he had landed according to the programme. England was drilling, mustering, shouting round its Queen at Tilbury, many days after the Armada had been actually dispersed. The real crisis of its fate had passed by unknown to the inhabitants.

"The Armada had arrived in Calais roads on Saturday afternoon, the 6th August. If it had been joined on that day or the next, as Philip and Medina Sidonia fully expected, by the Duke of Parma's flotilla, the invasion would have been made at once. If a Spanish army had ever landed in England at all, that event would have occurred on the 7th August. The weather was not unfavourable, the sea was smooth, and the circumstances under which the catastrophe of the great drama was that night accomplished were a profound mystery to every soul in England. For aught that Leicester, or Burghley, or Queen Elizabeth knew at the time, the army of Farnese might on Monday have been marching upon London. Now, on that Monday morning the army of Lord Hunsdon was not assembled at all, and Leicester, with but four thousand men under his command, was just commencing his camp at Tilbury. The 'Belona-like' appearance of the Queen on her white palfrey, with truncheon in hand, addressing her troops in that magnificent burst of eloquence which has so often been repeated, was not till eleven days afterwards—not till the great Armada, shattered and tempest-tossed, had been, a week long, dashing itself against the cliffs of Norway and the Færoes, on its forlorn retreat to Spain."—P. 514.

We must here bring to a conclusion our attempt to follow any portion of the narrative of Mr. Motley. We have only again to repeat our general commendation of the work. A critic who has no access to manuscripts or other original documents, who has only printed books to refer to, must content himself with praising that industry or research of which he finds ample evidence. The only real critic of an historian who builds much on documents of this description, is the subsequent historian who follows in the same track; he only can decide whether his predecessor has read with patience and judged with candour, and whether he has selected such extracts for quotation as give a fair impression of the whole documents. The critic in ordinary can only speak of that general culture of mind which the historian has

apparently brought to his task; he can only compare the finished work as presented to him with other historians standing already on the shelves of his library. We can only pronounce that here also is a valuable addition to historical literature, and a book which addresses itself both to the student of history and to him who reads only to gratify a literary taste. We do not think that the present instalment quite sustains the reputation which the writer had earned by his previous volumes. The workmanship is more careless. There is the same desire for pictorial effect, but there is not the same pains bestowed upon the picture. We say nothing about the "dignity of history"—we are not sure that history has any especial or universal claim to be treated with dignity, and where dignity is allied to dullness we are certainly no admirers of it; but there is confessedly a certain dashing, off-hand, *rattling* style, which we pronounce at once to be more suitable to the novelist than the historian. And why do we tolerate it in the novelist and not in the historian? Not because there is any peculiar dignity to be sustained in history, but because *truth* is the essential requisite of the historian, and not of the novelist, and the desire to speak *the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth*, almost invariably leads to a certain moderation of temper and sobriety of diction. This is why we feel that a bold, dashing, reckless style is not often suitable to the historian.

Amongst the *dramatis personæ* of Mr Motley's history Philip II. stands forth conspicuous. Now the several pictures that are drawn of him are not always quite consistent with each other; and if we were in search for examples of what we have described as a style more tolerable in the novelist than the historian, we should select some passages where Mr. Motley is dealing with this his favourite character—favourite, of course, in an artistic point of view. Few monarchs have

lived whose personal character has exercised a more evident influence on the current of events. Possessed by one great idea, which comes before us in the light of a great superstition, he was capable of conceiving vast projects, and obstinately adhering to them. A man of such character, placed on a throne, and at a time and in a country where a throne was the seat of real power, one may contemplate with intense dislike, but not with levity or contempt. It is not the sort of figure to *pose*, once for all, in a ridiculous attitude—not the sort of character to gird at perpetually for a certain narrowness of intellect, quite compatible with its terrible pertinacity in a great project. A strong will and a great purpose have always received from mankind a certain measure of respect, even where that purpose has not been approved of. Mr Motley, in his portraiture of Philip, delights in seizing upon secondary characteristics, his clerk-like habits of business, and the little talent he displays in writing despatches, or annotating on the despatches of others. Sometimes, indeed, he describes this gloomy monarch as the originator of all the diplomatic network that is entangling Europe. In one rhetorical passage, more elaborate than pleasing, he compares him to a theatrical manager, to whom are due all the arrangements of scene and action:—

"Very noiselessly had the patient manager who sat in the Escorial been making preparations for that European tragedy in which most of the actors had such fatal parts assigned to them, and of which few of the spectators of its opening scenes were doomed to witness the conclusion. A shifting and glancing of lights, a vision of vanishing feet, a trampling and bustling of unseen crowds, movements of concealed machinery, a few incoherent words, much noise and confusion, vague and incomprehensible, till at last the tinkling of a small bell, and a glimpse of the modest manager stealing away as the curtain was rising; such was the spectacle presented at Midsummer 1585."—Vol. I. p. 118.

But more generally, the ambitious

bigot and deep-plotting sovereign is described as a "patient letter-writer," owing everything but his bigotry to his ministers, sitting eternally at his desk, scrawling "his apostilles" over the despatches of others. Frivolous as they are, something too much is made of these "apostilles." The last glimpse we have of Philip is still in his elbow-chair, writing absurd notes. We may quote the whole passage as a specimen of a manner into which our historian occasionally falls, and which we have ventured to describe as not altogether commendable. We might call it, in the slang of the day, *fast* writing. The passage is mainly concerned with Henry IV. of France.

"Nevertheless, prudent Philip sat in his elbow-chair, writing his apostilles, improving himself and his secretaries in orthography, but chiefly confining his attention to the affairs of France. The departed nuncio's brother, Mayenne, was installed as chief stipendiary of Spain, and lieutenant-general for the League in France, until Philip should determine within himself in what form to assume the sovereignty of that kingdom. It might be questionable, however, whether that corpulent Duke, who spent more time in eating than Henry IV. did in sleeping, and was longer in reading a letter than Henry in winning a battle, was likely to prove a very dangerous rival—even with all Spain at his back—to the lively Bearnese. But time would necessarily be consumed before the end was reached, and time and Philip were two. Henry of Navarre and France was ready to open his ears to instruction; but even he had declared, several years before, that 'a religion was not to be changed like a shirt.' So while the fresh garment was airing for him at Rome, and while he was leisurely stripping off the old, he might perhaps be taken at a disadvantage. Fanaticism, on both sides, during this process of instruction, might be roused. The Huguenots on their part might denounce the treason of their great chief, and the Papists, on theirs, howl at the hypocrisy of the pretended conversion,' &c.—P. 561.

But, after all, it is not over such a history as this, that we choose to waste time in culling examples of a faulty or distasteful style. While

subscribing to the admiration which the work has called forth from critics of all parties, we will merely repeat our hope, that in the preparation and composition of the volumes yet to appear, our very able author will give himself more time, and thus render fuller justice to his own indisputable powers. That he can write admirably, as well as read laboriously and to good purpose, he has most amply demonstrated. There are many passages of that history of the Armada we have so ruthlessly abridged which might be quoted, not only for the information they convey, but also for the spirited and altogether excellent manner in which they convey it. How well does he pay the just tribute of praise to the fleets both of England and of Holland! Summing up the events of that great expedition, he says:—

"To the Queen's glorious naval commanders, to the dauntless mariners of England, with their well-handled vessels, their admirable seamanship, their tact and their courage, belonged the joys of the contest, the triumph and the glorious pursuit; but to the patient Hollanders and Zeelanders who, with their hundred vessels, held Farnese, the chief of the great enterprise, at bay, a close prisoner with his whole army in his own ports, daring him to the issue, and ready—to the last plank of their fleet, and to the last drop of their blood—to confront both him and the Duke of Medina Sidonia, an equal share of honour is due. The safety of the two free commonwealths of the world in that terrible contest was achieved by the people and the mariners of the two states combined."

Nor can we close our notice without observing that the character of Queen Elizabeth is depicted throughout with great force, and with signal justice. A certain "Arcadian simplicity" is, for a moment, oddly enough attributed to her in her negotiations with the Prince of Parma; but, in general, every phase of the great, crafty, avaricious, bold-hearted queen, is vigorously described. The following remarks on that sad event which casts its shadow over her whole reign—the exe-

cution of Queen Mary—might be selected as a specimen of our writer's more voracious manner, and we take the opportunity of closing our paper with it :—

"The 'daughter of debate' had at last brought herself, it was supposed, within the letter of the law, and now began those odious scenes of hypocrisy on the part of Elizabeth, that frightful comedy—more melancholy even than the solemn tragedy which it preceded and followed—which must ever remain the darkest passage in the history of the Queen. It is unnecessary, in these pages, to make more than a passing allusion to the condemnation and death of the Queen of Scots. Who doubts her participation in the Babington conspiracy? Who doubts that she was the centre of one endless conspiracy by Spain and Rome against the throne and life of Elizabeth? Who doubts that her long imprisonment in England was a violation of all law, all justice, all humanity? Who doubts that the fining, whipping, torturing, hanging, embowelling of men, women, and children, guilty of no other crime than

adhesion to the Catholic faith, had assisted the Pope and Philip, and their band of English, Scotch, and Irish conspirators, to shake Elizabeth's throne and endanger her life? Who doubts that, had the English sovereign been capable of conceiving the great thought of religious toleration, her reign would have been more glorious than it was, the cause of Protestantism and freedom more triumphant, the name of Elizabeth Tudor dearer to human hearts? Who doubts that there were many enlightened and noble spirits among her Protestant subjects who lifted up their voices, over and over again, in Parliament and out of it, to denounce that wicked persecution exercised upon their innocent Catholic brethren, which was fast converting loyal Englishmen against their will into traitors and conspirators? Yet who doubts that it would have required, at exactly that moment, and in the midst of that crisis, more elevation of soul than could fairly be predicated of any individual, for Elizabeth in 1587 to pardon Mary, or to relax in the severity of her legislation towards English Papists?"—Vol. ii. p. 189.

THE EUTHANASIA OF THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE.

"If, Cassandra-like, amidst the din
Of conflict none will hear, or, hearing, heed
This voice from out the Wilderness, the sin
Be theirs, and my own feelings be my meed."

—*Prophecy of Dante.*

ATHENS, *March* 1861.

THE social difficulties of the Ottoman question are greater than the political, yet we shall attempt to prove that they are not insuperable. Hitherto, a practical solution of the practical question has not been found either in the dictates of international law or in the wisdom of European cabinets. An impracticable solution is proposed by Greek covetousness, and a dangerous, but more probable, termination of the question is threatened by Russian ambition. Those great solvers of political problems, the pamphleteers of Paris, have nothing more original to propose than that the dominions of the Sultan must be divided, in imitation of the partition of Poland. Great Britain and France have certainly been acquir-

ing political knowledge under great difficulties, and, we fear to little purpose, during the years they have been upholding what they facetiously term the *integrity* of the Ottoman Empire; and after all their exertions, either of the two, by deserting its colleague and forming an alliance with Russia, might instantaneously disintegrate the ill-cemented fabric. A treaty signed at Paris might render the dominion of the Ottoman sultans as much a portion of the history of the past as the Mohammedan empire in Spain.

Our readers will not require us to prove that the Ottoman Empire is ready for dissolution. The reports of our consuls in Europe, and the events which caused the occupation of Syria, force on every dis-

interested mind a conviction that the administration of the Sultan's dominions is in a state of anarchy. Sultan Abdul-Medjid is powerless to fulfil the engagements which he has entered into for the protection of his Christian subjects, and his Christian subjects are as powerless to resist the influence which urges them forward to destroy his empire. Turkey possesses a government without being governed, and its inhabitants possess rights, without having any administration of justice to enforce those rights. Power alone is law, and there is little power anywhere. The Sultan can only issue ordinances, while Turkish pashas, Greek bishops, European consuls, and Levantine money-lenders, all alike set those ordinances at defiance.

The political sagacity of the Emperor Nicholas, and his accurate acquaintance with the condition of Turkey, has been unduly depreciated, because he was often misled by his immeasurable pride. Yet he told Europe the simple truth when he declared that the Ottoman Empire was a sick man stretched on a bed of suffering, from which there was no hope of recovery. It is true, there was something not very imperial in his proposal to strangle his sick friend in order to divide his wardrobe. The patient was then incurably weak in body; he has since fallen into a state of equal imbecility of mind, and his neglected wardrobe is little better than a bundle of rags. To speak plainly, all thinking men who have watched the conduct of the Sultan's government, and studied the condition of the inhabitants of his dominions since the conclusion of the late war, feel an irrepressible conviction that the days of anarchy are at hand. Internal revolutions are growing out of causes which have already acquired irresistible force, and which will compel foreign interference. The success of past insurrections proves that there is no chance of repressing future declarations of independence. The example of

Moldavia, Wallachia, Servia, Montenegro, Greece, and Samos, invites the Christians in Europe to take up arms. The success of the pashas of Tunis, Tripoli, and Egypt, encourages the Mussulman governors to aspire at independence. The whole political and military organisation of the Ottoman Empire has been revolutionised without doubt, yet how far it has been reformed is a disputed question. In the mean time the social condition of the population, whether Mussulman or Christian, has undergone changes not less considerable. The old relations between the governors and the governed have been swept away. The bit has slipped from the horse's mouth, and the reins of power are held by an unsteady hand. Steam-frigates, Enfield rifles, Armstrong guns, and financial resources, are just as likely to be procured by Christian insurgents as by Ottoman ministers.

Before the days of anarchy, to which all things in the East seem tending, actually commence, it is our wish in this article to show that there is still a possibility of averting the catastrophe, of saving millions of families from extermination, and of allowing the Ottoman Empire to expire on a peaceful deathbed. Whether Christian nations possess the energy necessary to compel the cabinets of Europe to preserve peace by walking in the paths of righteousness, as well as by keeping their powder dry, is a question beyond our competency.

The political paralysis of the Sultan's government being incurable, the difficulty of the Ottoman question lies in the solution of a social problem. Can the decay of industry, and the constant diminution of the agricultural population in the Ottoman Empire, be immediately changed into activity, and a tendency to multiply and replenish the earth? Whether the Cabinets of Great Britain, France, and Russia, by cordial co-operation and united action, could ultimately obtain this end by themselves, carrying on the

administration of the Sultan's dominions in his name, or even by an amicable partition of his empire, may be doubted. And if success were attainable, it could only be the work of time. Our own experience in the Ionian Islands has taught us how difficult it is to govern Greeks, even when they are utterly incapable of governing themselves.

We do not belong to the school of politicians who suppose that the Cabinets of Europe know less about the state of the East than Mr. Urquhart or M. Saint-Marc Girardin. But we are at liberty to discuss questions which our Ambassador at Constantinople might not feel at liberty to place among his queries to his consuls. Words which in an article only suggest discussion, might, if uttered by a British premier or a French or Russian emperor, cause an immediate insurrection, and produce a European war. In spite of the *platitudes* interwoven with the material of despatches and protocols, as a means of concealing the opinion of the government which indites these documents, there can be no doubt that the three great European Governments have long viewed the social condition of Turkey with alarm. To this important subject we wish to direct public attention. Public opinion must be formed on the question before the British Government can assume any initiative on a question, which mingles the philosophy of political science with the immediate action of practical statesmanship.

We shall not waste words in refuting any of the solutions of the Eastern question, as most writers pertinaciously insist on terming the Ottoman question. All the solutions offered are based on downright force, and Europe, not believing that Providence is always on the side of numerous armies, turns a deaf ear to the schemers, rejects all projects of spoliation, and waits anxiously for the logic of events. One plan has been proposed which does not contemplate foreign force.

A Christian bey thinks that the Ottoman Empire may be regenerated, and every political difficulty in Turkey removed, if the Sultan would embrace Christianity. It might suit the Christian usurers to govern the empire with the titles of princes, instead of having it ruled, as at present, by Mussulman extortioners, with the titles of pashas; but we doubt whether either the social condition of the people, or the financial position of the Ottoman treasury, would gain anything by the change.

While we allude to revolutions in Turkey, it would not be right to omit all mention of the Greek scheme for the future government of the Ottoman Empire; for, in spite of its absurdity, it is a fixed idea in a considerable number of the most intelligent, active, and loquacious race in the East. The Greek scheme for terminating the Turkish *imbroglio* is, that the Emperors Napoleon III. and Alexander II. should join with Queen Victoria to send armies and fleets to the Bosphorus, conquer Constantinople, and deliver up their conquest to King Otho and a Greek chamber of deputies, by which, doubtless, it would be governed with as much sagacity and honesty as have been displayed in the government of Greece. This scheme is certainly not so promising as the Sultan's conversion, for the Bulgarians and Slavonians already display as much opposition to the Greeks as the Greeks do to the Turks, so that even the Orthodox subjects of the Ottoman Empire would probably remain more contented under the sway of Sultan Abdul-Medjid than under the domination of King Otho and the Hellenic race.

It seems, therefore, that no scheme has yet been discovered for preventing the deathbed of the Ottoman Empire from disturbing all Europe with its convulsions. Yet surely it is unworthy of British statesmen to continue to talk any longer of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire as a reality. The phrase

has a dishonest sound when uttered by those who have been repeatedly and actively engaged during the last thirty years in dismembering the Sultan's dominions. They assisted both Serbia and Greece in throwing off the Sultan's yoke. The Vladika of the Montenegrins has since been patted on the back when he waylaid Turkish officers, plundered and burned Turkish towns, and destroyed Turkish battalions. Vallachia and Moldavia have been recognised as an independent State. Samos has been formed into a small orthodox principality, in order to serve as a counterpoise to the Catholic republic of San Marino in the balance of European absurdity. In order, probably, to insure more effectually the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, Algiers was annexed to France, and the pashas of Tunis, Tripoli, and Egypt were recognised as hereditary sovereigns. Even at the present time, Bosnia and Northern Albania, are in a state of chronic anarchy, and Bulgaria and Epirus in a state of chronic agitation. Thus one limb of the Empire has been amputated after another, to prevent the whole body from perishing of gangrene; and now, when neither leg nor arm remains, the Ottoman Empire, dressed out by ministers and diplomatists in long phrases, and veiled under a cover of grave assertions, is said to retain its integrity, and to be capable of walking alone and feeding itself. We protest against this perversion of language.

It would be wasting the time of our readers to adduce evidence to prove the rottenness of the whole fabric of the Ottoman administration, and the utter corruption of Ottoman ministers. Sultanas, pashas, beys, bankers, tax-farmers, and loan-contractors, are employed day and night in emptying the treasury, while the fleet and army are neglected, and the soldiers and sailors are left unpaid. * Ambassadors talk of the integrity of the Empire; it would be a better omen for Turkey

if they could venture to speak of the honesty of the Government.

We know from experience that not the smallest reliance can be placed on the official statistics of the Ottoman Empire. European Turkey, however, is generally said to contain about eight millions of Christians, and by all these millions the Sultan's government is cordially detested. The Mussulman population is estimated at two and a half millions, exclusive of Constantinople; and by all the Mussulman population engaged in agriculture, the Sultan's government, or at least the central administration of the Empire, is as heartily hated as it is by the Christians. But the Mussulman population in Europe lives in hourly fear of an insurrection of the Christians among whom they dwell; and the revolutions of Serbia, Vallachia, and Greece have convinced them that their extermination would be the first act of a general revolt. They are consequently compelled to smother their aversion to the Sultan's ministers in order to secure the protection of the Sultan's troops. Yet even the Mussulmans at times utter growls of despair; and Lord John Russell said with truth, "It must be acknowledged that the Mussulman subjects of the Porte are as much victims of the misrule of the Government as the Christian subjects."

Yet, after all we have said concerning the impending fall of the Ottoman power, we are by no means blind to the tenacity of life possessed by even the worst system of government, where a central administrative power rules extensive dominions, commands powerful armies and fleets, and sucks into its vortex the taxes of innumerable provinces. The Ottoman Empire is not the first which has perpetuated its existence until it has exterminated the whole agricultural population by a vicious system of taxation, and which has not perished by foreign conquest until it had depopulated the country, and prepared the land for colonisation by new inhabitants. The

Roman emperors of the West had exterminated the population in the rural districts of Italy, Gaul, and Spain, before those provinces were re peopled by Lombards, Franks, and Goths. The emperors of the East had driven the population of Greece, Macedonia, and Thrace from the villages into the towns, before those countries were re peopled by Albanians, Slavonians, and Bulgarians. The caliphs of Bagdat exterminated the agricultural population of Mesopotamia and Syria. The Seljouks converted Asia Minor into a declining country before its ruin was consummated by the Ottoman Turks. The Greek empire of the Paleologues existed at Constantinople for nearly two centuries in a state of moral corruption quite as degrading, and in a state of political and military weakness far more contemptible, than the Ottoman Empire now exhibits. But we have said enough concerning the actual condition of Turkey.

We now proceed to state the measures which appear to us to offer the only plan for preventing the deathbed of the Ottoman Empire from disturbing the peace of Europe. This, we believe, can only be effected by the immediate, absolute, and total abolition of the system of tenths, or Turkish land-tax. This is the true solution both of the social and political difficulties of the Ottoman question. It is the only alternative from internal anarchy or foreign conquest. It would be the Euthanasia of the Ottoman Empire.

No state in the East can be either tranquil or prosperous unless the condition of the agricultural population be completely changed. At present it is idling away its existence and dying out. It must be recalled to habits of industry, and invited to increase in number in order to increase in prosperity. A change in the thoughts as well as in the way of life of the various nations who now till the soil in the Sultan's dominions must be produced completely and instantane-

ously, and the change must come from the people, arising naturally from the pursuit of their own interest. Thus, without any suspicion on their part, they may be led to effect the greatest revolution which has been witnessed in the East since the preaching of Christianity. The agricultural population in every land, from the Adriatic to the Persian Gulf, may be placed in an improving condition.

In the observations we shall make on this subject, we shall take our illustrations indifferently from the dominions of Sultan Abdul-Medjid and King Otho; and we do so because it dispenses us from wasting time in proving the incontrovertible fact, that a German king, a constitutional government, a well-endowed university, a regular administration of justice, and an intelligent urban population, are insufficient to regenerate society; for all these things exist in Greece where they have proved utterly ineffectual to produce any improvement in the condition or any increase in the numbers of the agricultural population. Our readers who have visited Athens and danced at palace balls, will perhaps not be prepared to hear that the social condition of the agricultural classes in Greece is precisely similar to that of the peasantry in the Ottoman Empire. The condition of agriculture in King Otho's dominions is disgraceful to political science; and the fiscal administration of constitutional Greece impedes the improvement of the agricultural population just as much as in Turkey it is impeded by the oppressive measures against which the Christians declaim there so loudly. The land is taxed, and the land-tax is collected in the same way in Mussulman Turkey and Christian Greece. Agriculture is carried on in the same rude and primitive manner in both countries, and practical improvements are quite as rare among the Greeks as among the Turks. Yet the Greeks undoubtedly enjoy many advantages which are not possessed by the Turks.

Their constitution declares that all citizens are equal in the eye of the law; and though gendarmes are exempted in practice from this article of the constitution, tax farmers and collectors are in some degree bound by it. An organised judicial system, a fixed code of procedure, and a free press, also exist in Greece; yet all these are ineffectual to protect the agricultural population against the evil effects of the Turkish system of land-tax, to which the King, the Senate, the deputies, and the farmers of taxes cling with the voracity of harpies.

The constitutional form of government in Greece, however, has the merit that it would admit of the abolition of the land-tax at a moment's notice, without direct foreign interference. A hint from the three Powers to the Greek people that the allied loan must be immediately discharged, or the land-tax abolished, would soon induce even the Greek Government to abolish the tax. It would do anything rather than pay a debt honestly and promptly.

In the Ottoman Empire, on the other hand, all reform would be hopeless, unless force were employed. The Sultan could not keep house without receiving the proceeds of the land-tax: he has to pay the milliners' bills of five hundred wives.

No improvement of agriculture, and no immediate demand for labour sufficient to consolidate order in society, can be expected from palliatives and partial changes in the actual system of taxing the land either in Greece or Turkey. Immemorial habits of fiscal corruption have created abuses which have become laws to the population engaged in agriculture. Nothing but the perfect liberty of action for labour which would result from the total abolition of the land-tax in any shape, could restore energy to society. At present, the cultivator of the soil is compelled to waste the labour which would enable him to gain one hundred dollars, merely

that he may be prevented from neglecting to pay a single dollar to the fisc. It is difficult even for the readers of Mr. Senior or M. About to form any idea of the extent to which fraud, and precautions to prevent fraud, enter into every relation of life, and every process of labour, in the agricultural society of Greece and Turkey. In the best times of the Ottoman Empire, when the armies of the Sultan collected slaves under the walls of Vienna and on the banks of the Isonzo, the viziers of the bench were notorious for their corruption and rapacity; and the Sultans, unable to check speculation, contented themselves with strangling the extortioners, and pocketing the fruits of their extortion. In Greece, speculation has been a characteristic of society from a much earlier period. Polybius tells us it was the vice which enabled the Romans to enslave the country. The history of the Greek Church proves that it has enabled the Sultans to rule the nation for four hundred years; and experience teaches us that it aids King Otho in retaining the Greeks in a state of moral and political degradation. The Athenian newspapers inform us, that at this day it is the most prosperous institution of the Greek monarchy.

We may here observe that it is the fashion to talk of the modern Greeks as a new people. There cannot be a greater delusion. There is nothing recent in Greece except the Albanian population, a few commercial towns, the kingdom formed by the three Powers, and the Bavarian dynasty. The habits, customs, and thoughts of the people, the social arrangements and the fiscal devices of the government, are the traditional ordinances of innumerable generations, corrupted by a perverse civilisation. The Greeks, like the Russians, possess a wonderful facility of assuming the mask of Western manners, but they remain always at heart true Byzantines. Of ancient Greece they know but little: they are compelled to study

the character and the political institutions of the ancient Athenians in the work of Mr. Grote. Athens certainly presents more of the appearance of a European capital than Constantinople; but in some things the rural districts of Turkey are more advanced in civilisation than the rural districts in Greece. The traveller finds post-houses and khans on every great road in the Ottoman Empire; while in Greece he will find neither post-houses nor inns on any road in the kingdom. With all the pageantry of a pompous court at Athens, there is not a good cart-road between any two large towns in Greece. He who would send his furniture from Athens to Sparta, to Delphi, or to the baths of Hypaté, must convey it from the sea-side on the backs of mules.

It will be conceded that it is no light affair to infuse activity and a desire for improvement into an agricultural society in this condition. Old habits must be abandoned, and bad habits must be destroyed. This, of course, can only be possible by leading the people to adopt for themselves new and better habits, with the direct view of serving their own interests. Any attempt to enforce industry by rules, would certainly awaken invincible opposition. The blind instinct of the Mussulman, and the bigoted infatuation of the Greek, can never be overcome by any exercise of power. But wealth would be immediately conferred on many families, and would be rendered attainable by every man engaged in agriculture, by the abolition of the land-tax; a new America would suddenly bloom into full life in the Levant.

The policy of replacing the existing land-tax by an income tax, or indeed by any other tax, is one which we do not now propose to discuss. Our object is to examine how agriculture may be placed in an improving condition, and how the agricultural population of Greece and Turkey may be enabled to in-

crease in number; not how King Otho may obtain funds to purchase a steam-yacht, or how Sultan Abdul-Medjid may find means to build a new palace. The question which really demands immediate consideration is, how to save the agricultural population of Turkey from extermination, and that of Greece from misery; not to supply the means of perpetuating the misrule of the two worst governments in Europe.

The great bulk of the population, both in Turkey and Greece, lives by agriculture; and on this class alone can we depend for social regeneration and national independence. The town population is generally of a very denationalised type, whether it be Jewish, Greek, or Mussulman. But, fortunately for human society, four-fifths of the inhabitants of the Ottoman Empire, and three-quarters of the population of the Greek kingdom, derive their subsistence from the cultivation of the soil.

The striking fact that the agricultural population in the East has for many centuries been constantly diminishing, is now generally admitted. Every traveller in Turkey since the days of Bertrandon de la Brocquière, and in Greece since the days of Sir George Wheeler, has observed the remains of villages, recently abandoned. The land appears everywhere in the East to lose annually some portion of its power of sustaining human life. The capital invested in old time in plantations, mills, water-courses, cisterns, farm-buildings, bridges, and roads, becomes annihilated, and no capital is ever saved by the landowner to replace the degradations effected by time. Abandoned villages, deserted mosques, ruined churches, and forsaken graveyards, present themselves in every district; and the traveller in the present as in past generations sees land which was recently cultivated consigned to pasturage. The burdens of taxation never diminish; but no portion of that taxation is ever em-

ployed to repair a road or a bridge. Brigandage becomes inevitable, and revolt is often the alternative from starvation.

We shall endeavour to show how this state of decline is the direct consequence of the manner of levying the land-tax both in Turkey and Greece; and that peculation, depopulation, brigandage, revolt, and revolution, can only be prevented by the total abolition of this tax.

During the last two centuries the destruction of capital vested in land throughout the East has been going on at an accelerated pace, and a corresponding diminution of the agricultural population has been the inevitable result. In the Ottoman Empire the evidence of this diminution is everywhere apparent, and proofs are seen of a very considerable decrease of the inhabitants since the commencement of the present century. Deserted castles, which fifty years ago were tenanted by wealthy *Deré-beys*, may be seen in every part of the Empire, presenting the aspect of medieval ruins. These castles protected the valleys at whose gorges they are generally situated from the entrance of the tax collector, until Sultan Mahmud II. centralised all power and paralysed all industry. The tax-gatherer now enters these valleys, which are no longer protected by the feudal rights of the old *timariots*, and in many he has already exterminated the population. Villages which have crumbled to heaps of stones, and fields which have been forsaken within the memory of man, may be counted by hundreds in every part of Asia Minor. The commercial activity which extends its influence to some distance round a few towns on the sea-coast, often hides the decline of the agricultural population from the tourists who see the East in steamboats. We shall cite only one witness to bear testimony that we have not stated our case too

strongly. Our witness is one of Lord Palmerston's colleagues. The Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland asks, "What is it you find over the broad surface of a land which nature and climate have favoured beyond all others, once the home of all art and civilisation? Look yourself—ask those who live there?" And the noble Lord answers, "Deserted villages, uncultivated plains, banditti-haunted mountains, torpid laws, a corrupt administration, a disappearing people."^{*}

In the mean time, we may remind our readers that a financial revolution—not a financial crisis—cannot be long delayed at Constantinople. The Sultan will soon be obliged to follow the example of the King of Greece, and stop paying the interest of his debts. Within the last year, Sultan Abdul-Medjid, despising the words of the Koran, which say, "that he who defiles himself with usury, whether as a lender or a borrower, shall not rise from the dead until the demon pass into his body," has raised money at 20 per cent on his personal security, and contracted a government loan at 9½ per cent. This cannot long continue; and the inevitable result of the Sultan's bankruptcy, or of a repudiation of its obligations on the part of the Turkish Government, would be the violent death of the Ottoman Empire, whether its decease should be directly accelerated by internal disruption or foreign occupation.

To prevent this catastrophe, and to enable the Ottoman Empire to depart in peace, we again repeat that it is only necessary to abolish the existing land-tax. The Slavonians, who form the great bulk of the population between Vidin and Saloniki, would immediately think of improving their condition by raising more agricultural produce, instead of following the suggestions of the Greeks, and raising a rebellion in order to inaugurate a new Byzantine empire. Even the

^{*} *Diary in Turkish and Greek Waters*, by the EARL OF CARLISLE, p. 184.

Bulgarians would prefer independence to absorption into the Russian Empire, and the nationality of Bulgaria would afford Catholicism and Orthodoxy a fair field for an honourable contest.

There are some statesmen in Germany, and some accomplished men in Great Britain and the United States, who still nourish a belief that the Greek kingdom affords a means of resisting the progress of social decline, and that the free population of constitutional Greece possesses the expansive energy necessary to repeople and govern the Ottoman Empire. Let us therefore examine how far the agricultural population of Greece has displayed the power of increasing in number, and how far the Greek Government has developed social improvement and national energy. The Ottoman Empire must either be repopled by the races who now cultivate its soil, or it must be conquered in order to admit of the land being possessed by new inhabitants. Now, Greece is still so scantily peopled that its own soil would sustain four times the agricultural population it now nourishes, and would admit of the profitable expenditure of many millions of capital in agricultural improvement. The Greek Government, therefore, either does not understand its duty, or wilfully neglects to fulfil it. As Greece possesses neither an efficient army nor navy, it is absurd to talk of Greece conquering Turkey: she has neither a Garibaldi nor a Victor Emmanuel. And it is quite as ridiculous to suppose that three millions of Greeks would be better able to repeople European Turkey than six millions of Slavonians who now dwell there. The visions of the Bavarians who declared, when they brought King Otho to Greece, that they would create a new America in the East, and teach Great Britain the philosophy of colonial prosperity, have long since vanished. The agricultural colony founded by the Bavarians at Her-

aclea is in the same state of decline as the Mussulman villages in Asia Minor. The agricultural population of Greece has for some years been almost stationary, and Greek capital more frequently seeks employment at the fair of Leipsic than in the soil of Greece.

Athens, being the capital of the Greek kingdom, is often supposed to offer conclusive evidence that Greece is in an improving condition. But Athens is the capital of a centralised monarchy, and flourishes by the manipulation of the financial resources of the country. The expenditure caused by its improvement impedes the general prosperity of Greece. We have already observed that the urban and rural population throughout the East live in very different social conditions, and the difference is nowhere greater than in Athens and the surrounding country. There are also many circumstances in which the governments of Greece and Turkey resemble one another besides the land-tax. The sovereigns have the largest civil lists in Europe, for each wastes on his household an eleventh of the net revenues of his dominions; and they are the sovereigns who expend the smallest proportion of their revenues to promote the wellbeing of their subjects.

It is not necessary to enter into a detailed examination of Greek finance. The three protecting Powers have recently held an inquest on the fiscal proceedings of the Greek monarchy, and Lord John Russell promised, if we are not mistaken, to lay the report of the commissioners before Parliament. We have not seen it; but no commission was required to tell the holders of Greek bonds that Greece is a defaulting State, or to tell travellers that the Greek Government expends less money in making roads than in maintaining an Italian opera. No amount of protection on the part of the three Powers can conceal the fact that King Otho has generally selected

ministers who have been both incapable and dishonest. They have not kept as good faith with the public creditors as the ministers of the Sultan.

It is with regret that we add the unfortunate truth, that in this matter of financial dishonesty the Greeks adopt the opinions of their Government. They boldly assert that it would be a most unstatesmanlike proceeding "to muddle away the national resources in paying old debts," and they appeal to the flourishing condition of their trade and of their commercial navy as evidence that honesty is not always the best policy, at least in the Levant. We admit that Athenian officials and Greek traders appear to be getting on tolerably well in the world; but we would fain remind the Greeks of Solon's words to King Croæsus, and recommend them to call no Athenian official nor Greek merchant happy and prosperous until they shall see the end of his fortunes, and hear what men ultimately say concerning his reputation.

If we trusted our own observation, we should say that the system of central expenditure at Athens has thrown a delusive veil over the condition of Greece, and that society oscillates between Venetian corruption and Turkish barbarism. You meet well-educated men; you see well-dressed officials; you are astonished to behold all the luxury and much of the corruption of a European court, and you admire a numerous garrison, an army of policemen, and a host of gendarmes. But quit the capital, and in an hour's ride you will see an agricultural population living in as great depression, and cultivating the soil in as rude a manner, as in the secluded valleys of Turkey.

The cultivation of the soil is carried on in Greece precisely in the same barbarous manner as in 1833, or in 1821, before the commencement of the Greek Revolution. The increase of population which has taken place since the war, among

the agricultural classes, is confined to filling up the void created by the consequences of the Revolution, by actual hostilities, famine, and pestilence. There are not now more yokes of land under cultivation in most of the grain-producing districts than there were at the commencement of the present century, nor is the produce of each yoke of land increased by better cultivation; while, in general, the quality of all agricultural produce is deteriorated.

An accomplished and observant traveller, who made an extensive tour in Greece just before the breaking-out of the Revolution, revisited the country, and travelled over his former route in 1859. Thirty years of peace ought certainly to have repaired all the ravages of war; more than twenty years of monarchical government under Bavarian statesmen and constitutional ministers ought to have made liberated Greece rival the United States of America in the progress of industry and population. But we were assured by this traveller that in many parts of the Peloponnesus, and everywhere in continental Greece, he found deserted villages and ruined hamlets as in Turkish times; that no road seemed to have been repaired since the Turks were expelled from Greece, and bridges which were formerly passable were now in ruins. The Turkish causeways, which then enabled the traveller to cross the irrigable valleys, whose soil consists of deep clay, were no longer practicable, and the muleteers now wend their way round the arable land, creeping over the rugged sides of limestone rocks. Mountains which, a generation ago, were clothed with forests, and hills thickly planted with olive-groves, are now bare as the iron-bound coast of Laconia, and dry as the "oxless isles" of the *Ægean*.

Our own observations have convinced us that agriculture is in a worse condition, both in Attica and Bœotia, than it was in Turkish times. The destruction of forests

of olive-groves, fruit-trees, mulberry plantations, and of every investment of capital in land during the Greek Revolution, has not yet been replaced by the money devoted to agricultural improvements since King Otho ascended the throne, so that the peasant now leads a harder life than he did in the time of Ali Pasha. Yet there can be no doubt that the increased demand for agricultural produce at Athens has done much to encourage agriculture; indeed, nothing but the great augmentation of population at the capital, and at the Piræus, has prevented a considerable portion of the inferior soil of Attica from falling out of cultivation.

We know that stanch Philhellens might easily find statistical documents to refute any evidence we could adduce concerning the actual condition of Greece. But it is easy to destroy the value of Greek official statistics. One example will suffice. A circular of the Greek Government informed the ambassadors of the three protecting Powers that great improvements had taken place in Greek agriculture, that the production of the soil had been greatly increased, and that the rural population was in a very prosperous condition, thanks to the paternal administration of King Otho, and to the order and security of property which his wisdom had established. But when the financial inquest on the condition of Greece was held, the ambassadors found that in the year 1844 the average price of wheat had been about five drachmas a bushel, while in the year 1857 the average price had risen to nine drachmas a bushel. Now, as both the land-tax and the rent of national lands are paid in kind, and as the cultivation of wheat had increased more than any other kind of grain in the interval between 1844 and 1857, it may be supposed that the revenue derived from this source had more than doubled; yet with high prices, and increased cultivation, the official accounts of

the Government, in place of showing an increase of more than 100 per cent., barely announced an augmentation of about 13 per cent. If we believe the explanation dispersed by public rumour, we understand perfectly how hundreds of officials fare sumptuously and grow rich on salaries which would hardly suffice to keep them in sheepskin capotes and black bread. The stationary condition of agriculture is enough to prove that the fiscal administration in Greece, though not so arbitrary as in Turkey, is quite as oppressive, and probably not more honest. Indeed, Greeks are very often tax-gatherers for the Sultan. The Greek peasants who live under the Turkish Government do not emigrate to Greece in such numbers as the townsmen of Greece emigrate to Turkey. There is no influx of labour or capital into the dominions of King Otho, to secure the protection of free institutions and parliamentary government. Wealthy Greeks emigrate to Russia, Hungary, Italy, France, and England, but they appear never to think of investing their capital in the purchase or in the improvement of land in Greece. Already the population of the Hellenic kingdom has filled up the void produced by the revolutionary war, and has sunk into a stationary condition, preparatory to feeling the decline which the land-tax will soon produce.

That the land-tax, and the manner in which the land-tax is collected, are the immediate cause which prevents Greece from advancing in population and prosperity like the United States of America, Canada, Australia, and the Cape of Good Hope, is easily proved. The peasant-proprietors, who formed a numerous class of the population, have been relieved by the Revolution from all the feudal burdens, rent-charges, and impositions of forced labour, to which they were subjected by the Turks. An immense quantity of

rich land has become national property, and offers the means of inviting a great immigration. The export of agricultural produce has been relieved from many monopolies. Trade is free, and duties are not high. Yet with all these advantages, no Greeks settle and form agricultural colonies in Greece, as the inhabitants of the British Isles do in British colonies. Extensive tracts of fertile land remain uncultivated, and the portion of the soil under cultivation is tilled in the rudest manner, and yields small returns to the husbandman.

Banks of hypothec are often recommended as a nostrum for raising agriculture from the wretched state into which it has fallen; but, unfortunately, though banks may assist labour, they cannot create it. It would conduce more to the prosperity of the East to place agricultural society in such a condition that it would be a blessing to a labourer to possess a numerous family. Until that be the case, taxation will continue to exterminate the human race. If capital could be safely employed on mortgage in Greece, there can be no doubt that the Greek capitalists, who now live dispersed like Jews in every commercial city in Western Europe, would invest their money in what they call their native country. But the great commercial houses of Odessa, Vienna, and London, know that Greece does not offer a safer investment for their capital than Palestine offers to their trading brethren of the Israelite faith. It is not because Greek merchants want patriotism, but because Greek capital cannot be safely or profitably invested in the land, that Greece remains an uncultivated waste, and that agriculture continues in a state of barbarism.

We repeat that the aspect of Greek seaports gives foreigners a false idea of the country. The urban population differs little from that in the other towns on the Mediterranean. Good schools, a system of police on the Continental mode, and a judicial organisation in accordance with the

most enlightened modern theories, strike the attention of the traveller. A walk into the country will soon, however, convince him that agriculture is neglected. Uncultivated fields, ragged sheep, half-starved oxen, and such ploughs as he has seen only figured on Etruscan vases, testify to the poverty and laziness of the agricultural classes.

We shall now describe in some detail how the declining condition of the landed interest and the cultivators of the soil is produced and perpetuated by the trammels which the land-tax imposes on industry. At the commencement of the present century there were still many wealthy landlords both in Greece and Turkey, who derived considerable revenues from their estates, and who employed considerable capital in partnership with their peasants, who cultivated the land, paying corn-rents. We have mentioned that Sultan Mahmud swept away this class, because they enjoyed feudal rights, as remorselessly as he exterminated the janissaries. Those who are acquainted with the state of Greece before the Revolution will recollect the Mussulman family of Kiamil Bey, and the Christian family of Notaras, as examples of this class at Corinth. The class to which these families belonged has been almost as completely destroyed in Greece as in Turkey by the social and administrative changes which have happened. The increased stringency of taxation in Greece has in many cases left the cultivator of the soil without the means of making the capitalist a sufficient return for the capital invested in farming, and in some districts has deprived him of the means of paying rent. In poor land, far removed from a good market, he can often do little more than pay his taxes and rear his family. And here we may remark that, both in Turkey and Greece, the number of children who grow up in the families of the cultivators of the soil is wonderfully small. It seems, indeed, to be a provision of nature in the East, that the average

number of children which arrives at the age of puberty should rarely exceed the number of the parents.

In studying the state of agriculture both in Greece and Turkey, it must not be overlooked that the law is unfavourable to rights of property in uncultivated land. This is a relic of the fiscal legislation of the Roman Empire which has been perpetuated by the constantly declining condition of agriculture in the East. In the latter days of the Roman Empire, the greater part of the imperial revenues were derived from the land-tax. The emperors, therefore, considered it a subject of more importance to encourage cultivation than to protect property. From cultivated land the State derived a much larger revenue than from land employed as pasturage, though the contrary was often the case with the landlord. It is needless to trace how the fiscality of imperial administration depopulated the empire. We need only observe here that the law allowed any person who cultivated the land belonging to another without interruption for a single year, to gain a legal settlement on the land so cultivated, and left the proprietor only his remedy to establish his right of property by an action at law. Thus titles of possession and of property became in innumerable instances quite distinct, though the right of possession was only constituted by the surreptitious cultivation of a single crop. This at the present day is the law both in Greece and Turkey, and this squatters' law operates powerfully to prevent the investment of capital in land, and tends, as in the latter days of the Roman Empire, to the dissolution of society and the depopulation of the country. A landlord in Turkey must secure the support of a few soldiers, and in Greece of demarohs and gendarmes, or he must walk over his estate daily like a gamekeeper, in order to protect it from squatters. Another evil of this law is, that it gives rise to interminable litigation, and to deeds of fearful violence.

We believe there is not a single Greek who has purchased an estate in Greece without being a native born in the district, who has not either a couple of lawsuits on his hands, or who has not been attacked by brigands. The effect of this law, coming in aid of the land-tax levied in kind, has already produced a visible tendency to throw the cultivation of the soil entirely into the hands of small peasant-proprietors, who are unable to employ capital on their land, and consequently to introduce any improvement in agriculture.

In every age of the world the disappearance of the class of landlords and capitalists marks a lapse into agricultural barbarism. Civilisation retires into the towns when wealthy landlords cease to employ some of their time and some of their money in agricultural pursuits. Landed estates may be too small as well as too large for national prosperity. The fiscal despotism of Rome drove civilisation into the walled towns of the empire, and from that time to the present fiscal despotism has been aiding man to consume and devour the capital which, in more ancient days and in a state of greater freedom, the people had invested in rural districts. The schools of learning at Athens did not prevent the social decline which made Tacitus speak of that city as a cesspool of nations; and the Ottoman University will not enable modern Athens to revive agriculture in Attica, and to repeople Greece with an industrious race of hardy peasants. Whatever pedants may say, there can be no doubt that the best practical criterion of advancing civilisation is not to be found in universities for the manufacture of doctors, lawyers, and theologians, but in the existence of an industrious urban population which is rapidly producing capital, and of an active and increasing rural population which is steadily employing a large proportion of that capital in the extension of cultivation and in the improvement of agriculture.

To render our readers perfectly acquainted with the condition of the class which now cultivates the soil both in Turkey and Greece, we shall enter into some details for the purpose of showing how the paralysis of agriculture is the direct practical result of the existing land-tax. We shall cite our examples from Greece, because the comparative regularity of the administration, and the protection accorded to the people by municipal authorities and an elective legislative assembly, prove that the evils there resulting from the system are its inevitable consequences.

The plains of Bœotia consist of the best wheat-lands, and the district of Livadea once raised cotton, which was exported to England, and both offer a rich soil well suited for the investment of large capitals. Yet on these plains scanty crops are now raised by a system of cultivation, as rude as in the times of Hesiod. The classic scholar may delight his eyes with a view of ploughs, like great wooden pitchforks, drawn by oxen as diminutive as those which appear on Roman colonial coins. And if he pass a night in the house of a peasant-proprietor, he will see the family eat half-baked dough-cakes, and sleep with the wind whistling through the half-baked tiles on the miserable roof. After a night passed in one of these dwellings, which afford less shelter than a soldier's tent, we have arisen in the morning with our cloak covered with snow driven under the tiles by an angry north wind. Well might Hesiod say,

"How comfortless the winter season there,
And cheerless, Asara, is thy summer air!"

To increase the privations of the peasantry, firewood in most of the rich plains in Greece and Turkey is as dear as coals in London. In the great plains of Thebes and Arcadia, wood is almost as rare as in the odoriferous environs of Erzeroum, where the fields are cheated of manure to manufacture fuel.

The mulberry-trees which once rendered Thebes the most flourish-

ing seat of the silk-manufacture in Europe, where Benjamin of Tudela found two thousand Jews established weaving silk and dyeing purple, have now disappeared as completely as the looms of the silk-weavers. Even fruit-trees are a rarity; and the Bœotian peasant depends entirely on the tillage of the land for the means of subsistence. The land being all unenclosed, he can rarely venture to keep even a pig. But things were not always so. Over the whole surface of Bœotia, from Anthedon to Thisbe, the land bears traces of ruined villages and deserted churches. The sites of Tanagra, Leukira, and Thespiæ were occupied by flourishing towns at the time of the Turkish conquest. Tanagra is utterly desolate, Leukira has a poverty-stricken hamlet in its vicinity, and near Thespiæ there stands a miserable village. Even Thebes and Livadea are only small towns, without streets, pavements, cleanliness, or police.

Nor is the condition of Attica much better. Cephisia, the favourite *villegiatura* of the Turks in Byron's days, was then a small but flourishing country town. It was destroyed during the Greek Revolution: the Greeks burned all the Turkish houses, and the Turks burned all the cottages of the Greeks, and the greater part of the town is still a heap of ruins. A few good houses have been built by Greeks who have established themselves at Athens, but who are called by the Albanian inhabitants of Attica heterochtones, because they were not born in King Otho's dominions. But more than two-thirds of the town belongs to autochtones, and the greater part of their property is abandoned to the abomination of desolation. The streets are scarcely practicable, most of the gardens are fetid marshes, the soil has long been washed off the surface by a ruinous system of over-irrigation, the produce of every kind is of the worst quality; and though the town is only about eight miles from the King's palace, and is often visited

by his majesty during the summer, it has only a postal communication with Athens once a-week.

It is hardly necessary to say that, in a kingdom where such things occur in the nineteenth century, the life of the cultivator of the soil is extremely simple. We shall now describe it. The peasant, having made his own plough, as in the time of Hesiod, sows his land as soon as he can after the first autumnal rains. He then gathers in his olives, and after that all demand for his labour ceases for some time. The early winter of Greece, which is a season of singular beauty, is usually employed by him in collecting firewood against the time when the storms of north wind set in. As the agricultural operations are extremely simple, they must be carried on by all simultaneously. Consequently the labour of the peasant, never being demanded by the diversified operations of a capitalist, can only be wanted when it is required on his own land to secure a supply of food for his family. After the land is sown, therefore, the whole agricultural population remains in a state of idleness, vegetating with a scanty supply both of food and clothing.

There was a time of which a tradition is still preserved, when this season was a period of plenty and enjoyment. For nearly two centuries after the Turkish conquest, the material condition of the Greek peasantry was much superior to that of the peasantry in the greater part of Europe. There was only one great drawback on his condition: he paid to the Sultan a tithe of his children, as he did of his wheat. But at this period Byzantine demoralisation had so completely deadened the feelings of the Greeks, that they sacrificed their family affections, without much remorse, to their selfish love of ease. No other people ever submitted for so long a period to such infamous moral degradation, without an effort to throw off the yoke that oppressed them. History does not record a single rebellion to throw off the

tribute of Christian children, by which the Sultan filled the ranks of the janissaries. The Greek race presents the most remarkable contrasts to be found in the records of mankind. No people ever rose higher in moral greatness, and no people ever sank lower in servile baseness.

Even until the conquests of the Morea by the Venetians in 1685, an immense amount of vested capital, expended on the land in earlier times, continued to yield considerable returns. Buildings, mills, canals of irrigation, and cisterns, facilitated many agricultural operations, and lightened the labour of the peasant. Mulberry-trees supplied a silk harvest, and silk brought in money with little exertion. Olive-trees supplied food and oil, and any surplus oil found a ready market. Every family required cotton for domestic uses, and every family raised the cotton it required. Brigandage had not then compelled both Turks and Greeks to burn down the forests on the great roads and near rich villages, so that the mountains everywhere yielded an ample supply of firewood. But the last century and a half has produced sad changes for the worse. Agricultural capital and honesty have been declining at an accelerated pace. The advantages we have enumerated have entirely disappeared in many districts, and are now almost alone traceable in a few secluded villages, hidden in nearly inaccessible mountains. A ferocious idleness, which flies to brigandage for relief, has succeeded to the unfeeling indolence that formerly characterised society. The Greek peasantry were formerly insensible to the apostasy of their first-born male children; they seem now to behold with apathy their fellow-citizens and their children murdered and tortured by brigands.

When the time of idleness and brigandage is passed, harvest calls back the peasant to his labours. In the East, the whole produce of the land is carried in sheaves to

some traditional threshing-floor. The sheaves are trailed along the road on the backs of donkeys, which display unwonted gambols, and scatter the grain along the road, in order to steal from one another a mouthful. Innumerable birds of the air gather to the feast; the fowls and the pigeons of the whole district assemble at the threshing-floor; the ox that treadeth out the grain is not muzzled; and the peasant who ought to keep him to his work sleeps during the heat of the day. The rats emigrate from the houses, and form colonies in stacks of wheat, which remain piled up often for weeks until the farmers of the land-tax, who are more destructive than the rats, give the unfortunate peasant the permission to thresh out, measure, and house his crop. The farmer of the land-tax, though he is only the proprietor of one-tenth of the crop, is invested by law with arbitrary power over all the operations of agriculture after the crop begins to ripen. The destruction of nine-tenths of the produce of the soil is risked in order to prevent the cultivator from defrauding the tax-gatherer of the smallest fraction of the remaining tenth. It is said that, either from dishonesty or poverty in the greater proportion of the cultivators of the soil, this power must be conferred on the farmers of the land-tax, or it would be impossible for them to pay a fair price to Government. Now, if this be true, the fact that the land-tax exerts so much power in demoralizing society, is alone, we think, a sufficient argument for its immediate and total abolition. We know no existing government whose virtue is so great that its existence deserves to be perpetuated at the price of such social depravity.

The summer is always far advanced before the grain harvest is terminated. In consequence of the increased severity of the fiscal regulations to prevent fraud both in Turkey and Greece, the time occupied in threshing, measuring, and housing the grain is now much

longer than it was formerly; and in consequence of this change, summer crops are not now cultivated to the extent they were thirty years ago. Everywhere in the East, agriculture has shown a tendency to restrict its operations to one article of production in each district. Purchasers can now rarely be found who pay ready money, unless they are the purchasers of large quantities to supply distant markets. The cultivation of wheat as a winter crop has increased, and the cultivation of maize as a summer crop; but the districts which now cultivate grain produce far less of every other kind of produce than they did formerly.

Thirty years ago, Turkey promised to become a cotton-exporting country; and had the power of the tax-farmers not been so exercised as to depreciate the quality of nine-tenths of the crop in preventing any diminution in the quantity of the remaining tenth, there can be no doubt that a considerable quantity of fine cotton would have been raised in Turkey. But no capital can be invested in its cultivation as long as the power of the tax-farmer enables him to injure the value of nine-tenths of the crop, or to keep it out of the market until he has sold his tenth.

Thus, partly from the loss of labour after seed-time, and partly from the waste of labour at harvest-time, the peasant loses about a quarter of the year. The abolition of the actual system of taxing the land would immediately allow the cultivators of the soil to add 25 per cent to the gains of agricultural industry. On a poor soil the effects of the present system may often be practically traced in the very act of destroying a family. A gale of wind that blows down a few branches in some small olive-grove—a stroke of lightning which destroys some fine tree—a very dry season—or a single day of torrential rain—has often deprived the peasant of the means of supporting his family for the coming

year, and driven him to abandon his little farm, and to emigrate to the nearest town as a day-labourer. One more yoke of land is then delivered over to pasturage, and a wave in the tide of depopulation which is slowly covering the East spreads over a few more fields.

It has been proposed by those who think more of supporting the rotten governments of the Ottoman Empire and the Greek kingdom than of regenerating agricultural industry and augmenting the human race in the East, to commute the existing tenths into a money payment; or to impose a land-tax, regulated according to the quantity and quality of the land under cultivation. We assert that neither the one plan nor the other would benefit countries in the condition of Turkey and Greece. Against the plan of commuting the tenths for a payment in money, fixed for a term of years, which appears the simplest step towards a gradual amelioration, there is a decided objection on the part of the peasantry, both in Greece and Turkey; and this objection is not founded on any love of the actual routine, but on a rational distrust of improvement in the present condition of society. They fear that no power of the Government could protect them against the measures which the farmers of the revenues, under the money system of land-tax, would employ to plunge them into debt. Without having read Livy, they draw a picture of the origin of the debts of the plebeians, and point out how they would inevitably be driven into the same evil. They say that it is easy to pay the land-tax in kind when the whole crop is on the threshing-floor; but the tax-gatherer, with the true fiscal instinct of that hated race, would always demand money from the peasant when money could only be obtained by borrowing on usurious conditions. As to the second plan, it is evident that it is hardly feasible in a country without roads, and in which neither money nor labour have yet a free circulation. Besides, it

would require a degree of honesty and knowledge which is at present utterly wanting in the mass of the officials both in Greece and Turkey. We are therefore obliged to reject all hopes of replacing the present by any other system of direct land-tax, and to repeat that the condition of the agricultural population can only be regenerated by a total abolition of the tax. There is an energy in the destructiveness of the whole system which is irrepressible. A total change in the actual condition of the population engaged in the cultivation of the soil must precede any successful attempt at fiscal improvements.

Enthusiastic Greek patriots and zealous admirers of the Ottoman Government at times have the courage to deny the general decline of agriculture in Greece and Turkey; and they cite examples of a few flourishing districts as sufficient to rebut the evidence of a hundred desolate provinces and a thousand deserted villages. We do not deny that, both in Turkey and in Greece, many cases of local prosperity may be indicated. We could enumerate several in widely distant countries; but in all, this prosperity is the result of exceptional circumstances, and cannot pass certain fixed limits. The demand for population, labour, and capital is for some definite object, and the inexorable law of decline will begin to operate as soon as that object is attained; it is only suspended for a term. Even during the time that the improvement is going on, the peasant generally perceives its limit, for it is either caused by some change in the great lines of communication, which creates new markets, or it is merely filling up a void caused by war or pestilence, where land of the best quality has been left without cultivators.

In these favoured districts the traveller is often surprised to hear complaints of a scarcity of land. These complaints are often inexplicable, for his eye convinces him

that much arable land in the vicinity still remains uncultivated. Neither he nor the peasant can trace the exact limit of fertility which marks the domain of the spirit of destructiveness. For a few years the peasant obtains large crops from a rich soil long left in repose. The rude and exhaustive process of cultivation which he practises soon destroys the fertility of a soil which is never manured. Increased population has been attracted to the spot when labour was extremely remunerative, but the produce of the district soon diminishes, and the population begins to press on the means of subsistence. Want of roads limits the market, and want of capital and agricultural skill limits the power of production. In our little day in the East we have seen districts rise, flourish, and decline. The complaint of the want of land in reality means nothing more than that a virgin soil has been already exhausted. There is not a district in which it is made that could not double its crops by a better system of agriculture, and quadruple them with a small expenditure of capital. But this cannot happen until the land-tax is abolished, and roads exist.

We shall again take an illustration from King Otho's dominions. We there find the march of the administration under the control of a constitutional government; and if it sometimes happen that King Otho is unable to repress the energy of some brigand chief or senatorial tax-farmer, he is in some respects better off than Sultan Abdul-Medjid, for he is not liable to have his laws insulted, and his power set at nought, by every vice-consul who sows an acre of barley for his pony.

The great Arcadian plain, in which the rival republics of Tegea and Mantinea once flourished and contended for dominion, is only about twenty-five miles distant from the sea-coast, and communicates with the towns of Argos and Nauplia by one of the few practi-

cable cart-roads in Greece. In this plain the agricultural population has increased considerably since the conclusion of the revolutionary war, and the inhabitants already complain of the want of land. Yet the population of the whole plain, including the town of Tripolitza, is now less than it was at the commencement of the present century. Even in this comparatively progressive district, the progress is entirely confined to the class of peasant-proprietors. Those farmers who cultivate private property or national lands confine their cultivation to land of the best quality, and for this land they pay very moderate rents. The population is in reality very scanty, and yet it already presses on the means of subsistence. Great part of the plain is always left fallow.

Instead of boasting of the progress which agriculture has made in this district since the year 1832, the Greeks would do well to compare the numbers of the inhabitants with the population which this plain actually nourished in former times. If history had been silent concerning its condition before the Turkish conquest, a thousand stones, as Schiller says, would bear testimony to its greater prosperity. The walls of Mantinea are still visible, and within the circuit of those walls the direction of the streets and the arrangement of the houses may be clearly traced. A hundred ruined churches—if we may trust to the enumeration of the Greek peasant—may be counted on the desolate site of Mouchli, which was a bishop's see and a populous city when Mohammed II. conquered the Morea.

It is vain, therefore, to trust to small measures or mere palliatives for producing great fiscal reforms. The fact is, that social arrangements, both in Greece and Turkey, are exterminating the white tiller of the soil, just as social arrangements in America are exterminating the red hunter of the prairie. No commutation of the tenths would suffice to revive that agri-

cultural spirit which God made the characteristic of the white, the yellow, and the black races. The laws of man may neutralise the gifts of nature by producing forced idleness, and the absence of bad laws may allow industry to revive. They have already depopulated the rich plains of Mesopotamia, and prepared one-half of the land, from the shores of the Adriatic to the Persian Gulf, for receiving new colonists. The question is, Does it lie within the sphere of human wisdom to enable the remains of the old inhabitants of these countries to recolonise them by multiplying and replenishing the earth, or must the existing evils proceed until new races colonise the East, as the Goths, the Franks, and the Saxons colonised the West?

The Greeks, who appear to be the race most tenaciously attached to their native districts in the East, have seen the extent of their territorial occupancy constantly diminished. Even in comparatively recent times, their native land has been invaded by the Albanians, who can perpetuate their existence as agriculturists on a poorer soil, and in a lower grade of civilisation, than the Greek cultivator. Already the Greek peasantry have been expelled by Albanian colonists from Attica, Bœotia, Megaris, Corinthia, Argolis, and a part of Arcadia.

The process of exterminating the agricultural population, or at least the preliminary step, which consists in forcing it down into a lower grade of wellbeing, is still going on in Attica, in the immediate vicinity of the capital of the new Greek kingdom, in spite of the counteracting influence exercised by the increased demand for agricultural produce created by the city of Athens and the port of the Piræus. Since King Otho's arrival in Greece, a number of *valonea* trees, in the great plain of Mesogheia, which extends from Mount Hymettus eastward to the gulf of Eubœa, have been destroyed. The produce of these trees enabled se-

veral families to purchase warm clothing and some other necessities every year at the approach of winter; but the Greek Government, more rapacious, if less arbitrary, than the Sublime Porte, declared that these trees, though growing on private land, were national property. The tax-gatherers seized the fruit, but the treasury could not guard the trees. In one way or other these trees soon disappeared; and King Otho's administration has afforded a practical example of the conduct of the old lady who killed her goose for the sake of the golden eggs. In Old Scotia we fancy such conduct is fabulous; but such old ladies are not unknown both at Athens and Constantinople.

The *valonea* oaks and the comforts they bestowed disappeared since the establishment of the Bavarian dynasty; but in this district the remains of four large ruined monasteries and six deserted villages attest that the population has suffered a great diminution during the last century.

Besides exhausting the soil by bad cultivation, the extent of arable land, in Greece particularly, is annually diminished by bad administration. Conflagrations spread aridity over extensive districts. Not a summer passes (and the summer of 1860 certainly testified to the fact by forests blazing on the mountains for several days within sight of Athens) without some destruction. The land is thus laid bare; and the first autumnal rains, falling in torrents, carry all the vegetable soil down into the sea.

A curious example of the effect of one of these conflagrations was pointed out to us from the windows of the *Hôtel d'Angleterre* at Athens, and we verified the fact by ascending Mount Parnes. High up on the mountain a large patch of white is visible. This was covered with a thick forest of silver firs; but, as the Attic peasants say, in that unlucky year when the three protecting Powers sent a minor and a Catholic to govern Greece, the devil

put it into their heads to burn down the forest to gain some summer pasturage. The fire raged with strange fury, and the wind fanned the embers until the very roots were consumed, and the whole surface of the limestone rock was calcined. From the mountain-side, where there was once a thick forest, the winter rains washed off a coating of slaked lime, and Parnes exhibits to this day a shining monument of human perversity. Thirty winters have not yet stained these rocks with a ruddy grey.

Repeated conflagrations have destroyed the fertility of many districts both in Asia Minor and Greece. The climate has become drier as the mountains have been denuded; and the autumnal rains, falling on a rich vegetable soil, sweep it along down the sides of these mountains. The gradual drainage, which once maintained cooling springs, has ceased, and torrents carry the soil, mingled with rubbish and pebbles, over plains where wheat and maize were formerly grown. Some of the best land has within the memory of man been converted into the similitude of a Sicilian fumara.

We think that we have now said enough both to prove that agriculture is in a state of rapid decline in the East, and that no measure short of the abolition of all direct tax on land would suffice to repeople the rural districts. Every one will admit that, if some mysterious calamity were suddenly to sweep every human being from the face of the earth in every land from the Adriatic to the Persian Gulf, and leave the country for a few years without a single inhabitant, it would then be as easily re-peopled by new colonies as America has been peopled by European settlers. And surely, if a new population could thrive without difficulty, there can be little doubt that it is only in consequence of the impediments created by existing laws and fiscal arrangements that the present population of these countries is prevented from increasing. A revolution must be pro-

duced in the habits of the rural population; the abolition of the land-tax will enable the people to effect that revolution by their own spontaneous exertions. Thus the agriculturists of the East can be instantaneously placed in a position that would allow them to profit by their industry, and they would soon exhibit that progressive improvement and rapid increase which is at present characteristic of the United States of America, and of every Anglo-Saxon colony under the British crown. The idle floating population of Greece and Turkey, which now threatens the East with social anarchy as well as with political revolution, would be weakened by throwing off an army of labourers. The Sultan's government, deprived of one of the sources from which its evil existence is derived, might cease to exist, but both Greeks and Turks would become peaceful colonists in their native districts; and this euthanasia of the Ottoman Empire would relieve Europe from many embarrassments.

It is not our business to prepare budgets for the Sultan of Turkey and the King of Greece. These two governments are plague-spots in the political system of Europe; their perseverance in their present system must eventually plunge their subjects in a state of anarchy; and it now keeps the majority of the people in a state of barbarism, hesitating whether to turn shepherds or brigands. Yet so great are the abuses in the administration under Abdul-Medjid and Otho, that we believe resources would easily be found for carrying on their governments in a better way than they are now carried on, even after the land-tax had been sacrificed. But that question is one for financiers, and must be settled by a minute examination of numerous details.

We have confined our observations to a definite field, and only sought to exhibit the effect of one form of taxation on one class of society. We know that society must be moved and regulated by higher principles. We cannot go beyond

the limits we have traced for ourselves in this article, but we may mention that it is our persuasion that more than one Christian nation now living beneath the dominion of the Sultan possesses both the virtues and the activity which would insure its increase in wealth and numbers.

Two instances may be adduced to prove that the agricultural population of the Greek race possesses all the qualities of good colonists; and it is generally admitted that the Albanians are a still hardier and the Bulgarians a more laborious race. We shall select one of our instances in Turkey and the other in Greece.

On the rocky slopes of Mount Pelion a dense population still lives and thrives under the domination of the Sultan; while the opposite shore of the entrance of the gulf of Volo, under the government of King Otho, though far better suited for cultivation, is an unpeopled waste. In sailing up this beautiful gulf, numerous villages are seen clustering round the side of the mountain in Turkey, while not a single dwelling can be perceived on the hills of Greece.

In the south of the Peloponnesus, however, an equally dense population may be found on the southern slopes of Mount Taygetus. The higher regions of Maina, arid as its rocks appear from the sea, are among the most thickly peopled and most industrious portions of Greece. Though the agricultural portion was tormented by the blood-feuds, the fiscal jobbing, and the piratical habits of an aristocracy that ruled the country under the protection of the Capitan-Pasha, it had the good fortune to escape most of the direct evils inflicted by the land-tax.

Of course, both the inhabitants of Mount Pelion and of Mount Taygetus still escape the operation of the land-tax which depopulates the fertile plains in their vicinity. The Maniats openly resist the application of the fiscal laws of the Greek kingdom to their district, and they have hitherto succeeded in making good their exemption.

Many of our readers may doubt whether we are entitled to assume as fully as we have that there is little difference between the fiscal systems of the Ottoman Empire and the Greek kingdom when applied to agriculture. Everybody knows that the court of King Otho has a European aspect, and the life of Sultan Abdul-Medjid is that of an Oriental despot; and it is a natural conclusion, that the agriculture of Greece is improving, and that of Turkey declining. Indeed, some travellers have asserted that this is the case; but we appeal from travellers to facts, for we do not wish it to be supposed that we claim the merit of having made a discovery. Great men often show great ignorance on Eastern affairs.

We remember an occasion on which Mr. Cobden, being extremely anxious to outbid Lord Palmerston in a display of Oriental learning, boldly announced to the astonished members of a not very thin House that the existence of a Christian population three times as numerous as the Turkish in European Turkey "was a fact that had recently come to light." The Manchester school, therefore, if we may judge from the *bairactar* of its political theories, lags rather behind the general public in that species of knowledge not directly convertible into coin of the realm, and the Manchester school forms a considerable portion of the talking and reading public.

To prove that the similarity between the fiscal policy of King Otho and Sultan Abdul-Medjid extends even beyond the department of agricultural taxation, we shall mention one example only. Both the Greek and Turkish governments, in carrying out their schemes of inappropriate and injudicious reforms, have confiscated the greater part of the property belonging to religious establishments and charitable endowments in their dominions, and seized their revenues for the use of the State. The mosques, medresses, hospitals, khans, and fountains, have in Turkey been left unrepaired in many of the richest pro-

vincial towns, and on all the great roads, in the Ottoman Empire. The Government has expended the money in schemes of improvement at Constantinople, and the Mussulman population has everywhere remained torpid. In Greece the monasteries have been allowed to go to ruin, and the churches and charitable institutions have been neglected. But the energy of the people has supplied the deficiencies of the Greek Government. New churches and new hospitals have been built by voluntary contributions. When the court, deeply imbued with Austrian prejudices, delayed gratifying the national demand for the foundation of a university at Athens, under the pretext that a palace and a prison were the first necessities of civilisation, and neither of those buildings had been then completed, the people immediately formed a public subscription, and built the university which, in the spirit of Greek adulation and Byzantine falsehood, is called the Othonian—*lucus a non lucendo*.

The rapidity with which agriculture advances when relieved from any burden that checks its progress, is always wonderful. During the first Empire, the agriculture of France was kept in a stationary condition for some years by the severity of the conscription. Want of labour forced the peasant-proprietor to pursue an imperfect and unproductive system of tillage. In the year 1815 only about four and a half millions of hectares of land were sown with wheat, and the produce amounted to thirty-nine millions of hectolitres. But peace having relieved agricultural labour from the burden of the conscription, and caused a considerable fall in the rate of interest on small loans to agriculturists, an instantaneous improvement commenced. In the year 1858 the progress was so considerable, that six and a half millions of hectares were sown with wheat, and the produce amounted to one hundred and ten millions of hectolitres. Thus, not only had the extent of land under cultivation in-

creased greatly, but, at the same time, far more than a corresponding increase had taken place in the amount of produce. There can be no doubt that the two millions of hectares of land added to cultivation after the year 1815 were of inferior fertility; yet, while one hectare of good land, previous to the year 1815, yielded an annual return of only eight and a half hectolitres, the average in 1858, including the land of inferior quality, had increased to sixteen and a half hectolitres for every hectare. When so great an augmentation could be gained in France, where agriculture, population, and good roads were already in an advanced state, how great are the results which would attend any decided impulse given to agricultural industry in the East!

But it may be said that the abolition of the land-tax would produce little effect, unless a great change were wrought simultaneously in the government of Turkey. This is undoubtedly true. But the abolition of the land-tax would inevitably produce that change, and precisely on that account we term it the *Euthanasia* of the Ottoman Empire.

The existing governments of Turkey and Greece, as we have already stated, are so bad, and their financial system so immoral and depraving, that they must be swept away. Reform is impossible. The *Hatti-humayoun* and the Greek constitution are veils which conceal a fearful amount of administrative iniquity. It would be useless to attempt enumerating the evils that exist in despotic Turkey: their name is legion. We can only notice the evil of the conscription in constitutional Greece. It is a severe burden on agricultural industry, as well as one of the social iniquities of King Otho's administration. Fraud and favour exempt every family which possesses any wealth or any influence in the village magistracies from its burden. The conscription is virtually applied only to the poorer portion of the cultivators of the soil, and falls ex-

clusively on agricultural labour. It also demoralises the rural districts as much as it impoverishes them. The best labourers are torn from their native villages, and pass three years in barracks in almost utter idleness: for the Greek soldier, unlike the soldier of France, is never employed in any useful work. French troops have visited Greece at two different periods. Their stay was short, but they can point to many public works and roads which they constructed. The Greek army of ten thousand conscripts cannot, in twenty-five years, boast of having effected as much as two thousand French effected in two years.

When the Greek conscript returns to his native village, after remaining three years at Athens or elsewhere in garrison, he is unfit for labour, and becomes a frequenter of the nearest coffeehouse or khan, and too often a sheep-stealer or a brigand. The arms and the organisation of the Greek army, moreover, are too antiquated to allow the troops to be of any use in war. The guarantee of the three protecting Powers insures the independence of the Greek kingdom better than the army and navy of King Otho. Indeed, if we judge from what is seen in the streets of Athens, the conscription, which robs Greece of agricultural labourers, must owe part of its severity to the demands made on the army by foreign ministers for porters to their residences, by Greek senators, ministers, and nomarchs, for valets, and by officers' wives for dry-nurses. Your passport is taken at the hotels of ambassadors by a Greek gendarme, and you cannot walk the streets without meeting a soldier walking after a lady carrying her parasol or conducting a child to school, carrying its books and embroidery-frame.

Now, common sense might tell King Otho's ministers that Greece would have a much better chance of receiving a large slice of the Sultan's dominions, should a day of partition and annexation arrive, by nourishing an increasing popu-

lation, than by keeping up an army of 10,000 men with antiquated firearms and harmless artillery. In the nineteenth century no conquests are so sure as those that are made by an overflowing population, and which are prepared by well-ordered domestic institutions. The demand for labour which the abolition of the land-tax would create, might be met by the cessation of the conscription; while the troops retained under their standards might be employed with great profit to the country in making roads and building bridges. Foreign ministers could easily find porters as respectable as gendarmes, and both ladies and children might walk the streets in perfect safety without a military escort.

For Greece, therefore, there is hope; but we fear that the condition of Turkey is such that, if it escape death by a fit of financial *delirium tremens*, it would die, and its very body would disappear, from spontaneous combustion. Unlike the phoenix, no second Ottoman Empire will arise out of its ashes; but the ashes themselves would soon disappear; for several Christian states are even now ready to flourish where the Ottoman Empire has hitherto spread desolation. A general rising of the Greeks, Albanians, Slavonians, Bulgarians, Servians, and Wallachians in Europe, and of the Turks, Turkomans, Kurds, Arabs, and Druses in Asia, threatens hourly to become an unavoidable, if not a natural, occurrence, like the rise of the thirty tyrants in the reign of the Emperor Gallienus, whose fiscal administration bore a great similarity to that of Sultan Abdul-Medjid. Whatever power the Ottoman sultans acquired in Europe was founded on the superiority of their armies; and the superiority of their armies depended on the tithe of the Christian children in their dominions. From the day that they ceased to gather in their human taxation their power began to decline, and it has gone on declining ever since. Can the integrity of such an empire ever be restored?

The immediate abolition of the land-tax would compel the Sultan to give up importing European jewellery and Circassian slaves, and purchasing Parisian dresses and Ethiopian neutrals. But, on the other hand, it would also enable the Vallachians, Servians, Bulgarians, Selavonians of Thrace, and Albanians, to settle down into distinct political communities, and to organize their own governments without wars. Labour and property would rise in value, and each race would be attracted to the districts in which it is most numerous; while facilities for selling property would induce great emigrations. The extent to which these emigrations may be carried, where this facility has been created, was proved by the departure of the Turks from the provinces ceded to Greece, and by the recent departure of nearly the whole Turkish population from the Crimea. Nations and society would find their levels.

If our space allowed us, we might endeavour to show how a modified land-tax might be restored, solely as a local imposition for the purpose of municipal and provincial objects. But this subject would embrace a review of the whole system of municipal administration in the East, and indeed the whole organization of what is the department of the Minister of the Interior in Continental states.

We must now stop. Events may occur at any moment which may afford the French in Syria a pretext to form an army of eastern Turcos, and invite them to employ their iron ships in securing the possession of Egypt, under the pretence of averting anarchy. The impossibility of giving the Hatti-humayoun of 1856 an equitable execution, and the excited condition of the Christian population of European Turkey, may compel Russia to send troops over the Danube to prevent revolution, anarchy, and murder. In such a contingency, what has Great

Britain done, or what are British ministers likely to do, to enable the native population of the East to maintain their independence, and to demand that France and Russia should respect their national existence? Hitherto, absolutely nothing. And at the present time we venture to assert that the British Government can only act wisely by boldly declaring that the abolition of the land-tax is necessary in order to give the native population the power of reorganising society, of repopulating their country with indigenous colonists, and of averting foreign occupations.

Of course, diplomatists and Ottoman ministers will ridicule our suggestions as impracticable; but let the British Government approve of the project, and nine millions of Christians would rise as one man to carry it into execution. The Ottoman Empire would fall into a number of states, according to the nationalities now oppressed by the central government at Constantinople, with as much ease and as little bloodshed as Italy was united by Victor Emmanuel.

We have thus pointed out the measure which would give the Ottoman Empire an easy death, and the populations of Turkey and Greece a happy life; which would promote industry in Albania, introduce civilisation in Bosnia, insure the tranquillity of Vallachia and Moldavia, spread cultivation over the desolate plains of Thrace, render Asia Minor a great cotton-growing country, and convert the small kingdom of Greece into the nucleus of an expanding and prosperous nation. No other measure has hitherto been proposed to avert a European contest for the spoils of the Ottoman Empire, and that mortal struggle by land and sea, to acquire a decided naval supremacy in the Mediterranean, which both France and Russia look forward to as their first step towards the foundation of a new colonial empire in the Levant.

THE EXECUTOR.

CHAPTER I.

"The woman was certainly mad," said John Brown.

It was the most extraordinary speeches, considering the circumstance and place in which it was spoken. A parlour of very grim and homely aspect, furnished with dark mahogany and black haircloth, the blinds of the two windows solemnly drawn down, the shutters of one half-closed; two traditional decanters of wine standing reflected in the shining uncovered table; half-a-dozen people all in mourning in various attitudes of surprise, disappointment, and displeasure; and close by one of the windows Mr. Brown, the attorney, holding up to the light that extraordinary scrap of paper, which had fallen upon them all like a thunderbolt. Only half an hour ago he had attended her funeral with decorum and perfect indifference, as was natural, and had come into this parlour without the slightest idea of encountering anything which would disturb him. Fate, however, had been lying in wait for the unsuspecting man at the moment he feared it least. He had not been employed to draw out this extraordinary document, nor had he known anything about it. It was a thunderbolt enclosed in a simple envelope, very securely sealed up, and delivered to him with great solemnity by the next of kin, which carried him off his balance like a charge of artillery, and made everybody aghast around him. The sentiment and exclamation were alike natural: but the woman was not mad.

By the side of the table, very pale and profoundly discomposed, sat the next of kin; a woman, of appearance not unaccordant with that of the house, over fifty, dark-complexioned and full of wrinkles, with a certain cloud of habitual shabbiness, not to be cast aside, im-

pairing the perfection of her new mourning. Her new mourning, poor soul! got on the strength of that letter containing the will, which had been placed in her safe keeping. She was evidently doing everything she could to command herself, and conceal her agitation. But it was not a very easy matter. Cherished visions of years, and hopes that this morning had seemed on the point of settling into reality, were breaking up before her, each with its poignant circumstances of mortification and bitterness and dread disappointment. She looked at everybody in the room with a kind of agonised appeal—could it really be true, might not her ears have deceived her!—and strained her troubled gaze upon that paper, not without an instinctive thought that it was wrongly read, or misunderstood, or that some mysterious change had taken place on it in the transfer from her possession to that of Mr. Brown. His amazement and dismay did not convince the poor dismayed woman. She stretched out her hand eagerly to get the paper to read it for herself. He might have changed it in reading it; he might have missed something, or added something, that altered the meaning. Anything might have happened, rather than the reality that her confidence had been deceived and her hopes were gone.

"Did you know of this, Mrs. Christian?" said the rector, who stood at the other end of the room with his hat in his hand.

Did she know! She could have gnashed her teeth at the foolish question, in her excitement and exasperation. She made a hysterical motion with her head to answer. Her daughter, who had come to the back of her chair, and who knew the rector must not be offended, supplied the words that failed to

her mother—"No; we thought we were to have it," said the poor girl, innocently. There was a little movement of sympathy and compassion among the other persons present. But mingled with this came a sound of a different description: a cough, not an expression of physical weakness, but of moral sentiment; an irritating, critical, inarticulate remark upon that melancholy avowal. It came from the only other woman present, the servant of the house. When the disappointed relation heard it, she flushed into sudden rage, and made an immediate identification of her enemy. It was not dignified, but it was very natural. Perhaps, under the circumstances, it was the only relief which her feelings could have had.

"But I know whose doing it was!" said poor Mrs. Christian, trembling all over, her pale face reddening with passion. There was a little movement at the door as the servant-woman stepped farther into the room to take her part in the scene which interested her keenly. She was a tall woman, thin and dry, and about the same age as her accuser. There was even a certain degree of likeness between them. As Nancy's tall person and white apron became clearly visible from among the little group of gentlemen, Mrs. Christian rose, inspired with all the heat and passion of her disappointment, to face her foe.

"Did *you* know of this?" said the excellent rector, with his concerned malaprop face. Nancy did not look at him. The three women stood regarding each other across the table; the others were only spectators—they were the persons concerned. The girl who had already spoken, and who was a little fair creature, as different from the belligerents as possible, stood holding her mother's hand tightly. She had her eyes on them both, with an extraordinary air of control and unconscious authority. They were both full of rage and excitement, the climax of a long smouldering

quarrel; but the blue eyes that watched, kept them silent against their will. The crisis lasted only for a moment. Poor Mrs. Christian, yielding to the impulse of the small fingers that closed so tightly on her hand, fell back on her chair, and attempted to recover her shattered dignity. Nancy withdrew to the door; and Mr. Brown repeated the exclamation in which his dismay and trouble had at first expressed itself, "Certainly the woman must have been mad!"

"Will you have the goodness to let me see it?" said Mrs. Christian, with a gasp. It is impossible to say what ideas of tearing it up, or throwing it into the smouldering fire, might have mingled with her desire; but, in the first place, she was eager to see if she could not make something different out of that paper than those astounding words she had heard read. Mr. Brown was an honest man, but he was an attorney; and Mrs. Christian was an honest woman, but she was next of kin. If she had known what was in that cruel paper, she might not, perhaps, have preserved it so carefully. She read it over, trembling, and not understanding the very words she muttered under her breath. Bessie read it also over her shoulder. While they were so occupied, Mr. Brown relieved his perplexed mind with a vehemence not much less tragical than that of the disappointed heir.

"I have known many absurd things in the way of wills," said Mr. Brown, "but this is the crown of all. Who on earth ever heard of Phœbe Thomson! Who's Phœbe Thomson? Her daughter? Why, she never had any daughter in the memory of man. I should say it is somewhere like thirty years since she settled down in Carlingford—with no child, nor appearance of ever having had one—an old witch with three cats, and a heart like the nether millstone. Respect? don't speak to me! why should I respect her? Here she's gone, after living a life which nobody was the better

for; certainly *I* was none the better for it; why, she did not even employ me to make this precious will; and saddled me—me, of all men in the world—with a burden I wouldn't undertake for my own brother. I'll have nothing to do with it. Do you suppose I'm going to give up my own business, and all my comfort, to seek Phœbe Thomson? The idea's ridiculous! the woman was mad!"

"Hush! for we're in the house of our departed friend, and have just laid her down," said the inappropriate rector, "in the sure and certain hope——"

Mr. Brown made, and checked himself in making, an extraordinary grimace. "Do you suppose I'm bound to go hunting Phœbe Thomson till that day comes?" said the attorney. "Better to be a ghost at once, when one could have surer information. I'm very sorry, Mrs. Christian; I have no hand in it, I assure you. Who do you imagine this Phœbe Thomson is?"

"Sir," said Mrs. Christian, "I decline to give you any information. If my son was here, instead of being in India, as everybody knows, I might have some one to act for me. But you may be certain I shall take advice upon it. You will hear from my solicitor, Mr. Brown; I decline to give you any information on the subject."

Mr. Brown stared broadly at the speaker; his face reddened. He watched her get up and make her way out of the room with a perplexed look, half angry, half compassionate. She went out with a little of the passionate and resentful air which deprives such disappointments of the sympathy they deserve—wrathful, vindictive, consoling herself with dreams that it was all a plot, and she could still have her rights; but a sad figure, notwithstanding her flutter of bitter rage—a sad figure to those who knew what home she was going to, and how she had lived. Her very dress, so much better than it usually was, enhanced the melancholy as-

pect of the poor woman's withdrawal. Her daughter followed her closely, ashamed, and not venturing to lift her eyes. They were a pathetic couple to that little group that knew all about them. Nancy threw the room-door open for them, with a revengeful satisfaction. One of the funeral attendants who still lingered outside opened the outer one. They went out of the subdued light, into the day, their hearts tingling with a hundred wounds. At least the mother's heart was pierced, and palpitating in every nerve. There was an instinctive silence while they went out, and after they were gone. Even Mr. Brown's "humph!" was a very subdued protest against the injustice which Mrs. Christian had done him. Everybody stood respectful of the real calamity.

"And so, there they are just where they were!" cried the young surgeon, who was one of the party; "and pretty sweet Bessie must still carry her father on her shoulders, and drag her mother by her side wherever she goes; it's very hard—one can't help thinking it's a very hard burden for a girl of her years."

"But it is a burden of which she might be relieved," said Mr. Brown, with a smile.

The young man coloured high and drew back a little. "Few men have courage enough to take up such loads of their own will," he said, with a little heat—"I have burdens of my own."

A few words may imply a great deal in a little company, where all the interlocutors know all about each other. This, though it was simple enough, disturbed the composure of the young doctor. A minute after he muttered something about his further presence being unnecessary, and hastened away. There were now only left the rector, the churchwarden, and Mr. Brown.

"Of course you will accept her trust, Mr. Brown," said the rector.

The attorney made a great many grimaces, but said nothing. The

whole matter was too startling and sudden to have left him time to think what he was to do.

"Anyhow the poor Christians are left in the lurch," said the churchwarden; "for, I suppose, Brown, if you don't undertake it, it'll go into Chancery. Oh! I don't pretend to know; but it's natural to suppose, of course, that it would go into Chancery, and stand empty with all the windows broken for twenty years. But couldn't they make you undertake it whether you pleased or no? I am only saying what occurs to me; of course, I'm not a lawyer—I can't know."

"Well, never mind," said Mr. Brown; "I cannot undertake to say just at this identical moment what I shall do. I don't like the atmosphere of this place, and there's nothing more to be done just now that I know of. We had better go."

"But the house—and Nancy—some conclusion must be come to directly. What will you do about them?" said the rector.

"To be sure! I don't doubt there's plate and jewellery and such things about—they ought to be sealed and secured, and that sort of thing," said the still more energetic lay functionary. "For anything we know, she might have money in old stockings all about the house. I shouldn't be surprised at anything, after what we've heard to-day. Twenty thousand pounds! and a daughter! If any one had told me that old Mrs. Thomson had either the one or the other yesterday at this time, I should have said they were crazy. Certainly, Brown, the cupboards and desks and so forth should be examined and sealed up. It is your duty to Phoebe Thomson. You must do your duty to Phoebe Thomson, or she'll get damages of you. I suppose so—you ought to know."

"Confound Phoebe Thomson!" said the attorney, with great unction; "but notwithstanding, come along, let us get out of this. As for her jewellery and her old stock-

ings, they must take their chance. I can't stand it any longer—pah! there's no air to breathe. How did the old witch ever manage to live to eighty here?"

"You must not call her by such improper epithets. I have no doubt she was a good woman," said the rector; "and recollect, really, you owe a little respect to a person who was only buried to-day."

"If she were to be buried to-morrow," cried the irreverent attorney, making his way first out of the narrow doorway, "I know one man who would have nothing to do with the obsequies. Why, look here! what right had that old humbug to saddle me with her duties, after neglecting them all her life; and, with that bribe implied, to lure me to undertake the job, too. Ah, the old wretch! don't let us speak of her. As for respect, I don't owe her a particle—that is a consolation. I knew something of the kind of creature she was before to-day."

So saying, John Brown thrust his hands into his pockets, shrugged up his shoulders, and went off at a startling pace up the quiet street. It was a very quiet street in the outskirts of a very quiet little town. The back of the house which they had just left was on a line with the road—a blank wall, broken only by one long staircase-window. The front was to the garden, entering by a little side-gate, through which the indignant executor had just hurried, crunching the gravel under his rapid steps. A line of such houses, doleful and monotonous, with all the living part of them concealed in their gardens, formed one side of the street along which he passed so rapidly. The other side consisted of humbler habitations, meekly contented to look at their neighbours' back-windows. When John Brown had shot far ahead of his late companions, who followed together, greatly interested in this new subject of talk, his rapid course was interrupted for a moment. Bessie Christian came running across the street from one

of the little houses. She had no bonnet on, and her black dress made her blonde complexion and light hair look clearer and fairer than ever; and when the lawyer drew up all at once to hear what she had to say, partly from compassion, partly from curiosity, it did not fail to strike him how like a child she was, approaching him thus simply with her message. "Oh, Mr. Brown," cried Bessie, out of breath, "I want to speak to you. If you will ask Nancy, I am sure she can give you whatever information is to be had about—about aunt's friends. She has been with aunt all her life. I thought I would tell you in case you might think, after what mamma said——"

"I did not think anything about it," said Mr. Brown.

"That we knew something, and would not tell you; but we don't know anything," said Bessie. "I never heard of Phœbe Thomson before."

Mr. Brown shrugged up his shoulders higher than ever, and thrust his hands deeper into his pockets. "Thank you," he said, a little ungraciously. "I should have spoken to Nancy, of course, in any case; but I'm sure it's very kind of you to take the trouble—good-by."

Bessie went back blushing and disconcerted; and the rector and the churchwarden, coming gradually up on the other side of the road, seeing her eager approach and downcast withdrawal, naturally wondered to each other what she could want with Brown, and exchanged condolences on the fact that Brown's manners were wonderfully bearish—really too bad. Brown, in the

mean time, without thinking anything about his manners, hurried along to his office. He was extremely impatient of the whole concern; it vexed him unconsciously to see Bessie Christian; it even occurred to him that the sight of her and of her mother about would make his unwelcome office all the more galling to him. In addition to all the annoyance and trouble, here would be a constant suggestion that he had wronged these people. He rushed into his private sanctuary the most uncomfortable man in Carlingford. An honest, selfish, inoffensive citizen, injuring no one, if perhaps he did not help so many as he might have done—what grievous fault had he committed to bring upon him such a misfortune as this?

The will which had caused so much conversation was to this purport. It bequeathed all the property of which Mrs. Thomson of Grove Street died possessed, to John Brown, attorney in Carlingford, in trust for Phœbe Thomson, the only child of the testatrix, who had not seen or heard of her for thirty years; and in case of all lawful means to find the said Phœbe Thomson proving unsuccessful, at the end of three years the property in question was bequeathed to John Brown, his heirs and administrators, absolutely and in full possession. No wonder it raised a ferment in the uncommunicative bosom of the Carlingford attorney, and kept the town in talk for more than nine days. Mrs. Thomson had died possessed of twenty thousand pounds; such an event had not happened at Carlingford in the memory of man.

CHAPTER II.

The divers emotions excited by this very unexpected occurrence may be better evidenced by the manner in which the evening of that day was spent in various houses in Carlingford than by any other means.

First, in the little house of the Christians. It was a cottage on the other side of Grove Street—a homely little, box of two stories, with a morsel of garden in front, and some vegetables behind. There, on that spring afternoon, matters

did not look cheerful. 'The little sitting-room was deserted—the fire had died out—the hearth was unswept—the room in a litter. Bessie's pupils had not come to-day. They had got holiday three days ago, in happy anticipation of being dismissed for ever; and only their young teacher's prudential remonstrances had prevented poor Mrs. Christian from making a little speech to them, and telling them all that henceforward Miss Christian would have other occupations, but would always be fond of them, and glad to see her little friends in their new house. To make that speech would have delighted Mrs. Christian's heart. She had managed, however, to convey the meaning of it by many a fatal hint and allusion. In this work of self-destruction the poor woman had been only too successful; for already the mothers of the little girls had begun to inquire into the terms and capabilities of other teachers, and the foundations of Bessie's little empire were shaken and tottering, though fortunately they did not know of it to-day. Everything was very cold, dismal, and deserted in that little parlour. Faint sounds overhead were the only sounds audible in the house; sometimes a foot moving over the creaky boards: now and then a groan. Upstairs there were two rooms; one a close, curtained, fire-lighted, stifling, invalid's room. There was Bessie sitting listlessly by a table, upon which were the familiar tea-things, which conveyed no comfort to-night; and there was her paralytic father sitting helpless, sometimes shaking his head, sometimes grumbling out faint half-articulate words, sighs, and exclamations. "Dear, dear! ah! well! that's what it has come to!" said the sick man, hushed by long habit into a sort of spectatorship, and feeling even so great a disappointment rather by way of sympathy than personal emotion. Bessie sat listless by, feeling a vague exasperation at this languid running accompaniment to her thoughts.

The future had been blotted out suddenly, and at a blow, from Bessie's eyes. She could see nothing before her—nothing but this dark, monotonous, aching present moment, pervaded by the dropping sounds of that faint, half-articulate voice. Other scene was not to dawn upon her youth. It was hard for poor Bessie. She sat silent in the stifling room, with the bed and its hangings between her and the window, and the fire scorching her cheek. She could neither cry, nor scold, nor blame anybody. None of the resources of despair were possible to her. She knew it would have to go on again all the same, and that now things never would be any better. She could not run away from the prospect before her. It was not so much the continuance of poverty, of labour, of all the dreadful pinches of thrift; it was the end of possibility—the knowledge that now there was no longer anything to expect.

On the other side of the passage Bessie's own sleeping-room was inhabited by a restless fever of disappointment and despair and hope. There was Mrs. Christian lying on her daughter's bed. The poor woman was half-crazed with the whirl of passion in her brain. That intolerable sense of having been duped and deceived, of actually having a hand in the overthrow of all her own hopes, aggravated her natural disappointment into frenzy. When she recollected her state of exultation that morning, her confident intentions—when they were to remove, what changes were to be in their manner of life, even what house they were to occupy—it is not wonderful if the veins swelled in her poor head, and all her pulses throbbed with the misery of the contrast. But with all this there mingled a vindictive personal feeling still more exciting. Nancy, whom she knew more of than any one else did—her close, secret, unwavering enemy; and even the innocent lawyer, whom, in her present condition of mind, she could not

believe not to have known of the dreadful cheat practised upon her, or not to care for that prize which now that it was lost, seemed to her worth everything that was precious in life. The poor creature lay goading herself into madness with thoughts of how she would be revenged upon these enemies; how she would watch, and track out, and reveal their hidden plots against her; how she would triumph over and crush them. All these half-frenzied cogitations were secretly pervaded—a still more maddening exasperation—by a consciousness of her own impotence. The evening came creeping in, growing dark around her—silence fell over the little house, where nobody moved or spoke, and where all the world, the heavens, and the earth, seemed changed since this morning; but the wonder was how that silence could contain her—all palpitating with pangs and plans, a bleeding, infuriated, wounded creature—and show no sign of the frenzy it covered. She had lain down to rest, as the saying is. How many women are there who go thus to a voluntary crucifixion and torture by lying down to rest! Mrs. Christian lay with her dry eyes blazing through the darkness, no more able to sleep than she was to do all that her burning fancy described to her. She was a hot-blooded Celtic woman, of that primitive island which has preserved her name. If she could have sought sympathy, here was nobody to bestow it. Not the heart which that poor ghost of manhood in the next room had lost out of his chilled bewildered bosom; not Bessie's steadfast, unexcited spirit. The poor soul saved herself from going wild by thinking of her boy; holding out her passionate arms to him thousands of miles away; setting him forth as the deliverer, with all the absolute folly of love and passion. He would come home and have justice done to his mother. Never fancy was more madly unreasonable; but it saved her from some

of the effects of the agitation in her heart.

On the other side of the road, at the same hour, Nancy prepared her tea in the house of which she was temporary mistress. There could not be any doubt, to look at her now, that this tall, dry, withered figure, and face full of characteristic wrinkles, was like Mrs. Christian. The resemblance had been noticed by many. And as old Mrs. Thomson had not hesitated to avow that her faithful servant was connected with her by some distant bond of relationship, it was not difficult to imagine that these two were really related, though both denied it strenuously. Nancy had a friend with her to tea. They were in the cheerful kitchen, which had a window to the garden, and a window in the side wall of the house, by which a glimpse of the street might be obtained through the garden gate. The firelight shone pleasantly through the cheerful apartment. All the peculiar ornaments of a kitchen—the covers, the crockery, the polished sparkles of shining pewter and brass—adorned the walls. Through it all went Nancy in her new black dress and ample snowy-white apron. She carried her head high, and moved with a certain rhythmical elation. It is surely an unphilosophical conclusion that there is no real enjoyment in wickedness. Nancy had no uneasiness in her triumph. The more she realised what her victory must have cost her opponent, the more entire grew her satisfaction. Remorse might have mixed with her exultation had she had any pity in her, but she had not; and, in consequence, it was with unalloyed pleasure that she contemplated the overthrow of her adversary. Perhaps the very satisfaction of a good man in a good action is inferior to the absolute satisfaction with which, by times, a bad man is permitted to contemplate the issue of his wickedness. Nancy marched about her kitchen,

preparing her tea with an enjoyment which possibly would not have attended a benevolent exercise of her powers. Possibly she could almost have painted to herself, line by line, the dark tableau of that twilight room where Mrs. Christian lay, driving herself crazy with wild thoughts. She did the gloom of the picture full justice. If she could have peeped into the window and seen it with her own eyes, she would have enjoyed the sight.

"I'll make Mr. Brown keep me in the house," said Nancy, sitting down at a table piled with good things, and which looked an embodiment of kitchen luxury and comfort, "and get me a girl. It was what missis always meant to do. I'll show it to him out of the will that I was left in trust to be made comfortable. And in course of nature her things all comes to me. It's a deal easier to deal with a single gentleman than if there was a lady poking her nose about into everything. Thank my stars, upstarts such like as them Christians shall never lord it over me; and now I have more of my own way, I'll be glad to see you of an evening whenever you can comfortable. Bring a bit of work, and we'll have a quiet chat. I consider myself settled for life."

The young surgeon's house was at the other end of the town; it was close to a region of half-built streets—for Carlingford was a prosperous town—where successive colonies were settling, where houses were damp and drainage incomplete, and a good practice to be had with pains. The house had a genteel front to the road, a lamp over the door, and a little surgery round the corner, where it gave forth the sheen of its red and blue bottles across a whole half-finished district. Mr. Rider had come home tired, unaccountably tired. He had kicked off one boot, and taken a cigar from his case and forgotten to light it. He sat plunged in his easy-chair in a drear brown study—a

brown study inaccessible to the solaces which generally make such states of mind endurable. His cigar went astray among the confused properties of his writing-table; the book he had been reading last night lay rejected in the farthest corner of the room. He was insensible to the charms of dressing-gown and slippers. On the whole, he was in a very melancholy, sullen, not to say savage mood. He sat and gazed fiercely into the fire, chewing the cud of fancies, in which very little of the sweet seemed to mingle with the bitter. He had been the medical attendant of Mrs. Thomson of Grove Street, and had assisted this afternoon at her funeral, and you might have supposed he had hastened the advent of that melancholy day, had you seen his face.

On the whole, it was a hard dilemma in which the poor young man found himself. He, too, like Nancy, kept realising the interior of that other little house in Grove Street. Both of them, by dint of that acquaintance with their neighbours which everybody has in a small community, came to a moderately correct guess at what was going on there. Young Mr. Rider sat in heavy thought, sometimes bursting out into violent gestures which fortunately nobody witnessed; sometimes uttering sighs which all but blew out his lights—impatient, urgent sighs, not of melancholy but of anger and resistance—the sighs of a young man who found circumstances intolerable, and yet was obliged to confess, with sore mortification and humbling, that he could not mend them, and behaved to endure. The visions that kept gliding across his eyes drove him half as wild as poor Mrs. Christian: one moment a pretty young wife, all the new house wanted to make it fully tenable; but he had scarcely brought her across the threshold when a ghastly figure in a chair was carried over it after her, upstairs into the bridal apartments, and another woman, soured and drawn

awry by pressure of poverty, constitutionally shabby, vehement, and high-tempered, pervaded the new habitation. No use saying pshaw! and pah!—no use swearing bigger oaths, —no use pitching unoffending books into the corners, or breathing out those short deep breaths of desperation. This was in reality the state of affairs. Midnight did not change the aspect it had worn in the morning. Pondering all the night through would bring no light on the subject. Nothing could change those intolerable circumstances. The poor young surgeon threw his coat of in the heat and urgency of his thoughts, and pitched it from him like the books. There was no comfort or solace to be found in all that world of fancy. Only this morning sweeter dreams had filled this disordered apartment. In imagination, he had helped his Bessie to minister to the comfort of the poor old sick parents in Mrs. Thomson's house. Now he knitted his brows desperately over it, but could find no outlet. Unless some good fairy sent him a patient in the middle of the night, the chances were that the morning would find him pursuing that same interminable brown study of which nothing could come.

Mr. Brown's house was an old house in the middle of the town. The offices were in the lower floor, occupying one side of the building. On the other side of the wide old-fashioned hall was his dining-room. There he sat all by himself upon this agitating night. It was a large, lofty, barely-furnished room, with wainscoted walls, and curious stiff panelling, and a high mantel-shelf which he, though a tall man, could scarcely reach with his arm. It was dimly lighted, as well as barely furnished—altogether an inhuman, desert place—the poorest though the grandest of all we have yet looked into in Carlingford. Mr. Brown was not sensible of its inhospitable aspect; he was used to it, and that was enough. It occurred to him as

little to criticise his house as to criticise his manners. Thus they *were*, and thus they would continue, at least he had always believed so till to night.

He sat in his easy-chair with his feet on the fender, and a little table at his elbow with his wine. As long as there was anything in his glass he sipped it by habit, without being aware of what he was doing; but when the glass was empty, though he had two or three times raised it empty to his lips, he was too much absorbed in his thoughts to replenish it. He was not, by any means a handsome man; and he was five-and-forty or thereabouts, and had a habit of making portentous faces, when anyway specially engaged in thought; so that, on the whole, it was not a highly attractive or interesting figure which reclined back in the crimson chair, and stretched its slippered feet to the fire, sole inmate of the dim, spacious, vacant room. He was thinking over his new position with profound disgust and perplexity. Nevertheless it cannot be denied that the subject lured him on, and drew out into stretches of imagination far beyond his wont;—hunting all the world over after Phœbe Thomson! But, after all, that was only a preliminary step; he was required only to use reasonable means, and for three years. If she turned up, there was an end of it; if she did not turn up— Here Mr. Brown sprang up hurriedly and assumed the favourite position of Englishmen in front of the fire. There, all glittering in the distance, rose up, solid and splendid, an appearance which few men could see without emotion—twenty thousand pounds! It was not life and death to him, as it was to poor Mrs. Christian. It did not make all the difference between sordid want and comfortable existence; but you may well believe it did not appear before the lawyer's eyes without moving him into a considerable degree of excitement. Such a fairy apparition had never appeared before in

that cold, spacious, uninhabited room. Involuntarily to himself, Mr. Brown saw his house expand, his life open out, his condition change. Roseate lights dropped into the warming atmosphere which had received that vision; the fairy wand waved through the dim air before him in spite of all his sobriety. The wiles of the enchantress lured John Brown as effectually as if he had not been five-and-forty, an old bachelor, and an attorney; and after half an hour of these slowly-growing, half-conscious, half-resisted thoughts, any chance that had brought the name of the dead woman's lost daughter to his memory, would have called forth a very different "confound Phœbe Thomson!" from that which burst from his troubled lips in the house in Grove Street. Possibly it was some such feeling which roused him up a moment after, when the great cat came softly purring to his feet and rubbed against his slippers. Mr. Brown started violently, thrust puss away, flung himself back into his chair, grew very red, and murmured something about "an ass!" ashamed to detect himself in his own vain imaginations. But that sudden waking up did not last. After he had filled his glass and emptied it—after he had stirred his fire, and made a little noise, with some vague idea of dispelling the spell he was under—the fairy returned and re-took possession under a less agreeable aspect. Suppose *he* were to be enriched, what was to become of the poor Christians? They were not very near relations, and the old woman had a right to leave her money where she liked. Still there was a human heart in John Brown's bosom. Somehow that little episode in the street returned to his recollection; Bessie running across, light and noiseless, with her message. How young the creature must be after all, to have so much to do. Poor little Bessie! she had not only lost her chance of being a great fortune, and one of the genteel young ladies

of Carlingford, but she had lost her chance of the doctor, and his new house and rising practice. Shabby fellow! to leave the pretty girl he was fond of, because she was a good girl, and was everything to her old father and mother. "I wonder will they say that's my fault too?" said John Brown to himself; and stumbled up to his feet again on the stimulus of that thought, with a kind of sheepish, not unpleasant embarrassment, and a foolish half-smile upon his face. Somehow at that moment, looking before him, as he had done so many hundred times standing on his own hearthrug, it occurred to him all at once what a bare room this was that he spent his evenings in—what an inhuman, chilly, penurious place! scarcely more homelike than that bit of open street, across which Bessie came tripping this afternoon, wanting to speak to him. Nobody wanted to speak to him here. No wonder he had a threatening of rheumatism last winter. What a cold, wretched barn of a room! He could not help wondering to himself whether the drawing-room was any better. In the new start his long-dormant imagination had taken, John Brown actually shivered in the moral coldness of his spacious, lonely apartment. In his mind he daresaid that the Christians looked a great deal more comfortable in that little box of theirs, with that poor little girl working, and teaching, and keeping all straight. What a fool that young doctor was! what if he did work a little harder to make the old people an allowance? However, it was no business of his. With a sigh of general discontent Mr. Brown pulled his bell violently, and had the fire made up, and asked for his tea. His tea! he never touched it when it came, but sat pshawing and humphing at it, making himself indignant over that fool of a young doctor. And what if these poor people, sour and sore after their misfortune, should think that this too was *his* fault?

CHAPTER III.

Next morning Mr. Brown, with his hands in his pockets and his shoulders up to his ears as usual, went down at his ordinary rapid pace to old Mrs. Thomson's house. Nancy had locked the house-door, which, like an innocent almost rural door as it was, opened from without. She was upstairs, very busy in a most congenial occupation—turning out the old lady's wardrobe, and investigating the old stores of lace and fur and jewellery. She knew them pretty well by heart before; but now that, according to her idea they were her own, everything naturally acquired a new value. She had laid them out in little heaps, each by itself, on the dressing-table; a faintly glittering row of old rings and brooches, most of them entirely valueless, though Nancy was not aware of that. On the bed—the bed where two days ago that poor old pallid figure still lay in solemn ownership of the “property” around it—Nancy had spread forth her mistress's ancient boas and vast muffs, half a century old: most of them were absolutely dropping to pieces; but as long as they held together with any sort of integrity, Nancy was not the woman to lessen the number of her possessions. The bits of lace were laid out upon the old sofa, each at full length. With these delightful accumulations all around her, Nancy was happy. She had entered, as she supposed, upon an easier and more important life. Mistress of the empty house and all its contents, she carried herself with an air of elation and independence which she had never ventured to display before. No doubt had ever crossed her mind on the subject. She had taken it for granted that the expulsion of the Christians meant only her own triumph. She had even taken credit, both to herself and other people, for greater guiltiness than

she really had incurred. The will was not her doing, though Mrs. Christian said so and Nancy was willing to believe as much; but she was glad to be identified as the cause of it, and glad to feel that she was the person who would enjoy the benefit. She was in this holiday state of mind, enjoying herself among her supposed treasures, when she was interrupted by the repeated and imperative demands for entrance made by Mr. Brown at the locked door.

Nancy went down to open it, but not in too great a hurry. She was rather disposed to patronise the attorney. She put on her white apron, and went to the door, spreading it down with a leisurely hand. To Nancy's surprise and amazement, Mr. Brown plunged in without taking any notice of her. He went into the parlour, looked all around, then went up-stairs, three steps at a time, into the best parlour, uncomfortably near the scene of Nancy's operations. There was the old cabinet for which he had been looking. When he saw it he called to her to look here. Nancy, who had followed him close, came forward immediately. He was shaking the door of the cabinet to see if it was locked. It was a proceeding of which Nancy did not approve.

“I suppose this is where she kept her papers,” said Mr. Brown, “get me the keys. I want to see what's to be found among her papers touching this daughter of hers. You had better bring me *all* the keys. Make haste, for I have not any time to lose.”

“Missis never kept any papers there,” said Nancy, alarmed and a little anxious. “There's the best china tea-set and the silver service—that's all you'll find there.”

“Bring me the keys, however,” said Mr. Brown. “Where did she keep her papers, eh? You know all

about her, I suppose. Do you know anything about Phoebe Thomson, that I've got to hunt up? She was Mrs. Thomson's daughter, I understand. What caused her to leave her mother? I suppose you know. What is she? How much can you tell me about her?"

"As much as anybody living," said Nancy, too well pleased to divert him from his inquiries after the keys. "I was but a girl when it happened; but I remember it like yesterday. She went off—missis never liked to have it mentioned," said Nancy, coming to a dead stop.

"Go on," cried Mr. Brown; "she can't hear you now, can she? Go on."

"She went off with a soldier—that's the truth. They were married after; but missis never thought that mattered. He was a common man, and as plain a looking fellow as you'd see anywhere. Missis cast her off, and would have nothing to say to her. She over-persuaded me, and I let her in one night; but missis wouldn't look at her. She never came back. She was hurt in her feelin's. We never heard of her more."

"Nor asked after her, I suppose?" said the lawyer, indignant. "Do you mean the old wretch never made any inquiry about her own child?"

"Meaning missis?" said Nancy. "No—I don't know as she ever did. She said she'd disown her; and she was a woman as always kept her word."

"Old beast!" said John Brown between his teeth; "but look here; if she's married, she is not Phoebe Thomson. What's her name?"

"I can't tell," said Nancy, looking a little frightened. "Sure, neither she is—to think of us never remarking that? But dear, dear! will that make any difference to the will?"

Mr. Brown smiled grimly, but made no answer. "Have you got anything else to tell me about her? Did she ever write to her mother? Do you

know what regiment it is or where it was at that time?" said the attorney. "Think what you are about, and tell me clearly—what year was she married, and where were you at the time?"

Nancy grew nervous under this close questioning. She lost her self-possession and all her fancied importance. "We were in the Isle o' Man, where the Christians come from. I was born there myself. Missis's friends were mostly there. It was by her husband's side she belonged to Carlingford. It was about a two miles out of Douglas—a kind of farmhouse. It was the year—the year—I was fifteen," said Nancy, faltering.

"And how old are you now?" said the inexorable questioner, who had taken out his memorandum-book.

Nancy dropped into a chair and began to sob. "It's hard on a person bringing things back," said Nancy,—and to think if she should actually turn up again just as she was! As for living in the house with her, I couldn't think of such a thing. Sally Christian, or some poor-spirited person might do it, but not me as am used to be my own mistress," cried Nancy, with increasing agitation. "She had the temper of — oh! she was her mother's temper. Dear, dear! to think as she might be alive and come back to put all wrong. It was in the year 'eight—that's the year it was."

"Then you didn't think she would come back," said Mr. Brown.

"It's a matter of five-and-thirty years; and not knowing even her name, nor the number of the regiment, nor nothing — as I don't," said Nancy, cautiously; "and never hearing nothing about her, what was a person to think? And if it's just Phoebe Thomson you're inquiring after, and don't say nothing about the marriage nor the regiment, you may seek long enough before you find her," said Nancy, with a glance of what was intended to be private intelligence between herself and her

questioner, "and all correct to the will."

Mr. Brown put up his memorandum-book sharply in his pocket. "Bring me the keys. Look here, bring me *all* the keys," he said. "What's in this other room, eh! It was her bedroom, I suppose. Hollo, what's all this?"

For all Nancy's precautions had not been able to ward off this catastrophe. He pushed into the room, she had left to admit him, where all her treasures were exhibited. His quick eye glanced round in an instant, and understood it. Trembling as Nancy was with new alarms, she had still strength to make one struggle.

"Missis's things fall to me," said Nancy, half in assertion, half in entreaty; "that's how it always is: the servant gets the lady's wardrobe—the servant as has nursed her and done for her, when there's no daughter—that's always understood."

"Bring me the keys," said Mr. Brown.

The keys were in the open wardrobe, a heavy bunch. John Brown seized hold of the furs on the bed and began to toss them into the wardrobe. Some of them dropped in pieces in his hands and were tossed out again. He took no notice of the lace or the trinkets, but swiftly locked every keyhole he could find in the room—drawers, boxes, cupboards, everything. Nancy looked on with fierce exclamations. She would have her rights—she was not to be put upon. She would have the law of him. She would let everybody know how he was taking upon himself as if he was the master of the house.

"And so I am, my good woman; when will you be ready to leave it?" said Mr. Brown. "You shall have due time to get ready, and I won't refuse you the trumpery you've set your heart upon. Judging from the specimen, it won't do Phœbe Thomson much good. But not in this sort of way, you know. I must put a stop to this. Now let me hear

what's the earliest day you can leave the house."

"I am not going to leave the house!" cried Nancy; "I've lived here thirty years, and here I'll die. Missis's meaning was to leave me in the house, and make me comfortable for life. Many's the time she's said so. Do you think you're going to order *me* about just as you please? What do you suppose she left the property like that for but to spite the Christians, and to leave a good home to me?"

"When will you be ready to leave?" repeated Mr. Brown, without paying the least attention to her outcries and excitement.

"I tell you I'm not agoing to leave!" screamed Nancy. "To leave?—*me*!—no, not for all the upstarts in Carlingford, if they was doubled and tripled. My missis meant me to stay here comfortable all my days. She meant me to have a girl and make myself comfortable. Many and many's the time she's said so."

"But she did not say so in the will," said the inexorable executor; "and so out you must go, and that very shortly. Now don't say anything. It is no use fighting with me. You'll be well treated if you leave directly and quietly; otherwise, you shan't have anything. The other keys, please. Now mind what I say. You're quite able to make a noise and a disturbance, but you're not able to resist me. You shall have time to make your preparations and look out another home for yourself; but take care you don't compel me to use severe measures—that's enough."

"But I won't!—not if you drag me over the stones. I won't go. I'll speak to Mr. Curtis," cried the unfortunate Nancy.

"Pshaw!" said John Brown. Mr. Curtis was the other attorney in Carlingford, the one whom probably Mrs. Christian had in her mind when she threatened him with her solicitor. He laughed to himself angrily as he went down stairs. If he was to undertake this

troublesome business, at least he was not going to be hampered by a parcel of furious women. When he had locked up everything and was leaving the house, Nancy threw open an upper window and threw a malediction after him. "You'll never find her! It'll go back to them as it belongs to," shouted Nancy. He smiled to himself again as he turned away. Was it possible that John Brown began to think it might be as well if he never did find her? The prophecy certainly was not unpleasant to him, though poor Nancy meant it otherwise. Mr. Brown hurried up the monotonous side of Grove Street, we are afraid not without a little private exhilaration in the thought that Phœbe Thomson was not unlike the proverbial needle in the bundle of hay. The chances were she was dead years ago; and though he would neither lose a minute in beginning, nor leave any means unused in pursuing the search for her, it was certain he would not be inconsolable if he never heard any more of Phœbe Thomson. Doubtless he would not have acknowledged so much in words, and did not even have any express confidences with himself on the subject, lest his own mind might have been shocked by the disclosure of its involuntary sentiment. Still he took an interest in Mrs. Thomson's bequest, greater than he took in the properties intrusted to him by his other clients. He could not help himself. He felt affectionately interested in that twenty thousand pounds.

But as he came up to it, John Brown remembered, with a little interest, that spot of the quiet street where Bessie, yesterday, ran across to speak to him. He could not help recalling her appearance as she approached him, though young girls were greatly out of his way. Poor Bessie! The baker's cart occupied at that moment the spot which Bessie had crossed; and one of the Carlingford ladies was leaving the door of the Christians' little house.

Mr. Brown, though no man was less given to colloquies with his acquaintances in the street, crossed over to speak to her. He could not help being interested in everything about that melancholy little house, nor feeling that the very sight of it was a reproach to his thoughts. Poor Bessie! there she stood yesterday in her black frock—the light-footed, soft-voiced creature—not much more than a child beside the middle-aged old bachelor who could find it in his heart to be harsh to her. Across that very spot he passed hastily, with many compunctions in the mind which had been roused so much out of its usual ways of thinking by the events and cogitations of the last four-and-twenty hours. The lady to whom he paid such a marked token of respect was quite flattered and excited to meet him. He was the hero of the day at Carlingford. The last account of this extraordinary affair was doubtless to be had from himself.

"You've been at the Christians'. I suppose you were there for some purpose so early in the morning," said the abrupt Mr. Brown, after the necessary salutations were over.

"Yes—but I am a very early person," said the lady. "Oh, forgive me. I know quite well you don't care to hear what sort of a person I am; but really, Mr. Brown, now that you are quite the hero of the moment yourself, do let me congratulate you. They say there is not a chance of finding this Phœbe Thomson. Some people even say she is a myth and never existed; and that it was only a device of the old lady to give her an excuse for leaving you the money. Dear me! *did* you ask me a question? I forget. I am really so interested to see *you*."

"I like an answer when it's practicable," said the lawyer. "I said I supposed you were about some business at Miss Christian's house?"

"I must answer you this time, mustn't I, or you won't talk to me any longer?" said the playful in-

terlocutor, whom John Brown could have addressed in terms other than complimentary. "Yes, poor thing. I've been at Miss Christian's, and, on a disagreeable business too, in the present circumstances. We are going to send our Mary away to a finishing-school. So I had to tell poor Bessie we shouldn't want any more music-lessons after this quarter. I was very sorry, I am sure—and there was Mrs. Mayor taking her little girls away from the morning-class. When they expected to get Mrs. Thomson's money they had been a little careless, I suppose; and to give three days' holiday in the middle of the quarter, without any reason for it but an old person's death, you know—a death *out* of the house—is trying to people's feelings; and Mrs. Christian had given everybody to understand that *her* daughter would soon have no occasion for teaching. People don't like these sort of things; and Mrs. Mayor heard of somebody else a little nearer, who is said to be very good at bringing on little children. I said all I could to induce her to change her mind; but I believe they're to leave next quarter. Poor Bessie! I am very sorry for her, I am sure."

"And this is how you ladies comfort a good young woman when she meets with a great disappointment?" said John Brown.

"La!—a disappointment! You know that only means *one thing* to a girl," said the lady, "but you're always so severe. Bessie has had no *disappointment*, as people understand the word; yet there's young Dr. Rider, you know, very attentive, and I do hope he'll propose directly, and set it all right for her, poor thing, for she's a dear good girl. But to hear *you* speak so—of all people—Mr. Brown. Why, isn't it your fault? I declare I would hate you if I was Bessie Christian. If the doctor were to be off too, and she really had a disappointment, it would be dreadfully hard upon her, poor girl; but it's to be hoped things will turn out better than that. Good

morning! but you have not told me a word about your own story—all Carlingford is full of it. People say you are the luckiest man!"

These words overtook, rather than were addressed to, him as he hurried off indignant. John Brown was not supposed to be an observant person, but somehow he saw the genteel people of Carlingford about the streets that day in a surprisingly distinct manner—saw them eager to get a little occupation for themselves anyhow—saw them coming out for their walks, and their shopping, and their visits, persuading themselves by such means that they were busy people, virtuously employed, and making use of their life. What was Bessie doing? Mr. Brown thought he would like to see her, and that he would not like to see her. It was painful to think of being anyhow connected with an arrangement which condemned to that continued labour such a young soft creature—a creature so like, and yet so unlike, those other smiling young women who were enjoying their youth. And just because it was painful Mr. Brown could not take his thoughts off that subject. If Phœbe Thomson turned up he should certainly try to induce her to do something for the relations whom her mother had disappointed so cruelly. If Phœbe Thomson did not turn up—well, what then?—if she didn't? Mr. Brown could not tell: it would be his duty to do something. But, in the mean time, he did nothing except shake his fist at young Rider's drag as it whirled the doctor past to his patients, and repeat the "shabby fellow!" of last night with an air of disgust. John Brown had become very popular just at that moment; all his friends invited him to dinner, and dropped in to hear about this story which had electrified Carlingford. And all over the town the unknown entity called Phœbe Thomson was discussed in every possible kind of hypothesis, and assumed a different character in the hands of every knot of gossips. Nobody thought of Bessie Christian; but more and more as nobody

thought of her, that light little figure running across the quiet street, and wanting to speak to him, impressed itself like a picture upon the retentive but not very fertile imagination of Mrs. Thomson's executor. It troubled, and vexed, and irritated, and unsettled him. One little pair

of willing hands—one little active cheerful soul—and all the burden of labour, and patience, and dread monotony of life that God had allotted to that pretty creature; how it could be, and nobody step in to prevent it, was a standing marvel to John Brown.

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Brown was well known everywhere as a famous business man—not perhaps in that sense so familiar to modern observers, which implies the wildest flights of speculation, and such skilful arts of bookmaking as ruin themselves by their very cleverness. Mr. Brown did not allow the grass to grow below his feet; his advertisement perpetually led off that list of advertisements in the *Times* which convey so many skeleton romances to a curious public. All over the country people began to entertain guesses about that Phoebe Thomson who was to hear something so much to her own advantage; and Phoebe Thomson answered to the call through all the breadth of the three kingdoms. Mr. Brown had a detective officer in his pay for the whole year. He made journeys himself, and sent this secret agent on innumerable journeys. He discovered the regiment, a detachment of which had been stationed at the Isle of Man during the year 1808; he went to the island; he left no means untried of finding out this hypothetical person. Nearer at home, Mr. Brown had made short work of Nancy, who, too deeply mortified by the failure of her hopes to remain in Carlingford, had returned to her native place with a moderate pension, her own savings, and her mistress's old clothes, not so badly satisfied on the whole, but still a defeated woman. While poor Mrs. Christian, compelled by sore dint of time and trouble to give up her forlorn hope of getting justice done her, and reclaiming the wealth that had been so nearly hers from the hands of

Mr. Brown, was half reconciled to him by his summary dealings with her special enemy. A whole year had passed, and other things had happened at Carlingford. Everybody now did not talk of Mrs. Thomson's extraordinary will, and John Brown's wonderful chance of coming into twenty thousand pounds. People had even given over noting that the young doctor had thought better of that foolish fancy of his for Bessie Christian. All the persons in this little drama had relapsed into the shade. It was a very heavy shadow so far as Grove Street was concerned. The little pupils had fallen off, collected again, fallen off once more. If the cheerful glimmer of firelight had never failed in the sick-room—if the helpless old father, sitting in that calm of infirmity and age, making comments which would have irritated his careful attendants beyond bearing if they had not been used to them, never missed anything of his usual comforts—nobody knew at what cost these comforts were bought. But there did come a crisis in which patience and courage, and the steadfast soul which had carried the young breadwinner through the drear monotony of that year, failed her at last. Her mother, who was of a different temper from Bessie, and had gone through a thousand despairs and revivals before the young creature at her side began to droop, saw that the time had come when everything was at stake; and, more reluctantly and slowly, Bessie herself came to see it. She could not set her back against the wall of that

little house of theirs and meet every assailant; she could not tide it out in heroic silence, and abstinence alike from comfort and complaint. That was her natural impulse: and the victory, if slow, would have been certain: so Bessie thought at least. But want was at the door, and they could not afford to wait; something else must be attempted. Bessie must go out into the market-place and seek new masters—there was no longer work for her here.

This was how the scene was shifted in the following conclusive act.

John Brown, travelling, and fuming and aggravating himself much over the loss of his time and the distraction of his thoughts, was in London that day—a May-day, when everybody was in London. He had seen his detective, and no further intelligence had been obtained. Phoebe Thomson was as far off as ever—farther off: for now that all these efforts had been made, it was clear that either she must be dead or in some quarter of the world impervious to newspaper advertisements and detective officers. Mr. Brown bore the disappointment with a very good grace. He felt contented now to slacken his efforts; he even felt as if he himself were already the possessor of old Mrs. Thomson's twenty thousand pounds. As he went leisurely through the streets, he paused before one of those "Scholastic Agency" offices which abound in the civilised end of London. It was in the ground-floor of a great faded, sombre house, in a street near St. James's Park—a place of aching interest to some people in that palpitating world of human interests. It occurred to Mr. Brown to go in and see if there were any lists to be looked over. Phoebe Thomson might have a daughter who might be a governess. It was an absurd idea enough, and he knew it to be so; nevertheless he swung open the green baize door.

Inside, before the desk, stood a little figure which he knew well, still in that black dress which she

had worn when she ran across Grove Street and wanted to speak to him; with a curl of the light hair, which looked so fair and full of colour on her black shawl, escaped from under her bonnet, talking softly and eagerly to the clerk. Was there no other place he could send her to? She had come up from the country, and was so very reluctant to go down without hearing of something. The man shook his head, and read over to her several entries in his book. Bessie turned round speechless towards the door. Seeing some one standing there, she lifted her eyes full upon John Brown. Troubled and yet steady, full of tears yet clear and seeing clear, shining blue like the skies, *with a great patience*, these eyes encountered the unexpected familiar face. If she felt an additional pang in seeing him, or if any grudge against the supplanter of her family trembled in Bessie's heart, it made no sign upon her face. She said "good morning" cheerfully as she went past him, and only quickened her pace a little to get out of sight. She did not take any notice of the rapid step after her; the step which could have made up to her in two paces, but did not, restrained by an irresolute will. Probably she knew whose step it was, and interpreted rightly, to some superficial degree, the feelings of John Brown. She thought he was a good-hearted man—she thought he was sorry to know or guess the straits which Bessie thanked heaven nobody in this world did fully know—she thought by and-by, shy of intruding upon her, that step would drop off, and she would hear it no more. But it was not so to be.

"Miss Christian, I want to speak to you," said John Brown.

She turned towards him directly without any pretence of surprise, and with a smile, the best she could muster, waited to hear what it was.

"We are both walking the same way," said Mr. Brown.

In spite of herself amazement woke upon Bessie's face. "That is

true: but was that all you had to say?" said Bessie, with the smiles kindling all her dimples. The dimples had only been hidden by fatigue, and hardship, and toil. They were all there.

"No, not quite. Were you looking for employment in that office? and why are you seeking employment here?" said the attorney, looking anxiously down upon her.

"Because there's a great many of us in Carlington," said Bessie, steadily; "there are half as many governesses as there are children. I thought I might perhaps get on better here."

"In London! Do you think there are fewer governesses here?" said Mr. Brown, going on with his questions, and meanwhile studying very closely his little companion's face; not rudely. To be sure it was a very honest direct investigation, but there was not a thought of rudeness or disrespect either in the eyes that made it or the heart.

"I daresay it's as bad everywhere," said Bessie, with a little sigh; "but when one cannot get work in one place, one naturally turns to another. I had an appointment to-day to come up to see a lady; but I was not the proper person. Perhaps I shall have to stay at home after all."

"Have you any grudge at me?" said Mr. Brown.

Bessie looked up open-eyed and wondering. "Grudge? at *you*? How could I? I daresay," said Bessie, with a sigh and a smile, "mamma had, a year ago; but not me. The times I have spoken to you, Mr. Brown, you have always been kind to me."

"Have I?" said the lawyer. He gave her a strange look, and stopped short, as if his utterance was somehow impeded. Kind to her! He remembered that time in Grove Street, and could have scourged himself at the recollection. Bessie had taken him entirely aback by her simple expression. He could have sobbed under that sudden touch. To see her walking beside him,

cheerful, steadfast, without a complaint—a creature separated from the world, from youth and pleasure, and mere comfort even—enduring hardness, for all her soft childlike dimples and unaffected smile—his composure was entirely overcome. He was going to do something very foolish. He gasped, and gave himself up.

"If you don't bear me a grudge, come over into the Park here, where we can hear ourselves speak. I want to speak to you," said Mr. Brown.

She turned into the Park with him quite simply, as she did everything without any pretence of wonder or embarrassment. There he walked a long time by her side in silence, she waiting for what he had to say, he at the most overwhelming loss how to say it. The next thing he said was to ask her to sit down in a shady quiet corner, where there was an unoccupied seat. She was very much fatigued. It was too bad of him to bring her out of her way.

"But it is so noisy in the street," said Mr. Brown. Then, with a pause after this unquestionable truism, "I've been thinking about you this very long time."

Bessie looked up quickly with great amazement; thinking of her! She was wiser when she cast her eyes down again. Mr. Brown had not the smallest conception that he had explained himself without saying a syllable, but he had, notwithstanding, leaving Bessie thunder-struck, yet with a moment's time to deliberate. While he went on with his embarrassed slow expressions, fancying that he was gradually conveying to her mind what he meant, Bessie, in a dreadful silent flutter and agitation, was revolving the whole matter, and asking herself what she was to answer. She had ten full minutes for this before he came to the point, and before, according to his idea, the truth burst upon her. But it is doubtful whether that ten minutes' preparation was any advantage to Bessie. It destroyed the unconsciousness,

which was her greatest charm ; it made an end of her straightforwardness ; worst of all, it left her silent. She gave a terrified glance up at him when it actually happened. There he stood full in the light, with all his awkwardnesses more clearly revealed than usual ; six-and-forty, abrupt, almost eccentric ; telling that story very plainly, without compliment or passion ; would she have him ? He was content that she should think it over—he was content to wait for her answer ; but if it was to be no, let her say it out.

Strange to say, that word which she was exhorted to say out did not come to Bessie's lips. Perhaps because she trembled a great deal, and really lost her self-possession, and for the moment did not know what she was about. But even in her agitation she did not think of saying it. Mr. Brown, when he had his say out, marched up and down the path before her, and did not interrupt her deliberations. Another dreadful ten minutes passed over Bessie. The more she thought it over the more bewildered she became as to what she was to say.

"Please would you walk with me to the railway," were the words that came from Bessie's lips at last. She rose up trembling and faint, and with a kind of instinct took Mr. Brown's arm. He, on his part, did not say anything to her. His agitation melted away into a subdued silent tenderness which did not need any expression. He took her back into the streets, all along that tiresome way. He suffered the noise to surround and abstract her without any interruption which would make her conscious of his presence. It was a strange walk for both. To have called them lovers would have been absurd—to have supposed that here was a marriage of convenience about to be arranged would have been more ridiculous still. What was it ? Bessie went along the street in a kind of cloud, aware of nothing very clearly ; feeling somehow that she leaned upon somebody, and that it was somebody

upon whom she had a right to lean. They reached the railway thus, without any further explanation. Mr. Brown put the trembling girl into a carriage, and did not go with her. The Carlingford attorney had turned into a paladin. Was it possible that his outer man itself had smoothed out and expanded too ?

"I am not going with you," he said, grasping her hand closely. "I won't embarrass or distress you, Bessie ; but recollect you have not said no ; and when I come to Grove Street to-morrow, I'll hope to hear you say yes. I'll let you off," said John Brown, grasping the little soft hand so tight and hard that it hurt Bessie. "I'll let you off with liking, if you'll give me that ; at my age I don't even venture to say for myself that I'm very much in love."

And with that, the eyes, which had betrayed him before, flashed in Bessie's face a contradiction of her elderly lover's words. Yes ! it astounded himself almost as much as it did Bessie. He would still have flatly contradicted anybody who accused him of that folly ; but he went away with an undeniable blush into the London streets, self-convicted. A year's observation and an hour's talk had resulted in a much less philosophical sentiment than Mr. Brown was prepared for. He went back to the streets, wondering what she would like in all those wonderful shop-windows. He traced back, step for step, the road they had come together. He was not six-and-forty — six-and-twenty was the true reading. That was a May-day of his youth that had come to him, sweet if untimely ; a missed May-day, perhaps all the better that it had been kept for him these many tedious years.

And though Bessie cried all the way down to Carlingford, the no she had not said did not occur to her as any remedy for her tears ; and, indeed, when she remembered how she had taken Mr. Brown's arm, and felt that she had committed herself

by that act, the idea was rather a relief to Bessie. "It was as bad as saying yes at once," said she to herself, with many blushes. But thus, you perceive, it was done, and could not be altered. She must stand to the consequences of her weakness now.

It made a great noise in Carlingford, as might be supposed; it made a vast difference in the household of Mrs. Christian, which was removed

to the house in which she had formerly hoped to establish herself as heir-at-law. But the greatest difference of all was made in that dim, spacious, wainscoted dining-room, which did not know itself in its novel circumstances. That was where the change was most remarkably apparent; and all these years Phœbe Thomson's shadow has thrown no cloud as yet over the path of John Brown.

THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES.

A NEW SONG.

HAVE you heard of this question the Doctors among,
Whether all living things from a Monad have sprung?
This has lately been said, and it now shall be sung,
Which nobody can deny.

Not one or two ages sufficed for the feat,
It required a few millions the change to complete;
But now the thing's done, and it looks rather neat,
Which nobody can deny.

The original Monad, our great-great-grandsire,
To little or nothing at first did aspire;
But at last to have offspring it took a desire,
Which nobody can deny.

This Monad becoming a father or mother,
By budding or bursting, produced such another;
And shortly there followed a sister or brother,
Which nobody can deny.

But Monad no longer designates them well—
They're a cluster of molecules now or a cell;
But which of the two, Doctors only can tell,
Which nobody can deny.

These beings, increasing, grew buoyant with life,
And each to itself was both husband and wife;
And at first, strange to say, the two lived without strife,
Which nobody can deny.

But such crowding together soon troublesome grew,
And they thought a division of labour would do;
So their sexual system was parted in two,
Which nobody can deny.

The Origin of Species, by means of Natural Selection. By CHARLES DARWIN, M.A. 1859.

The Temple of Nature; or, the Origin of Society. A Poem. By ERASMUS DARWIN, M.D. 1803.

Thus Plato supposes that, severed by fate,
Human halves run about, each in search of its mate,
Never pleased till they gain their original state,
Which nobody can deny.

Excrescences fast were now trying to shoot;
Some put out a feeler, some put out a foot;
Some set up a mouth, and some struck down a root,
Which nobody can deny.

Some, wishing to walk, manufactured a limb;
Some rigged out a fin with a purpose to swim:
Some opened an eye, some remained dark and dim,
Which nobody can deny.

See, hydras and sponges and star-fishes breed,
And flies, fleas, and lobsters in order succeed,
While ichthyosauruses follow the lead,
Which nobody can deny.

From reptiles and fishes to birds we ascend,
And quadrupeds next their dimensions extend,
Till we rise up to monkeys and men—where we end,
Which nobody can deny.

Some creatures are bulky, some creatures are small,
As nature sends food for the few or for all;
And the weakest, we know, ever go to the wall,
Which nobody can deny.

A deer with a neck that is longer by half
Than the rest of its family's (try not to laugh),
By stretching and stretching, becomes a Giraffe,
Which nobody can deny.

A very tall pig, with a very long nose,
Sends forth a proboscis quite down to his toes;
And he then by the name of an Elephant goes,
Which nobody can deny.

The four-footed beast that we now call a Whale,
Held his hind-legs so close that they grew to a tail,
Which he uses for threshing the sea like a flail,
Which nobody can deny.

Pouters, tumblers, and fantails are from the same source;
The racer and hack may be traced to one Horse:
So men were developed from Monkeys, of course,
Which nobody can deny.

An Ape with a pliable thumb and big brain,
When the gift of the gab he had managed to gain,
As a Lord of Creation established his reign,
Which nobody can deny.

But I'm sadly afraid, if we do not take care,
A relapse to low life may our prospects impair;
So of beastly propensities let us beware,
Which nobody can deny.

Their lofty position our children may lose,
And, reduced to all-fours, must then narrow their views:
Which would wholly unfit them for filling our shoes,
Which nobody can deny.

Their vertebræ next might be taken away,
When they'd sink to a shell-fish, or spider, some day,
Or the pitiful part of a polypus play,
Which nobody can deny.

Thus losing Humanity's nature and name,
And descending through varying stages of shame,
They'd return to the Monad, from which we all came,
Which nobody can deny.

[THE foregoing lyric may be better understood by a few condensed extracts from the two works which have suggested it. We venture to think that the similarity of opinions exhibited in those works is not accidental, but is an example of the recurrence of a family type.

From the "ORIGIN OF SPECIES."

"It has been asked by the opponents of such views as I hold, how, for instance, a land carnivorous animal could have been converted into one with aquatic habits?—I think such difficulties have very little weight.—Look at the family of squirrels—I can see no difficulty, more especially under changing conditions of life, in the continued preservation of individuals, with fuller and fuller flank-membranes, each modification being useful, each being propagated, until, by the accumulated effects of this process of natural selection, a perfect so-called flying squirrel was produced.—It is conceivable that flying fish, which now glide far through the air, slightly rising and turning by the aid of their fluttering fins, might have been modified into perfectly winged animals.—In North America the black bear was seen by Hearne swimming for hours with widely open mouth, thus catching, like a whale, insects, in the water. Even in so extreme a case as this, if the supply of insects were constant, and if better adapted competitors did not already exist in the country, I can see no difficulty in a race of bears being rendered, by natural selection, more and more aquatic in their structure and habits, with larger and larger mouths, till a creature was produced as monstrous as a whale."

"If we must compare the eye to an optical instrument, we ought, in imagination, to take a thick layer of transparent tissue, with a nerve sensitive to light beneath, and then suppose every part of this layer to be continually changing slowly in density, so as to separate into layers of different densities and thicknesses, placed at different distances from each other, and with the surfaces of each layer slowly changing in form.—Let this process go on for millions on millions of years, and during each year on millions of individuals of many kinds, and may we not believe that a living optical instrument might thus be formed, as superior to one of glass as the works of the Creator are to those of man?"

"I believe that animals have descended from at most only four or five progenitors, and plants from an equal or lesser number. Analogy would lead me one step further.—I should infer from analogy that probably all the organic beings which have ever lived on this earth have descended from some one primordial form, into which life was first breathed."

From the "TEMPLE OF NATURE."

"Nursed by warm sunbeams in primeval caves,
Organic life began beneath the waves,
First *Monas* moves, an unconnected point,
Plays round the drop without a limb or joint;
Then *Vibrio* waves," &c.

"These, as successive generations bloom,
 New powers acquire, and larger limbs assume,
 Whence countless groups of vegetation spring,
 And breathing realms of fin, and feet, and wing."
 "Hence, ere Vitality, as time revolves,
 Leaves the cold organ, or the mass dissolves,
 The reproductions of the living Ens,
 From sires to sons, unknown to sex, commence.
 Till as, ere long, successive buds decay,
 And insect-shoals successive pass away,
 Increasing wants the pregnant parents vex,
 With the fond wish to form a softer sex."

Note—"It would appear that vegetables and animals were at first propagated by solitary generation, and afterwards by hermaphrodite sexual generation;—but the larger and more perfect animals are now propagated by (separate) sexual reproduction only."

"The Mosaic history of Paradise and of Adam and Eve has been thought by some to be a sacred allegory,—and that this part of the history where Eve is said to have been made from a rib of Adam might have been a hieroglyphic design of the Egyptian philosophers, showing their opinion that mankind was originally of both sexes united, and was afterwards divided into males and females; an opinion in later times held by Plato, and, I believe, by Aristotle, and which must have arisen from profound inquiries into the original state of animal existence."

"It has been supposed by some that mankind were formerly quadrupeds as well as hermaphrodites;—these philosophers, with Buffon and Helvetius, seem to imagine that mankind arose from one family of monkeys on the banks of the Mediterranean, who accidentally had learned to use the adductor pollicis, or that strong muscle which constitutes the ball of the thumb, and draws the point of it to meet the points of the fingers, which common monkeys do not; and that this muscle gradually increased in size, strength, and activity, in successive generations, and, by this improved use of the sense of touch, that monkeys acquired clear ideas, and gradually became men."

"It may appear too bold, in the present state of our knowledge on this subject, to suppose that all vegetables and animals now existing were originally derived from the smallest microscopic ones, formed by spontaneous vitality, and that they have, by innumerable reproductions during innumerable centuries of time, gradually acquired the size, strength, and excellence of form and faculties which they now possess."]

LIFE OF THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM PITT, BY EARL STANHOPE.

WE have now before us the first portion of a work which promises, when completed, to be one of the most interesting pieces of biography in the English language. Of the peculiar qualifications of the noble author for the task to which he has set himself, it is not necessary for us to speak. Lord Stanhope has long taken his proper place among the writers of this country and of this age. His style, always lucid, if it seldom rise into eloquence, never degenerates into what is slovenly or mean. His taste is good, his candour unimpeachable, and his industry unwearied. Perhaps in some others of his works we might be disposed to question his skill in discriminating between what ought and what ought not to be told, yet we never hesitate to accept unreservedly every statement which he makes; for a more accurate writer never took pen in hand. But in the present instance he has been as fortunate in the choice of a subject as he has been honest, and, in the best sense of the term, liberal, in dealing with it. His relationship to the hero of his tale, while it awakens his sympathies, in no instance obscures his judgment. All that remain of the papers of which Bishop Tomline made such indifferent use have been transferred to him; and he has enjoyed, besides, the advantage of ready access to the muniments of many houses, the doors of which had not been opened to his predecessor. Out of such materials, supplemented by the mass of curious correspondence with which the public, whether rightly or wrongly, has of late been saturated, a common compiler would have found it difficult not to produce a readable book. But Lord Stanhope is not a common compiler. He is an instructed and very pleasant historian, and has given us in consequence two volumes, and will,

we doubt not, give us more, not unworthy to take their place beside the best books of their kind, upon the shelves of such as love to drink from "the well of English unde-filed."

William Pitt was the second son of one of the grandest and most imperious statesmen whom England has produced. His father, better known as the great Earl of Chatham, married, while yet a commoner, Lady Hester Granville, the only daughter of Hester, Countess Temple in her own right. By her he had three sons and two daughters. Both daughters married, and both died after but a few years of wedded life; the elder having been the wife of Lord Mahon, son of the second Earl Stanhope; the younger, Mr. Edward Eliot, a great friend and companion of her brother William. Of Lord Chatham's sons, John, the eldest, obtained a commission in the Guards, and rose to be a general officer, though certainly not a distinguished one. The youngest, James Charles, entered the navy, and died, while yet very young, in command of a fine frigate on the West India station. For William the bar was early chosen as a profession, partly because of the ability which he displayed, almost from the dawn of intelligence; partly because, being of a delicate constitution, his parents desired to keep him as long as possible at home. But in his case, as in many others, was justified the truth of the adage,

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will."

The profession of the law received but little of Pitt's attention, and England, while she lost, no doubt, a distinguished judge, gained, what was still more essential to her prosperity, a great statesman.

The birth of William Pitt occurred at Hayes, near Bromley, in

Kent, on the 28th of May 1759. It was the year in which his father reached the culminating point in his glory. He had so conducted the contest in which England was engaged, and which extended to every quarter of the globe, that the triumphs of her arms, both by sea and land, were more frequent and more complete than had ever before been crowded into the same space of time. But the great war Minister proved to be but an indifferent administrator in times of peace. He had neither won the personal regard of the sovereign, nor conciliated the goodwill of the House of Commons. He was intolerant of contradiction, especially in his own Cabinet; and, failing at last to browbeat his colleagues, he hastily threw up the seals of office and retired into private life. His excessive irritability was to a great degree occasioned by bodily ailment; for gout racked him, and he suffered severely from breathlessness. Yet whatever he might be to the world without, at home he was the most amiable of men. He loved his wife, who was not unworthy of his affection, and doted upon his children. But among them all William was his favourite. The extraordinary quickness of the child naturally led to this, while circumstances contributed to render him, more than usually happens, the object of his father's care. Being, as we have said, constitutionally delicate, he was never sent to a public school. But this, which in the training of a public man may be generally regarded as a disadvantage, was more than made up to him by the peculiarity of his education at home. He became quite as much his father's pupil as the pupil of his tutor, the Rev. Mr. Wilson. From Mr. Wilson he learned how to construe Greek and Latin. His father showed him what writers to take up, and over what portions of their works to linger. He never acquired by this process facility in making Latin verses, but he did what was much more to the purpose—he mastered the ideas as well as the words of the authors with whom he became conversant.

For another practice, eminently useful to him in after days, he was likewise indebted to his father. He accustomed himself to translate aloud, and as often as a doubt arose in his mind with respect to the fitness of the English word which presented itself, he stopped till a better occurred to him, and then went on. And here again nature justified herself. Thucydides soon became his favourite writer in Greek; in Latin, Livy and Sallust; and he took special delight in dwelling on the speeches which they put into the mouths of their leading warriors and statesmen. "It was a favourite employment with him," says Bishop Tomline, "to compare opposite speeches on the same subject, and to observe how each speaker managed his own side of the question. He was also in the habit of copying an eloquent sentence and any beautiful or forcible expression which occurred in the course of his reading."

Training such as this, applied to a mind so ductile, could not fail to produce its legitimate effects. Pitt became, at fourteen years of age, a ripe scholar; and not only so, but a rhetorician in every sense of the term. For besides his Thucydides and Livy, Lord Chatham caused him to read such English authors as, in his judgment, afforded the best specimens of the happy adaptation of words to sense. Barrow's *Sermons* was one of these; the *Letters of Junius*, then in the zenith of their fame, was another; and finally, with a view to give the boy both grace of action and a command over his own voice, his father used to make him repeat aloud passages from Shakespeare and Milton, and others of the best English poets. It was in avowed imitation of this practice that the first Sir Robert Peel made his promising son spout to him from a high stool in the counting-house. Sir Robert's zeal was very commendable, and received its reward; for his son, though he certainly never became the second Pitt, which he was intended to be, attained a foremost place in the second rank of orators and statesmen.

Many stories are told of the precocity of young Pitt, and of the impression which he made, while yet a child, on all who came in contact with him. It is said, for example, that in 1766, when, for some reason or another, he was from home, under the care of his tutor, the peerage conferred upon his mother in 1761 happened to be alluded to in conversation. "I am glad," was William's remark, "that I am not the eldest son; I want to speak in the House of Commons like papa." He was then barely seven years of age. Again, in 1772, his mother, writing about him to his father, says, "The fineness of William's mind makes him enjoy with the highest pleasure what would be above the reach of any other creature of his small age." For another story, which belongs to the same period, we are indebted to Lord Holland. He says that the first Lady Holland, remonstrating with her husband on his mistaken indulgence to his children, and especially to Charles Fox, expressed herself thus:—"I have been this morning with Lady Hester Pitt, and there is little William Pitt, not eight years old, and really the cleverest child I ever saw; and brought up so strictly, and so proper in his behaviour, that, mark my word, that little boy will be a thorn in Charles's side as long as he lives."

Pitt had barely completed his thirteenth year when he composed a tragedy. It ran to the legitimate length of five acts, and was written in blank verse. He called it *Laurentius, King of Glocester*; and here, as in everything else, the bent of the boy's genius displayed itself. There is not a single love-passage in the whole drama; the interest of the story turns entirely on politics. It was acted on the 27th of August 1772 at Burton Pynsent, an estate of £3000 a-year, to which his father had recently succeeded; Pitt himself speaking the prologue, and he and his brothers and sisters sustaining all the characters. Lord Macaulay, in his sketch, says, doubtless

truly enough, "The tragedy is bad, of course;" and Lord Stanhope, into whose keeping the MSS. have come, agrees with him; yet the former adds, and in this particular he is probably right also, "It is as good as the best of Hayley's dramas."

Thus encouraged and pressed on, Pitt, in spite of frequent attacks of illness, had attained at fourteen such proficiency in scholarship that it was determined to send him to college. He was accordingly entered, in the spring of 1773, at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge. Here Mr. Prettyman, afterwards Bishop Tomline, one of the college tutors, took charge of him. An able but not a brilliant man—the senior wrangler of the previous year, yet without one spark of genius—Mr. Prettyman paid great and unremitting attention to his pupil. He directed his studies in strict conformity with the rules laid down by Lord Chatham; yet, strange to say, he was obliged to restrain, rather than to stimulate, the lad's taste for mathematics. He made no objection, however, to Pitt's attending a course of lectures on Quintilian. But an attack of illness so severe intervened, that it was found necessary to carry the poor student home, where he was placed under the care of the family physician, Dr. Addington, and dosed with port-wine. As he had much outgrown his strength, the medicine answered its purpose for the moment. He threw upon it, and gained flesh; but there is little doubt that he acquired at the same time a habit which adhered to him through life, and tended in all probability to cut it short before the time.

In addition to the class-books which were put into his hands, Pitt read at college many of the best English authors, besides attending the public lectures on civil law. With Locke's *Essay on the Conduct of the Understanding* he was so delighted that he made a complete analysis of it. Smith's *Wealth of Nations* he likewise greatly admired. Neither Johnson nor Gib-

bon were among his favourites, for the styles of both repelled him; but Hume and Robertson he devoured, and with Middleton's *Life of Cicero* he was particularly charmed. Perhaps, however, his chief favourite of all was Bolingbroke, as, indeed, Bolingbroke had always been the favourite of Lord Chatham, who used to say of the *Remarks on the History of England*, published under the name of Sir John Oldcastle, that they ought to be studied, and almost got by heart, on account of the inimitable beauty of the style. It is not uninteresting to observe how the favourite of one age falls wellnigh into neglect in the next. Who, except professed men of letters or the student of political history, now reads Bolingbroke at all, and least of all his *Remarks*? Yet by both the Pitts he was so highly esteemed that the younger and greater of the two has often been heard to say, "that there was no loss in literature which he more lamented than that scarce any trace of Bolingbroke's parliamentary speeches remained to us!"

Mr. Pitt's undergraduate career extended from the autumn of 1772 to the spring of 1776. He seems to have been all this while well-nigh without other companions than his tutor. But he diversified the monotony of college life by frequent visits to London, during which he became a regular frequenter of both Houses of Parliament. In 1776, at the age of seventeen, he received, according to the bad practice of the age, his Master's degree. No public examination of the sons of noblemen was then considered necessary, and Pitt passed none. We are assured, however, that he was already so well read, both in classics and mathematics, that he would have taken high honours if the opportunity had been afforded him. Be this as it may, he did not quit the university immediately his Master's gown was put on: on the contrary, he retained his rooms in Pembroke Hall, and began to enter freely into society, of

which he soon became an extremely popular member. Yet though that was an age ostentatiously loose in its morals, it is recorded of him by Bishop Tomline, that his life throughout this entire interval was without stain.

It is a great mistake to suppose that Pitt, though always correct, was at any period morose or shy in his manners. After he took upon him the cares of office he made few fresh acquaintances, and contracted no new friendships. And as he walked up the House of Commons, night after night, with his head erect, and looking straight before him, he might well be supposed, by such as had no better opportunity of observing him, to be both proud and saturnine. But his friends, and he had many, knew better. In the society of Wilberforce, George Rose, Arden, Eliot, and others, some of whom became his intimates during the last years of his residence in Cambridge, he was the gayest of the gay. At the meetings of the Goosetree Club, of which he may be said to have been one of the founders, he abandoned himself, as it were, to mere joyousness. "He was the wittiest man," says Wilberforce in his diary, "I ever knew, and, what was quite peculiar to himself, had at all times his wit under entire control." So also Jekyll, another of his associates, speaks thus:—"We were all" (at the Boar's Head) "in high spirits, quoting and alluding to Shakespeare the whole day, and it appeared that Mr. Pitt was as familiar and well read in the poet's works as the best Shakespearean present." In the same colouring Wilberforce paints him again, at a later period, when the struggle of parties was at the bitterest, and his own position well calculated to make him uneasy. "One morning," he says (Pitt had been Wilberforce's guest at Wimbledon for a few days), "we found the fruit of his early rising in the careful sowing of the garden-beds with the fragments of the

dress hat with which Ryder had come down overnight from the opera."

Reference has been made to Pitt's habit of running up at intervals from Cambridge to London, and of the intense interest which he took in the proceedings of both Houses of Parliament. Generally speaking, he preferred to be a listener in the House of Commons; but as often as Lord Chatham brought forward an important motion, he seldom failed to take his place at the bar of the House of Lords. The last and saddest occasion on which he stood, at this period as a listener, there, was on the 7th of April, 1778. His elder brother happened then to be abroad, and Lord Mahon and he supported between them their venerable parent as he made his way, with feeble steps, up the House of Lords; and when, exhausted by the effort of speaking, he fell back in a convulsion fit, they carried him, with the assistance of other peers, into a private room. From that attack it is well known that Lord Chatham never recovered; he was removed to Hayes, and on the 19th of May he died.

Lord Chatham had never been rich. The younger son of a gentleman of small estate, he was the maker of his own fortunes; and a generous nature, with habits the reverse of thrifty, involved him in difficulties, from which he could never extricate himself. A pension of £3000 a-year for three lives had indeed been settled on Lady Chatham, when in 1761 she was raised to the peerage, which he at that time declined; and a few years later, a gentleman, little connected with them by blood, left to him the estate of Burton Pynsent, of which we have already spoken. But his personal liabilities were found on his demise to be considerable; and the House of Commons, forgetful at such a moment of everything except the vast services which he had rendered to the country, voted £20,000 to discharge his debts, besides settling an annuity

for ever of £4000 upon the title which he had earned. These arrangements placed both the widow and the eldest son in circumstances comparatively easy. The Earl had enough wherewith to support in decency the honours of his position; the Lady was left with her pension of £3000 a-year unencumbered. But for Pitt himself, and the younger branches of the family, very little provision was made. The utmost to which Pitt could look forward, when he came of age, was an income of £200 or £300 a-year; while he was dependent, during his minority, on such allowance as his mother could afford to make him. Pitt does not appear to have been at all distressed by this. He had practised a rigid economy while an undergraduate, and was able and willing to practise it still; but he was likewise able and willing to do more. In the winter of this same year he purchased for £1100 (Earl Temple, Lady Chatham's brother, advancing the money) a set of chambers in Lincoln's Inn, and began to keep his terms as terms are usually kept, without ceasing, however, to make Cambridge the chief place of his residence.

It is said that at this time he first became acquainted with his great political rival in after years. Still retaining his passion for parliamentary warfare, he seldom failed, when in London, to be present at an important debate, and on one of these occasions, says Lord Stanhope, he was introduced, on the steps of the throne in the House of Lords, to Mr. Fox, who was his senior by ten years, and already in the zenith of his fame. Fox used afterwards to relate that, as the discussion proceeded, Pitt repeatedly turned to him and said, "But surely, Mr. Fox, that might be put thus:" or, "Yes; but he lays himself open to retort." What the particular circumstances were, Fox had forgotten; but he said that he was much struck at the time by the precocity of the lad, who through the whole sitting was thinking only

how all the speeches on both sides could be answered.

There could be little doubt in the mind of any intelligent observer as to the sphere in which a youth so constituted was born to shine. Pitt himself very early felt the pressure of a moral necessity. He kept his terms, was called to the bar, became a member—we are assured, a most agreeable one—of the Western Circuit, but never lost sight of the great object of his ambition, a seat in the House of Commons. He even aspired thus early to represent the University of Cambridge, and communicated with Lord Rockingham, the ostensible chief of the Opposition, on the subject. But the noble Marquess, not very mindful of the claim which Lord Chatham's son undoubtedly had upon him and upon his party, took for a while no notice of Pitt's letter; and when he answered it, answered it coldly. Nothing daunted, Pitt pursued his object, and on the dissolution in 1780 went to the poll. The result was unfavourable. "Mansfield and Townshend," he writes to his mother on the 16th of September, "have run away with the prize, but my struggle has not been dishonourable. I am just going to Cheveley (the Duke of Rutland's seat in Cambridgeshire) for a day or two, and shall soon return to you for as long as the law will permit, which will now be probably the first object with me."

Providence, and the high opinion entertained of him by his friends, had ordered it otherwise. The Duke of Rutland, his contemporary at college, and throughout a short but distinguished life one of his most ardent supporters, spoke about him to Sir John Lowther; who, being proprietor of Appleby in Cumberland, placed one of the seats for that borough at Pitt's disposal. The offer was thankfully accepted. Without being called upon to show himself to his constituents, Pitt was elected; and on the 23d of January, when Parliament met again, took his seat, a

few months after attaining the legal age, in the House of Commons.

The government of the country was carried on at that time by a cabinet of which Lord North was at the head. He was beset with difficulties arising out of the continuance of the American war; and, not being supported by any large amount of talent in either House, could hardly keep his place by dint of majorities, which grew continually smaller. His chief reliance in debate was on the not very commanding eloquence of Lord George Germaine, and of Harry Dundas, the Lord Advocate of Scotland. The Opposition consisted of two distinct parties. There were the Old Whigs, or, as they delighted to call themselves, "the Revolution families," cold, proud, and unable to comprehend how any human being, not of aristocratic lineage, could presume to aspire at high office. They richly deserved the remark which Horace Walpole once addressed to the Duke of Portland, "They could not extend their views beyond the walls of Burlington House." The ostensible head of this party was the Marquess of Rockingham; its real leader and impelling spirit, Charles James Fox.

Born in 1749, a younger son of the first Lord Holland, he had run, before attaining his nineteenth year, a race of the wildest profligacy, and he entered Parliament the advocate of anti-popular opinions for the close borough of Medhurst. After twice holding subordinate offices under Lord North he had gone over to the Opposition, where his fervid eloquence and extraordinary powers of debate rendered him extremely formidable to his recent chief. Burke and Sheridan, both men of transcendent abilities, were proud to serve under such a leader, and both exercised prodigious influence in the House, if not in the country.

The other section in opposition consisted of the remains of Lord Chatham's followers, including Lord Shelburne, and their acknowledged

leaders, Lord Camden, Thomas Townshend, Dunning, and Colonel Barré. In point of numbers it fell considerably short of the Whig party. But Townshend and Dunning were both able men, and Barré was a bold and unscrupulous debater. To this body Pitt, as a matter of course, attached himself, as did his eldest brother, the Duke of Rutland, Lord Mahon, and Lord Camden's eldest son, John Jeffreys Pratt. But besides these hereditary ties, Pitt formed, about the same time, a close personal friendship with other young men entering like himself upon public life, and sharing generally his political opinions. Such were Henry Banks, of Corfe Castle; Edward Eliot, of Port-Eliot in Cornwall, a few years later his brother-in-law; Richard Potter Arden, afterwards Lord Alvanley; and Robert Smith, the head of a great banking house in London, and afterwards created Lord Carington. The man, however, for whom, among them all, he appears to have entertained the greatest kindness, was William Wilberforce, born in the same year with himself, and now one of the sitting members for the borough of Hull. Not that even to Wilberforce he ever gave the same unlimited confidence that he came by-and-by to repose in Henry Dundas and George Rose; but there was a geniality about Wilberforce, an entire postponement of self to generous purposes, which commanded the love of Pitt, as well as of many other public men, who might occasionally question the soundness of his judgment, but never the rectitude of his principles. He was one in the brilliant band that the Goosetree Club was formed of, not without some danger to the morals of its members; for play was then a fashion in all quarters, and both Pitt and Wilberforce narrowly escaped from its thralldom. "We played a good deal at Goosetree," the latter says in his diary, "and I well remember the intense earnestness which Pitt displayed when joining in these

games of chance. He perceived their fascination, and soon after suddenly abandoned them for ever."

Pitt was not long a member of the House of Commons before he began to take part in its proceedings. His first speech was delivered, on the 26th of February 1781, in support of Burke's bill for economical reform. Though entirely unpremeditated, and spoken a good deal on compulsion, it astonished all who heard it. Fox ran up to him when he concluded, and congratulated him warmly on his perfect success. Burke, when some one remarked, "He is a chip of the old block," replied, "He is not a chip; he is the old block itself." And even Lord North, with generous warmth, pronounced the speech to be the best first speech he had ever heard. Pitt himself, though gratified, was not carried away by these commendations. Writing about it to his mother a few days after the debate, he said, "All I can say is, that I was able to execute in some measure what I intended; and that I have at least reason to be happy beyond measure with the reception I met with." He spoke twice again in the course of the session: first, on the 31st of May, when he replied to Lord North against the appointment of Commissioners of Public Accounts; and again on the 12th of June, when he rose to vindicate his father's measures, and to denounce the war against the American colonists, which Lord Chatham had so consistently opposed. Two rather remarkable events attended this display of eloquence. Henry Dundas, shortly afterwards the staunchest of his adherents, answered Pitt in debate, but could not apparently refrain from complimenting his opponent on the happy union of first-rate abilities, high integrity, bold and honest independence of conduct, and most persuasive eloquence, which he had exhibited; while Fox, not long afterwards, on hearing some one remark that Pitt promised to be one of the first men in Parlia-

ment, exclaimed, "Promised! he is so already."

Parliament rose this year in July, and Pitt, during the recess, went, for the first and last time, the Western Circuit. The share of business which fell to him was small, but the few cases in which he was engaged he appears to have managed ably; and he made himself popular by his wit and good-humour, with the whole bar. We find him next, after visiting Lord Shelburne at Bowood, one of a shooting-party at Kingston Hall. But the 27th of November came round in due course, and saw Pitt in his place on the Opposition benches in the House of Commons. Tidings had just arrived of Lord Cornwallis's surrender at Charleston: the Government was in dismay, its followers at once angry and dispirited. The speech from the Throne had been suddenly modified, and the Ministry were assailed with great vigour, both on the motion for the Address, by Fox and Burke, and next, on the framing of the report, by Pitt himself. This speech made him, it may be asserted, master of the House. It unquestionably shook Dundas's faith in the party with which he had heretofore acted; for while he paid many compliments to the speaker in his reply, he did not scruple to hint at discordant views and ill-considered acts on the part of the Government, of which he was still a member.

It is well known that, on that day, the fate of Lord North's Administration was sealed. Already a section of it, with Lord North at its head, was grown weary of the war; and a succession of small majorities, each less considerable than that which had preceded it, brought matters to a crisis. The King was forced, though very reluctantly, to accept the resignation of his Cabinet; and Lord Rockingham, on the 20th of March, received instructions to form a new Administration. Mr. Fox and Lord Shelburne became joint Secretaries of State; Lord Camden accepted the Presidency of the Council; the Duke of Grafton

received the Privy Seal; and Lord John Cavendish, whose chief recommendations were his name and rank, became Chancellor of the Exchequer. Lord Thurlow and Mr. Dundas retained the offices which they had held under the late Government—the former as Lord High Chancellor, the latter Lord Advocate of Scotland; and Burke, Townshend, Barré, and Dunning were provided for as Paymasters, Secretary at War, &c., but without seats in the Cabinet. For Pitt, on the contrary, no office was found—an arrangement which he had perhaps rendered in some degree inevitable by declaring in the House that he did not look for office, and was determined never to accept a subordinate one. That this was no idle word, spoken on the impulse of the moment, is proved by his conduct a few weeks later. Lord Rockingham, on Lord Shelburne's suggestion, offered him the post of Vice-Treasurer of Ireland, with a salary of £5000 a-year. But the young barrister adhered to his determination; he preferred his independence with \$300 a-year, and declined the glittering prize.

The country was at this time out of humour at the ill-success of the war, which had been, in truth, of its own seeking. The burden of an enormously increased taxation pressed heavily, and men turned their minds, as in such cases they generally do, in search of defects in the constitution, which had failed to protect them against their own folly. Pitt, among others, declared himself a parliamentary reformer, and joined the meeting at the Duke of Richmond's, himself a member of the new Administration, which came to the resolution that the question ought at once to be brought forward in the House of Commons. It does not appear that the reformers of 1782 were by any means agreed among themselves. They had no specific plan to propose, but complained of a system which all must admit to have been full of anomalies, and called

upon the House to appoint a committee to inquire, and to suggest a remedy. Pitt took a leading part in this debate. He denounced the close boroughs as the source of all evil. He denounced the influence of the Crown as corrupt and demoralising. There was much truth in what he said; his views were theoretically incontrovertible. But he lived to rejoice that he had not carried his point, though the majority against him, in a House of three hundred members, was only twenty.

Another attempt to introduce the small end of the wedge was made on the 7th by Mr. Alderman Sawbridge, who brought forward a bill for shortening the duration of Parliaments, and was supported in debate by both Pitt and Fox. But the House was less tolerant of this than of the previous issue. Finally, on Lord Mahon's motion for a bill to prevent bribery at elections, Fox fell off from Pitt, who spoke in favour of the measure, "this," says Bishop Tomline, "being the first question on which they happened to differ before any separation took place between them." He had already been opposed by Burke as well as by Dundas; the former speaking, as he usually did, without much regard to the dictates of prudence; the latter taking care to draw a clear line between the obnoxious measure and its able and honest, as well as eloquent, proposer.

There had been little unanimity in Lord Rockingham's Cabinet since the date of its formation. Thurlow was coarse and overbearing; Shelburne and Fox had few tastes in common; there were difficulties in the way of the conclusion of peace; and the state of Ireland disturbed them. They had been scarcely three months in office when Lord Rockingham died, and the Administration fell to pieces. Lord Shelburne was sent for, and, accepting the vacant premiership, Fox refused to serve under him. He in his turn went to the King, and pressed the Duke of Portland upon him. But as his Majesty would not give

way, Fox immediately resigned, and Cavendish, Burke, and Sheridan, and the Duke of Portland himself, resigned with him. Though obtaining little sympathy from the public out of doors, this party was strong in the House of Commons; and Lord Shelburne found that he had many and serious obstacles to surmount. He filled up the vacant offices by giving the seals of Secretary of State to Thomas Townshend and Lord Grantham. Lord Temple, Pitt's cousin, went to Ireland, as Lord-Lieutenant, carrying Charles Granville with him; and to Pitt himself the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer was offered. It was accepted without hesitation; and thus, at the early age of twenty-three, Pitt fulfilled his own augury, by leaving all inferior offices, as it were, behind him, and becoming, *per saltum*, a cabinet minister.

Parliament did not continue its sittings long after Lord Shelburne's arrangements were completed; an opportunity was, however, afforded to Pitt of attacking Fox for having abandoned, on merely personal grounds, a Government to the principles of which he could not be opposed; and a beginning was thus made of that rivalry, not to call it by a harsher term, which for many subsequent years kept these two distinguished men in direct antagonism one to the other.

Lord Shelburne's party in both Houses was numerically weak. There were arrayed against it all the followers both of Fox and of Lord North. Its adherents consisted exclusively of the remains of Lord Chatham's party, with a few recruits gathered in as it were by accident from the other side. Further support was felt to be necessary, and between Lord Shelburne and Mr. Pitt a diversity of opinion immediately arose. The former, embittered by personal feeling against Fox, desired to coalesce with Lord North; the latter, remembering that Fox had for many years been the consistent advocate of American independence, was anxious that he should be ap-

plied to during the recess. On another point likewise the Prime Minister and his Chancellor of the Exchequer differed. Lord Shelburne was prepared, in the event of France and Spain insisting upon it, to give up Gibraltar in exchange for Porto-Rico, or some other West India island. Pitt, with the majority of the Cabinet, resisted the proposal altogether; and a contrariety of view on a question so important boded ill for the stability of the Administration. There was no concealing these marks of weakness from the Opposition, and in every quarter the terms of the peace, though not the peace itself, became a fruitful subject of attack. Under this pressure the Ministers began to fall off one from another. Lord Keppel withdrew from the Admiralty; the Duke of Richmond would attend no more cabinet councils; the Duke of Grafton and General Conway expressed themselves dissatisfied; and Lord Carlisle ceased to be Lord Steward of the Household. In such a state of things, Pitt, who had already taken the lead in the House of Commons, and to whom Townshend, though Secretary of State, cheerfully gave way, repeated his suggestion, that assistance should be sought for from without, and proposed himself to open a negotiation with Fox. The point was reluctantly yielded to him, and he waited personally upon Fox at his private residence; but nothing came of the interview. The first question put to him by Fox was this: "Is Lord Shelburne to remain at the head of the Treasury?" Pitt answered in the affirmative. "It is impossible for me," rejoined Fox, "to belong to any administration of which Lord Shelburne is at the head." "Then we need discuss the matter no farther," replied Pitt: "I did not come here to betray Lord Shelburne." "This," adds Bishop Tomline, "was, I believe, the last time Pitt was in a private room with Fox."

While Pitt was thus endeavouring to negotiate with Fox, Dundas,

who had retained his old place in the new Administration, and held added to it that of Treasurer to the Navy, conferred frequently with William Adam, a confidential friend of Lord North. His object was to frighten Lord North into giving a general support to the Cabinet, and this he did by hinting at the probable resignation of Lord Shelburne, to be followed by a coalition between Pitt and Fox. But he also failed. Lord North became angry, communicated what he had heard to Fox himself, and proposed terms of accommodation with that statesman. It was agreed between them to treat parliamentary reform as an open question, and on every other subject to combine their strength for the overthrow of the existing Administration. The consequence was, that when Parliament met again, and the Address on the King's Speech was brought forward in both Houses, the Government carried it in the Lords by only 69 to 55 votes, while in the Commons they were defeated by a majority of 16.

In the course of the debate which led up to this division, Pitt exhibited less than his usual vigour as a speaker. He did not rise till four in the morning, when both he and the House were exhausted. He was unfortunate, too, in so coming into collision with Sheridan as to lay himself open to the sharpest retort that was ever administered to him during the whole of his political life. He made some not very dignified allusion to dramatic terms and epigrammatic point, which he advised Sheridan to reserve for those literary efforts which had gained him in another place so much well-merited applause. Sheridan sprang up, and asked leave to explain, and with great readiness said—"If ever I again engage in those dramatic compositions to which the right honourable gentleman has in such flattering terms referred, I may be tempted to an act of presumption—I may be encouraged by his praises to try an improvement on one of Ben Jonson's best cha-

acters in the play of the 'Alchymist,' the Angry Boy."

Notwithstanding this defeat, Lord Shelburne kept his place, in the hope that some fortunate accident might in the course of the session turn the scale in his favour. It was an idle expectation. The amendment to the Address had been carried on the 17th of February, and on the 21st Lord John Cavendish brought forward a series of resolutions, not complaining of the peace, for that would have created confusion among the Opposition, but denouncing the terms on which it had been concluded. A warm debate ensued, in the course of which Pitt made one of his most brilliant speeches, vindicating the course pursued by the Government in order to put an end to the war, and throwing all the blame of the discredit which the country suffered upon Lord North, and the inefficient manner in which he had conducted hostilities. The latter immediately rose in great indignation to defend himself, and took the opportunity to explain why he and his friends had made common cause with Fox. Those were days in which men followed their party leaders with more unquestioning trust than is generally reposed in them now; and so, when the division took place, the majority against the Government was found to have increased from 16 to 17.

It was impossible, after this, for Lord Shelburne to go on. He called his Cabinet together on the morning of the 23d, and met his parliamentary supporters in the evening; and on the following day proceeded to St. James's, that he might place the seals of office in the King's hands. But instead of advising his Majesty to send for any of the chiefs of the Opposition, he proposed that to Mr. Pitt should be committed the care of forming a new government. It is fair to add that the merit of originality in this idea does not belong to Lord Shelburne. It had first occurred to Dundas, with whose opinion the Lord Chancellor con-

curred; and they, together with Townshend, pressed the matter upon the Prime Minister, who, in his turn, recommended it to the King. His Majesty, who dreaded 'nothing more than again submitting his neck to the yoke of the great Whig families, eagerly adopted the proposition. Pitt was sent for; and at an age when most men are just beginning to consider how they shall guide their first steps along the road to political advancement, he found himself invited to take the chief place in his sovereign's counsels, and empowered to dispose of every great office under the Crown.

Young as he was (he had not yet completed his twenty-fourth year), Pitt never for a moment lost his self-command. He neither accepted nor rejected the proposed honour, but asked, in the first instance, for a day to consider. Dundas pressed him to accede to the King's wishes; so did Thurlow, so did other and cleverer statesmen; and for a brief space he wavered, or, to speak more accurately, was disposed to be guided by them. But after calmly considering the state of parties, he arrived at the conclusion that his only chance of carrying on the government must depend on his being able to separate Lord North from Mr. Fox. Now this appeared to him a contingency so remote that no reliance whatever could be placed upon it; besides that, the thought of being pressed, even indirectly, to negotiate for it, wounded his keen sense of personal honour. "The first moment I saw the subject in this point of view," he wrote to Dundas on the 27th, "unalterably determined me to decline." And now fresh difficulties arose. The King, anxious to break the strength of the Coalition, appealed to Lord North to undertake the full charge of the government single-handed. Lord North was too much committed to his new colleague to attempt this; and even when the King gave way, and the Duke of Portland was sent for, the rival pretensions of

their followers had wellnigh prevented the chiefs of the Coalition from coming into power. Once more the King appealed to Pitt in terms of almost bitter remonstrance. "Mr. Pitt," his Majesty wrote on the 25th of March, "I am much hurt to find you are determined to decline, at an hour when those who have any regard for the constitution as by law established ought to stand forth against the most daring and unprincipled faction that the annals of this kingdom can produce." But Pitt, though greatly moved, knew that a compliance with his royal master's wishes would injure, not promote, his master's service. He therefore persevered in refusing to attempt the formation of a government; and the Coalition, having with difficulty got over their internal difficulties, accepted the Duke of Portland as their nominal head, and reassumed the rights of office.

The real chief of this motley Administration was Charles James Fox. Lord North, indeed, accepted together with him a joint Secretaryship of State; and so far, in official rank, they stood upon an equality. But in the Cabinet, as well as in the House of Commons, Lord North never pretended to dispute the point with his more vehement colleague. Lord John Cavendish returned to the Exchequer, Lord Stormont became President, Lord Carlisle Privy Seal. The Great Seal was put in commission, Lord Thurlow having resisted all the King's entreaties to retain it. There was an anxious desire in every quarter to include Pitt in these arrangements, and his own intended successor pressed him to continue where he was, he being ready to accept some other office; but Pitt steadily declined. Among the *divi minorum gentium* we find Burke again Paymaster, Sheridan Secretary of the Treasury, and William Windham, a young man of great promise, appointed Secretary for Ireland, under the Earl of Northampton. It has been well said

in our own day, that "the country does not love coalitions." "The unnatural alliance," as the union between Fox and Lord North was called, excited intense indignation out of doors; insomuch that Fox, though re-elected for Westminster, was hooted and pelted at the hustings. The Coalition itself has never been defended since; for even Lord Macaulay himself, the most uncompromising of party-writers, treats Fox's assigned reasons for the step with absolute disdain.

Throughout the remainder of the session, which lasted till late in July, Pitt bore himself with perfect dignity as an independent member. He was a good deal absent from the House, and took part only in debates which arose out of motions brought forward by himself. One of these was for leave to introduce a reform bill, which he brought forward on the 7th of May, but which was lost by a majority of 298 to 149. It was a strictly constitutional measure, comprehended in three resolutions, of which the first guarded against bribery and expense at elections; the second provided for the disfranchisement of boroughs convicted of corruption; and the third increased the number of county members by one hundred. In substance it was little more than a copy of Lord Chatham's scheme, with this addition, that the younger Pitt proposed to add to the representatives for London, while the elder did not. On the present occasion Pitt was supported by Fox, Lord North taking the opposite side; as well as by Harry Dundas, who had formerly spoken against parliamentary reform altogether.

Except in this case, and again on the 2d of June, when he brought in a bill for the reform of abuses in the public offices, Pitt held aloof, so to speak, from public business. He was not consulted on the question of the Prince of Wales's settlement, which, as is well known, the King carried

against his Ministers. But he seems to have spent his time agreeably to himself, in frequent visits to his mother, to Earl Temple, and elsewhere. He was made very happy, likewise, by the marriage of his elder brother to a daughter of his old friend Townshend, now created Lord Sydney. The most memorable incident of the year to him was, however, his little tour in France, which lasted just six weeks. It was the only occasion on which he ever visited the Continent, and he seems to have greatly enjoyed it. Among other men of note whom he encountered was the Abbé de Lagéard, who discussed with him the political condition both of his own country and of England. In reference to the latter, Pitt, when asked where the British constitution was weakest, replied, "The part of our constitution which will first perish is the prerogative of the King and the authority of the House of Lords." His observation, when discussing the former, was this: "Sir, you have no political liberty; but as to civil liberty, you have more of it than you suppose." Was he not prophetic in one instance?—have not his words verified themselves in the other?

Pitt returned to England on the 24th of October, and on the 11th of November Parliament met. After carrying their Address, the Ministers brought forward their famous India Bill, into the details of which we need not here enter. Though strenuously opposed by Pitt, it passed the second reading in the Commons, and in committee Fox filled up the blanks in the new Board of Direction with the names of his staunchest followers. This one act, much more than the spirit of the measure itself, brought discredit upon the whole proceeding. Abstractly considered it might or might not be proper to transfer the authority heretofore exercised by the East India Company to a body of commissioners responsible directly to Parliament. But when this commission was made to

consist of seven political adherents of the particular Minister, and when it was further proposed to give to these seven men a tenure of office for four years by Act of Parliament, there needed extraordinary faith in Fox's disinterestedness to disprove the fact that the main object of the measure was to throw all the patronage of India, with the political influence thence arising, into his hands. How the scheme was defeated after it got into the House of Lords, we need not stop to show. Acting under the secret advice of Earl Temple and Lord Thurlow, the King took a step which the strict rules of the constitution scarcely, perhaps, warranted. He wrote with his own hand a paper containing words to the effect that "whosoever voted for the India Bill was not his Majesty's friend;" and Temple showing it, as he had received authority to do, wherever it was likely to tell, soon gained over peers enough to serve the King's purpose. The consequence was, that on the motion to go into committee the Ministers were defeated by 95 to 76 votes, and the King was saved from doing what he had quite made up his mind to hazard—viz., to exercise his prerogative by a refusal to enforce the Act, and thus to place himself in direct antagonism towards his Parliament.

The King has been much blamed by Whig writers for these proceedings. It is not very easy to defend them by mere argument, and it is past dispute that the existence of what was called "a King's party," as contradistinguished from the Ministers of the Crown on the one hand, and from the Opposition on the other, was attended, both in this and in subsequent reigns, with much inconvenience. Looking at the matter practically, however, and judging of the event, we are satisfied that George III. averted, by this somewhat irregular act, unspeakable evil from the State. Had both Houses been committed, there could have been no retraction on their part. The King, as is well known, never

could have been brought to yield; and it soon appeared that the King, in this particular instance, carried the opinion of the nation with him. Would the nation have allowed him to abdicate the throne, or would it have rebelled against the Houses of Lords and Commons? Whatever amount, therefore, of political delinquency is involved in the proceeding rests with the Coalition Government. Nor did they stop there. The same evening, the 17th of December, it was moved in the House of Commons, that "to report any opinion or pretended opinion of his Majesty, when any bill or other proceeding is depending in either House of Parliament, with a view to influence the votes of the members, is a high crime and misdemeanour, derogatory to the honour of the Crown, a breach of the fundamental principles of Parliament, and subversive of the constitution of this country." Though resisted by Pitt with all the eloquence of which he was master, the proposition received the support of Fox and Lord North, and was carried after a warm debate by 153 to 80 votes. Then followed a second resolution, of which Erskine was the mover, to the effect that the House pursue the redress of the abuses which prevailed in the government of India, and would regard as a public enemy any person who should advise his Majesty to interrupt the discharge of this duty.

The passing of this resolution brought at once the two Houses into collision. The Ministry were not satisfied even then. Confident in their majority in the Commons, they determined not to resign, and actually kept the seals of office till the King sent for them. And now came the turning-point in Pitt's career. Earl Temple, having accepted the Secretaryship of State, wrote billets of dismissal to the rest of the Ministers. The same afternoon Pitt saw the King, and without a moment's hesitation, though quite alive to the difficulty of the case, agreed to undertake the

task of forming a new Administration. He accepted for himself the twofold post of First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, and then looked round for proper men to help him.

All this occurred on the 18th; and it is well known that Lord Temple resigned the very next day. He had already begun to agitate for the great object of his ambition—a dukedom; and meeting with a refusal, he yielded to pique, and withdrew from the Cabinet. Pitt felt the blow keenly, and the more so, that other friends, on whom he had counted, hung back. Among these were Lord Camden, the Duke of Grafton, and his own brother-in-law, Lord Mahon. He turned upon this to the Duke of Rutland, who accepted the Privy Seal; and to Lord Sydney and the Marquess of Carmarthen, who became Joint Secretary of State. Earl Gower, also, though heretofore an adherent of Lord North, volunteered his assistance, and was appointed President of the Council. These, with Lord Thurlow—restored, as a matter of course, to the Woolsack—were all in the House of Lords; and as the Cabinet consisted of seven members only, Pitt stood alone in the Commons. He had very effective subordinates, however, to co-operate with him there. Dundas became his Treasurer of the Navy; Kenyon and Arden his Attorney and Solicitor General. William Grenville was one of the Paymasters of the Force; George Rose and Thomas Steele Joint Secretaries of the Treasury; and Wilberforce, himself a host, though holding no office, was at all times to be relied upon. Besides, Pitt understood better than his opponents what the feeling out of doors really was. They dreaded, or pretended to dread, an immediate dissolution, and carried an address to the throne deprecating that step. He knew that a dissolution just at that season would be the worst thing that could happen to him; and so, yielding to the avowed wishes of the majority, he resolved to meet

a hostile House of Commons, and to maintain himself against it till public opinion should decide between them.

The history of Pitt's first session as Prime Minister of England, is, we should hope, tolerably familiar to most of our readers. To such as may have forgotten it, or perhaps overlooked it in their study of history, we can safely recommend Lord Stanhope's admirable narrative. It was a season of political warfare, the most trying on record, except, perhaps, Sir Robert Peel's struggle of 1835. The Opposition, restless in point of numbers, would not pass, would scarcely permit the Minister to bring forward, a single measure. A bill for the better regulation of the affairs of India, which he had prepared with the utmost care, was thrown out in the second reading. Before permitting it to be read at all, they forced the House into a committee, and passed in it three resolutions, entirely subversive of everything like freedom of action in the Cabinet. They even succeeded in obtaining, by a majority of twenty-one, a declaration, that in the opinion of the House it was unconstitutional in the members to retain office. At last they inserted an obligatory pledge, that a dissolution should not take place; and by a vote of the House, late on Saturday night, resumed their sittings at 12 o'clock on Monday. Such violence as this defeated its own object. There was no revolutionary party then in the country. By little and little, boroughs, counties, and the city of London, spoke out in support of the King and of his Minister; and the majority in the Opposition side of the House began to grow less. At this critical juncture Pitt did himself infinite good by an act of self-denial, to him perhaps not difficult of accomplishment, but at that period without precedent among public men. The sinecure of Clerk of the Pells became vacant, and as it was worth £3000 a-year, and at the disposal of the Prime Minister, Pitt was strongly

urged by his friends to present himself. He magnanimously declined; and in pursuance of a policy, long before enunciated, got rid of a pension which Lord Rockingham had bestowed upon Colonel Barré, by appointing Barré to the vacant place. Poor as Pitt was, and even embarrassed in his circumstances, such a sacrifice cannot be lightly regarded, and it received its due meed of praise from both sides of the House. It added greatly, likewise, to his popularity out of doors, and wrung from Barré himself this exclamation: "It is the act of a man who stands upon a high eminence in the eyes of that country which he is destined to govern."

While the war thus raged in one House of Parliament, the other voted an address to the King, expressive of their confidence in his Ministers. An independent party also began to be formed, which first endeavoured to reconcile Pitt with Fox, and, failing in that, took to holding the balance somewhat more evenly between them. By-and-by the Corporation of London passed a vote of thanks to Pitt for his public conduct, together with the freedom of the city in a gold box. He went to receive and to acknowledge these honours in the hall of the Grocers' Company, and was greeted in every street through which he passed with shouts of applause. In the evening, as he returned, the mob dragging his carriage, a furious attack was made upon him from Brooks's, then, as now, the great Whig Club. As the procession passed up St. James's Street a number of gentlemen rushed out of the Club, attacked and demolished the coach, and compelled Pitt, with his brother Lord Chatham, and Lord Mahon, to take refuge in White's. It was a foolish act of the intemperate followers of a chief scarcely less temperate in his own field of action. On the 8th of March Fox made his last move. He had found himself unable either to stop the supplies or to restrict the operation of the Mutiny Act

to six weeks. He now moved that the House should adopt as its own an elaborate paper which he called a representation to the King, but which was, in point of fact, a manifesto addressed to the people. A keen debate followed; and when the division took place, Fox found his majority fallen away to a single vote. The strife was virtually over. Victory was in Pitt's hands. On the 9th he passed the Mutiny Act, as usual; and on the 23d completed his arrangements for a dissolution. And here a circumstance, more curious than important, occurred. It had been settled that the prorogation and dissolution should take place on the 24th; but on the morning of that day, the Chancellor, who inhabited a house in Great William Street, found, on descending from his chamber, that thieves had broken into his study during the night. The only articles stolen were, however, two dress swords and the Great Seal of England. Party spirit arrived immediately at the conclusion that this could not be the act of common burglars. The loss of the Great Seal, at the very moment when it was wanted, might defer the dreaded dissolution, at all events, for a few days. But if the robbers were really influenced by considerations of this sort, they failed in accomplishing their object. A Cabinet meeting was at once called, a new Great Seal, bearing the date 1784, ordered to be made, and, the workmen using diligence, the instrument was ready and Parliament dissolved on the 25th.

Pitt had good reason to hope that the country to which he appealed would not fail him at the coming elections. It may be doubted whether he or the most sanguine of his adherents ever counted upon such a complete triumph as awaited him. Every borough, every county was disputed, and almost everywhere the ministerial candidate prevailed. Wilberforce came in for the great county of York, in spite of the united influence of the houses of

Bolton Abbey, Castle-Howard, and Wentworth Park. Fox himself carried his election at Westminster by a very narrow majority; to secure which, whether real or pretended, the condescension of Georgiana, the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, contributed not a little. Mr. Coke lost Norfolk, Mr. Erskine Portsmouth, and Lord John Cavendish the city of York. It was evident when the Houses met, which they did on the 18th of May, that Pitt would be master in the Commons; while the King, in order to strengthen him in the Lords, added some new peerages to the four which he had already given him. Opposition, properly so called, there was none; for every important, and almost every trifling proposal, the Minister carried. And most of his measures, though the reverse of showy, were of the utmost importance to the country. He put an end to smuggling in tea by reducing the duty, and transferring its collection from the Customs to the Excise. He did the same by spirits, regulating the duties on British, and reducing those on foreign, spirits. He found an enormous floating debt, the legacy of his predecessors, of the inconvenience of which he got rid by funding about one-half of it. Instead of negotiating the loans, as had heretofore been the custom, so as to throw profit into hands of avowed supporters of the Ministry, he gave notice, through the Governor of the Bank, that he was prepared to accept the most advantageous offer; and directed all tenders to be sent in sealed, and opened in the presence of the governor and the deputy. With all his care, however, he found that there must be a deficiency in the revenue for the current year of £9,000,000; and he provided for it by new taxes upon hats, ribbons, gauze, calicoes, bristles, game-licenses, paper, and hackney coaches. He gave the post-office, at the same time, a better chance, by reducing the much-abused privilege of franking, and confining mem-

bers of Parliament to the free receipt of fifteen, and the free dispatch of ten franks daily, the exact number at which they remained up to the adoption of the penny postage. Then followed his India Bill, presenting a remarkable contrast to that of Fox, which settled the government of our Eastern empire in a Board of Control, as a counterpoise to the influence of the Court of Directors; and which worked through long years of difficulty and danger, subject to few, and those unimportant, alterations, up to the year 1856. Finally, Mr. Dundas, with his sanction, brought a bill into Parliament to restore to the rightful heirs the Scottish estates which had been forfeited in 1746. It was a very popular measure, which Lord North had intended to originate, though circumstances interfered to prevent him; and it brought to a happy issue the second session of the year, and the first in which Pitt really felt that the conduct of public affairs was in his hands.

The session of 1785-6 opened on the 25th of January, when Pitt came to his work refreshed by a long autumnal holiday. Far from being dazzled by past success, he laid himself out to provide carefully against the future. His triumphs this year fell far short, however, of those of the year preceding. The House which, at his suggestion, had ordered a scrutiny into the circumstances of the Westminster election, grew weary of the delay, and in sheer disgust voted that Fox had been duly elected. This decision caused some mortification to Pitt, not alone because he was thwarted by it, which no prime minister cares to be, but because it enabled his enemies to triumph over what they unjustly, but not unnaturally, called a failure on his part to crush a personal rival. His next annoyance arose out of the manner in which one of his schemes for supplying a small deficiency in the annual revenue was treated. He added to the existing tax on male servants, and imposed one on female

on shops, post-horses, pawnbrokers' licenses, &c. The shops, post-horses, and pawnbrokers' licences, &c., were surrendered to his will, but the additional tax on men-servants was resisted, and that on female servants unmercifully ridiculed. He was obliged to abandon both within a year or two. But the heaviest blow fell upon him in the rejection of his bill for the reform of Parliament. Though a bold measure in itself, and particularly so, looking to the period at which it was brought forward, Pitt's reform bill was very different, both in principle and in detail, from that which the Whigs carried, half a century later, by sheer intimidation. Pitt's object was to renovate, not to revolutionise, the constitution; and such concessions as he required, he sought to obtain by voluntary surrender from the constituencies, and not by violence. Decayed boroughs, for example, to the number of thirty-six, were to be disfranchised, provided two-thirds of the electors consented to the arrangement, while compensation in money for the loss of their privileges was assured to borough proprietors. The seats thus vacated were to be transferred to the larger counties, and to the cities of London and Westminster, but no other change in the nature of the qualification was to take place, except in counties, where copyholders, equally with freeholders, were to be admitted to the franchise. Finally, provision was made for the continuance of the system as other boroughs fell into decay, when the electoral rights surrendered by them were to be made over to thriving and populous towns.

Pitt was again supported in the debate by Fox, and Wilberforce and Dundas both spoke in his favour. It may be doubted whether the two latter were quite sincere. Lord North, on the other hand, retaining in this respect consistency of conduct, opposed the motion, which was lost on the second reading by 248 to 174 votes.

The result of this debate satisfied Pitt that the time was not

come for effecting even wholesome changes in the machinery of the constitution. He bowed to the decision of the House, and turned his attention to Irish affairs, of which the condition was at that moment both critical and alarming. Eight thousand armed volunteers overawed the legislature, and rendered the authority of the magistrate powerless. The Irish Parliament had fought its own reform battle, and rejected Flood's measure, which however, be it remembered took no notice whatever of the Roman Catholic portion of the community; and a serious riot, during which a mob broke into the House of Commons, was the consequence. There followed upon this, in all the provinces, outrages of the worst kind occasioned partly by religious differences, partly by sheer distress: for England and Ireland were then at complete antagonism with respect to their manufactures. The Irish Parliament began by laying heavy duties on certain fabrics imported by Great Britain; and the Parliament of England, urged by the manufacturers of Lancashire, soon adopted and went beyond the example thus set. Ireland, as being the poorer country of the two, suffered most in this unnatural strife. The artisans thrown out of employment, attributed the circumstance to every cause except the right one. They marched through the streets, and, in imitation of the North American colonies, seized, and tarred and feathered everybody whom they suspected of favouring the English manufactures. "The city of Dublin," wrote the Duke of Rutland, Mr. Pitt's Lord-Lieutenant, "is in a great measure under the dominion and tyranny of the mob. Persons are daily picked out for the operation of tarring and feathering. The magistrates neglect their duty, and none of the rioters, till to-day, when one man was seized in the act, have been taken; while the corps of volunteers in the neighbourhood seem, as it were, to countenance these outrages."

Wisely considering that the great

step towards political quiet in a country is to increase the physical comforts of the people, Pitt matured a plan for putting an end to the restrictions which hampered both England and Ireland, and for placing them, as far as the opinion of the day would allow, on a footing of commercial equality. Ireland was not to trade across the seas except with the English colour—was to be free to send her staple manufactures into England, as England should be to send hers in return, on payment of certain fixed but not extravagant duties; and goods imported from abroad through England into Ireland, or through Ireland into England, were not on that account to be subject to additional duties. Finally, Ireland, when her revenue should reach a certain amount, was to apply the surplus to imperial purposes, especially in the maintenance of the navy.

It is not very easy for us, who live under a system so different, to comprehend the nature or extent of the difficulties which Pitt was called upon to encounter while seeking an end so great, yet in itself so far short of what the occasion required. He had to get his measure carried first in the Irish and then in the British Parliament, in both of which a strong current of prejudice ran against it. The Duke of Rutland could prevail only by yielding points on which the British House of Commons was pretty sure to insist, and the bill which the British Parliament passed became, perhaps for that reason, unpalatable to the Irish. Pitt, moreover, was a disciple of Adam Smith, and had Fox, backed up by all the manufacturers of Lancashire, against him. Of the issues in which this wise endeavour resulted, we need not speak. In spite of all the curtailments which this great measure suffered while making its way through the British House, it went to Dublin rich with benefits from the sister country, and was there rejected. Pitt grieved over the failure, and Ireland for many a long day suffered for it.

The remainder of the session was occupied with matters less conspicuously beneficial, perhaps, than this, but in themselves very important. Some succeeded, some failed. Pitt failed to obtain the means of fortifying the dockyards of Portsmouth and Plymouth, both of which were at the mercy of any enemy who might obtain a few days' command of the Channel. But he carried his plan for the gradual redemption of the national debt by the establishment of a sinking fund, which continued to exist in name, though continually overridden in fact, up to the year 1828. The principle was excellent, and had it been possible to guard for ever against the necessity of future wars, it might, in the course of time, have effected its object. But when from year to year the Chancellor of the Exchequer was forced, by the pressure of war, to borrow millions by tens, it became little better than a mockery to set apart one of the millions so borrowed as a fund wherewith to liquidate the remainder. The measure was, however, greatly approved at the time, and Pitt derived from it both credit and a renewal of his popularity.

The same may be said of his treaty of commerce with France in the arrangement of which he was assisted by Mr. Eden, the father of the present right rev. peer, and some of the most distinguished rats on record. Mr. Eden had been all his life long a follower of Lord North. He adhered to his party so long as there appeared to him a reasonable chance of its return to power. When that chance faded away he made overtures to Pitt, and expressed a great desire to become Speaker of the House of Commons. Towards that post the Prime Minister declined to help him; but he made use of him as a special envoy at the court of Versailles for conducting the commercial treaty; and it is fair to Mr. Eden to add, that he displayed an amount of talent quite equal to the occasion.

We have fallen now on the times

of pasquinades and satires, and especially of the great Whig burlesque, the *Rolliad*, of which Mr. Rolle, afterwards Lord Rolle, one of the members for Devonshire, was the ostensible hero; and the wits of Brooks's, Tickell, Laurence, George Ellis, General Fitzpatrick, and Lord John Townsend, were the principal authors. Lashing all the opponents of Fox and North, *Rolliad* did not spare Eden, who came in likewise for some sharp rubs in the House of Commons. But all these Eden took with perfect complacency. He preferred the friends who could provide to the friends who could not provide for him, and remained faithful to Pitt and the politicians of his school till he discovered that more was to be got by going over to their rivals. His son has, with great filial piety, lately published two volumes of his correspondence; but it really does not appear to us that he has thereby effected much for the posthumous reputation of his father.

One other proceeding, rather of Parliament than of Pitt, deserves at this time some notice: we allude to the commencement of that series of prosecutions which ruined the fortunes, without destroying the good name, of perhaps the greatest of all our great governors of India—Warren Hastings. It is a subject too vast and too complicated to be dealt with in a sketch like this, but on one point all impartial inquirers are agreed. Hastings was hunted down, not because his prosecutors believed him to be guilty of the crimes which they laid to his charge, but because he had saved India by measures to which they and their partisans in the East India Direction were opposed. We are far from believing, as Hastings and his party naturally did, that Pitt and Dundas, after having given him their support, turned against him through jealousy of the favour in which he was held at court, and in order to prevent his being brought into the Cabinet. But it is, in our opinion, a blot upon the scutcheon

of both of these great men, that, through any desire to pander to public prejudice, or even through mistaken views of abstract right, they should have abandoned one whom they took every possible opportunity of lauding as the saviour of British India.*

The treaty of commerce with France, which was to last for four years, was signed on the 26th of September, in the autumn of this year, the very day on which Pitt lost his favourite sister, Harriot, then married to Mr. Eliot, and just become a mother. It was an arrangement marked by exceeding wisdom, and bade fair to unite the two countries by the surest of all bonds, that of mutual interest. It stipulated for the admission to each of the manufactures of the other, at a duty not exceeding twelve or fifteen per cent. It authorised the subjects of each to import in their own vessels every kind of merchandise, not specially prohibited, into the European dominions of the other, while it debarred both from fitting out privateers in the event of either being engaged in war against a third party. In the January following, when it fell to Pitt's share to announce to the House of Commons the ratification of this treaty, he was fiercely assailed by Fox, who rung the changes on the phrase, "France is the natural enemy of Great Britain," in reply to Pitt's more rational as well as statesmanlike declaration, that "to suppose that any nation can be unalterably the enemy of another is weak and childish."

It is curious to observe how completely, in the course of a few years, the rival partisans of Fox and Pitt changed their tone when speaking of France and her relations with England. Philip Francis, for example, taunted Pitt with betraying

his father's principles in seeking to elevate the nation which Lord Chatham had so signally humbled. Mr. Charles Grey, afterwards Earl Grey, the Prime Minister of 1831, took the same side, and surpassed even Francis in the bitterness and personality of his onslaught. Sheridan likewise denounced the treaty. But the country and the House were both in favour of it; and an address of thanks to the Crown was voted by a majority of 236 to 116.

Another project Pitt at this time entertained, which, had he been able to carry it, might have averted much evil from Ireland, and great inconvenience from the United Kingdom. He was anxious to bring about a commutation of tithes in the payment of the clergy, particularly in Ireland. But the *vis inertia* was too strong for him. The Irish prelates would not consent to the arrangement, so it fell to the ground. So also, and for a like reason—because the English bishops refused to give way—he was obliged to maintain the Test and Corporation Acts, though well disposed to consent to their repeal. But, perhaps, among all his sources of anxiety there was none which harassed him more than the conduct of the Prince of Wales, and the state of utter confusion into which his affairs had fallen. Besides contracting debts to the amount of £150,000 his Royal Highness had committed the egregious folly of marrying, according to the service of the Church of England, Mrs. Fitzherbert, a Roman Catholic widow lady, who had steadily refused to become his mistress. The debts of the Prince thus would have told greatly against him, for his allowance was ample; but the marriage placed him in this predicament, that he at once violated the law by entering into such an engagement without hav-

* We do not mean to deny that Hastings owed some at least of his troubles to his own lack of judgment, and to the folly of his friends. He had a wretched adviser in Major Scott, whose subsequent conduct proved that he had never cared except for himself; and he was very ill advised in wearying out the patience of the House of Commons, by pleading at the bar the long and dry defence of his own administration.

ing first obtained the sanction of the sovereign, and forfeited the crown itself by taking to wife a Roman Catholic. Certainly there had been no personal connection between his Royal Highness and Pitt. Among Fox's companions, and with Fox himself, the Prince had found his friends; but Pitt revered the monarchy, and felt every act which was calculated to bring discredit upon that as a public misfortune. The fact of the marriage, though asserted both in the House and through the press, was peremptorily denied by Fox, who spoke on the authority of the Prince himself. Pitt did not feel that he was called upon to notice the matter one way or another, and on this a vote was obtained of £160,000 to clear his Royal Highness, and an addition of £10,000 was made to his annual income out of the civil list.

We must pass over a good many events which, were more space at our disposal, would claim, as they deserve, particular notice. Such are the differences which arose at this period between France and Holland on one side, and England on the other. Such also the outburst of party-spirit in Holland, and the outrages offered to the House of Orange, which, however, were immediately redressed by the march of a Prussian army to Amsterdam. So also with the beginning of the great struggle for the abolition of the slave-trade, in which Wilberforce, indeed, took the prominent part, but to which Pitt was from the first sincerely favourable. It was violently opposed by Lord Thurlow the Chancellor, and by all the interests of Liverpool, Bristol, and other great ports; yet the claims of humanity so far prevailed that the horrors of the middle passage were, at all events, struck at. How many years of patience and perseverance were needed to obtain from Parliament a general condemnation of the traffic, we need not stop to specify. Our general purpose is sufficiently served,

when we point out that Wilberforce and Clarkson, in their struggle for the poor negro, had no more constant or consistent supporter than William Pitt.

The year 1788 witnessed a good many changes in the *personale* of Mr. Pitt's government. The Duke of Rutland died, and was succeeded in Dublin by Lord Temple. Lord Chatham was placed at the head of the Admiralty, where he totally failed. Lord Mansfield made way for Lloyd Kenyon, created Lord Kenyon, as Chief Justice; and Mr. Arden, in spite of fierce opposition from Lord Thurlow, became Master of the Rolls. The new Attorney and Solicitor Generals were Sir Archibald Macdonald and Sir John Scott. An executive machine was constructed, or rather an old one was restored, in the Board of Trade, to the Presidency of which Mr. Jenkinson was raised, with a peerage,* having Mr. William Grenville as his Vice-President. The latter arrangement had, indeed, become indispensable in a country extending, as England now did by rapid steps, her commerce all over the world. Neither was the Minister neglectful of foreign alliances. When he undertook the government, England had not one friend on the continent of Europe, except the little state of Portugal. Mr. Pitt negotiated treaties of defensive alliance with Holland and with Prussia, by the latter of which Prussia and England bound themselves to protect the integrity of the Low Countries, by whomsoever assailed. "Thus," says Lord Stanhope, "if France were willing to remain at peace, there was a treaty of commerce to engage her in more friendly relations. If, on the other hand, France desired to direct her aggressive schemes on Holland, or on any other power, we had acquired the Stadtholder, as restored to his just authority, and also the King of Prussia, for allies."

Satisfied with all that he had

* He was created Lord Hawkesbury.

done, and hopeful of the future (for though the volcano had by this time begun to work in France, the terrible eruption to which it led never entered into man's contemplation), Pitt spent the summer of 1788 partly on a visit to his mother at Burton Pynsent, partly between Downing Street and the villa of Holwood, of which, with its little domain in Kent, he had recently become the purchaser. But from this state of calm he was suddenly and painfully roused by the announcement of the first of three vital attacks which darkened, in the end, the last years of the life of George III. How the illness came on, and by what treatment it was met, Miss Burney, and, after her, Lord Stanhope, have well told. The author gives also a clear and deeply-interesting narrative of the intrigues of the Prince of Wales and his friends, of the treachery of Thurlow, and the threatened *coup d'état* of Loughborough. We could not abridge this tale without spoiling it: let us content ourselves, therefore, with referring our readers to Lord Stanhope's well-arranged narrative, while we shortly state the principle, rather than the details, of that Regency Bill, the necessity of acting on which was happily obviated by the King's convalescence.

The two ends which Pitt proposed to himself were,—to save as much as possible the feelings of his royal master should he ever recover—and to prevent a power, which could be regarded as provisional only, from being abused for party purposes. To secure the former object, he determined to assign, by Act of Parliament, the care of the royal person, together with the direction and appointment of all offices in the royal household, to the Queen. To accomplish the latter, he resolved that the Prince of Wales as Regent, should, by the same authority, be restrained from elevating to the peerage any persons except his brothers as they came of age, as well as alienating any portion of the King's real or personal pro-

perty, or appointing to any office in reversion, or granting any pensions or posts for any other time than during his Majesty's pleasure, except in cases where the law required that such posts should be granted for life, or during good behaviour. These restrictions, as he fully explained, were all proposed in the expectation that the King's recovery might be looked for at no distant date. Should this expectation be unfortunately disappointed, then the whole case would be open to be dealt with hereafter as the wisdom of Parliament might determine.

The first difficulty which he had to encounter arose out of the violent opposition of the Prince of Wales, and of his friends. Fox happened to be absent in Italy, but Loughborough was at hand to advise; and the latter, in his zeal, went so far as to recommend that his Royal Highness, without waiting for the consent of Parliament, should seize, as it were, the vacant throne. Fortunately for Lord Loughborough, more prudent counsels prevailed, and he escaped the arrest and committal to the Tower which the Ministers were prepared to order. A second obstacle, not immediately visible, came in the treachery of Thurlow, who, on receiving the Prince's promises that he should retain the Great Seal, undertook to defeat Pitt's bill, whatever it might be, in the House of Lords. The third, and perhaps most serious of the whole, lay in the absence of all precedent. How could an Act of Parliament become law without the Royal assent? and how was the royal assent to be obtained with the King in his present condition? This latter obstruction Pitt removed by submitting the whole question to the House of Commons when it met early in December, and obtaining, after violent opposition, a committee to inquire and report. The two former difficulties he overcame: the first, by opposing to it temper, firmness, and discretion; the second, by affecting to disbelieve in its exist-

ence, while at the same time he committed the management of his bill in the Lords to more honest hands. The result was a recommendation from the committee to go on; and, notwithstanding a very protracted opposition in the House of Commons, authority was obtained for the application by the Chancellor of the Great Seal to the bill, should it ultimately pass in the House of Lords; and passed it undoubtedly would have been, had not the Opposition fought for time, and won the battle. The parliamentary examination of the royal patient had taken place prior to the opening of the question. It tended very much to strengthen Pitt's statement as to the probability of a speedy convalescence. But the Prince and the Whigs did not scruple to assert that the medical men had been tampered with, and that the Queen and Mr. Pitt, out of hostility to the heir-apparent, had prevailed upon them to colour the report. Another inquiry was in consequence demanded, and carried against Ministers, chiefly through the influence of waverers—a body which exists, more or less, in all popular assemblies, and is invariably swayed to the right hand or the left, quite as much by a desire to be on the winning side as by any more mercenary motive. But that which the Opposition accepted as a triumph proved to be their bane. The King was really recovering. Even Dr. Warren, Fox's personal and political friend, found it impossible to dispute the fact. And so it came to pass that, while the bill yet lingered, the necessity for going through with it ceased. On the 23d of February, 1789, the King, with whom both Pitt and Lord Thurlow had previously conversed, wrote a letter to his Prime Minister, which fully showed that he was no longer unfit for business; and the Regency Bill being allowed to drop, his Majesty resumed, with a grateful yet subdued spirit, the functions of his high office.

It is impossible to over-estimate the magnanimity of Pitt's behaviour throughout the whole of this most delicate crisis. He knew, as indeed everybody knew, that the first use which the Prince would make of power would be to remove him from office, and that the restrictions which, in obedience to principle, he was the means of imposing upon the Regent's prerogative, would never be forgotten. Yet he took his line at once, and persevered in it, in defiance of threats and upbraidings, and in sheer contempt of specious advances, into the sincerity of which he would not stop to inquire. While the Chancellor considered only what promised to be best for himself, Pitt looked alone to what he believed to be best for the country; yet to him the loss of office would have been ruin. He had not only never accumulated money, but he was in debt; and to begin again the career of a barrister on circuit, was the only prospect to which he could look. He had courage enough to face that prospect, and had braced himself up to the struggle, when the bankers and principal moneyed men of London came together of their own accord, and resolved to present him with a substantial token of their regard. They talked of raising £50,000 for that purpose; but the subscription list swelled in the course of two days to £100,000. His friend George Rose, then Secretary of the Treasury, was requested to act as their mouthpiece, and to press the gift upon Pitt in whichever manner might be most agreeable to his own feelings. It was a grateful task for Rose, and he performed it with true feeling; but Pitt steadily refused the boon. "No consideration on earth," was his final answer, "could induce me to accept it."

We must hurry over the occurrences of the next few years, which were years of continued triumph to Pitt as a minister. All his schemes of internal government succeeded—all his movements in foreign policy were crowned with success. He

lowered the duty on every article imported, and at once diminished smuggling and increased the revenue. He repealed more than one tax, especially that upon shops and upon women servants. When Spain insulted the British flag by the seizure of an English ship in Nootka Sound, he fitted out a fleet, and compelled her to make amends; and in the debates which ensued on this act of vigour in the House of Commons, he carried the feeling both of Parliament and of the country with him. But he had his troubles too. The Marquess of Buckingham pressed him for a dukedom, and, on his failing to obtain the promotion from the King, threw up the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland, to which he had not long before been appointed. Mr. Eden applied for a peerage, if it should even be an Irish one, and in the end he obtained it. Between Lord Chancellor Thurlow and himself there was no real confidence, as indeed there could not be between men so differently constituted; while the Duke of Richmond, heretofore his steady friend, took offence at the elevation of Mr. Grenville to the peerage. Him Pitt had not long before created Secretary of State, placing Mr. Adington, the son of his own and his father's physician, in the chair of the House of Commons; and now, for the acknowledged purpose of committing to him the business of the House of Lords, he prevailed upon the King to create him Lord Grenville. Still, looking to his position as a whole, it may fairly be presumed to have been, from the winter of 1788 up to the autumn of 1790, one of rare felicity. He enjoyed the entire confidence of the King and of the country, and he was conscious of deserving it.

The first serious check which Pitt received took place in 1791. The Spanish armament had slightly embarrassed his finances, and the expenditure of the year proved to be in excess of the estimates. Not deterred by this, he was desirous of

stopping the progress of Russia on the Pruth, at the expense, should negotiations fail, of a war. The continent of Europe, as our readers will doubtless recollect, had been greatly agitated of late. The Ozarina Catherine had drawn the Emperor Joseph of Austria into hostilities against Turkey. Sweden had seized the opportunity to declare war against Russia; and Denmark, incited by Russia, had attacked Sweden, whose forces sustained more than one reverse both by sea and land. These movements were not agreeable to the three allied powers, England, Prussia, and Holland; and Pitt, in spite of the King's rooted aversion to war, obtained his Majesty's permission to interfere by energetic diplomacy, and to carry his allies along with him.

Diplomacy succeeded in patching up a peace between Denmark and Sweden; and Sweden, of her own accord, made peace with Russia. Austria, likewise, on the demise of Joseph and the accession of Leopold, accepted the mediation of England and Prussia; but Russia treated it with scorn. Her army, commanded by Potemkin and Suwarrow, had carried all before them, and she refused to keep them back unless bribed to do so by a surrender of territory. Pitt resisted this; and inheriting his father's jealousy of Russian aggrandisement, he caused a fleet to be fitted out, and went to Parliament with a demand for aid. But popular opinion was against him. The inevitable evils of war were fully understood; the danger to Europe, in general, and to England in particular, from the exclusion of Russian power from the Dardanelles, might be real, but few professed themselves able to see it. Fox and his friends, of course, opposed the war policy; and Pitt's majority, though still considerable, began to fall off. He more than insinuated that for this dilemma into which the country had been brought Fox was personally responsible. Mr. Adam, it appeared, had visited St.

Petersburg, where he was in close communication with the Russian Court; and Pitt asserted, as indeed was asserted till twenty years ago by more than he, that Adam had been expressly commissioned by Fox to counsel a resistance to Pitt's demands on the part of the Czarina. But this, as it was denied by the minority, so it is now universally admitted to have been a mistake. That Mr. Adam may have tendered the advice which was attributed to him, seems to be clear enough, and that he was well received because of his intimacy with Fox is certain; but Catherine, as all the world knows, needed no promptings from without to pursue, through good report and through evil, her own policy. The result, however, was, that Pitt, seeing how the tide had set in, wisely yielded to its violence. Prussia, who was preparing to draw the sword, reassumed a peaceful attitude, and the storm blew over.

The abandonment of a policy once avowed, however judicious it may be, necessarily throws discredit on a government. And even Pitt, strong as he was in the confidence of the King and the support of the country, felt this. He was relieved in part from his embarrassments by the voluntary, and therefore handsome, retirement of the Duke of Leeds from the Foreign Office, the seals of which were given to Lord Grenville, while Mr. Dundas, though still retaining the Presidency of the Board of Control, became Home Secretary.

It is pleasant to observe that, amid the cares and anxieties of high office, Pitt never lost one shade of the kindness of disposition which, in private life, seems to have been peculiar to him. His correspondence with his mother was cordial and frequent. His visits to Burton Pynsent were looked forward to with intense pleasure, and intensely enjoyed when he had leisure to pay them. In the society of his personal friends he was the same frank and agreeable companion that

he had ever been. From time to time, also, he appears to have added to their number; and it is no insignificant sign of his amiability as well as of his honour that all the young men whom he noticed became devotedly attached to him. Among these may be enumerated two gentlemen, Mr. Windham, and, above all, George Canning, whose memorable declaration of political allegiance touched long afterwards the tenderest chord in the hearts of all who listened to it. His position, take it for all in all, was indeed as much to be envied as that of any public man could well be. Retaining all the freshness of a genial nature, he found constant opportunities of indulging it; and doubtless indulged it the more readily that everything to which he put his hand appeared to prosper. Yet at this very time the storm was collecting which was to render the whole course of his after-life a succession of anxieties, and troubles, and disappointments.

When Pitt met Parliament in the end of January, 1792, his mind was overcharged with plans for the better administration of the affairs of the country. He had made arrangements for diminishing the weight of taxation, while at the same time he added considerably to the fund to which he looked for the final extinction of the national debt. Notwithstanding the uneasy condition of the Continent, he seemed to put from him all anticipation of war. Instead of 18,000 seamen that Parliament granted in the previous year, he asked for 16,000 only, and made arrangements for getting rid of the mercenary troops which up to this period England had kept in her pay. His success in Parliament was otherwise complete. He greatly improved the law of libel, and obtained for Middlesex, or rather London, the enormous boon of a paid magistracy. He got rid also of Thurlow—who could never forgive the colleague whom he had

endeavoured to betray. That ill-conditioned Chancellor, after opposing one Cabinet measure in the House of Lords, endeavoured to throw out another by surprise; and, much to his own indignation, received his dismissal, accompanied, however, with a step of elevation in the peerage. It is true that, on the slave-trade question, the West Indian and commercial interests were still too strong for Pitt. But the defeat of Wilberforce's bill was but the defeat of a private measure, of which Pitt approved; and his own colleagues, Dundas and Jenkinson, contributed mainly to throw it out. He seemed, as it were, to be but at the beginning of a long career of most extensive usefulness, when those events befel which turned at once his whole thoughts into a new and very different channel.

We must leave Lord Stanhope to tell, as he has ably and succinctly done, the story of the French Revolution, and of the effect which it produced upon the condition of society throughout Europe. At the very moment when Russia and Prussia were perpetrating the iniquitous work of the partition of Poland, France found herself in the very throes of a revolution, the vibrations of which are still felt throughout Europe, and will probably continue to be felt for many long years to come. The almost universal flight of her nobles, with the king's brother at their head, completed the anarchy which the king's weakness had begun. His own attempt to follow them, and his return as a prisoner to Paris, put an end even to the semblance of moderation on the part of the National Assembly. Then came the conference and declaration of Piltz. Then the assembling of Prussian and Austrian armies on the French frontier. Then the ill-advised manifesto of the Duke of Brunswick, and his hesitation to strike, when a blow well and perfectly delivered might have arrested the moral pestilence at its

source. The rest is matter of history. Advancing as far as Valmy, Brunswick there sustained a check, and retired again with precipitation; giving up, without an attempt to defend them, the few strong places of which he had previously made himself master. In that hour the issues of the great struggle scarcely admitted of a doubt.

The only powers actually at war with France were the Prussian and Austrian. The former lost her opportunity, and then regained it: the latter sustained at Jemappes a signal defeat. It deprived her of all her possessions in the Netherlands, and inflicted a severe blow upon her military reputation. But the other Continental governments had so far marked their disapprobation of the principles of the French Revolution, that they recalled their ministers from Paris; and Lord Gower among the rest, the representative at that time of England at the Tuileries, was instructed to apply for his passports. The impetuosity of the Republican Government anticipated this move. War having been declared by France against kings in general, and against the sovereigns of England, Spain, and Holland in particular, the English, Spanish, and Dutch ministers were ordered to quit Paris; and England was precipitated, by no act of her own, into a struggle which, with brief intermissions, extended over wellnigh a quarter of a century.

Here, then, we stop for the present. Our tale, as we have told it, describes the first nine years of Pitt's public life. They were to an unprecedented degree successful, as concerned both his private reputation and the public good. He found the finances of the country, when he came into office, in a state of absolute confusion; he restored them to order, and diminished at the same time the burdens upon the people. He improved the principles of the laws in many important points, and caused them to be administered not only with justice but with moderation. That he would have done a

great deal more had not external circumstances interfered to restrain him, no impartial inquirer can for an instant doubt. He had plans matured for the commutation of tithes in England as well as in Ireland. His scheme of parliamentary reform, had he been allowed to carry it into effect, would have placed in accord the practice with the theory of the constitution, and saved us from the convulsion through which the country was forced to go, before abuses which became from year to year more flagrant could be got rid of. What he was as a Minister in times of foreign war and intestine trouble, we shall do our best to show in some future paper. Meanwhile we are constrained reluctantly to acknowledge that, as far as Lord Stanhope has as yet enabled us to judge, our views in re-

gard to the former of these points are not quite in unison with his. We believe with him that Pitt's domestic policy was, when most stern, equitable and even moderate. We are convinced that any other course of proceeding must have resulted, either immediately or remotely, in a far larger amount of suffering than was anywhere endured. But his manner of conducting the war with France, in spite of all his biographer's reasoning to the contrary, seems to us to have been at once extravagant and unwise. Let us not, however, anticipate; when Lord Stanhope shall favour us with what he has still to say, we promise to hear him patiently; and we thank him in the meanwhile for the large measure, both of instruction and amusement, which he has afforded us.

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FEW wiser things have ever been said than that remark of Byron's, that "man is an unfortunate fellow, and ever will be." Perhaps the originality of the fundamental idea it expresses may be questioned, on the ground that the same warning has been enounced in far more solemn language, and from a far more august authority. But there is originality in the vulgar everyday-world way of putting the idea, and this makes it suit our present purpose, in which, having to do with a human frailty, we intend neither to be devout nor philosophical about it, but to treat it in a thoroughly worldly and practical tone, and in this temper to judge of its place among the defects and ills to which flesh is heir. It were better, perhaps, if we human creatures sometimes did this, and discussed our common frailties as each himself partaking of them, than mount, as we are so apt to do, into the clouds of theology or of ethics, according as our temperament and training are of the serious or of the intellectual order. True, there are many of our brethren violently ready to proclaim themselves frail mortals, miserable sinners, and no better, in theological phraseology, than

the greatest of criminals. But such has been our own unfortunate experience in life, that whenever we find a man coming forward with these self-denunciations on his lips, we are prepared for an exhibition of intolerance, spiritual pride, and envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, towards some poor fellow-creature who has floundered a little out of the straight path, and, being all too conscious of his errors, is not prepared to proclaim them in those broad, emphatic terms which come so readily to the lips of the censors, who at heart believe themselves spotless,—just as complaints about poverty, and inability to buy this and that, come from the fat lips of the millionaire, when he shows you his gallery of pictures, his stud, and his forcing-frames.

No; it is hard to choose between the two. The man who has no defect or crack in his character—no tinge of even the minor immoralities—no fantastic humour carrying him sometimes off his feet—no preposterous hobby—such a man, walking straight along the surface of this world in the arc of a circle, is a very dangerous character, no doubt; of such all children, dogs, simpletons, and other creatures that have the

instinct of the odious in their nature, feel an innate loathing. And yet it is questionable if your perfectionised Sir Charles Grandison is quite so dangerous a character as your "miserable sinner," vociferously conscious that he is the frailest of the frail, and that he can do no good thing of himself. And indeed, in practice, we have known the external symptoms of these two characteristics so to alternate in one disposition, as to render it evident that each is but the same moral nature under a different external aspect—the mask, cowl, varnish, crust, or whatever you like to call it, having been adapted to the external conditions of the man—that is, to the society he mixes in, the set he belongs to, the habits of the age, and the way in which he proposes to get on in life.

It is when the occasion arises for the mask being thrown aside, or when the internal passions burst like a volcano through the crust, that terrible events take place, and the world throbs with the excitement of some wonderful criminal trial: and here, as will happen both with talkers and writers, we are brought to the telling of a story we did not intend to tell, rather because it is good and little known than that it is the most apt parable that could be selected for the personation of our doctrine. It has often been observed that it is among the Society of Friends, who keep so tight a rein on the passions and propensities, that these make the most terrible work when they break loose. The present instance, however, belongs rather to the droll than to the terrible. The hero of it was the first Quaker of that Barclay family which produced the apologist and the pugilist. He was a colonel in the great civil wars, and had seen wild work in his day; but in his old age a change came over him, and, becoming a follower of George Fox, he retired to spend his old age on his ancestral estate in Kincardineshire. Here it came to pass that a brother laird thought the Old Quaker could

be easily done, and began to encroach upon his marches. Barclay, a strong man, with the iron sinews of his race, and their fierce spirit still burning in his eyes, strode up to the encroacher, and, with a grim smile, spoke thus: "Friend, thou knowest that I have become a man of peace and have relinquished strife, and therefore thou art endeavouring to take what is not thine own, but mine, because thou believest that, having abjured the arm of the flesh, I cannot hinder thee. And yet, as thy friend, I advise thee to desist; for shouldst thou succeed in rousing the old Adam within me, perchance he may prove too strong, not only for me, but for *thee*." There was no use of attempting to answer such an argument.

The object of this rambling preamble is to win from the reader a morsel of genial fellow-feeling towards the human frailty which we are going to examine and lay bare before him, trusting that he will treat it neither with the haughty disdain of the immaculate, nor the grim charity of the "miserable sinner." It is a strong instance to cite, perhaps; and yet there is some soundness in the rather extreme tolerance of the old Aberdeen laird's wife, who, when her sister lairdesses were enriching the tea-table conversation with broad descriptions of the abominable vices of their several spouses, said her own "was just a gueed, weel-tempered, counthy, queat, innocent, daedlin, drucken body—wi' nae ill practices aboot him ava!"

What would our Social Progress, Band of Hope, and Philanthropic League philosophers say to a charity like this? And here, by the way, we are reminded how perilous a thing it is, in these days of enlightened thought and action, to draw attention to any kind of human frailty or folly, since the world is full of people who are prepared to deal with and cure it provided only that they are to have their own way with the disease and the patient, and that they shall enjoy the simple privilege of locking him up,

dieting him, and taking possession of his worldly goods and interests as one who, by his irrational habits, or his outrages on the laws of physiology, or the fitness of things, or some other neology, has satisfactorily established his utter incapacity to take charge of his own affairs. No! This is not a cruel age; the rack, the wheel, the boot, the thumbikins, even the pillory and the stocks, have disappeared; death-punishment is dwindling away, and if convicts have not their full rations of cooked meat, or get damaged coffee or sour milk, or are inadequately supplied with flannels and clean linen, there will be an outcry and an inquiry, and a Secretary of State will lose a percentage of his influence, and learn to look better after the administration of patronage. But, at the same time, the area of punishment—or of “treatment,” as it is mildly termed—becomes alarmingly widened, and people require to look sharply into themselves lest they should be tainted with any little frailty or peculiarity which may transfer them from the class of free self-regulators to that of persons “under treatment.” In Owen’s parallelograms there were to be no prisons: he admitted no power in one man to inflict punishment upon another for merely submitting to the dictates of natural propensities which could not be resisted. But, at the same time, there were to be hospitals in which not only the physically diseased, but also the mentally and *morally* diseased, were to be detained until they were cured; and when we reflect that the laws of the parallelogram were very stringent and minute, and required to be absolutely enforced to the letter, otherwise the whole machinery of society would come to pieces, like a watch with a broken spring, it is clear that these hospitals would have contained a very large portion of the unrationed population.

There is rather too much of this sort of Owenism now among us, and it is therefore with some little

misgiving that we betray a brother’s weakness, and lay bare the diagnosis of a peculiar and interesting human frailty. Indeed, the bad name that proverbially hangs the dog has already been given to it, for bibliomania is older in the technology of this kind of nosology than dipsomania, which is, we understand, now an almost established ground for seclusion, and deprivation of the management of one’s own affairs. There is one ground of consolation, however, that, not being popular among the class of enlightened philanthropists, our exposition may pass unnoticed, and the harmless class on whose peculiar frailties we propose to devote a gentle and kindly exposition may yet be permitted to go at large.

As our first case, let us summon from the shades our venerable friend Archdeacon Meadow, as he was in the body. We see him now—tall, straight, and meagre, but with a grim dignity in his air which warms into benignity as he inspects a pretty little clean Elzevir, or a tall portly Stephens, concluding his inward estimate of the prize with a peculiar grunting chuckle, known by the initiated to be an important announcement. This is no doubt one of the milder and more inoffensive type, but still a thoroughly confirmed and obstinate case. Its parallel to the classes who are to be taken charge of by their wiser neighbours is only too close and awful; for have we not sometimes found the female members of his household, on occasion of some domestic emergency—or, it may be, for mere sake of keeping the lost man out of mischief—have we not found them searching for him on from bookstall unto bookstall, just as the mothers, wives, and daughters of other lost men hunt them through their favourite taverns? Then, again, can we forget that occasion of his going to London to be examined by a committee of the House of Commons, when he suddenly disappeared with all his money in his pocket, and returned penniless, followed

by a waggon containing 372 copies of rare editions of the Bible? All were fish that came to his net. At one time you might find him securing a minnow for sixpence at a stall—and presently afterwards he outbids some princely collector, and secures with frantic impetuosity, “at any price,” a great fish he has been patiently watching for year after year. His hunting-grounds were wide and distant, and there were mysterious rumours about the numbers of copies, all identically the same in edition and minor individualities, which he possessed of certain books. We have known him, indeed, when beaten at an auction, turn round resignedly and say, “Well, so be it—but I daresay I have ten or twelve copies at home, if I could lay hands on them.”

It is a matter of extreme anxiety to his friends, and, if he have a well-constituted mind, of sad misgiving to himself, when the collector buys his first *duplicate*. It is like the first secret dram swallowed in the forenoon—the first pawning of the silver spoons—or any other terrible first step downwards you may please to liken it to. There is no hope for the patient after this. It rends at once the veil of decorum spun out of the flimsy sophisms by which he has been deceiving his friends, and partially deceiving himself, into the belief that his previous purchases were necessary, or, at all events, serviceable for professional and literary purposes. He now becomes shameless and hardened; and it is observable in the career of this class of unfortunates, that the first act of duplicity is immediately followed by an access of the disorder, and a reckless abandonment to its propensities. The Archdeacon had long passed this stage ere he crossed our path, and had become thoroughly hardened. He was not remarkable for local attachment; and in moving from place to place, his spoil, packed in innumerable great boxes, sometimes followed him, to remain unreleased during

the whole period of his tarrying in his new abode, so that they were removed to the next stage of his journey through life with modified inconvenience. Cruel as it may seem, we must yet notice another and a peculiar vagary of his malady. He had resolved, at least once in his life, to part with a considerable proportion of his collection—better to suffer the anguish of such an act than endure the fretting of continued restraint. There was a wondrous sale by auction accordingly; it was something like what may have occurred at the dissolution of the monasteries at the Reformation, or when the contents of some time-honoured public library were realised at the time of the French Revolution. Before the affair was over, the Archdeacon himself made his appearance in the midst of the miscellaneous self-invited guests who were making free with his treasures. He pretended, honest man, to be a mere casual spectator, who, having seen, in passing, the announcement of a sale by auction, stepped in like the rest of the public. By degrees he got excited, gasped once or twice as if mastering some desperate impulse, and at length fairly bade. He could not brazen out the effect of this escapade, however, and disappeared from the scene. It was remarked, however, that an unusual number of lots were afterwards knocked down to a military gentleman, who seemed to have left portentously large orders with the auctioneer. Some curious suspicions began to arise, which were settled by that presiding genius bending over his rostrum, and explaining in a confidential whisper that the military hero was in reality a pillar of the Church so disguised.

The Archdeacon lay under what, among the deluded victims of his malady, was deemed a heavy scandal. He was suspected of reading his own books—that is to say, when he could get at them; for there are those who may still remember his rather shamefaced ap-

partition of an evening, petitioning, somewhat in the tone with which an old schoolfellow down in the world requests your assistance to help him to go to York to get an appointment—petitioning for the loan of a volume of which he could not deny that he possessed numberless copies lurking in divers parts of his vast collection. This reputation of reading the books in his collection, which should be sacred to external inspection solely, is with the initiated a scandal, such as it would be among a hunting set to hint that a man had killed a fox. In the dialogues, not always the most entertaining, of Dibdin's *Bibliomania*, there is this short passage:—"I will frankly confess," rejoined Lysander, 'that I am an arrant *bibliomaniac*—that I love books dearly—that the very sight, touch, and mere perusal——' 'Hold, my friend,' again exclaimed Philemon; 'you have renounced your profession—you talk of *reading* books—do *bibliomaniacs* ever *read* books?'"

Yes, our venerable friend read books—he devoured them; and he did so to full prolific purpose. His was a mind enriched with varied learning, which he gave forth with full, strong, easy flow, like an inexhaustible perennial spring coming from inner reservoirs, never dry, yet too capacious to exhibit the brawling, bubbling symptoms of repletion. It was from a majestic heedlessness of the busy world and its fame that he got the character of indolence, and was set down as one who would leave no lasting memorial of his great learning. But when he died, it was not altogether without leaving a sign; for from the casual droppings of his pen has been preserved enough to signify to many generations of students in the walk he chiefly affected how richly his mind was stored, and how much fresh matter there is in those fields of inquiry where compilers have left their dreary tracks for ardent students to cultivate into a rich harvest.

In him truly the bibliomania may be counted among the many illustrations of the truth so often moralised on, that the highest natures are not exempt from human frailty in some shape or other.

Let us now summon the shade of another departed victim—Fitzpatrick Smart, Esq. He too, through a long life, had been a vigilant and enthusiastic collector, but after a totally different fashion. He was far from omnivorous. He had a principle of selection peculiar and separate from all others, as was his own individuality from other men's. You could not classify his library according to any of the accepted nomenclatures peculiar to the initiated. He was not a black-letter man, or a tall-copyist, or an uncut man, or a rough-edge man, or an early-English-dramatist, or an Elzevirian, or a broadsider, or a pasquinader, or an old-brown-calf man, or a tawny-moroccoite, or a gilt-topper, a marbled-insider, or an *editio princeps* man; neither did he come under any of the more vulgar classifications of an antiquarian, or a *belles-lettres*, or a classical collector. There was no way of defining his peculiar walk save by his own name—it was the Fitzpatrick-Smart walk. In fact, it wound itself in infinite windings through isolated spots of literary scenery, if we may so speak, in which he took a personal interest. There were historical events, bits of family history, chiefly of a tragic or a scandalous kind,—efforts of art or of literary genius on which, through some intellectual law, his mind and memory loved to dwell; and it was in reference to these that he collected. If the book were the one desired by him, no anxiety and toil, no payable price, was to be grudged for its acquisition. If the book were an inch out of his own line, it might be trampled in the mire for aught he cared, be it as rare or costly as it could be. It was difficult, almost impossible, for others to predicate what would please this wayward sort of taste, and he was the torment

of the book-caterers, who were sure of a princely price for the right article, but might have the wrong one thrown in their teeth with contumely. It was a perilous, but, if successful, a gratifying thing to present him with a book. If it happened to hit his fancy, he felt the full force of the compliment, and overwhelmed the giver with his courtly thanks. But it required great observation and tact to fit one for such an adventure, for the chances against an ordinary thoughtless gift-maker were thousands to one; and those who were acquainted with his strange nervous temperament, knew that the existence within his dwelling-place of any book not of his own special kind, would impart to him the sort of feeling of uneasy horror which a bee is said to feel when an earwig comes into its cell. Presentation copies by authors were among the chronic torments of his existence. While the complacent author was perhaps pluming himself on his liberality in making the judicious gift, the recipient was pouring out all his sarcasm, which was not feeble or slight, on the odious object, and wondering why an author could have entertained against him so steady and enduring a malice as to take the trouble of writing and printing all that rubbish with no better object than disturbing the peace of mind of an inoffensive old man. Every tribute from such *dona ferentes* cost him much uneasiness and some want of sleep—for what could he do with it? It was impossible to make merchandise of it, for he was every inch a gentleman. He could not burn it, for under an acrid exterior he had a kindly nature. It was believed, indeed, that he had established some limbo of his own, in which such unwelcome commodities were subject to a kind of burial or entombment, where they remained in existence, yet were decidedly outside the circle of his household gods.

These gods were a pantheon of a

very extraordinary description, for he was a hunter after other things besides books. His acquisitions included pictures, and the various commodities which, for want of a distinctive name, auctioneers call "miscellaneous articles of vertu." He started on his accumulating career with some old family relics, and these, perhaps, gave the direction to his subsequent acquisitions, for they were all, like his books, brought together after some self-willed and peculiar law of association that pleased himself. A bad, even an inferior picture he would not have—for his taste was exquisite—unless, indeed, it had some strange history about it, adapting it to his wayward fancies, and then he would adopt the badness as a peculiar recommendation, and point it out with some pungent and appropriate remark to his friends. But though, with these peculiar exceptions, his works of art were faultless, no dealer could ever calculate on his buying a picture, however high a work of art or great a bargain. With his ever-accumulating collection, in which tiny sculpture and brilliant colour predominated, he kept a sort of fairy world around him. But all the mob of curious things he preserved had some story linking it with others, or with his peculiar fancies, and each one had its precise place in a sort of *epos*, as certainly as each of the persons in the confusion of a pantomime or a farce has his own position and functions.

After all, he was himself his own greatest curiosity. He had come to manhood just after the period of gold-laced waistcoats, small-clothes, and shoe-buckles, otherwise he would have been long a living memorial of these now antique habits. It happened to be his lot to preserve down to us the earliest phase of the pantaloon dynasty. So, while the rest of the world was booted or heavy shod, his silk-stockinged feet were thrust into pumps of early Oxford cut, and the predominant

- garment was the surtout, blue in colour, and of the original make before it came to be called a frock. Round his neck was wrapped an ante-Brummelite neckerchief (not a tie), which projected in many wreaths like a great poultice—and so he took his walks abroad, a figure which he could himself have turned into admirable ridicule. One of the mysteries about him was, that his clothes, though unlike any other person's, were always old. This characteristic could not even be accounted for by the supposition that he had laid in a sixty years' stock in his youth, for they always appeared to have been a good deal worn. The very umbrella was in keeping—it was of green silk, an obsolete colour ten years ago—and the handle was of a peculiar crosier-like formation in cast-horn, obviously not obtainable in the market. His face was ruddy, but not with the ruddiness of youth; and, bearing on his head a Brutus wig of the light-brown hair which had long ago legitimately shaded his brow, when he stood still—except for his linen—which was snowy white—one might suppose that he had been shot and stuffed on his return home from college, and had been sprinkled with the frozy mouldiness which time imparts to stuffed animals and other things, in which a semblance to the freshness of living nature is vainly attempted to be preserved. So if he were motionless; but let him speak, and the internal freshness was still there, an ever-blooming garden of intellectual flowers. His antiquated costume was no longer grotesque—it harmonised with an antiquated courtesy and high-bred gentleness of manner, which he had acquired from the best sources, since he had seen the first company in his day, whether for rank or genius. And conversation and manner were far from exhausting his resources. He had a wonderful pencil—it was potent for the beautiful, the terrible, and the ridiculous; but it took a wayward, wilful course, like every-

thing else about him. He had a brilliant pen, too, when he chose to wield it, but the idea that he should exercise any of these his gifts in common display before the world, for any even of the higher motives that make people desire fame and praise, would have sickened him. His faculties were his own as much as his collection, and to be used according to his caprice and pleasure. So fluttered through existence one who, had it been his fate to have his own bread to make, might have been a great man. Alas for the end! Some curious annotations are all that remain of his literary powers—some drawings and etchings in private collections all of his artistic. His collection, with all its train of legends and associations, came to what he himself must have counted as dispersal. He left it to his housekeeper, who, like a wise woman, converted it into cash while its mysterious reputation was fresh. Huddled in a great auction-room, its several catalogued items lay in humiliating contrast with the decorous order in which they were wont to be arranged. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

Let us now call up a different, and a more commonplace type of the book-hunter—it shall be Inchrule Brewer. He is guiltless of all intermeddling with the contents of books, but in their external attributes his learning is marvellous. He derived his nickname from the practice of keeping, as his inseparable pocket-companion, one of those graduated folding measures of length which may often be seen protruding from the moleskin pocket of the joiner. He used it at auctions, and on other appropriate occasions, to measure the different elements of a book—the letterpress—the unprinted margin—the external expanse of the binding; for to the perfectly scientific collector all these things are very significant. They are, in fact, on record among the craft, like the pedigrees and physical characteristics recorded in stud-books and short-

horned books. One so accomplished in this kind of analysis could tell at once by this criterion, whether the treasure under the hammer was the same that had been knocked down before at the Roxburghe sale—the Gordonstown or the Heber, perhaps—or was veritably an impostor—or was in reality a new and previously unknown prize well worth contending for. The minuteness and precision of his knowledge excited wonder, and being anomalous among the male sex even among collectors, it was rumoured that its possessor must veritably be an aged maiden in disguise.

Among the elements which constitute the value of a book—rarity of course being equal—we should say he counted the binding highest. He was not alone in this view, for it would be difficult to give the uninitiated a conception of the importance attached to this mechanical department of book-making by the adepts. About a third part of Dibdin's *Bibliographical Decameron* is, if we recollect rightly, devoted to bindings. There are binders who have immortalised themselves—as Staggermiller, Walter, Payne, Padaloup, Hennings, De Roue, Fowkener, Lewis, Hayday, and Thomson. Their names may sometimes be found on their work, not with any particularities, as if they required to make themselves known, but with the simple brevity of illustrious men. Thus we take up a morocco-bound work of some eminence, on the title-page of which the author sets forth his full name and profession, with the distinctive initials of certain learned societies to which it is his pride to belong, but the simple and dignified enunciation deeply stamped in his own golden letters, "Bound by Hayday," is all that that accomplished artist deigns to tell.

And let us, after all, acknowledge that there are few men who are entirely above the influence of binding. No one likes sheep's clothing for his literature, even if he should

not aspire to russia or morocco. Adam Smith, one of the least showy of men, confessed himself to be a beau in his books. Perhaps the majority of men of letters are so to some extent, though poets are apt to be ragamuffins. It was Thomson, we believe, who used to cut the leaves with the snuffers. Perhaps an event in his early career may have soured him of the proprieties. It is said that he had an uncle, a clever active mechanic, who could do many things with his hands, and contemplated James's indolent, dreamy, feckless character with impatient disgust. When the first of *The Seasons*—"Winter" it was, we believe—had been completed at press, Jamie thought, by a presentation copy, to triumph over his uncle's scepticism, and to propitiate his good opinion he had the book handsomely bound. The old man never looked inside, or asked what the book was about, but, turning it round and round with his fingers in gratified admiration, exclaimed—"Come, is that really our Jamie's doin' now?—weel, I never thought the cratur wad hae had the handicraft to do the like!"

The feeling by which this worthy man was influenced was a mere sensible practical respect for good workmanship. The aspirations of the collectors, however, in this matter, go out of the region of the sphere of the utilitarian into that of the æsthetic. Their priests and prophets, by the way, do not seem to be aware how far back this veneration for the coverings of books may be traced, or to know how strongly their votaries have been influenced in the direction of their taste by the traditions of the middle ages. The binding of a book was, of old, a shrine on which the finest workmanship in bullion and the costliest gems were lavished. The psalter or the breviary of some early saint, a portion of the Scriptures, or some other volume held sacred, would be thus enshrined. It has happened sometimes that tattered fragments of them have been preserved

as effective relics within outer shells or shrines; and in some instances, long after the books themselves have disappeared, specimens of these old bindings have remained to us beautiful in their decay;—but we are getting far beyond the Inchrule,

Your affluent omnivorous collector, who has more of that kind of business on hand than he can perform for himself, naturally brings about him a train of satellites, who make it their business to minister to his importunate cravings. With them the phraseology of the initiated degenerates into a hard business sort of slang. Whatever slight remnant of respect towards literature as the vehicle of knowledge may linger in the conversation of their employers, has never belonged to theirs. They are dealers who have just two things to look to—the price of their wares, and the peculiar propensities of the unfortunates who employ them. Not that they are destitute of all sympathy with the malady which they feed. The caterer generally gets infected in a superficial cutaneous sort of way. He has often a collection himself, which he eyes complacently of an evening as he smokes his pipe over his brandy-and-water, but to which he is not so distractedly devoted but that a pecuniary consideration will tempt him to dismember it. It generally consists, indeed, of blunders or false speculation—books which have been obtained in a mistaken reliance on their suiting the craving of some wealthy collector. Caterers unable to comprehend the subtle influences at work in the mind of the book-hunter, often make miscalculations this way. Fitzpatrick Smart punished them so terribly that they at last abandoned him in despair to his own devices.

Several men of this class were under the authority of the Inchrule, and their communings were instructive. “Thorpe’s catalogue just arrived, sir—several highly important announcements,” says a portly person with a fat volume

under his arm, hustling forward with an air of assured consequence. There is now to be a deep and solemn consultation, as when two ambassadors are going over a heavy protocol from a third. We happened to see one of these myrmidons returning from a bootless errand of inspection to a reputed collection; he was hot and indignant. “A *collection*,” he sputtered forth—“that a *collection*!—mere rubbish, sir—irredeemable trash. What do you think, sir?—a set of the common quarto edition of the Delphini classics, copies of Newton’s works and Bacon’s works, Gibbon’s *Decline and Fall*, and so forth—nothing better, I declare to you: and to call *that* a collection!” Whereas, had it contained *The Pardoner and the Freer*, *Sir Clyman and Clamides*, *A Knack to know a Knave*, or the works of those eminent dramatists, Nabbes, May, Clapthorne, Peapes, or Obettie, then would the collection have been worthy of distinguished notice. On another occasion, the conversation turning on a name of some repute, the remark is ventured, that he is “said to know something about books,” which brings forth the fatal answer—“*He* know about books!—Nothing—nothing at all, I assure you; unless, perhaps, about their insides.”

All these are, after all, mild and comparatively innocuous cases; and indeed such is the general tone of the malady, though it has its noxious and even dangerous types also. It is liable to be accompanied by an affection, known also to the agricultural world as affecting the wheat crop, and called “the smut.” Fortunately this is less prevalent among us than the French, who have a name for the class of books affected by this school of collectors in the *bibliothèque bleue*. There is a sad story connected with this peculiar frailty. A great and high-minded scholar of the seventeenth century had a savage trick played on him by some mad wags, who collected a quantity of the brutalities of which Latin literature affords an endless

supply, and published them in his name. He is said not long to have survived this practical joke; and one does not wonder at his sinking before such a prospect, if he anticipated an age and a race of book-buyers among whom his great critical works are forgotten, and his name is known solely for the spurious volume, sacred to infamy, which may be found side by side with the works of the author of *Trimalcion's Feast*—"par nobile fratrum."

There is another failing, without a leaning to virtue's side, to which some collectors have been, by reputation at least, addicted—a propensity to obtain articles without value given for them—a tendency to be larcenish. It is the culmination, indeed, of a sort of lax morality apt to grow out of the habits and traditions of the class. Your true collector—not the man who follows the occupation as a mere expensive taste, and does not cater for himself—considers himself a finder or discoverer rather than a purchaser. He is an industrious prowler in unlikely regions, and is entitled to some reward for his diligence and his skill. Moreover, it is the essence of that very skill to find value in those things which, in the eye of the ordinary possessor, are really worthless. From estimating them at little value, and paying little for them, the steps are rather too short to estimating them at nothing, and paying nothing for them. What matters it a few dirty black-letter leaves picked out of that volume of miscellaneous trash—leaves which the owner never knew he had, and cannot miss—which he would not know the value of, had you told him of them? What use of putting notions into the greedy barbarian's head, as if one were to find treasures for him? And the little pasquinade is so curious, and will fill a gap in that fine collection so nicely! The notions of the collector about such spoil are indeed the converse of those which Cassio professed to hold about his good name, for the scrap furtively removed is supposed

in no way to impoverish the loser, while it makes the recipient rich indeed. Those habits of the prowler which may gradually lead a mind not strengthened by strong principle into this downward career, are hit with his usual vivacity and wonderful truth by Scott. The speaker is our delightful friend Oldenbuck of Monkbarns, the Antiquary, and it has just enough of confession in it to show a consciousness that the narrator has been over dangerous ground, and, if we did not see that the narrative is tinged with some exaggeration, has trodden a little beyond the limits of what is gentlemanly and just.

"See this bundle of ballads, not one of them later than 1700, and some of them a hundred years older. I wheedled an old woman out of these, who loved them better than her psalm-book. Tobacco, sir, snuff, and the *Complete Syren*, were the equivalent! For that mutilated copy of the *Complaynt of Scotland* I set out the drinking of two dozen bottles of strong ale with the late learned proprietor, who in gratitude bequeathed it to me by his last will. These little Elzevirs are the memoranda and trophies of many a walk by night and morning through the Cowgate, the Canongate, the Bow, St. Mary's Wynd—wherever, in fine, there were to be found brokers and trokers, those miscellaneous dealers in things rare and curious. How often have I stood haggling on a halfpenny, lest by a too ready acquiescence in the dealer's first price he should be led to suspect the value I set upon the article! How have I trembled lest some passing stranger should chop in between me and the prize, and regarded each poor student of divinity that stopped to turn over the books at the stall as a rival amateur or prowling bookseller in disguise! And then, Mr. Lovel—the sly satisfaction with which one pays the consideration, and pockets the article, affecting a cold indifference while the hand is trembling with pleasure! Then to dazzle the eyes of our wealthier and emulous rivals by showing them such a treasure as this (displaying a little black smoked book about the size of a primer)—to enjoy their surprise and envy; shrouding, meanwhile, under a veil of mysterious consciousness, our own superior knowledge and dexterity;—these, my young friend—these are the

white moments of life, that repay the toil and pains and sedulous attention which our profession, above all others, so peculiarly demands."

There is a nice subtle meaning in the worthy man calling his weakness his "profession," but it is in complete keeping with the mellow Teniers-like tone of the whole picture. Ere we have done we shall endeavour to show that the grubber among book-stalls has, with other grubs or grubbers, his useful place in the general dispensation of the world. But his is a pursuit exposing him to moral perils, which call for peculiar efforts of self-restraint to save him from them; and the moral Scott holds forth—for a sound moral he always has—is, If you go as far as Jonathan Oldenbuck did—and I don't advise you to go so far, but hint that you should stop earlier—say to yourself, Thus far, and no farther.

So much for a sort of clinical exposition of the larcenous propensities which accompany book-hunting. There is another peculiar, and, it may be said, vicious propensity, exhibited occasionally in conjunction with the pursuit. It is entirely antagonistic in spirit to the tenth commandment, and consists in a desperate coveting of the neighbour's goods, and a satisfaction, not so much in possessing for one's self, as in dispossessing him. This spirit is said to burn with still fiercer flame in the breasts of those whose pursuit would externally seem to be the most innocent in the world, and the least excitive of the bad passions—namely, among flower-fanciers. From some mysterious cause, it has been known to develop itself most flagrantly among tulip-collectors, inasmuch that there are legends of Dutch devotees of this pursuit who have paid their thousands of dollars for a duplicate tuber, that they might have the satisfaction of crushing it under the heel. This line of practice is not entirely alien to the book-hunter. Dibdin warned his convivial guests at comfortable fires, fed by the

woodcuts which had been printed from in the impression of the *Bibliographical Decameron*. It was a quaint fancy, and deemed to be a pretty and appropriate form of hospitality, while it effectually assured the subscribers to his costly volumes that the vulgar world who buy cheap books was definitively cut off from participation in their privileges.

Let us, however, summons a more potent spirit of this order. He is a different being altogether from those gentle shades who have flitted past us already. He was known in the body by many hard names, such as the Vampire, the Dragon, &c. He was an Irish absentee, or, more accurately, a refugee, since he had made himself so odious on his ample estate that he could not live there. How on earth he should have set about collecting books, is one of the inscrutable mysteries which ever surround the diagnosis of this peculiar malady. Setting aside his using his books by reading them as out of the question, he yet was never known to indulge in that fondling and complacent examination of their exterior and general condition, which, to Inchrule and others of his class, seemed to afford the highest gratification that, as sojourners through this vale of tears, it was their lot to enjoy. Nor did he luxuriate in the collective pride—like that of David when he numbered his people—of beholding how his volumes increased in multitude, and ranged with one another, like well-sized and properly-dressed troops, along an ample area of book-shelves. His collection—if it deserved the name—was piled in great heaps in garrets, cellars, and warerooms like unsorted goods. They were accumulated, in fact, not so much that the owner might have them, as that other people might not. If there were a division of the order into positive, or those who desire to make collections, and negative, or those who desire to prevent them being made, his case would properly belong to the latter. Imagine the

consternation created in a small circle of collectors by a sudden alighting among them of a *helluo librorum* with such propensities, armed with illimitable means, enabling him to desolate the land like some fiery dragon! What became of the chaotic mass of literature he had brought together no one knew. It was supposed to be congenial to his nature to have made a great bonfire of it before he left the world; but a little consideration showed such a feat to be impossible, for books may be burnt in detail by extraneous assistance, but it is a curious fact that, combustible as paper is supposed to be, books won't burn. If you doubt this, pitch that folio Swammerdam or Puffendorf into a good rousing fire, and mark the result. In the days when heretical books were burned, it was necessary to place them on large wooden stages, and after all the pains taken to demolish them, considerable readable masses were sometimes found in the embers; whence it was supposed that the devil, conversant in fire and its effects, gave them his special protection. In the end it was found easier and cheaper to burn the heretics themselves than their books.

No—it is still probable that, stored away in some forgotten repositories, these miscellaneous relics still remain; and should they be brought forth, some excitement might be created; for, ignorant as the monster was, he had an instinct for knowing what other people wanted, and was thus enabled to snatch rare and curious volumes from the grasp of systematic collectors. It was his great glory to get hold of a unique book and shut it up. There were known to be just two copies of a spare quarto, called *Rout upon Rout, or the Rabblers Rabbled*, by Felix Nixon, Gent. He possessed one copy; the other, by indomitable perseverance, he also got hold of, and then his heart was glad within him; and he felt it glow with well-merited pride when an accomplished scholar, desiring to complete an epoch in

literary history on which that book threw some light, besought the owner to allow him a sight of it, were it but for a few minutes, and the request was refused. "I might as well ask him," said the animal, who was rather proud of his firmness than ashamed of his churlishness, "to make me a present of his brains and reputation."

It was among his pleasant ways to attend book-sales, there to watch the biddings of persons on whose judgment he relied, and cut in as the contest was becoming critical. This practice soon betrayed to those he had so provoked the chinks in the monster's armour. He was assailable and punishable at last, then, this potent monster—but the attack must be made warily and cautiously. Accordingly, impartial bystanders, ignorant of the plot, began to observe that he was degenerating by degrees in the rank of his purchases, and at last becoming utterly reckless, buying, at the prices of the sublimest rarities, common works of ordinary literature to be found in every book-shop. Such was the result of judiciously drawing him on, by biddings for valueless books, on the part of those whom he had outbid in the objects of their desire. Auctioneers were surprised at the gradual change coming over the book-market, and a few fortunate people obtained considerable prices for articles they were told to expect nothing for. But this farce, of course, did not last long; and whether or not he found out that he had been beaten at his own weapons, the devouring monster disappeared as mysteriously as he had come.

Such reminiscences bring vividly before the eye the scene in which they took place long long ago. If any one in his early youth has experienced some slight symptoms of the malady we are discussing, which his constitution, through a tough struggle with the world, and a busy training in after life, has been enabled to throw off, he will yet look back with fond associa-

tions to the scenes of his dangerous indulgence. The auction-room is often the centre of fatal attraction towards it, just as the billiard-room and the *rouge-et-noire* table are to excesses of another kind. There is that august tribunal, over which at one time reigned Scott's genial friend Ballantyne, succeeded by the sententious Tate, and the great Nisbet. More congenial, however, in our recollection, is the more remote and dingy hall where rough Carfrae, like Thor, flourishing his thundering hammer. There it was that first we marked, with a sort of sympathetic awe, the strange and varied influence of their peculiar maladies on the book-hunters of the last generation. There it was that we first handled those pretty little pets, the Elzevir classics, a sort of literary bantams, which are still dear to memory, and awaken old associations by their dwarfish ribbed backs like those of ponderous folios, and their exquisite, but now, alas! too minute type. The eyesight that could formerly peruse them with ease has suffered decay, but they remain unchanged; and in this they are unlike to many other objects of early interest. Children, flowers, animals, scenery even, all have undergone mutation, but no perceptible shade of change has passed over these little reminders of old times. There it was that we first could comprehend how a tattered dirty fragment of a book once common might be worth a deal more than its weight in gold. There it was too, that, seduced by our bad example, the present respected pastor of Ardsnishen purchased that beautiful Greek New Testament, by Jansen of Amsterdam, which he loved so, in the freshness of its acquisition, that he took it with him to church, and, turning up the text, handed it to a venerable woman beside him, after the fashion of an absorbed and absent student who was apt to forget whether he was reading Greek or English. The presiding genius of the place, with his strange accent, odd sayings, and

angular motions, accompanied by good-natured grunts of grotesque wrath, became a sort of household figure. The dorsal breadth of pronunciation with which he would expose "Mr. Ivory's *Erskine*," used to produce a titter which he was always at a loss to understand. Though not the fashionable resort, where all the thorough libraries in perfect condition went to be hammered off, and though it was a place where very miscellaneous collections were sold, and therefore bargains might be expected by those who knew what they were about, yet sometimes extraordinary and valuable collections of rare books came under his hammer, and created an access of more than ordinary excitement among the denizens of the place. On one of these occasions a succession of valuable fragments of early English poetry brought prices so high, and far beyond those of ordinary expensive books in the finest condition, that it seemed as if their imperfections were their merit; and the auctioneer momentarily carried off with this feeling, when the high prices began to sink a little, remonstrated thus, "Going so low as thirty shillings, gentlemen, —this curious book—so low as thirty shillings—and quite imperfect!"

Those who frequented this howf, being generally elderly men, have now nearly all departed. The thunderer's hammer, too, has long been silenced by the great quieter. One living memorial still exists of that scene—the genial and then youthful assistant, whose partiality for letters and literary pursuits made him often the monitor and kindly guide of the raw student, and who now, in a higher field, exercises a more important influence on the destinies of literature. We passed the spot the other day—it was not desolate and forsaken, with the moss growing on the hearth-stone; on the contrary it flared with many lights—a thronged gin-palace. When we heard the sounds that issued from the old familiar spot, it occurred to

us that, after all, there are worse pursuits in the world than book-hunting.

Perhaps, by the way, it would be a good practical distinction in the class of persons we are dealing with, to divide them into private prowlers, and auction-hunters. There are many other modes of classifying them, but none so general. They might be classified by the different sizes of books they affect—as folios, quartos, octavos, and duodecimos—but this would be neither an expressive nor a dignified classification. In enumerating the various orders to which Fitzpatrick Smart did not belong, we have mentioned many of the species, but a great many more might be added. Some collectors lay themselves out for vellum-printed volumes almost solely. There are such not only among very old books, but among very new; for of a certain class of modern books it frequently happens that a copy or two is printed on vellum, to catch the class whose weakness takes that direction.

It may be cited as a signal instance of the freaks of book-collecting, that of all men in the world Davoust, the rough soldier, who by his cool courage rose from the position of sergeant to be Prince of Eckmühl, had a vellum library—but so it was. It was sold in London for about £1400. “The crown octavos,” says Dibdin, “especially of ancient classics, and a few favourite English authors, brought from four to six guineas. The first virtually solid article of any importance, or rather of the greatest importance, in the whole collection, was the matchless Didot *Horace* of 1799, folio, containing the original drawings, from which the exquisite copperplate vignettes were executed. This was purchased by the gallant Mr. George Hibbers for £140. Nor was it in any respect an extravagant or even dear purchase.”

Some collectors may be styled Rubricists, being influenced by a sacred rage for books having the contents and marginal references

printed in red ink. Some go at flowered capitals, others at broad margins. These have all a certain amount of magnificence in their tastes; but there are others again whose priceless collections are like the stock-in-trade of a wholesale ballad-singer, consisting of chap-books, as they are termed—the articles dealt in by pedlars and semi-mendicants for the past century or two. Some affect collections relating to the drama, and lay great store by heaps of play-bills arranged in volumes, and bound, perhaps, in costly russias. Of a more dignified grade are perhaps those who have lent themselves to the collection of the theses on which aspirants after university honours held their disputations or impugnments. Sometimes out of a great mass of rubbish of this kind the youthful production of some man who has afterwards become great turns up. Of these theses and similar tracts a German, Count Dietrich, collected some hundred and forty thousand, which are now in this country.

Collectors there have been, not unimportant for number and zeal, whose mission it is to purchase books marked by peculiar mistakes or errors of the press. Several editions of the Scriptures are valuable for blunders which do not contribute to edification in the perusal; and many a witticism has been launched at the test which distinguishes the genuine Elzevir edition of *Cæsar* from the spurious imitations of it—viz., an error in the paging. A collection of errors of the press, old and new, would be a volume full of ludicrous coincidences; for, generally, a resemblance in sound, carrying with it a ludicrous incongruity of meaning, has been the cause of the slips. There have been cruel instances of printers' blunders in our own days, like the fate of the youthful poetess in the Fudge family:—

“When I talked of the dewdrops on
freshly-blown roses,
The nasty things printed it—freshly-
blown noses.”

A solid scholar there was, who, had he been called to his account at a certain advanced period of his career, might have challenged all the world to say that he had ever used a false quantity or committed an anomaly in syntax, or misspelt a foreign name, or blundered in a quotation from a Greek or Latin classic—to misquote an English author is a far lighter crime, but even to this he could have pleaded not guilty. He never made a mistake in a date, nor left out a word in copying the title-page of a volume; nor did he ever, in affording an intelligent analysis of its contents, mistake the number of pages devoted to one head. As to the higher literary virtues too, his sentences were all carefully balanced in a pair of logical and rhetorical scales of the most sensitive kind; and he never perpetrated the atrocity of ending a sentence with a monosyllable, or using the same word twice within the same five lines, choosing always some judicious method of circumlocution to obviate reiteration. Poor man! in the pride of his unspotted purity, he little knew what a humiliation fate had prepared for him. It happened to him to have to state how Theodore Beza, or some contemporary of his, went to sea in a Candian vessel. This statement, at the last moment, when the sheet was going through the press, caught the eye of an intelligent and judicious corrector, more conversant with shipping-lists than with the literature of the sixteenth century, who saw clearly what had been meant, and took upon himself, like a man who hated all pottering nonsense, to make the necessary correction without consulting the author. The consequence was, that people read with some surprise, under the authority of the paragon of accuracy, that Theodore Beza had gone to sea in a *Canadian* vessel. The victim of this calamity had undergone minor literary trials, which he had borne with philosophical equanimity; as, for instance, when inconsiderate

people, destitute of the organ of veneration, thoughtlessly asked him about the last new popular work, as if it were something that he had read or even heard of, and even went so far in their contumelious disrespect as to speak to him about the productions of a certain Charles Dickens. The "*Canadian vessel*," however, was a more serious disaster, and was treated accordingly. A charitable friend broke his calamity to the author at a judicious moment, to prevent him from discovering it himself at an unsuitable time, with results the full extent of which no one could foresee. It was an affair of much anxiety among his friends, who made frequent inquiries as to how he bore himself in his affliction, and what continued to be the condition of his health, and especially of his spirits. And although he was a confirmed book-hunter, and not unconscious of the merits of the peculiar class of books now under consideration, it may be feared that it was no consolation to him to reflect that, some century or so hence, his books and himself would be known only by the curious blunder which made one of them worth the notice of the book-fanciers.

An old accident occurred to a book lately published, called *The Men of the Times*. It sometimes happens in a printing-office that some of the types, perhaps a printed line or two, fall out of the forme. Those in whose hands the accident happens, generally try to put things to rights as well as they can, and may be very successful in restoring appearances with the most deplorable results to the sense. It happened thus in the instance we refer to. A few lines dropping out of the "*Life of Robert Owen*," the parallelogram Communist, were hustled, as the nearest place of refuge, into the biography of his closest alphabetical neighbour—"Oxford, Bishop of." The consequence is, that the article begins as follows:—

"OXFORD, THE RIGHT REVEREND SAMUEL WILBERFORCE, BISHOP OF, WAS

born in 1805. A more kind-hearted and truly benevolent man does not exist. A sceptic, as regards religious revelation, he is nevertheless an out-and-out believer in spirit movements."

Whenever this blunder was discovered, the leaf was cancelled; but a few copies of the book had got into circulation, which some day or other may be valuable.

So much for the specimens of books with blunders in them, as attracting after them a special class of collectors. We return to our old opinion, that these incidental divisions are too numerous and complex for a proper classification of book-hunters, and that their most effective and comprehensive division is into the private prowler and the auction-hunter. The difference between them is something like, in the sporting world, that between the stalker and the hunter proper. Each function has its merits, and calls for its special qualities and sacrifices. The one demands placidity, patience, caution, plausibility, and unwearied industry—such attributes as those which have been already set forth in the words of the *Anti-quary*. The auction-room, on the other hand, calls forth courage, promptness, and the spirit of adventure. There is wild work sometimes there, and men find themselves carried off by enthusiasm and competition towards pecuniary sacrifices which at the threshold of the auction-room they had solemnly vowed to themselves to eschew. But such sacrifices are the tribute paid to the absorbing interests of the pursuit, and are looked upon in their own peculiar circle as tending to the immortal honour of those who made them. This field of prowess has, it is said, undergone a prejudicial change in these days, the biddings being nearly altogether by dealers, and gentlemen-collectors gradually moving out of the field. In old days one might have reaped for himself, by bold and emphatic biddings at a few auctions, a niche in that temple of fame, of which the presiding deity is Dr. Frognal

Dibdin; a name familiarly abbreviated in that of Foggy Dibdin. His descriptions of auction contests are perhaps the best and most readable portions of his tremendously overdone books. Conspicuous beyond all others stands forth the sale of the Roxburghe library, perhaps the most eminent contest of that kind on record. There were of it some ten thousand separate "lots," as auctioneers call them, and almost every one of them was a book of rank and mark in the eyes of the collecting community, and had been, with special pains and care and anxious exertion, drawn into the vortex of that collection. Although it was created by a Duke, yet it has been rumoured that most of the books were bargains, and that the noble collector drew largely on the spirit of patient perseverance and enlightened sagacity for which Monkbarns claims credit. The great passion and pursuit of his life having been of so peculiar a character—he was almost as zealous a hunter of deer and wild swans, by the way, as of books, but this was not considered in the least peculiar—it was necessary to find some strange influencing motive for his conduct; so it has been said that it arose from his having been crossed in love in his early youth. Such crosses, in general, arise from the beloved one dying, or proving faithless and becoming the wife of another. It was, however, the peculiarity of the Duke's misfortune, that it arose out of the illustrious marriage of the sister of his adopted. She was the eldest daughter of the Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. Though purchased by a sacrifice of regal rank, yet there would be many counter-vailing advantages in the position of an affluent British Duchess which might reconcile a young lady, even of so illustrious a descent, to the sacrifice, had it not happened that Lord Bute and the Princess of Wales selected her younger sister to be the wife of George III. and the Queen of Great Britain, long known as the good Queen Charlotte. Then

there arose, it seems, the necessity, as a matter of state and political etiquette, that the elder sister should abandon the alliance with a British subject. So, at all events, goes the story of the origin of the Duke's bibliomania; and it is supposed to have been in the thoughts of Sir Walter Scott, when he said of him that "youthful misfortunes, of a kind against which neither wealth nor rank possess a talisman, cast an early shade of gloom over his prospects, and gave to one splendidly endowed with the means of enjoying society that degree of reserved melancholy which prefers retirement to the splendid scenes of gaiety." Dibdin, with more specific precision, after rambling over the house where the great auction sale occurred, as inquisitive people are apt to do, tells us of the solitary room occupied by the Duke, close to his library, in which he slept and died: "all his migrations," says the bibliographer, "were confined to these two rooms. When Mr. Nichol showed me the very bed on which this bibliomaniacal Duke had expired, I felt—as I trust I ought to have felt on the occasion." Scott attributed to an incidental occurrence at his father's table the direction given to the great pursuit of his life. "Lord Oxford and Lord Sunderland, both famous collectors of the time, dined one day with the second Duke of Roxburghe, when their conversation happened to turn upon the *Editio Princeps* of Boccaccio, printed in Venice in 1474, and so rare that its very existence was doubted of." It so happened that the Duke remembered this volume having been offered to him for £100, and he believed he could still trace and secure it: he did so, and laid it before his admiring friends at a subsequent sitting, "His son, then Marquess of Beaumont, never forgot the little scene upon this occasion, and used to ascribe to it the strong passion which he ever afterwards felt for rare books and editions, and which rendered him one of the most assiduous and judicious collectors that ever formed a sumptuous library."

And this same Boccaccio was the point of attack which formed the climax in the great contest of the Roxburghe rump, as the Duke's fellow-countrymen called it.

The historian of the contest terms it "the Waterloo among book-battles," whereto "many a knight came far and wide from his retirement, and many an unfledged combatant left his father's castle to partake of the glory of such a contest." He also tells us that the honour of the first effective shot was due to a house in the trade—Messrs. Payne and Foss—by whom "the Aldine Greek Bible was killed off the first in the contest. It produced the sum of £4, 14s. 6d. Thus measuredly, and guardedly, and even fearfully, did this tremendous battle begin." The earliest brilliant affair seems to have come off when Lord Spencer bought two Caxtons for £245, a feat of which the closing scene is recorded, with a touching simplicity, in these terms:—"His Lordship put each volume under his coat, and walked home with them in all the flush of victory and consciousness of triumph." As every one does not possess a copy of the three costly volumes of which the *Bibliographical Decameron* consists; and further, as many a one so fortunate as to possess them has not had patience and perseverance enough to penetrate to the middle of the third volume, where the most readable part is to be found, let us here give a characteristic extract, describing the heat of the contest:—

"For two-and-forty successive days—with the exception only of Sundays—were the voice and hammer of Mr. Evans heard with equal efficacy in the dining-room of the late Duke, which had been appropriated to the vendition of the books; and within that same space (some thirty-five feet by twenty) were such deeds of valour performed, and such feats of book-heroism achieved, as had never been previously beheld, and of which the like will probably never be seen again. The shouts of the victors and the groans of the vanquished stunned and appalled you as you entered. The striving and press, both of idle spectators and determined bidders,

was unprecedented. A sprinkling of Caxtons and De Wordes marked the first day, and these were obtained at high, but, comparatively with the subsequent sums given, moderate prices. Theology, jurisprudence, philosophy, and philology chiefly marked the earlier days of this tremendous contest; and occasionally during these days there was much stirring up of courage, and many hard and heavy blows were interchanged; and the combatants may be said to have completely wallowed themselves in the conflict. At length came poetry, Latin, Italian, and French; a steady fight yet continued to be fought; victory seemed to hang in doubtful scales—sometimes on the one, sometimes on the other side of Mr. Evans, who preserved throughout (as it was his bounden duty to preserve) a uniform, impartial, and steady course; and who may be said on that occasion, if not 'to have rode the whirlwind, at least to have directed the storm.'

But the dignity and power of the historian's narrative cannot be fully appreciated until we find him in the midst of the climax of the contest—the battle which gradually merged into a single combat—for the possession of the Venetian Boccaccio. According to the established historical practice, we have in the first place a statement of the position taken up by the respective "forces."

"At length the moment of sale arrived. Evans prefaced the putting-up of the article by an appropriate oration, in which he expatiated on its extreme rarity, and concluding by informing the company of the regret, and even anguish of heart, expressed by Mr. Van Praet that such a treasure was not to be found in the Imperial collection at Paris. Silence followed the address of Mr. Evans. On his right hand, leaning against the wall, stood Earl Spencer; a little lower down, and standing at right angles with his Lordship, appeared the Marquess of Blandford. Lord Althorp stood a little backward, to the right of his father, Earl Spencer."

The first movement of the forces gives the historian an opportunity of dropping a withering sneer at an unfortunate man, so provincial in his notions as to suppose that a hundred pounds or two would be of any avail in such a contest.

"The honour of firing the first shot was

due to a gentleman of Shropshire, unused to this species of warfare, and who seemed to recoil from the reverberation of the report himself had made. 'One hundred guineas,' he exclaimed. Again a pause ensued; but anon the biddings rose rapidly to five hundred guineas. Hitherto, however, it was evident that the firing was but masked and desultory. At length all random shots ceased, and the champions before named stood gallantly up to each other, resolving not to flinch from a trial of their respective strengths. *A thousand guineas* were bid by Earl Spencer—to which the Marquess added *ten*. You might have heard a pin drop. All eyes were turned—all breathing wellnigh stopped—every sword was put home within its scabbard—and not a piece of steel was seen to move or to glitter except that which each of these champions brandished in his valorous hand."

But even this exciting sort of narrative will tire one when it goes on page after page, so that we must take a leap to the conclusion. "Two thousand two hundred and fifty pounds," said Lord Spencer. The spectators were now absolutely electrified. "The Marquess quietly adds his usual *ten*," and so there an end. "Mr. Evans, ere his hammer fell, made a short pause—and indeed, as if by something preternatural, the ebony instrument itself seemed to be charmed or suspended in the mid air. However, at last down dropped the hammer."

Such a result naturally created excitement beyond the book-collectors' circle, for here was an actual stroke of trade in which a profit of more than two thousand per cent. had been netted. It is easy to believe in Dibdin's statement of the crowds of people who imagined they were possessors of the identical Venetian Boccaccio, and the still larger number who wanted to do a stroke of business with some old volume, endowed with the same rarity and the same or greater intrinsic value. The general excitement created by the dispersal of the Roxburghe collection, proved an epoch in literary history, by the establishment of the Roxburghe Club, followed by a series of others, which, along with it, have contributed to literature a class of

books deserving of separate attention and examination. The Roxburghe began in some festive meetings, in which the minor competitors at the sale seem to have assembled to fight all their battles over again with the decanters before them. We are told that, after duly commemorating their great Duke, their next toast was "The immortal memory of Christopher Valdarfer, of Sweynheim and Pannartz, Fust and Schœffhir." These toasts must have had a peculiar fascination for Diddin, for it happens oddly enough to be within our knowledge, that with a glass of the potent *vin du pays* of the Highlands in his hand, he uttered them on the top of Benlomond, requiring his guide forthwith to do them honour. The Celt cordially quaffed to the proper names, deeming them to be those of respected landed gentry, though not of his own neighbourhood; but no temptation would induce him to pledge to the other toast, which he suspected to have some savour of diablerie in it.

Of the great book-sales that have been commemorated, it is curious to observe how seldom they embrace ancestral libraries accumulated in old houses from generation to generation, and how generally they mark the shortlived duration of the accumulations of some collector freshly deposited. One remarkable exception to this there was in the Gordonstoun library, sold in 1816. It was begun by Sir Robert Gordon, a Morayshire laird at the time of the great civil wars of the seventeenth century. He was the author of the History of the Earldom of Sutherland, and a man of great political as well as literary account. He laid by heaps of the pamphlets, placards, and other documents of his stormy period, and thus many a valuable morsel, which had otherwise disappeared from the world, left a representative in the Gordonstoun collection. It was increased by a later Sir Robert, who had the reputation of being a wizard. He belonged to one of those terrible clubs from which Satan is entitled to take a vic-

tim annually; but when Gordon's turn came, he managed to get off with merely the loss of his shadow; and many a Morayshire peasant has testified to having seen him riding forth on a sunny day, the shadow of his horse visible, with those of his spurs and his whip, but his body offering no impediment to the rays of the sun. He enriched the library with books on necromancy, demonology, and alchemy.

The greatest book-sale probably that ever was in the world, was that of Heber's collection in 1834. There are often rash estimates made of the size of libraries, but those who have stated the number of his books in six figures, seem justified when one looks at the catalogue of the sale, bound up in five thick octavo volumes. For results so magnificent, Richard Heber's library had but a small beginning, according to the memoir of him in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, where it is said, that "having one day accidentally met with a little volume, called *The Vallie of Varietie*, by Henry Peacham, he took it to the late Mr. Bindlay of the stamp-office, the celebrated collector, and asked him if this was not a curious book. Mr. Bindlay, after looking at it, answered, 'Yes—not very—but rather a curious book.' This faint morsel of encouragement was, it seems, sufficient to start him in his terrible career, and the trifle becomes important as a solemn illustration of the *obsta principitis*. His labours, and even his perils, were on a par with those of any veteran commander who has led armies and fought battles during the great part of a long life. He would set off on a journey of several hundred miles any day in search of a book not in his collection. Sucking in from all around him whatever books were afloat, he of course soon exhausted the ordinary market; and to find a book obtainable which he did not already possess, was an event to be looked to with the keenest anxiety, and a chance to be seized with promptitude, courage, and decision. At last, however, he could not sup-

ply the cravings of his appetite without recourse to duplicates, and far more than duplicates. His friend Dibdin said of him, "He has now and then an ungovernable passion to possess more copies of a book than there were ever parties to a deed or stamina to a plant; and therefore I cannot call him a duplicate or a triplicate collector." He satisfied his own conscience by adopting a creed, which he enounced thus: "Why, you see, sir, no man can comfortably do without three copies of a book. One he must have for his show copy, and he will probably keep it at his country-house; another he will require for his own use and reference; and unless he is inclined to part with this, which is very inconvenient, or risk the injury of his best copy, he must needs have a third at the service of his friends."

This last necessity is the keynote to Heber's popularity: he was a liberal and kindly man, and though, like Wolsey, he was unsatisfied in getting, yet, like him, in bestowing he was most princely. Many scholars and authors obtained the raw material for their labours from his transcendent stores. These, indeed, might be said less to be personal to himself than to be a feature in the literary geography of Europe. "Some years ago," says the writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, "he built a new library at his house at Hodnet, which is said to be full. His residence at Pimlico, where he died, is filled, like Magliabechi's at Florence, with books from the top to the bottom—every chair, every table, every passage containing piles of erudition. He had another house in York Street, leading to Great James's Street, Westminster, laden from the ground-floor to the garret with curious books. He had a library in the High Street, Oxford, an immense library at Paris, another at Antwerp, another at Brussels, another at Ghent, and at other places in the Low Countries and in Germany."

But it is time to have done, at least for the present. It has been our function in the preceding pages to expound the nature, illustrated by examples, of a curious human frailty; and it appears to us, on a general retrospect, that we have performed the duty without favour or compunction. And yet we would fain hope that our exposition may occasion more of general sympathy than of scorn or antipathy. To this end we would request each reader to lay his hand upon his heart, and ask himself whether there lurketh not somewhere in his nature a memento of his appertaining to the frail and fallen race of men, which perchance to a severe censor might be not less reprehensible than the weakness of the book-hunter, at least in its milder forms—some enthusiasm, fancy, weakness, hobby, or by whatever gentler name you call it, excluding the word vice, or any term that infers such a thing; and if it be not so, may not the absence be accounted for by a moral ossification of the heart, which might be, beneficially for all parties, exchanged for some gentle failing. So let us be charitable and sympathetic with each other, rather looking for the soul of goodness that is in things evil, than measuring all the world by the criterion of our own virtues, and denouncing all who do not possess them exactly of the like quantity and quality—neither more nor less. This frame of mind will be a due preparation for estimating a scheme we have in view of showing that the book-hunter is not altogether a noxious animal on the face of the earth, but, like other hunters, has his useful function in the great scheme of Providence. Thus may we be taught to apply to his case, after the modern system of treating other mental alienations and hallucinations, that lenient treatment which, by developing the gentler forms of the malady, may divest it of its mischievous characteristics, and turn it even to good account in promoting the welfare of mankind.

THE MONKS OF THE WEST.

THE great majority of writers interest the world chiefly on account of the books they have written; and it gives a piquant addition to literary fame when the position is reversed, and books have a prior claim upon the attention of the public on account of their author. Such is the case with all the works of M. de Montalembert. If it were possible for him to write with dulness or without grace, his own position and character are so striking and remarkable, that it would be worth while getting at his views, even through a very imperfect medium; and with all the charms of eloquence to recommend them, few people can refuse to be interested in the studies and conclusions of the brilliant Frenchman. A man so liberal and yet so one-sided; so enlightened and yet so limited; so open to all the hopes of the future, yet so devoted to all the prejudices of the past; a man who is at once a Legitimist and a Constitutionalist, a Peer of France and fervent son of the Church, yet a warm admirer of English ways and politics, is one of the most striking and attractive figures in the wide landscape of contemporary history. It is interesting to know what occupies such a detached and individual person in the midst of those tumults and turmoils of nations which excite the world. Amid hosts of vulgar partisans and badgered statesmen; amid all the parties into which gregarious human creatures naturally range themselves, the sayings and thoughts of such an exceptional man come with a fresh reality and distinctness. There are no Montalembertists possible under the glimpses of the moon: perhaps in all the ages of history there have not existed enough of such men to make a party: but the one Montalembert

stands distinct upon this continental map, which the autocrats hold so tight among them, that nobody can tell when the sudden shriek with which it rends asunder, may echo through the world. Such an observer, standing aside like the high-minded, clear-sighted, blinded optimist he is, must doubtless have thoughts about these matters well worth hearing; and to one whom the public gaze can identify so clearly, and who holds his own way with such distinct yet graceful emphasis, never losing his personality, the public ear is naturally inclined.

It is not, however, with any intention of adding to the plentiful literature of the moment that his latest production has been given to the world. M. de Montalembert has drawn back from the busy public platform, where things go little to his liking, and out of the modern world which he has criticised so brilliantly, has returned to the lifelong studies of a strangely different complexion which seem to have formed a constant background to his more visible life. The extraordinary contrast between his present work and that which immediately preceded it, must strike the most cursory observer. From the destinies of England, Protestant and prosaic as she is, to the history of the ancient monks, stretching back into obscure antiquity—what a leap is there! M. de Montalembert takes the leap with the calmest steadiness. Nobody can doubt that he is profoundly unconscious why a partisan of the cloister and the Papacy should not be a champion of freedom, or in what respect his devotion to the Church should hinder his warmest efforts for the liberties and social progress of man. He is one of those men, always few, and generally appearing alone, who, taking up their creed

in its highest superlative meaning—seizing upon the heart and soul of truth in it, its spotless primitive principles, its martyrdoms and sacrifices—carry their faith and hope clear over the most sordid reality, and with a high unconsciousness of interpretations less noble than their own, find such types of self-denial, charity, and mercy in the darkest of dark times, as warrant them in regarding every advance in goodness, and every real development of freedom, as but so many imperfect evidences of what might be accomplished, were the present ages, with all their advantages, but ages of faith. It is a sentiment not peculiar to Catholics; but no body of Christians has need of so high an ideal faculty to carry the nobler souls among its children over the soils and contradictions of its actual life, as has the church of Rome. M. de Montalembert has given his award of praise to England, with a clearer appreciation of her real advantages than any man of his nation; and with an equal sincerity and openness, and full personal conviction, which gains our hearts while we smile at its conclusions, laments and marvels that her blessings are not crowned by that system of religion which, according to our view, would subvert all our liberties. The greatest secret of our freedom lies in the fact, that we have been thoroughly emancipated from all papal interference; but how we should be so free, and so great, while separated from the ancient religion, is a standing wonder to M. de Montalembert. With a faith too strong to be affected by any practical inconsistency, or visible inharmonious result, and an understanding much too clear to be blinded, even by his faith, he is a man who never will satisfy any party, but who cannot fail to attract to himself the interest of all readers who are not extreme partisans on one side or the other. The Protestant Reformation Societies, and Ultramontane brotherhood, will alike eschew M. de Montalembert; but these inconsistencies, which do but reveal more

distinctly the old-world devoutness of faith which gives at once a contradiction and a charm to his clear perceptions and honest opinion, will commend him to a much wider audience. At the present crisis of affairs, few other men could have appropriately uttered in English the dedication to Pope Pius, which prefaces the *Monks of the West*. This dedication is in perfect keeping with the work to which it is prefixed; but it is curiously inconsistent with that love of freedom and free institutions which its writer holds in conjunction with his devotion to the Church; and at such a moment as the present, when that papal chair in which Gregory and Julius once swayed the world—stands so sad a piece of lumber in the way of better things, it is startling to hear the filial inscription, which, coming from a liberal and enlightened mind—the mind of a man, in many respects, undoubtedly in advance of his fellows—addresses the luckless Pius who has fallen upon such evil days, in so exalted a strain as the following:—

“It is solely in consideration of the melancholy and singular circumstances in which we are placed, that you will deign, most holy father, to hear, and perhaps to grant, the desire of one of your most devoted sons, ambitious of imprinting upon the labour of twenty years the seal of his affectionate veneration for your person and your authority. What Catholic could, in our days, give himself up to the peaceful study of the past, without being troubled by the thought of the dangers and trials by which the Holy See is at present assailed, without desiring to offer up a filial tribute to him in whom we revere, not only the minister of infallible truth, but also the image of justice and good faith, of courage and honour, shamefully overpowered by violence and deceit!”

Strange conclusion to be thus solemnly recorded, not by an ignorant believer, but by a speaker so thoroughly well informed and able to judge! Justice and good faith, courage and honour, have been long dis severed from the papal government, in the opinion of the majority

of observers. Perhaps a little unconscious magnanimity, and the romantic impulse of double respect and loyalty to the holder of a falling power, may have mingled with the devotion which suggested such a *hommage*. But a few addresses like this might almost make up to poor Pope Pius for the desertion of those more vulgar subjects, whom hard everyday experience has disabled from such a view of ecclesiastical affairs as that taken by M. de Montalembert; and it is not surprising that the little priestly court, so stimulated, should hold out tenaciously against all possibilities, and still believe in the miracle which is to save the Church.

The work which is thus inaugurated has little more than a beginning in the two handsome volumes now before us. A history of monks and monastic institutions from the times of Benedict to those of Bernard is, in fact, from a peculiar point of view, a history of the civilised world in all the early tumults and gradations of progress which have formed, in inflation of the volcanoes and convulsions of nature, the world that now exists. Extending into every country in Christendom, closely connected with all the secular systems of government which have swayed men, popular instructors, consolers, and physicians in some quarters, colonists and agricultural apostles in others, there is no element in the ancient world more important, more picturesque and interesting. Out of a chaos of war and tumult, the very exaggeration of the contrast produced by their ascetic lives and homely labours was influential in re-establishing the balance of nature, and their subsequent services to religion, to literature, to art, to agriculture, to the intellectual life of man in all its developments—services which have been too much lost sight of in those corruptions which the Protestant imagination has identified with the cloister—can scarcely be exaggerated. It is not, however, in this calmly historical point of view that M. de Montalembert

will permit us to contemplate his *Monks*. We must cease to patronise these early labourers, pioneers of civilisation, as even philosophy allows them to be. When we enter this world, upon the threshold of which our author stands, we must consent to leave such ideas behind, and follow upon the rugged track, with silent respect at least, if not with devotion. If sacrifice is the essence of Christianity, as one of the most popular of modern divines assures us—if the vulgar idea of one atonement is to be wiped out by that of universal self-abnegation, here is surely the perfection of that belief. Here, on the very entrance of this sombre existence, fall all the possessions most prized of man. Not wealth and rank alone, but will and individuality; not only outside enjoyments and occupations, but the loves of life, the locks of youth, the consolations of kindred—everything that makes man or woman endurable to themselves. As they approach towards us barefoot, through heat and cold, over snowy Alps and Eastern sands, from inaccessible solitudes, or from the midst of listening crowds, the grave retinue deserves no half attention. M. de Montalembert opens up to us this long succession: he throws a passing light over the Eastern deserts, in which the idea originated, and reveals to us the mountain gorges of Subiaco and the savage glades of ancient Gaul, in which it took definite form; he shows us how difference of race has modified its action, but how all the races adopted this extraordinary novelty of existence. In the dismal times when the old world died, and before the new world was born, he displays this new race rising amid slaves and barbarians to the help of human nature. The landscape is full of a strange, savage novelty; flashes of characteristic romance break into the stirring scene; and individual manifestations of that human character which in all its varieties is always the same, light up the unfathomable woods and primitive wildernesses. It is virgin

soil, so far as the English public is concerned; and the story is one which cannot be told in the best and most graphic manner, except as M. de Montalembert tells it, with a warm and hearty belief in all its marvels and miracles, and reception of its heroes not merely as men "before their age," according to the cant of the day, but with all the reverence and admiration due to canonised saints.

It is now more than twenty years since the author of the *Monks of the West* produced that exquisite monograph of *Sainte Elizabeth*, which must always hold a high place in Christian poetry. A picture more beautiful and touching was never given to the world. The sweetness of its absolute youthful piety has been strangely travestied in the *Saint's Tragedy* of Mr. Kingsley; and no greater contrast can be imagined than between the self-questioning metaphysical heroine of that popular poem and *la chère Sainte Elizabeth*, the sweet, undoubting, predestined saint, the holy child, bride, and widow—to her last breath and throughout all her sorrows still surrounded with an ineffable infantine perfection—who beams upon us from the beautiful legend of M. de Montalembert. The story of Saint Elizabeth, as he himself explains, directed his thoughts to the monastic orders in general, and the great persons whom they had produced; and among these illustrious men, to Bernard, the most illustrious of all, whose life, a larger and broader illustration of the action of the Religious upon the world than the sweet idyll of the woman-saint, he had accordingly resolved to write.

"But," continues this explanation, "in proceeding to study the life of this great man, who was a monk, we find that the popes, the bishops, and the saints, who were then the honour and bulwark of Christian society, came, like him, all, or nearly all, from the monastic orders. What were they, then, those monks? Whence came they? And what had they done to bring them to so high a place in the destinies of the world? It is necessary, first of all, to resolve these questions.

"And still further. In attempting to judge the age in which St. Bernard lived, we perceive it is impossible either to explain or to comprehend it, without recognising it as animated by the same breath which had vivified an anterior epoch, of which this was but the direct and faithful continuation.

"If the twelfth century did homage to the genius and virtue of the monk Bernard, it is because the eleventh century had been regenerated and penetrated by the virtue and the genius of the monk who was called Gregory VII. Neither the period nor the work of Bernard should be looked at apart from the salutary crisis which had prepared the one and made the other possible.

But even that is not enough. Far from being the founders of the monastic order, Gregory VII. and Bernard were but produced by it, like thousands more of their contemporaries. That institution had existed more than five centuries when these great men learnt how to draw from it so marvellous a strength. To know its origin, to appreciate its nature and its services, it is necessary to go back to another Gregory—to St. Gregory the Great, the first pope who came from the cloister; and further still, to St. Benedict, legislator and patriarch of the Monks of the West. . . . It would be cruel injustice and ingratitude to pass by in silence twenty generations of indomitable labourers, who had cleared the thorns from the souls of our fathers as they cleared the soil of Christian Europe, and had left only the labour of the reaper to Bernard and his contemporaries."

Such is the origin of this book. It involves a scheme of continuous labour, which will yet call for many volumes, and promises, as the climax of all this research and historic narrative, to be the great companion picture to that tender and beautiful study of his youth which the author looks back to fondly, and which few people, we imagine, could contemplate without giving it a place in their hearts. But as yet we are far from having arrived at that portrait of "the life of a great monk," by which M. de Montalembert desires to contribute "to the rehabilitation of the monastic orders." The volumes now before us are but the

very preface to this conclusion. In the general rage for rehabilitation which has domesticated the word among us, nobody has taken so wide a field or found so picturesque a subject. We presume there are but very few people in England who will be qualified to dispute M. de Montalembert's decisions as to the action of the monks upon the Merovingian courts, or their power over the mixed races of Frankish Gauls. And the share they had in forming Christendom—not to speak of their important aid in evolving the idea of the *Grande Nation* out of that savage junction of the conquered and the conquerors—told, not in abstract march of history, but, like every primitive narrative, in individual lives, grows into a tale full of interest and adventure—a story rich with incident and variety, and in which the most rigid Protestant may forgive the object of the narrative for the sake of the knowledge so pleasantly conveyed.

It is not, however, in the nature of a French historian, however gifted or judicious, to fall upon his work straightway without further preamble. The *Monks of the West* does not depart from the established precedent of Gallic history. A long and eloquent introduction, very brilliant as a piece of writing, and sometimes highly original and amusing as an argument, interposes between the reader and the tale. This introduction is, in one sense, the most interesting portion of the book. In it we have the writer himself at the bar, pleading with an intensity of conviction and earnestness, rare enough in forensic exhibitions, for the clients whose cause he has taken in hand. His partisanship, eloquent and fervent; his anxious attempts at impartiality; the skill with which he turns upon all imaginary objectors; and the naïve application of the *argumentum ad hominem* with which he silences his adversaries, make this special pleading as characteristic as it is brilliant. The way in which he flashes his dazzling sword over those cowed heads, defies accusations, turns aside blows,

and conciliates the observer with the skill of his fence and the transparent simplicity of his artifices, cannot be more than indicated by such quotations as our space will afford. It is the impassioned apology of a speaker confident of his subject, not timid, or feeling any need to adopt a cautious defensive style of operations; on the contrary, taking the highest ground, and quite convinced (however his readers may be) of his own judicial calmness and absence of bias; breaking into solemn rebukes with the dignity of a Brutus when the occasion requires; and turning from that mournful necessity with additional relish to seize upon the admiring opponent, and, with a hand upon his throat, demand, "What do *you* dare to say against them?" In a pastoral and idyllic strain, he tells us of the friendships of the cloister, the peace, the happiness, the meditative perfect life, enlivened even by gaiety, the *hilaritas* of monkish chronicles, which the Anselms and Bernards found in that refuge from the world; and anon thunders forth the anathemas of his heart against the "civilised Vandals" (and let them be anathema!) who have turned Clairvaux and Cluny into a prison and a stable, and who repair their roads with broken capitals and columns from the nearest abbey. M. de Montalembert's grief and anger on this point may be in some degree consolatory to the souls of Englishmen, or even of Scotchmen, sons of the iconoclasts. It appears that we are not the only or the worst desecrators of places once sacred. He "has been denied admittance at the gate of the Chartrreuse of Seville by a Belgian Vandal, who had built therein a china manufactory. He has found swine installed by German Lutherans in the cells of Nothgottes, and by French Catholics under the admirable sculptures of the cloister of Cadouin." From this indignant lamentation, it would appear that things are not much better managed on the Continent than they are with ourselves in respect to the

us that, after all, there are worse pursuits in the world than book-hunting.

Perhaps, by the way, it would be a good practical distinction in the class of persons we are dealing with, to divide them into private prowlers, and auction-hunters. There are many other modes of classifying them, but none so general. They might be classified by the different sizes of books they affect—as folios, quartos, octavos, and duodecimos—but this would be neither an expressive nor a dignified classification. In enumerating the various orders to which Fitzpatrick Smart did not belong, we have mentioned many of the species, but a great many more might be added. Some collectors lay themselves out for vellum-printed volumes almost solely. There are such not only among very old books, but among very new; for of a certain class of modern books it frequently happens that a copy or two is printed on vellum, to catch the class whose weakness takes that direction.

It may be cited as a signal instance of the freaks of book-collecting, that of all men in the world Davoust, the rough soldier, who by his cool courage rose from the position of sergeant to be Prince of Eckmühl, had a vellum library—but so it was. It was sold in London for about £1400. “The crown octavos,” says Dibdin, “especially of ancient classics, and a few favourite English authors, brought from four to six guineas. The first virtually solid article of any importance, or rather of the greatest importance, in the whole collection, was the matchless Didot *Horace* of 1799, folio, containing the original drawings, from which the exquisite copperplate vignettes were executed. This was purchased by the gallant Mr. George Hibbers for £140. Nor was it in any respect an extravagant or even dear purchase.”

Some collectors may be styled Rubricists, being influenced by a sacred rage for books having the contents and marginal references

printed in red ink. Some go at flowered capitals, others at broad margins. These have all a certain amount of magnificence in their tastes; but there are others again whose priceless collections are like the stock-in-trade of a wholesale ballad-singer, consisting of chap-books, as they are termed—the articles dealt in by pedlars and semi-mendicants for the past century or two. Some affect collections relating to the drama, and lay great store by heaps of play-bills arranged in volumes, and bound, perhaps, in costly russia. Of a more dignified grade are perhaps those who have lent themselves to the collection of the theses on which aspirants after university honours held their disputations or impugnments. Sometimes out of a great mass of rubbish of this kind the youthful production of some man who has afterwards become great turns up. Of these theses and similar tracts a German, Count Dietrich, collected some hundred and forty thousand, which are now in this country.

Collectors there have been, not unimportant for number and zeal, whose mission it is to purchase books marked by peculiar mistakes or errors of the press. Several editions of the Scriptures are valuable for blunders which do not contribute to edification in the perusal; and many a witticism has been launched at the test which distinguishes the genuine Elzevir edition of *Cæsar* from the spurious imitations of it—viz., an error in the paging. A collection of errors of the press, old and new, would be a volume full of ludicrous coincidences; for, generally, a resemblance in sound, carrying with it a ludicrous incongruity of meaning, has been the cause of the slips. There have been cruel instances of printers' blunders in our own days, like the fate of the youthful poetess in the Fudge family:—

“When I talked of the dewdrops on
freshly-blown roses,
The nasty things printed it—freshly-
blown noses.”

A solid scholar there was, who, had he been called to his account at a certain advanced period of his career, might have challenged all the world to say that he had ever used a false quantity or committed an anomaly in syntax, or misspelt a foreign name, or blundered in a quotation from a Greek or Latin classic—to misquote an English author is a far lighter crime, but even to this he could have pleaded not guilty. He never made a mistake in a date, nor left out a word in copying the title-page of a volume; nor did he ever, in affording an intelligent analysis of its contents, mistake the number of pages devoted to one head. As to the higher literary virtues too, his sentences were all carefully balanced in a pair of logical and rhetorical scales of the most sensitive kind; and he never perpetrated the atrocity of ending a sentence with a monosyllable, or using the same word twice within the same five lines, choosing always some judicious method of circumlocution to obviate reiteration. Poor man! in the pride of his unspotted purity, he little knew what a humiliation fate had prepared for him. It happened to him to have to state how Theodore Beza, or some contemporary of his, went to sea in a Candian vessel. This statement, at the last moment, when the sheet was going through the press, caught the eye of an intelligent and judicious corrector, more conversant with shipping-lists than with the literature of the sixteenth century, who saw clearly what had been meant, and took upon himself, like a man who hated all pottering nonsense, to make the necessary correction without consulting the author. The consequence was, that people read with some surprise, under the authority of the paragon of accuracy, that Theodore Beza had gone to sea in a *Canadian* vessel. The victim of this calamity had undergone minor literary trials, which he had borne with philosophical equanimity; as, for instance, when inconsiderate

people, destitute of the organ of veneration, thoughtlessly asked him about the last new popular work, as if it were something that he had read or even heard of, and even went so far in their contumelious disrespect as to speak to him about the productions of a certain Charles Dickens. The "*Canadian vessel*," however, was a more serious disaster, and was treated accordingly. A charitable friend broke his calamity to the author at a judicious moment, to prevent him from discovering it himself at an unsuitable time, with results the full extent of which no one could foresee. It was an affair of much anxiety among his friends, who made frequent inquiries as to how he bore himself in his affliction, and what continued to be the condition of his health, and especially of his spirits. And although he was a confirmed book-hunter, and not unconscious of the merits of the peculiar class of books now under consideration, it may be feared that it was no consolation to him to reflect that, some century or so hence, his books and himself would be known only by the curious blunder which made one of them worth the notice of the book-fanciers.

An old accident occurred to a book lately published, called *The Men of the Times*. It sometimes happens in a printing-office that some of the types, perhaps a printed line or two, fall out of the forme. Those in whose hands the accident happens, generally try to put things to rights as well as they can, and may be very successful in restoring appearances with the most deplorable results to the sense. It happened thus in the instance we refer to. A few lines dropping out of the "*Life of Robert Owen*," the parallelogram Communist, were hustled, as the nearest place of refuge, into the biography of his closest alphabetical neighbour—"Oxford, Bishop of." The consequence is, that the article begins as follows:—

"OXFORD, THE RIGHT REVEREND SAMUEL WILBERFORCE, BISHOP OF, WAS

There are, however, many readers to whom the suppressed sighs of the disappointed patriot, bursting out here and there through the veil of an argument carefully withdrawn from the region of contemporary politics, will be still more interesting. These are chiefly to be found in that chapter of his Introduction which M. de Montalembert entitles *The True and False Middle Ages*, and in which he defends the ages of faith against their blind admirers as well as their assailants, and especially against those who make their example an excuse for modern despotism. Justice, he acknowledges, has already been largely done to that once condemned but now exalted period; but "the result is already compromised by that disastrous fickleness which belongs to the French character, and which extends even into the sphere of religion."

"Men have passed from one excess to another, from a contempt founded upon ignorance to a blind, exclusive, and no less ignorant admiration. They have made an imaginary *moyen age*, in which they have placed the ideal of those daring theories and retrograde passions which have been brought to light by the downfalls and recantations of our last times. The school of literature which has launched a decree of proscription against the great works of classic antiquity, comes to swell the ranks of that school of politics which has returned with a desperate confidence towards force, as the best ally of faith, which has placed religion and society under that humiliating guardianship, and which takes a perverse pleasure in crushing human conscience and human dignity under strange and insupportable pretensions. Disdaining the reality of facts, and of all the authentic monuments of the past, both take delight in seeking weapons against the rights of reason and of freedom in recollections of those middle ages which our own imagination has falsified. . . . The error common to both admirers and detractors of the middle ages consists in seeing there the reign and triumph of theocracy. It was, they tell us, a time distinguished forever by human impotence, and by the glorious dictatorship of the Church. I deny the dictatorship, and I still more strongly deny the human impotence. Humanity was never more fertile, more

manful, more potent. . . . Worthy people, relying upon a master who undertook to defend all by silencing or enchainning their adversaries, were not to be seen there. . . . This ancient world was bristling with liberty. The spirit of resistance, the sentiment of individual right, penetrated it entirely; and it is this which always and everywhere constitutes the essence of freedom. That freedom had established everywhere a system of counterpoise and restraint which rendered all prolonged despotism absolutely impossible. . . . Further, our proud ancestors ignored the very idea of that unlimited power of the State which is now so ardently appealed to, or easily accepted everywhere. What have been called 'the necessary evils of unlimited monarchy' were nowhere recognised among them. Since then, the unity and absolute independence of sovereign power have replaced in the world the sentiment and guarantees of personal liberty. The better to attain and secure equality, we have applied ourselves to the work of suppressing all little states and local existence, of breaking every link which unites us to ancient freedom. All connection has been cast aside with the traditions of dignity and right which she has produced. A dead level has been regarded as a mark of progress, and identity of yoke as a guarantee. It has been said in so many words, that the triumph of the despotism of one is better than the maintenance of the liberty of many. People will put up with a master in order to have no chiefs; and have voted the death of right, in fear of aiding the resurrection of privilege. They have succeeded; an equality like that of China has been attained; and we know too well what price must be paid for that acquisition, and how much honour and liberty it leaves behind to the nations which have yielded to its sway. *Receperunt mercedem suam, vani vanam*. God forbid, despite the appearances and melancholy teachings of this actual time—God forbid that we should assert equality to be incompatible with liberty; but up to the present time the act of making them live and last together has not been discovered in any of the great countries of the European continent. . . . I do not think that I ignore either the rights or necessities of my time. I accept without reserve and regret the social condition which is the product of the French Revolution, and which, un-

der the name of democracy, reigns, and will reign more and more in the modern world. I hail with joy that inestimable advantage of equality before the law, which is a thousand times more precious to the vanquished than to the victors, provided hypocrisy does not confiscate it to the profit of the strongest. When political freedom, under the sole form which it can wear in our country, reigned among us, and seemed likely to spread through Europe, I loyally served and practised it, and, thanks to Heaven! never feared its reign for the truth. If that freedom should ever reappear, far from feeling alarm, I should bless its return. The powers of the day teach us that it is incompatible with democracy, which is the inevitable law of the New World, and that this can only live and prosper along with equality and authority. Let us hope that they deceive themselves. And even if they are right, let us entreat democracy not to benumb and enervate democratic nations, not to render them incapable of self-government, self-defence, and self-respect. Let us hope that, after having bowed down every head, she may know better than to enslave every heart."

These "broken lights" of the best and highest independent thought in France are pathetic in their reserve, and melancholy in their dignified cautiousness. However well we may be aware of the restrictions imposed by an absolute government, it is only in some such demonstration as the above that a people so fully licensed to say forth all the wisdom or folly that is in them as we are, can really appreciate the bonds of iron which confine the steps of others. Let us follow M. de Montalembert as he turns aside proudly silent from that political platform which has no place for such as he, and hastens to his solitude under the shades of Jura, where "the august resuscitated forms of the glorious and unappreciated Past" adjure him, in a voice noble and plaintive, to avenge their memory. "No apology, no panegyric," say the saintly ghosts—"a simple and exact tale: the truth, and nothing but the truth—justice, nothing but justice. Let this be our sole revenge!" And under this inspiration, stifling the sigh that will

still remind him how, in more stirring scenes, and with other labours, he and his fathers have served their country, the champion of the monastic orders begins his laborious task.

Having already followed M. de Montalembert's example by lingering over this Introduction, we will not detain our readers further from the real subject of the book by entering into the prelude which still remains. This second introduction consists of a picturesque panoramic view of the earliest institutions of monkhood, from the time when Anthony and Paul betook themselves to the desert, and filled the eastern wildernesses with early prodigies of a faith as rude, as naked, austere, and unadorned, as the place of their voluntary banishment. Asceticism has always been contagious, and seems to possess a charm almost as strong as its antagonist vice in certain corrupt stages of society. No society could be more corrupt than that of ancient Rome, then crumbling into dust and ruin; and as the world trundled heavily downwards into the abyss of anarchy and degradation, from which only the sharpest crisis could revive it, hosts of disgusted souls, sick of the corruption round them, thronged to the burning sands of the Thebaid, to find purity and wholesome life in contact with the modest facts of nature, in solitude and prayer. From that wild retreat, from the caves and mountain cells, unadorned by any romantic graces, great figures rise to vivify the savage landscape. Anthony himself, a father of the faithful; great Athanasius seeking refuge from that world against which he stood so boldly; wise Basil, the earliest law-maker of the great fraternity; Gregory of Nazianzus; John Chrysostom;—names under which the pages glow. From the Thebaid set out that silent savage-heroic martyr the monk Telemachus, who, leaving the depths of his desert when he heard the proclamation of public games to be held at Rome, made his lonely stubborn way up to that declining capital of the world, burst

through the crowds of the Coliseum, threw himself between the gladiators, and died on that memorable arena, where, thanks to a dumb protest so solemn and awful, gladiator never struggled again. Softer figures, veiled and shadowy, glide over the arid wastes: Pelagia: Magdalenes, of beauty such that even monkish eyes dwell on it wistfully with human pity for its degradation, and rejoice over its penitence; and stoic Euphrosynes, disguising themselves from the pursuit of their friends, lest the veil should not suffice, in cowl and frock. Such are the monastic precursors in the East. In the West, the prelude swells into more recognisable regions. Jerome, with a crowd of patrician disciples bearing the noblest names in Rome, occupies the foreground, leading back to the cradle of Christianity a saintly emigration; and at Milan, in the Lombard plains, where Ambrose chants his immortal hymn, rises Augustine with his *Confessions*, to whom an African soldier-countrymen tells that strange tale of what happened in the garden at Treves, waking unawares the slumbering heart of the future Father of the Church; and knightly Martin, like a true soldier hating all wanton bloodshed, even of heretics, but remorseless to the Druid groves and Pagan temples. Worthy predecessors, of whom any community might well boast themselves. M. de Montalembert traces the links of succession with a light and graceful touch: he presents these early leaders, one by one, in solitary or congregated figures, spreading over the tumultuous continents, and handing down to later generations the traditions of a life which was not of this world. From Jerusalem and Egypt, from Milan and Treves, from Lerins, where an isle of serpents grew into a garden of flowers at the touch of the saintly colony, and from inaccessible Alpine Condat, where savage Lupicin, rudely scornful of the daintiness of the brethren, threw into one indiscriminate

mess the fish and herbs and roots which had been prepared for their dinner, and by that last aggravation wore out the patience of the self-denying heroes, the still irregular and unconnected bands of monasticism increase and gather. In that life of innocence restored, M. de Montalembert delights to record how the original curse lightened and the lower creation returned to its allegiance. A raven, more provident and considerate than that of Elijah, brought Paul the hermit a *half-loaf* every day, but took care to provide a *whole* one when Anthony visited his brother-saint. A monk, crossing the desert, peaceably offered dates to a lion whom he met by the way, and the innocent fare was accepted with equal friendliness; while, in a later chapter of the wonderful history, stags present themselves for the service of the primitive monkish plough, and wolves and bears became the purveyors of the solitaires. The very frogs, who had unhappily disturbed the meditations of the Breton saint Herve, committed universal suicide when they became aware of the distressing inconvenience of their presence. The thing which we call miracle was a law of nature in those days—everything gave way to the security and even convenience of the beloved of heaven. Before them brigands and wild beasts alike yielded up their old domain. Such a visible suzerainship must have made up for a few earthly losses; and compensation for many mortifications must have lain in that power of confounding their persecutors, and changing scorn into awe, which always attended the saints at the crisis of their fate. We do not doubt that, for a recompense so wonderful, even for a *chance* of making a miraculous vindication of themselves before they died, and overwhelming their enemies with confusion, there are few men, even in the nineteenth century, who would not risk the hardships of the desert.

It was, however, only when

Benedict put the stray bands of monasticism into shape and form, by establishing the rule which bound them together, that the new order became visibly influential upon the world. M. de Montalembert sets forth its organisation and the real beginning of its career by means of the three great personages who occupy his second volume. Benedict, Columbanus, and Gregory the Great—two of them the founders of orders, the third, one of those great popes who made the papacy, and to whom England in particular is said to owe a special gratitude.

The first of these eminent monks is Benedict, founder of the great Benedictine order, a noble Roman of the darkest times of Rome. Born at a period when little comfort in his country could have been possible to one of that race, the young patrician, stimulated, no doubt, by the example of others of his noble house who had followed Jerome to the east, fled from the world and his own great prospects into the gorges of the Sabine hills; and finding, upon an almost inaccessible ledge of rock overhanging the Anio, a little cave into which the sun never shone, took up his habitation there. His dwelling was known to none except to another anchorite called Romanus, who kept the young hermit in existence by conveying to him daily, by means of a cord, which, when he heard the tinkle of the bell attached to it, Benedict drew up the precipice, a portion of his own meagre fare. Temptations troubled the lad, as was to be supposed, in that seclusion: the face of his early love haunted him. But, most primitive medicine! "there was near his grotto a clump of thorns and briars; he took off the vestment of skins which was his only dress, and rolled himself among them till his body was all one wound." This counter-irritation saved Benedict. He became so renowned, that his cavern was surrounded by disciples, and he was obliged to found no less than twelve monasteries for their

accommodation. That sacred cave and thicket is now enclosed within the boundaries of the *Sagro Speco* near Subiaco. But, illustrious as he has made the place, Benedict, out of regard for the souls of his children, who were subject to all kinds of temptations and assaults from his enemies, left his earliest retirement to build the famous monastery of Monte Cassino, where he organised the great community which afterwards bore his name. There he laboured at the head of his monks, building the convent, cultivating the ground, and driving out such remains of paganism as were still in the country; and un-awares, without making any pretence to authority over them, became the protector and tutelary saint of the peasant population round. Indoors, he laid the yoke of monastic discipline, judicious but inexorable, upon noble and plebeian, Goth and Roman, alike, and directed the efforts of the strangely-varied crowd around him to all the personal help and succour which, in such a state of public affairs, were doubly necessary. The convent became the medium of every kind of help and charity. We quote the following instance of the miracles wrought by St. Benedict, not for the miracle, in which many a lesser saint could match him, but for the noble primitive appearance which the patriarch himself makes in the tale:—

"A peasant, distracted with grief, and bearing in his arms the dead body of his son, came to the monastery and demanded to see Father Benedict. When he was told that Benedict was in the fields with the brethren, he threw down his son's body before the door, and in the transport of his grief hastened to seek the saint. He met him returning from his work, and immediately on perceiving him began to cry, 'Restore my son!' Benedict stopped and asked, 'Have I carried him away?' The peasant answered, 'He is dead, come and raise him up.' Benedict was grieved by these words, and said, 'Go home, my friend, this is not a work for us; this belongs to the holy apostles; why do you come

to impose on us so tremendous a burden?" But the father persisted, and swore, in his passionate distress, that he would not go till the saint had raised up his son. Benedict, when he arrived at the spot where the body was, fell on his knees, and then laid himself down, as Elijah did in the house of the widow of Sarepta, upon the body of the child, and rising up, extended his hands to heaven, praying thus—"Lord, look not upon my sins, but on the faith of this man, and restore to the body the soul Thou hast taken away from it."

The miracle was wrought of course, but prayer of Benedict rodesms it from among common prodigies. There is nothing monkish, popish, or self-confiding in these sublimely simple words.

The Goths were in Italy during the latter period of Benedict's life. There were, indeed, Goths among his monks, silently repairing with patient spade the ravages which themselves or the countrymen had made on that victimised soil. One of these fierce invaders, led up the steep ascent of Monte Cassino by a poor labourer, whose instinctive trust in the saint brought him there in the extremity of his terror, was struck powerless by the look cast upon him by Father Benedict as he sat in the evening calm at the door of the monastery, and lifted his eyes from his book to inquire the stranger's errand. The victorious Totila, the king of that warlike race, turned aside, in his triumphal progress to Naples, to ascend the same sacred hill, and hear what message there might be for him; and, prostrating himself before the saint, was raised up, reproved, and blessed by Benedict himself, and went upon his way an altered man. Among his own disciples, Benedict's power was so great, that Maur, at his bidding, is said to have done what Peter himself, at his Lord's bidding, failed to do—walked on the lake to rescue Placidus, another brother, who had fallen in. But it would be hard upon tradition if it were not allowed to transcend the modest details of Scripture. Benedict's sister, Scholastica, was the superior of another

monastery in the valley, under the shade of Monte Cassino; but we have no space for the curious primitive account of their annual meeting, or even of that last memorable occasion, when Scholastica prolonged the interview by praying for a storm, which came at her entreaty. The rule of Benedict was, according to Gregory, "an exact reproduction of his own life in the cloister." It was written for the guidance of his own disciples, to preserve regularity among them, and builds up monastic life on the two great principles of constant occupation (one of the particulars of which was manual labour for seven hours a-day) and absolute obedience—principles which rigorously excluded personal property and personal will as entirely incompatible with the cloister. But the government, though absolute, was not despotic. The abbot was the elect of the community. He was bound to consult the monks in full chapter on all important business, and had a permanent council of the elders of the brotherhood for his advisers in all matters. Besides, the laws, penalties, and regulations were still more absolute than the government. The abbot had a license of softening punishments in especial cases, but never of going beyond the code. Thus the novice knew, in their utmost severity, the details of the life on which he was about to enter. He was to obey absolutely, yet was himself to have a voice in all the undertakings which he might be commanded to execute. He himself could hope to be abbot in his turn. It was a democracy, while it was a despotism; and the supreme sovereign, as in all wise human governments, was not the individual, but the law—not the abbot, but the rule.

When he had thus efficiently organised the vague monastic life, hitherto wavering between uncertain eastern codes and compound traditions, Benedict's work was over. His sister was dead, and he had seen a consolatory vision, in which

the world appeared to him as a great mote in one ray of sunshine—emblematic representation, says tradition, of the splendid future awaiting the Benedictine order, which was to embrace and illuminate the entire universe. He had nothing more to wait for. "A violent fever having seized him, he caused himself to be carried into the chapel consecrated to John the Baptist. He had before ordered the tomb in which his sister already slept to be opened. There, supported in the arms of his disciples, he received the holy *viaticum*; then, placing himself at the side of her open grave, but at the foot of the altar, and with his arms extended towards heaven, he died standing, murmuring a last prayer. Died standing! Such a glorious death became well that great servant of God."

In whimsical and piquant contrast to the judicious and sober Benedict, there appears suddenly, undisguisable by the utmost graces of the narrative, too characteristic and national to be smoothed down into a dignified historical outline, a new and strange apparition bursting into this cloistered world. It is a genuine live Irishman who breaks forth, all fiery and dauntless, among M. de Montalembert's saints. A saint himself—do not venture to doubt it—out of that injured island of saints, for whose wrongs French sympathy is so tenderly excited. It is true St. Columbanus comes before us with a crozier instead of a shillelah in his hand; but it is wonderful what an amount of execution may be done by the consecrated staff when clasped in vigorous Celtic fingers, and flourished round the head of a genuine Irish patriot. We respect St. Benedict from the bottom of our hearts; but it is not to be supposed that we can hail the grave Italian with such a rejoicing welcome as that which we bestow upon our fellow-subject, beyond all question the best Irishman who has been given to the world for many a day. Hibernian valets, fox-hunters, and tipsy cap-

tains, shrink into contempt before this delightful picture of an Irish saint and gentleman. His quarrels, his arrogance, his love, his pathos, his failures and successes, are all perfectly national and characteristic: they are still more, they are inimitably true, real, and life-like. If he has not the dignity of Benedict, he has a full vital force to which Benedict can make no pretension; he does not always, to be sure, strike opponents dumb: by reason of the most delightful rashness, temerity, and presumption, on the contrary, he gets himself into undeniable scrapes, out of which he scrambles not without damage, and has various encounters in which he does not come off triumphant. But the narrative never flags while concerned with this natural, faulty, brilliant, Celtic individual; he has nothing like dullness belonging to him. He flings himself, a penniless invader, upon the shores of Gaul, and leaps into the confidence of the long-haired Merovingian kings only to rate them with prophetic vehemence for their sins and shortcomings. Worse than that, he enlists a flood of Gauls and Franks in his new monastery, with national obstinacy tonsures them all in the Irish fashion, and dauntlessly stands out against the whole bench of bishops, ready to go to the stake, had stakes been in fashion, rather than celebrate Easter on any other than the Irish anniversary of that great festival. After enlightening and advising the bishops with true Celtic humility, Columbanus takes upon him to counsel the Pope himself on a subject, M. de Montalembert admits, which he knew nothing about; and after some piquant vanities in the way of private quarrels and malediction, passes over the Alps into Italy, and perpetuates himself in a rule of the wildest ascetic character, diversified by penances and flagellations over which judicious Benedict would have lifted his pious hands in horror. It is an amusing episode in the old-world unfamiliar land-

scape. To see this well-known figure appear out of the savage antique forests, courageous, boastful, tender—at one time writing letters full of tears and the profoundest pathetic affection, at another going off abruptly in the heat of passion from one of his most faithful friends, pronouncing by way of farewell a hasty sentence only to be reversed on his deathbed—has a magical illusive effect which cannot be described. Perhaps it is with a consciousness of the amusing individuality of his hero that M. de Montalembert identifies the *Irlandais* so often by that national appellation. Nobody can have the slightest doubt upon the subject. After the lapse of fourteen centuries, he stands as fresh and distinct as if he had launched but yesterday from the saintly pugnacious isle. Religious biography itself could not deaden down the blithesome force of Columbanus into anything but an Irishman. He has no saintly abstractions in him. What the historian of the monks thought of him for a subject we will not venture to imagine. He has certainly not made a model saint of his restless hero, but he has made a most recognisable man.

A greater contrast than that which exists between the dignified secluded existence of Benedict and the tumultuous fighting life of Columbanus could not be imagined. Awe and reverence were not the sentiments inspired by the Celtic saint. He was the object of devoted affection and unrelenting rage, as became his daring, arrogant, impulsive character. It is a changed atmosphere from that rural mountain air of Monte Cassino, where the very Goths fall on their knees before the patrician monk at his convent door. Amid the savage politics of the Merovingian kings, the figure of the *Irlandais* plunges out and in through the din and confusion in congenial restlessness. To hear him defying, denouncing, threatening, haranguing, keeping everything round him in a perpetual fer-

ment, makes it difficult to believe that it is fourteen hundred years since he stumbled over the Roman remains in the Gaulish forest, and set up his cross at Luxeuil. His rule was as extreme, uncompromising, and violent as his own character: prodigious fasts, labours, and penitences, without any latitude for individual weakness—a self-willed, arrogant system of mortification and punishment, in which silence, toil, and hunger were enlivened by a course of flogging for the minutest faults—composed the code of his administration. During his lifetime crowds of monks submitted themselves to this ascetic discipline, as, indeed, the extremities of monastic severity seem always to have had a morbid attraction for the minds of the faithful; but the influence did not last. The broader rule of Benedict, with its individual alleviations and milder wisdom, prevailed over the momentary success of the Celt's exaggerated fervour. The sons of Columbanus died out, and left no second generation to succeed them; and almost before the burning trace of his footsteps had cooled out of the startled country, the Irishman's attempt at law-making had fallen into forgetfulness. The austerities of the hot-headed apostle who indemnified himself for mortifications of the body by the most ungovernable freedom of temper and spirit, could never have been practicable for the guidance of any great body of men. We are reminded of the plaintive remonstrance of a still earlier band of Gaulish monks, whom their leader attempted to maintain, like the hermits of the Thebaid, on boiled herbs and barley loaves—a regimen to which their European stomachs objected loudly. "Fasting is the food of angels," said the abbot, in the words of Athanasius. "But," answered the monks, with inimitable prosaic pathos, "it is ridiculous and cruel to attempt to make us live like angels: we are not angels; we are only Gauls." An unanswerable argument. M. de Montalembert

takes the trouble to examine into the reason why Columbanus was everywhere superseded by Benedict; and can only account for it by the fact that the rule of Benedict had the sanction of the Papacy. A better reason may probably be, that, so far as nature has anything to do with monastic institutions, the wise Italian had received *her* sanction in preference to the hot-headed Celt.

While the principal action of the picture is carried on by these remarkable figures, the canvass is crowded like a Campo Santo fresco with innumerable secondary groups, enclosed in niches of the framework or in glades of the forest scenery. Here honest Karilef rescues his favourite buffalo from King Childbert, cowers the disappointed Merovingian hunter to such a pitch of humility that he meekly drinks the hermit's bad wine and kisses the hand that bestows it; and afterwards refuses to receive a visit from Queen Ultrogoth, declaring, with quaint rudeness, that he does not know what harm might come of it, and that the temptations which made Adam lose Paradise must be resisted even in the desert. In another corner of the picture, the same Karilef, working in his little vineyard, hangs his frock upon a tree till he has finished work; and on taking it down again, finds, to his amazement and delight, that a wren has nestled in it, and laid an egg there! at which "the holy man was so moved with joy and admiration that he passed the whole night in praising God." In another niche stands the noble young Hermenfried, who has left the court of Clotaire to build a monastery on his own lands; and who, officiating at his humble altar, stoops, with beautiful child-like pity and reverence, to kiss the toil-worn hands of the ploughmen, to whom he gives the sacramental bread; and here is Britanny, wildly picturesque, and doubly Celtic, with miraculous breakwaters rising on her gloomy shores, and the sweetest traditions lingering about the soil, which can scarcely yet be regarded as common prosaic territory.

One of these legendary incidents cannot be passed over. We know nothing more exquisite than the tender pathos of the following:—

"A mother had taken her only son to the monastery of Agaune dedicated to St. Maurice, where he became a monk, especially instructed and skilful in chanting the liturgical service: he fell sick and died; his mother, in despair, came to bury him, and returned every day to weep and lament over his tomb. One night she saw St. Maurice in a dream attempting to console her, but answered him—'No, no; as long as I live I shall always weep my son, my sole child.' 'But,' answered the saint, 'he must not be wept for as if he were dead: he is with us—he rejoices in eternal life; and to-morrow at matins in the monastery thou shalt hear his voice among the choir of the monks; and not to-morrow only, but every day as long as thou livest.' The mother immediately rose and waited with impatience the first sound of the bell for matins to hasten to the church of the monks. The precentor having intoned the response, when the monks in full choir took up the anthem, the mother immediately recognised the voice of her dear child. She gave thanks to God; and every day for the rest of her life, thus deluding her grief and maternal tenderness, the moment she approached the choir she heard the voice of her well-beloved son mingle in the sweet and holy harmony of the liturgical chant. And to us too it seems to echo across the ages that voice of the child, *vocem infantuli*, the purest, the dearest, the most heaven-like melody that the human ear can receive."

Another variety in the aspect of monastic life is disclosed to us in the person of Radegund, "the lovely lady, queen, and saint," with whom M. de Montalembert further embellishes his rich and varied narrative. Here it is no longer the rude forces of nature or the wild freaks of semi-savage assailants which break in upon the cloistered quiet. A refined and pious woman, forced by hard fate to become one of the wives of King Clotaire, and, in the momentary reaction of remorse which followed some cruelty of his more dreadful than usual, escaping

from him, and getting herself made a nun by a stroke of desperate feminine daring—it is impossible not to draw a long breath of relief at sight of that refuge from her tyrant which opens its peaceful arms to Radegund. It must have been a new life for the escaped wife of the Merovingian savage. She built her convent amid the acclamations of all Poitiers, gathered round her a little company of nuns, some of them already her faithful attendants and companions, and received nearly two hundred young girls of the highest ranks in Gaul to cheer a solitude which must have been doubly delightful after the court of Clotaire. Here her life passed in all the occupations of that innocent household government which was dignified to her own eyes, as to those of others, by the holy gravity attached to it; and no doubt she enjoyed her happiness all the more from the conviction that she was renouncing the world and mortifying the flesh. An Italian poet, wandering that way, was received with friendly hospitality by the lettered queen, and after a while became a monk, and attached himself to the elegant female community as its man of business and the manager of its external affairs. M. de Montalembert anxiously deprecates the graceful description given by Augustin Thierry of this graceful and poetic society, and takes great pains to describe the private austerities by which the royal nun made up for the harmless pleasures of her life. She “went so far as to heat a metal cross in the fire and stamp it upon her flesh, which was still too delicate to satisfy her;” and, “till her death, wore round her body, under her dress, an iron chain;” but even M. de Montalembert allows that, “full of indulgence for her companions, she permitted them frequent intercourse with their friends outside, repasts in common, and even dramatic entertainments, the custom of which was then introduced and long maintained in the learned communities of the

middle ages.” If Radegund had not been a saint, and necessarily an ascetic, M. Thierry’s pleasant sketch of that little elegant fantastic society at St. Croix, with its verses and compliments, might have been taken into the picture with advantage; but red-hot crosses and iron chains notwithstanding, it is difficult to believe that Radegund made a wonderful sacrifice in embracing monastic life, or that the peaceful monastery, full of loyal attendants and admiring children, with its charities, its literature, its friendships and correspondence, its reverential poet and Della-Cruscan conferences, was not the most paradisaical refuge, worth a world of penances to the wife of Clotaire. On the whole, it must be granted that there are circumstances which might make a convent a highly desirable refuge for women. Though we confess we do not believe much in Radegund’s austerities, it is pleasant to contemplate her escape into such a refined and peaceful shelter. It is an admirable relief to the sterner aspect of monastic life.

The canvass, however, is so full, that it is impossible to enter into a tithe of its riches. It is like one of those old Italian pictures, which, in every detail of its background, includes a little secondary drama, so that one is never sure of having exhausted the varieties of the composition, or safe of not having passed over some especially charming corner. M. de Montalembert has executed his work as Orgagna or Gozzoli might have done it. The trees of his landscape half disclose and half reveal the most picturesque of sylvan figures. The rocks of his desert scenery open into unsuspected caves, each with its romantic dramatic group. Nothing in all this plenitude disturbs the main action of the picture or interferes with the principal figures. It is the wealth of primitive art which does not pause to consider how lavishly it is using up the virgin materials which might fill a whole gallery with pictures. And it is

wonderfully homogeneous to the subject—a treatment consecrated to such use by those masters of antique art who have made us already in some degree familiar with the early Religious in those far distant primeval ages which open up in picturesque perspective around the *Monks of the West*.

The history, however, full and varied as it is, does not extend very far beyond the formal outset of the monastic orders. From Monte Cassino, in the south of Italy; from Rome, where the great Gregory, himself a monk, gave it his warmest countenance; from Bobbio, in Lombardy, where Columbanus ended his unquiet days, and Luxeuil, among the Gaulish forests, where he began his course; from the schools of Seville and Toledo, among the Goths of Spain; from the wandering Cymry fugitives and Celtic-Scot missionaries from the far western seas, this great influence rose into fuller and fuller action. Into the forests and desolate solitudes of the whole continent the thrill of life

began to penetrate in the persons of those saintly adventurers. To resuscitate the dying world, and bring life and order out of corruption and anarchy, “two invasions,” says M. de Montalembert, “were necessary—that of the barbarians from the north and that of the monks from the south. . . . The Roman empire without the barbarians was an abyss of servitude and corruption; the barbarians without the monks was chaos. The barbarians and the monks, united, recreated a world which was to be called Christendom.” But the story of this re-creation has still to be told. M. de Montalembert has but brought his soldiers on the ground, and afforded us some glimpses of early conquest, when this first instalment of the picturesque history breaks off. We cannot better conclude our own hasty survey of the ground he has already gone over, than by wishing the brilliant historian health, leisure, and good fortune for the conclusion of his laborious task.

MISS BREMER IN SWITZERLAND AND ITALY.

Two years in Switzerland and Italy! Then, of course, says the reader, with an incipient yawn, we are to be told again for the hundredth time of the sublimity of the Alps and the beauty of the plains of Italy; we are to be dragged across glaciers and to be hung over frightful precipices, or to be floated deliciously upon lakes of Como and bays of Naples. We refuse, oh Fredrika Bremer! we refuse, even in your company, to be paraded through these marvellous scenes, which, to hear of only, is either provokingly tantalizing or insufferably wearisome. When we ourselves have travelled, and seen any of the marvels of art or nature, the greatest penalty we had to pay was the presence of the guide or cicerone. What are books of travels but the cicerone *without* the marvel—the guide without the scene?

The alarm is natural; we felt the same recoil on reading the title of Miss Bremer's two volumes, and were slow to open them. But having opened them, we found ourselves soon relieved from this fear of being compelled to listen to the incessant raptures of the tourist (raptures which may have been perfect happiness to the tourist himself, but which are almost always a perfect nuisance to the listener)—we found ourselves entertained, if not much edified, by gossip on a variety of subjects, amongst which descriptions of scenery, buildings, and paintings do not greatly preponderate. The book takes the form of a diary, which of course admits of the introduction, at any moment, of any topic. Our traveller has her mind full of religious and social problems, and she has also the quick eye and ready sympathies of the novelist, open to every incident that betrays character and emotion; and

thus she carries us along, discussing, observing, narrating, speculating, and of course occasionally describing. But the book is one of general talk quite as much as a book of travels. And the talk, to our mind, is pleasant, is good-natured, is intelligent; and if, on certain topics, the lady treads very insecurely, as it seems to us, there is still an honest blundering, and a sort of kindly bewilderment, which is anything but offensive. She sallies forth with a large heart, and with a head not a little puzzled. We can understand that any one taking up such a book as this, and expecting from it accurate, consistent statements on the speculative matters it touches upon, would be sorely exercised in his patience. There is twaddle enough in it to keep his anger alive for a fortnight. But a good-natured man, who does not require of every one that he should have the precision and steadfastness of a professor of logic or a doctor of divinity—who is quite willing that we should all speculate or philosophise a little, according to our capacities—will find no difficulty in tolerating our travelling author-ess, even when she shows herself least surefooted. Such a one will probably discover something worth reflecting upon in the very inconsistencies, the strivings, the half utterances of a mind like Miss Bremer's. Sincere, emotional, open to conflicting influences, it exhibits to us, by its weakness as well as its strength, the various currents of opinion that may be floating around us.

In this book of travels, the greatest curiosity, to our thinking, is Miss Bremer herself. One would imagine we were living in those olden times when men went forth to the remotest ends of the earth in search of wisdom; when, instead of

turning over the leaves of books which bring home to our fireside the subtlest ideas or last discoveries of every quarter of the world, the inquirer after truth took a pilgrimage to consult some distant oracle. Miss Bremer packs up her travelling-bag and goes in search—of ideas!—of religious ideas—of speculative truth! Such truth lies hidden in some valley of Switzerland; it falls from the lips of some village oracle. There was a M. Vinet who held it in his hand; he, unhappily, has departed from this world, but his widow and disciples who heard him teach, are still alive—from them she will glean something of the truth. "It was for this purpose I came to Switzerland."

M. Vinet was the principal founder of a Free Church of Switzerland, which originated in the year 1845, in some contest between the civil and the clerical powers. The clergy were required to read (such is the account we have here of the dispute) a proclamation from their pulpits, touching the government then lately modified by some revolutionary process. This a number of them refused to do, either because they resisted the authority which would impose such a function on them, or because they dissented from the proclamation itself. The new government presented to these dissentients the alternative of obedience or resignation; "whereupon," we are told, "upwards of eight hundred ministers retired from their office, although the greater number did not know at the time how they should find bread or the shelter of a roof for themselves and their families." We seem to be reading the history of a transaction nearer home; and, as in the case of the Free Church of Scotland, the people, charmed with an act of heroism, rushed forward with their contributions, their sympathies, and their faith. These only were the true pastors! A severance from the State was accepted as proof of spiritual graces; an act of self-sacrifice was a demonstration of the truth. New churches arose be-

side the old. And here, now, is our excellent friend, Miss Bremer, journeying into Switzerland to catch some rays of the new light that must surely be beaming from these new churches!

At Lausanne she attends a service of the Vaudois Free Church, and pronounces that the sermon delivered by a M. Bridet, "a young man of great talent, could not have been better or more awakening." All this, she says, "was very satisfactory to me. I missed, however, the liturgy, and the public confession of faith." The last omission must to her inquiring mind have been a peculiar disappointment; and indeed, although Lausanne was the headquarters of M. Vinet, yet she thinks the true spirit of the Vaudois Free Church must be sought for amongst the rustic valleys of the Canton de Vaud. *There* must be the oracle; for, after all, this excellent and awakening sermon of M. Bridet is very much like other sermons heard nearer home. The new light of this free protesting church has not yet dawned upon her.

"What is it," she says very gravely, "that lies beyond the mere outward protest? Is there here a higher, more vitalising principle? And how does it stand with regard to the Bible and the principle which is the basis of Protestantism? Does this new Free Church contain the seed of a church of the future—one actually universal, like the sun and the Gospel?"

"*These are questions which I shall be better able to reflect upon in the high valleys, where indeed the Free Church has its highest life, and where I shall have sufficient time and leisure. These are the questions which have brought me hither.*"

Such questions generally keep people at home. However, we readily accompany Miss Bremer to the valley of Rossinière to discover the church of the future—yet a seedling, we presume—growing up in this pastoral seclusion. Our kindly traveller finds some very good people, hears more awakening sermons, attends a sort of camp-meeting or "revival," where

there is "a popular preacher of the right sort," who pours forth "a rushing torrent of spiritual eloquence altogether wonderful." But somehow she does not seem to be nearer to the church of the future than she was at Lausanne, or would have been in Sweden or Norway. In the torrent of spiritual eloquence that was flowing round her, she could discover no answer, strange to say, to her speculative questions; and in the living men and women of these pious valleys she could detect no new form of Christian life. She is even compelled to declare that here also there is a dark side as well as a bright side in the character of the inhabitants. Very industrious and very pious are these peasantry of the Free Church. But she has to take notice of "the moody quarrels and grudges which, when they once have begun between individuals or families, live on, like gnats in stagnant water, and continue sometimes till death." She has also to observe that these favoured people are liable to "a depression of mind which not unfrequently overpowers the soul, and which usually takes the form of religious melancholy, terrors of the judgment, &c., and which sometimes even leads to suicide." Upon the whole, she values very highly this free church. "It is good—very good; but it has also become clear to me"—that, in fact, these good peasantry of the Canton de Vaud are neither better nor worse than other Christian folk, and they have by no means solved the problem of the church of the future.

"It is not *my* free church, *my* church of the future. It is too exclusive for that, too stagnant, adheres too much to the letter. My church—that in which I believe, that which I seek for, that in which I already, in the depth of my soul, live and worship—is one in which differences in certain dogmas and forms would not separate men who are united in the same highest love. My church is that in whose lofty choir Fénélon and Channing, François de Sales and Herman Franke, Hildebrand and Luther, Washington and Vinet, St. Brigitta and

Elizabeth Fry, may offer prayer and sing praises together—nay, from the broad temple-courts of which none are excluded who earnestly seek and love the supreme good, be its name Lao-tseu, Zoroaster, Buddha, Socrates, or Spinoza."

All which may be "good—very good;" but how—in the names of St. Brigitta, Luther, and Spinoza!—how happens it that a disciple of such a church as this sits complacent and delighted under the eloquence of camp-meetings? Or how can we understand that one who has aspirations like these really sought for their confirmation amongst a knot of fervent sectarians—a section of a sect pre-eminently distinguished for its bitter attachment to the severest dogmas in its creed? What would the ghost, or the widow, of M. Vinet have said to all this? Or did our clever novelist really think that she had discovered some method by which the founder of that hitherto impossible church, which is to embrace every note in the scale of religious thought from Hildebrand to Spinoza, could still sit contented and sincerely devotional in her pew in a Free Church—still retain, in all its fervour, her old Calvinistic piety?

As we have touched upon this topic, which is indeed the most conspicuous—the dominating topic of the book—we may as well follow our traveller at once into Italy, where her indefatigable search after the true church, or the church of the future, assumes a new direction. Why not try the Catholics? It has become clear to her that the very latest and purest of the sects of Protestantism has not "yet comprehended in its deeper sense the fundamental principle of Protestantism and the future." What if the Catholics, after all, should be better Protestants? Or what if they should be in possession of some fundamental principle which should answer quite as well as this entirely uncomprehended Protestantism?

She is at Rome: many conver-

sions to Catholicism had occurred about that time; she is resolved to submit herself to be experimented upon; let priests and nuns do their utmost to convert her. By subjecting herself to this process she will at least obtain a thorough insight into the Catholic faith, if she does not find in that faith the universal truth which is to bind all mankind together throughout all ages to come. She will also by such a process "become thoroughly acquainted with the requirements of her own soul." "The thing," she writes, "is now therefore decided; and as soon as I have paid sundry visits, and have arranged my small worldly affairs, I enter, for an undetermined period, the convent *Sacré Cœur*, where Sœur Geneviève will become my instructress, and Père Marie Louis, the Carmelite monk, my spiritual teacher."

She might safely assure her friends, Catholic and Protestant, that the experiment would fail—that she would not be converted. Out of this convent or *rétraite* she could walk whenever she pleased. As soon as the controversy became wearisome, when the fervent exhortations of Sœur Geneviève and the subtle arguments of Père Marie Louis ceased to interest her, she could liberate herself entirely from their control. She could seek the upper air. There was no power to hold her enthralled in the sort of prison-house she had voluntarily entered, till her eye had grown accustomed to its obscurity, and she no longer pined for light and freedom. No reader of the diary will feel the least alarm for the result of the experiment. Miss Bremer's "fundamental" and incomprehensible Protestantism will doubtless stand the shock of all the eloquence of Sister Geneviève and the Carmelite monk. But did ever woman in her senses perform an act more thoroughly nonsensical than this? What an ignorance it displays of the mental process by which we discover truth, or form a rational conviction? If you doubt of the power of mesmerism, or wish to test this

power, you may sit down in the chair of the mesmeriser, and say, "Try your force on me!" In such an experiment you are the recipient, or the person acted on. But the discovery of truth is an active process of your own intelligence, and (the materials for your judgment being given) the most perfect freedom of spontaneous activity is that which, above all things, you should endeavour to secure. To sit down here in the chair of the enchanter with a predetermination to resist his enchantment all you can, is as little favourable to rational investigation as to give yourself up as far as you can to the power of the enchanter. In the one case you reduce yourself to a state of passivity, in the other case you fix yourself rigidly in the attitude of resistance.

The only penalty Miss Bremer pays, or was likely to pay, was that of an insufferable weariness. To be talked at incessantly—hardly can one conceive a greater martyrdom. Here is an extract from her diary at this time:—

"*Sacré Cœur Trinité di Monte, April 14.*—And now I am here, in this so called *Rétraite*, but which is considerably more like a battle than a quiet life devoted to serious reflection, exposed as I am, morning, noon, and night, to the fervent zeal and the torrent-like eloquence of Sister Geneviève, regarding my conversion to the only true church; whilst, in the mean time, my forenoons are occupied with the 'Exercises' of Ignatius Loyola, which she allows me to go through. It would most assuredly be less difficult to pass through ordeals by fire and water than a continued ordeal of talk. Hence, I cut a poor figure in this, and often grow impatient, especially in the evening, when Sœur Geneviève's fervor of conversion increases sometimes to an actual storm, and occasions a tumult in my brain in comparison with which that of the Corso and the Carnival is nothing. The result of this is, that hitherto I have found myself every evening more and more Protestant, and have resolved, the following morning, to leave the convent for ever. In the morning, however, I find my courage again renewed, and think that I ought still to remain, and I do so accordingly."

With Père Louis she gets on better. He is an agreeable man, a gentleman, and a scholar, and wisely makes his conversation entertaining. The discussion with him is rather enlivening than otherwise. "He himself," she writes, "seems amused by it as well as I do." Nay, she has persuaded herself that he is perfectly candid, "and, like myself, alone wishful to discover the truth."

Who knows but that Miss Bremer might have converted the Carmelite monk? However, she does not give herself the requisite time for such an enterprise. Her patience breaks down before the termagant piety of Sister Geneviève. "Every time she enters my room I am obliged to prepare myself for a regular storm. She talks incessantly; does not listen to what I reply, or does not trouble herself about it; argues, declaims, exhorts, conjures, and prophesies my exaltation, which would be 'colossal,' if I would but be converted to the Catholic Church, and bend my knee in confession to a priest!" Of course this becomes intolerable: even the bland, instructive, enlivening conversation of Père Louis can be no adequate compensation for such an affliction. If the Carmelite monk made the least impression, it was plain that this too zealous sister more than counteracted all his efforts. It was time that this solemn farce should end. She bade farewell to the convent, not less a Protestant than before, but better informed—so she assures us—of the spirit and doctrines of Catholicism.

"Not less Protestant than before!" yet to us it appears that she issues from the convent with a manifest bearing to some of the peculiar tenets of the Church of Rome. At all events it is just here, when she bids farewell to Father Louis and Sister Geneviève, that she records her approval of the doctrine of purgatory, and of the practice of prayers for the dead. To the staunch Protestantism of a North Briton, she does not come out of the

ordeal quite scathless. She even has a kind explanatory word to say upon indulgences. We think we remember that in her former book of travels, *apropos* of religious matters in the island of Cuba, she has some very severe remarks upon certain Catholic practices, and especially on these indulgences. Her stay in the convent, or say generally her residence at Rome, has enabled her to see these practices in a more favourable point of view—at least to regard them as more harmless.

As to these indulgences, which have made so much noise in the controversial world, one cannot help asking one's self—supposing they were what we ignorant Protestants are accused of believing, positive licences to commit all manner of crimes—one cannot help asking one's self what value they really would be to the poor pious people who are induced to purchase, or in any other way to acquire them. No one ever imagined that they could be pleaded at the Old Bailey, or put in as a valid defence in any court of criminal jurisdiction. To be hanged with one's indulgence round one's neck would be small gratification. Even in those cases when the sin is not a crime punishable by law, the man whose conscience prompts him to purchase an indulgence would find his conscience very uneasy when he came to commit the sin. Our belief is, that these indulgences are altogether a cheat and a delusion, and that no sin, no sweet morsel of transgression, can be extracted out of them. People who, by the aid of the confessional, have coined trifles into fictitious sins, may, by the aid of indulgences, obtain an equally fictitious pardon. An ecclesiastical penance, which is a mere affair of ritual, is dispensed with. The faith that makes the pardon makes the sin.

When Miss Bremer was travelling in Cuba, she saw in the house of a poor peasant woman a picture of the Virgin and Child, underneath which was written, that who-

ever bought such a picture (we presume for purposes of devotion) should obtain forgiveness of sins for forty days. Thereupon she exclaims, Forgiveness of sins for forty days for about the fourth of a dollar! and expresses her wonder that any virtue or piety should remain in such a country. But now, supposing such a thing were really granted, what boon could it be to a poor peasant woman to have an indulgence for sin for forty days? What extraordinary thing could she do in those forty days? Say the whole decalogue were put under her feet, what one act would this poor peasant woman proceed to commit in virtue of her indulgence? Which of the commandments would she immediately set herself to break? Would she murder or steal? She would find it very difficult, and a very terrible business to do either. She would covet her neighbour's goods it is very likely, but this she would do with or without the indulgence. She covets her neighbour's goods, but she also covets their good word, their protection, their amity. Miss Bremer is not the only person who has written under the momentary delusion that you have but to give people the licence to do evil and they will forthwith do evil. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred to do evil would be extremely disagreeable.

Our traveller has an interview with the Pope. On the side of the Pope nothing but courtesy, urbanity, and a priestly benevolence. The lady carries with her into the presence of the Holy Father her little air of controversy. Very respectfully she has a question to ask. This question had been long ago prepared. In her debates with Catholics, when any of her opponents had asserted that there was no salvation out of the pale of the Catholic Church, she was in the habit of saying, rather absurdly as we venture to think, that on that point she would appeal to the Pope himself. She would ask the Pope if she, a Protestant Christian, could

not be saved. Accordingly, when admitted into the presence of the infallible head of the Church she asks the question. She receives—what else could she expect?—a gentle, hesitating answer. A good little woman, held generally in kind estimation for her amusing writings, appears before the Pope, and after assuring him that she has the love of Christ in her heart, asks his Holiness whether she, although a heretic, has not a chance of salvation. His holiness does not send the little woman forthwith to the infernal regions; and therefore she thinks she has obtained, through the Head of the Church himself, a triumph over her Catholic opponents! All this is very childish.

We respect every inquirer after truth, but this running over Europe to find it with this man or with that congregation, is nothing better than egregious trifling. Our peripatetic is in search of "a last word, a master-key to certain innermost questions of life's innermost chambers," and she goes to a M. Secretan, at Neufchatel, to find her master-key; or she fancies that "at the sources of the Rhine" she shall discover "the primeval word of Protestantism." If she had stayed at home and disciplined her mind to attach a distinct meaning to the language she uses, she would have advanced her purpose far more than by all this endless chatter, which she seems to have poured out to any divine or clergyman see could take by the button. What can she mean by the "primeval word of Protestantism?" One thing is quite clear, that in seeking for some profundity she overlooks the plain meaning and manifest character of the actual Protestantism of Europe. But it would not be very profitable to enter, on this occasion, into any theological controversy. Let us rather, on our part, try to forget, for a moment, that Miss Bremer is travelling in quest of truth, and the church of the future, and glance over these volumes as if the authoress were an ordinary mundane

escape. To see this well-known figure appear out of the savage antique forests, courageous, boastful, tender—at one time writing letters full of tears and the profoundest pathetic affection, at another going off abruptly in the heat of passion from one of his most faithful friends, pronouncing by way of farewell a hasty sentence only to be reversed on his deathbed—has a magical illusive effect which cannot be described. Perhaps it is with a consciousness of the amusing individuality of his hero that M. de Montalembert identifies the *Irlandais* so often by that national appellation. Nobody can have the slightest doubt upon the subject. After the lapse of fourteen centuries, he stands as fresh and distinct as if he had launched but yesterday from the saintly pugnacious isle. Religious biography itself could not deaden down the blithesome force of Columbanus into anything but an Irishman. He has no saintly abstractions in him. What the historian of the monks thought of him for a subject we will not venture to imagine. He has certainly not made a model saint of his restless hero, but he has made a most recognisable man.

A greater contrast than that which exists between the dignified secluded existence of Benedict and the tumultuous fighting life of Columbanus could not be imagined. Awe and reverence were not the sentiments inspired by the Celtic saint. He was the object of devoted affection and unrelenting rage, as became his daring, arrogant, impulsive character. It is a changed atmosphere from that rural mountain air of Monte Cassino, where the very Goths fall on their knees before the patrician monk at his convent door. Amid the savage politics of the Merovingian kings, the figure of the *Irlandais* plunges out and in through the din and confusion in congenial restlessness. To hear him defying, denouncing, threatening, haranguing, keeping everything round him in a perpetual fer-

ment, makes it difficult to believe that it is fourteen hundred years since he stumbled over the Roman remains in the Gaulish forest, and set up his cross at Luxeuil. His rule was as extreme, uncompromising, and violent as his own character: prodigious fasts, labours, and penitences, without any latitude for individual weakness—a self-willed, arrogant system of mortification and punishment, in which silence, toil, and hunger were enlivened by a course of flogging for the minutest faults—composed the code of his administration. During his lifetime crowds of monks submitted themselves to this ascetic discipline, as, indeed, the extremities of monastic severity seem always to have had a morbid attraction for the minds of the faithful; but the influence did not last. The broader rule of Benedict, with its individual alleviations and milder wisdom, prevailed over the momentary success of the Celt's exaggerated fervour. The sons of Columbanus died out, and left no second generation to succeed them; and almost before the burning trace of his footsteps had cooled out of the startled country, the Irishman's attempt at law-making had fallen into forgetfulness. The austerities of the hot-headed apostle who indemnified himself for mortifications of the body by the most ungovernable freedom of temper and spirit, could never have been practicable for the guidance of any great body of men. We are reminded of the plaintive remonstrance of a still earlier band of Gaulish monks, whom their leader attempted to maintain, like the hermits of the Thebaid, on boiled herbs and barley loaves—a regimen to which their European stomachs objected loudly. "Fasting is the food of angels," said the abbot, in the words of Athanasius. "But," answered the monks, with inimitable prosaic pathos, "it is ridiculous and cruel to attempt to make us live like angels: we are not angels; we are only Gauls." An unanswerable argument. M. de Montalembert

takes the trouble to examine into the reason why Columbanus was everywhere superseded by Benedict; and can only account for it by the fact that the rule of Benedict had the sanction of the Papacy. A better reason may probably be, that, so far as nature has anything to do with monastic institutions, the wise Italian had received *her* sanction in preference to the hot-headed Celt.

While the principal action of the picture is carried on by these remarkable figures, the canvass is crowded like a Campo Santo fresco with innumerable secondary groups, enclosed in niches of the framework or in glades of the forest scenery. Here honest Karilef rescues his favourite buffalo from King Chilbert, cowers the disappointed Merovingian hunter to such a pitch of humility that he meekly drinks the hermit's bad wine and kisses the hand that bestows it; and afterwards refuses to receive a visit from Queen Ultrogoth, declaring, with quaint rudeness, that he does not know what harm might come of it, and that the temptations which made Adam lose Paradise must be resisted even in the desert. In another corner of the picture, the same Karilef, working in his little vineyard, hangs his frock upon a tree till he has finished work; and on taking it down again, finds, to his amazement and delight, that a wren has nestled in it, and laid an egg there! at which "the holy man was so moved with joy and admiration that he passed the whole night in praising God." In another niche stands the noble young Hermenfried, who has left the court of Clotaire to build a monastery on his own lands; and who, officiating at his humble altar, stoops, with beautiful child-like pity and reverence, to kiss the toil-worn hands of the ploughmen, to whom he gives the sacramental bread; and here is Brittany, wildly picturesque, and doubly Celtic, with miraculous breakwaters rising on her gloomy shores, and the sweetest traditions lingering about the soil, which can scarcely yet be regarded as common prosaic territory.

One of these legendary incidents cannot be passed over. We know nothing more exquisite than the tender pathos of the following:—

"A mother had taken her only son to the monastery of Agaune dedicated to St. Maurice, where he became a monk, especially instructed and skilful in chanting the liturgical service: he fell sick and died; his mother, in despair, came to bury him, and returned every day to weep and lament over his tomb. One night she saw St. Maurice in a dream attempting to console her, but answered him—'No, no; as long as I live I shall always weep my son, my sole child.' 'But,' answered the saint, 'he must not be wept for as if he were dead: he is with us—he rejoices in eternal life; and to-morrow at matins in the monastery thou shalt hear his voice among the choir of the monks; and not to-morrow only, but every day as long as thou livest.' The mother immediately rose and waited with impatience the first sound of the bell for matins to hasten to the church of the monks. The precentor having intoned the response, when the monks in full choir took up the anthem, the mother immediately recognised the voice of her dear child. She gave thanks to God; and every day for the rest of her life, thus deluding her grief and maternal tenderness, the moment she approached the choir she heard the voice of her well-beloved son mingle in the sweet and holy harmony of the liturgical chant. And to us too it seems to echo across the ages that voice of the child, *vocem infantuli*, the purest, the dearest, the most heaven-like melody that the human ear can receive."

Another variety in the aspect of monastic life is disclosed to us in the person of Radegund, "the lovely lady, queen, and saint," with whom M. de Montalembert further embellishes his rich and varied narrative. Here it is no longer the rude forces of nature or the wild freaks of semi-savage assailants which break in upon the cloistered quiet. A refined and pious woman, forced by hard fate to become one of the wives of King Clotaire, and, in the momentary reaction of remorse which followed some cruelty of his more dreadful than usual, escaping

escape. To see this well-known figure appear out of the savage antique forests, courageous, boastful, tender—at one time writing letters full of tears and the profoundest pathetic affection, at another going off abruptly in the heat of passion from one of his most faithful friends, pronouncing by way of farewell a hasty sentence only to be reversed on his deathbed—has a magical illusive effect which cannot be described. Perhaps it is with a consciousness of the amusing individuality of his hero that M. de Montalembert identifies the *Irlandais* so often by that national appellation. Nobody can have the slightest doubt upon the subject. After the lapse of fourteen centuries, he stands as fresh and distinct as if he had launched but yesterday from the saintly pugnacious isle. Religious biography itself could not deaden down the blithesome force of Columbanus into anything but an Irishman. He has no saintly abstractions in him. What the historian of the monks thought of him for a subject we will not venture to imagine. He has certainly not made a model saint of his restless hero, but he has made a most recognisable man.

A greater contrast than that which exists between the dignified secluded existence of Benedict and the tumultuous fighting life of Columbanus could not be imagined. Awe and reverence were not the sentiments inspired by the Celtic saint. He was the object of devoted affection and unrelenting rage, as became his daring, arrogant, impulsive character. It is a changed atmosphere from that rural mountain air of Monte Cassino, where the very Goths fall on their knees before the patrician monk at his convent door. Amid the savage politics of the Merovingian kings, the figure of the *Irlandais* plunges out and in through the din and confusion in congenial restlessness. To hear him defying, denouncing, threatening, haranguing, keeping everything round him in a perpetual fer-

ment, makes it difficult to believe that it is fourteen hundred years since he stumbled over the Roman remains in the Gaulish forest, and set up his cross at Luxeuil. His rule was as extreme, uncompromising, and violent as his own character: prodigious fasts, labours, and penitences, without any latitude for individual weakness—a self-willed, arrogant system of mortification and punishment, in which silence, toil, and hunger were enlivened by a course of flogging for the minutest faults—composed the code of his administration. During his lifetime crowds of monks submitted themselves to this ascetic discipline, as, indeed, the extremities of monastic severity seem always to have had a morbid attraction for the minds of the faithful; but the influence did not last. The broader rule of Benedict, with its individual alleviations and milder wisdom, prevailed over the momentary success of the Celt's exaggerated fervour. The sons of Columbanus died out, and left no second generation to succeed them; and almost before the burning trace of his footsteps had cooled out of the startled country, the Irishman's attempt at law-making had fallen into forgetfulness. The austerities of the hot-headed apostle who indemnified himself for mortifications of the body by the most ungovernable freedom of temper and spirit, could never have been practicable for the guidance of any great body of men. We are reminded of the plaintive remonstrance of a still earlier band of Gaulish monks, whom their leader attempted to maintain, like the hermits of the Thebaid, on boiled herbs and barley loaves—a regimen to which their European stomachs objected loudly. "Fasting is the food of angels," said the abbot, in the words of Athanasius. "But," answered the monks, with inimitable prosaic pathos, "it is ridiculous and cruel to attempt to make us live like angels: we are not angels; we are only Gauls." An unanswerable argument. M. de Montalembert

takes the trouble to examine into the reason why Columbanus was everywhere superseded by Benedict; and can only account for it by the fact that the rule of Benedict had the sanction of the Papacy. A better reason may probably be, that, so far as nature has anything to do with monastic institutions, the wise Italian had received *her* sanction in preference to the hot-headed Celt.

While the principal action of the picture is carried on by these remarkable figures, the canvass is crowded like a Campo Santo fresco with innumerable secondary groups, enclosed in niches of the framework or in glades of the forest scenery. Here honest Karilef rescues his favourite buffalo from King Childebart, cowes the disappointed Merovingian hunter to such a pitch of humility that he meekly drinks the hermit's bad wine and kisses the hand that bestows it; and afterwards refuses to receive a visit from Queen Ultrogoth, declaring, with quaint rudeness, that he does not know what harm might come of it, and that the temptations which made Adam lose Paradise must be resisted even in the desert. In another corner of the picture, the same Karilef, working in his little vineyard, hangs his frock upon a tree till he has finished work; and on taking it down again, finds, to his amazement and delight, that a wren has nestled in it, and laid an egg there! at which "the holy man was so moved with joy and admiration that he passed the whole night in praising God." In another niche stands the noble young Hermenfried, who has left the court of Clotaire to build a monastery on his own lands; and who, officiating at his humble altar, stoops, with beautiful child-like pity and reverence, to kiss the toil-worn hands of the ploughmen, to whom he gives the sacramental bread; and here is Brittany, wildly picturesque, and doubly Celtic, with miraculous breakwaters rising on her gloomy shores, and the sweetest traditions lingering about the soil, which can scarcely yet be regarded as common prosaic territory.

One of these legendary incidents cannot be passed over. We know nothing more exquisite than the tender pathos of the following:—

"A mother had taken her only son to the monastery of Agaune dedicated to St. Maurice, where he became a monk, especially instructed and skilful in chanting the liturgical service: he fell sick and died; his mother, in despair, came to bury him, and returned every day to weep and lament over his tomb. One night she saw St. Maurice in a dream attempting to console her, but answered him—'No, no; as long as I live I shall always weep my son, my sole child.' 'But,' answered the saint, 'he must not be wept for as if he were dead: he is with us—he rejoices in eternal life; and to-morrow at matins in the monastery thou shalt hear his voice among the choir of the monks; and not to-morrow only, but every day as long as thou livest.' The mother immediately rose and waited with impatience the first sound of the bell for matins to hasten to the church of the monks. The precentor having intoned the response, when the monks in full choir took up the anthem, the mother immediately recognised the voice of her dear child. She gave thanks to God; and every day for the rest of her life, thus deluding her grief and maternal tenderness, the moment she approached the choir she heard the voice of her well-beloved son mingle in the sweet and holy harmony of the liturgical chant. And to us too it seems to echo across the ages that voice of the child, *vocem infantuli*, the purest, the dearest, the most heaven-like melody that the human ear can receive."

Another variety in the aspect of monastic life is disclosed to us in the person of Radegund, "the lovely lady, queen, and saint," with whom M. de Montalembert further embellishes his rich and varied narrative. Here it is no longer the rude forces of nature or the wild freaks of semi-savage assailants which break in upon the cloistered quiet. A refined and pious woman, forced by hard fate to become one of the wives of King Clotaire, and, in the momentary reaction of remorse which followed some cruelty of his more dreadful than usual, escaping

gest the possibility of falling; "it leans as if in the act of raising itself. It is a form which erects or raises itself. Hence the agreeable rather than painful impression." But as towers have been known to fall, and no tower was ever known to raise itself from a recumbent position on the earth, we rather think that the popular notion will hold its ground. Miss Bremer has further discovered that this tower erecting itself from the earth is a symbol of the sinner recovering his moral rectitude.

"One has not the slightest uneasiness," it is thus she expatiates upon the subject, "lest the tower should fall, nor any sense of a desire to have it propped up. One can see that it sustains itself, or rather is drawn upwards as by some power above, and victory is already visible.

"All the higher art of building is to me symbolical, and is interesting merely from the divine or human life which it represents. Thus the body of the ecclesiastical structure appears to me like an image of the supplicating or worshipping congregation: the church tower or towers are its extended hands. The interior of the church, especially the interior of the large Catholic churches, corresponds to the inner world of Christianity, and to the spiritual organism—in conformity with their deeply significant type, the Mosaic ark of the testimony. Every individual Christian finds also in it an image of the temple of his own soul, with an outer court, a sanctuary, and the holy of holies, where the cherubim watch over the word of the eternal God, and where the awakened eye can read in the symbolic plastic writing of the church the doctrine of revelation. The tower of Pisa is to me like a word from this doctrine—no longer a leaning tower, but an image of a sinner who raises himself, or is raised up by the Invisible, who dwells above and in the light."

Perhaps our readers would prefer that we should leave these symbols for some of the realities of Italy. The most striking reality

that Miss Bremer is brought in contact with is the Prime Minister of Victor Emmanuel, Count Cavour. And a very realistic portrait it is which she gives us of the great minister—for such undoubtedly he is, whatever Garibaldi or the French bishops, Mazzini or the Ultramontanists, may say to the contrary.

"I confess," she says, "that at the first glance he reminded me more of an English red-complexioned country squire, who rides and hunts, eats good dinners, and takes life easily and gaily, than of a deep-minded statesman who, with a secure glance and hand, steers the vessel of the state towards its destined port, over the stormy political sea. But very soon was that countenance lit up for me, and the more I studied it, during my tolerably long conversation with Cavour, the more significant and agreeable it seemed to me. They who have painted Cavour's portrait have not understood this countenance nor the character of this head. It has a *something in it almost square*," but at the same time refined. The complexion is fresh and delicate, the forehead magnificent, open, *with room in it for both lofty and broad ideas*; the glance of the light-blue eye is clear, lively, and penetrative; the nose and the mouth remind me of those of Napoleon the Great, as does also the form of the countenance. They have his firmness and delicacy of outline. In the play of the muscles about the nose there is an arch expression, and the smile has the graciousness of the South. The figure is not tall, but strong and well built, and has something particularly solid and robust about it. The manners are calm, easy, very agreeable, and evince natural self-government."

Count Cavour has the reputation of bearing with ease the burdens of his post: the cares of the state are said to sit lightly on him. When this was remarked, he replied, with a smile, "Oh, it only appears so! but behind, in the depth, are many cares, and it is not easy to keep alight the sacred fire." In the

* Are odd expressions like this due to the translator or to the original author? All the world knows that the translator can perform her task perfectly well; but on the present occasion there are many appearances of great haste. Why should the "something almost square" be opposed to refinement? A square countenance is not necessarily a coarse one.

little which the minister said of his own views and position, our complacent traveller is convinced that he "expressed his innermost thoughts;" nor does she forget, seeing that she has her foot within the cabinet of a minister, the cause of her own sex. "On parting, I seriously impressed it upon him to bring about more just laws for the women of Piedmont, who, as regards the right of inheritance, now stand a long way behind the men." The Count laughed, and gave some evasive reply. She leaves him with "an extremely refreshing sense of his words and whole character."

She gravely adds: "I have heard from persons who knew M. de Cavour more intimately, that his happy temperament, both of body and soul, cannot save him from an annual attack of inflammation of the chest." Very possibly. Inflammation in the lungs is a disorder to which the most amiable men are liable. But although we hear, on this good authority of intimate friends, that a cheerful temper is no preservative against the effect of cold winds on a susceptible lung, we are glad to think that it shields him against attacks of another description, or renders them innocuous. Cavour, in spite of all his assailants, is calm, or appears so.

"He may be seen wandering along the promenades, whistling carelessly, and playing with his cane—kindly greeting his acquaintances, and with an appearance as if he had nothing else in the world to do but to go out and look about him. Such ought a statesman to be—if he can. Work, it is said, has always been his pleasure; and at this time it is his only love. Not even slander has been able to attack his morals or his character. His friends speak warmly of the goodness of his heart. His enemies have never experienced his hatred."

From Piedmont we pass to Rome. Here our traveller sees all that travellers generally see, and does, as we have already intimated, what very few have the opportunity of doing—converses with the Pope, and enters a convent. Her thoughts here seem given up to polemics. On leaving

Rome, she writes us a *résumé*—not of the wonders or antiquities of Rome, but of her own thoughts on Catholicism and Protestantism, and that "primeval word" or fundamental principle yet to be developed. Miss Bremer does not pass the Rubicon—she is faithful to the Christian revelation—but she seems to desire, so far as we can comprehend her language, a church which shall have the unity of the Catholic (or that unity which the Catholic proclaims to be theoretically inseparable from the very principle of revelation), and the freedom of thought and individual inquiry of Protestantism. We say this seems to be her rather unreasonable aspiration; but it is with great diffidence that we should venture to interpret Miss Bremer's meaning. There is something here about "a third eye"—a phrase that she tells us she has borrowed from Plato—a third, or inner eye, which has especial cognisance of religious truth. As everything turns upon this "third eye," and as this branch of optics is very obscure to us, we had better leave our author's *résumé* to explain itself.

From Rome we of course proceed to Naples. Here we are greeted by an eruption of Vesuvius, which is of sufficient violence to create general alarm. But, thanks to the Madonna and St. Januarius! the lava is stayed. Yet this is not a subject of thankfulness to all. There are forty thousand villains, it is said, in Naples, who are disappointed of their hopes of plunder by this interference of Madonna and the saints. "They have watched, it is asserted, with avaricious longing glances, the increasing eruption, which promised them the opportunity of plunder, and of enriching themselves during some great and general devastation."

Apropos of St. Januarius, we have here a more complete account of the celebrated miracle—the mysterious liquefaction of his blood—than we remember to have encountered elsewhere. Our indefatigable tourist tells us that she had witnessed the miracle three times; and on one, if not on all of these occasions, she stood near the

sacred relic, and took sharp note of the mysterious bottle which holds the blood of the Saint. She observed a very suspicious tube that runs through the bottle, and which seems capable of some manipulations by the officiating priest. But we may as well quote the author's own words.

"At length a number of priests made their appearance, bearing the bust of the saint in silver-gilt, which was placed upon the altar, and his blood, preserved in an oval, greenish glass bottle, enclosed by a massive silver ring fastened to a shaft, which a priest held in his hand, and by which he swung, in the view of all, the bottle backwards and forwards, in order to let them see that the black-red mass, which more than half filled it, was hard-set and immovable. A small mysterious tube passes through the bottle, and is held above and below by the thick silver rim—at least one cannot see anything, and one involuntarily asks one's self why not? But one must not be too inquisitive.

"The prayers now begin. The priests mutter softly; those who kneel round the altar do the same; the whole chapel rushes into a low chorus of prayer; but the old women—the relations, as they are called, of the saint—lift up their shrill piercing voices. This screaming and noise rises and sinks, and rises again like a storm; but still through it all the priest continues to swing the bottle up and down, and from one side to the other, showing it between whiles to the spectators, who see that the dark mass remains immovable. . . . These vehement outbursts become more and more volcanic, and actually threatening, when all at once every countenance brightens, and a pause ensues. A movement is observable in the mass of blood. It begins to slide, first to one side then to the other; it seems to become loosened from the glass. The priest continues to swing the bottle, the rim of which it seems to me that he clasps with a secret manipulation! The old women scream and the priests mutter. Yet another five minutes and the miracle is complete. The blood is wholly liquefied, and flows on all sides. The old women exult, many of the ladies weep, and all the pious press forward to kiss the glass bottle which contains the blood of the martyr,

and which is now extended to their lips and their foreheads by the priests."

It was, of course, before the late revolution that Miss Bremer was in Naples and witnessed the miracle. Will this piece of jugglery continue to be enacted in the most populous city of the new kingdom of Italy? Who can say? He is a bold man, who would venture to predict even the political destiny of Naples; and a much bolder who would prophesy the course which religious opinion is likely to take amongst its headstrong and ignorant population. The next ten years may witness in this stronghold of superstition the triumph of Atheism—succeeded by the restoration of St. Januarius and his green glass bottle. And if this should be the case, there is one prediction we will hazard. The glass bottle will be broken in the period of revolt, and the clot of blood destroyed; and when the happy restoration takes place, the fragments of that green glass bottle will miraculously come together again, and again enclose that identical clot of blood, which will have been miraculously recovered.

The latter part of Miss Bremer's Diary is enlivened by what reads like the fragment of a novel. A love affair between a young girl, who is for a time the companion of her travels, and a gentleman who passes under the name of *Hercules*, is very skilfully and very amusingly told. We suppose these friends of hers consented to *sit to the artist*; otherwise, this narrative of their courtship and description of their several characters would be very strange. In any case, it is a curious method of enlivening a book of travels; but, as the story is very well told (for is not the writer here on her own ground, and where she is, indeed, an admirable artist?), it is not for us to make any murmur of complaint.

May we soon again meet Miss Bremer in the exercise of her great and undoubted talent of a novelist! And with this wish we will close our notice of her present book of Travel and Theology.

A CRUISE UP THE YANGTZE IN 1858-59.

OCTOBER has come in and night gone at Shanghai; we have slept in peace and comfort on board the stout old *Furious*; we may have dreamt of England and home, but are recalled to the stern reality by the daylight reveillé, and a whiff out of the Loo-chow creek, which the morning breeze has wafted into our cabin windows. We declare it to be neither frankincense nor myrrh, for our senses have been sharpened by a recent cruise on the open sweet-smelling sea; and, perceiving heat to bad smells, the sashes have to be let down, and our breakfast to be eaten in a temperature some twenty degrees higher than would be necessary if China was, generally speaking, more ambrosial. But enough upon that subject, or we might rail; for although this great emporium is now far more bearable than in June or July, still we are in no mood to be just, after having rushed back *ventre à terre* from Japan, to find that we might have taken our ease there, and spent a month exploring its strange cities and unknown waters, and yet have been quite soon enough to meet the slow and sly Imperial Commissioners from Peking. And what is still more trying to the temper of a naval centurion, our officers and men look upbraidingly, as if their chief was the cause of their past disappointment and present sorrow, and as if it was all our fault that they had been carried away from the fun and excitement of Nangasaki and Yedo to the prosy ugliness of a Chinese city. "Sorry we came back so soon!" exclaims one of the officers; "Wished we had stayed longer," says another; "Might have been there a month, and still been in time," urges a third; and so on, until, like the French captain who was requested by his crew to return to France as they were "fatigued" of some place where there

were no salads to be had, we feel inclined to exclaim, "Go to the devil, my children! think you that I love this *sacré cochon de pays*?" But we will not; for, after all, it is only the custom of the service: the captain, like the he-goat of the Jewish ritual, must be the sacrifice; and assuredly it is good and right that it should be so.

Did we not always in our own day, wish admiral and captain in Jehamun for those man-o'-war's cruises of "there and back again?" Bother those sudden sailings with sealed orders, which meant leaving all the clean linen on shore for the laundress to hire out, whilst we waited over a chest of frowzy shirts. What did we care for foreign policy, British commerce, Admiral Hamelin, or Commodore Sloat, provided our Chilian or Peruvian lady-loves were kind, horses cheap, and the fuchsia trees in blossom? There was our heaven upon earth, and the man a wretch who dragged us thence. Let us be patient, then, when it is our duty to do the hard-hearted, and let us smile to see how much as we were then these are now, for even the very youngsters are at present Japan crazy.

"The chaplain wishes to speak to you, sir," announces the sentry, with becoming solemnity. We know what is coming, and, clutching the Printed Instructions, put on an official face; and as the gentleman who rejoices in the double office of pastor and schoolmaster enters, we are ready for anything sad. He tells us with sorrow and indignation, that the cruise to Japan, followed by the pheasant-shooting of Shanghai, has so unsettled his pupils that the young gentlemen scorn the exact sciences, and will not listen to him, their pastor and master. We look very serious, and proceed to the aid of this gentleman, who has been facetiously

termed, by the wit of the midshipmen's mess, "a double-barrelled parson," in virtue of his double office. There was a squeal and the ring of a dozen voices as the cabin-door opened, but on reaching the school-tables swinging between the main-deck guns, perfect order and the most exemplary industry animated the senior midshipman as well as the junior cadet—lads striving for university honours could not have turned over tables of cosines and logarithms more earnestly.

There is a glorious *abandon* about the young sailor at his studies, which must be seen to be appreciated. He has his watch to keep, untold duties in his small way to perform, much practical knowledge to acquire; but there sits a future Nelson cramming with mathematics, navigation, astronomy, steam-engines, gunnery, and the living languages—a load, indeed, for any young intellect. Yet it is cheering to see how light the burden appears to the young sailor. Care! why, there is not even the faintest trace of it on one of those young faces, and the instructor is the only one who looks in the least anxious. We turn over the nearest work-book which lies at hand—nothing but illustrations of the Furious under all the phases of storm and calm! The next student is evidently of a sentimental turn, and his pen, instead of working out courses and distances, has been wandering into sketches of scenery, cottages, and a plentiful sprinkling of pretty faces; and there is an audible titter when we discover that the small boy of all, whose good mother is most anxious he should be a saint as well as a sailor, has sketched and coloured on the fly-leaf of his Euclid a lady of Yedo, whose personal charms and development say much for the small boy's knowledge on such matters. Of course, all the miscreants are ordered into the fore-cabin, and having had our laugh in private, and screwed up the necessary amount of severity, we go

through our part of showing how entirely such offences are at variance with the printed instructions and Admiralty circulars; in short, talked to them like—what shall we say?—ah! that is it, "like a Dutch uncle," we overhear one youth remark to the other as they escape on to the main-deck again; "and he says he will stop our leave," adds another; to which a piccolo voice pipes out, that having spent all the cash he was likely to receive for the next three months in investments in lacquer-ware, he did not propose going on shore, and that the captain's punishment would not affect his happiness. Of course, we were sufficiently astute, under such circumstances, not to stop the leave to go on shore of these young worthies, and had to exercise our ingenuity in devising other modes of torture with a view to enforcing the badgered chaplain and naval instructor's authority. But this excitement was not confined to the officers; and apart from the outside of Japan—for that was all our men saw of it—it appeared to me that the seamen preferred a cruise in salt water to doing the duty of policemen in Chinese ports and rivers. Every boat's crew from strange ships that came alongside are regaled with awful yarns about our cruise to Yedo. "So you have been up to Yedo?" inquired the other day a sailor in an American galley. "Yes! I should think we had too," replied a youth of Gosport extraction; "we shoved our jib-boom right into the Emperor's drawing-room windows, and nigh broke all the eggshell china a-saluting of our Ambassador." "Thank-ee!" said the Yankee; "that will do!" and then it was equally refreshing to hear the men-of-war's men from both sides of the Atlantic expressing their preference for any spot rather than Shanghai as a place of sojourn for sailors.

Even as I sit at my table, down the skylight come the voices of the nizentopmen scraping their mast; they are wishing China and the

Chinese fathoms down beneath the Yellow Sea.

"But I think the officers likes Chiney, Bill," remarked one of the men; "there are places on shore for them to go to, you see—hotels, and clubs, and merchants' houses, and suchlike; but for us poor beggars, what is it? why, it ain't a country fit for a Christian. Look at what our mess did here, last time they were on leave; why, we goes to a store, buys a three-dozen case of beer and one dozen of hollands, and then goes out to drink it amongst them Chinamen graves, with a sun hot enough to raise blisters on the tombstones. Of course all on us got dead drunk, when down comes a whole heap of Fokies with bamboos as big as the dingy's mast, and commences a hammering on us. So we rouses up and has a regular set-to. Of course we are pulled up afore the consul next day, and he says, says he, 'Sarve you right—you were defiling the Chinamen's graves; and they are so werry fond of their grandmothers that they cannot abide that sort of thing.' 'Defile, be hanged!' says we; 'we only sat down, sir; and the country is so full of graves that we could go nowhere else.' But the end on it was that we were fined all round, three of the mess laid up with broken bones, and most on us has had fever. D——n leave, says I, in Chiney." Are we to be blamed if, so far as the sailor and marine were concerned, we said, "Amen"?

We are, however, about to put a fresh surface on our especial existence in the Furious. The Commissioners from Pekin have arrived; the supplementary treaty has been gone through, amidst innumerable official visits and official feeds; and the clause relative to the opening of the Great River, or Yangtze, for European trade, when rebellion shall have ceased, has been so far discussed that Lord Elgin, with a necessary escort of ships, is now at liberty to visit the stream, and select

spots likely to answer hereafter as ports of trade or European settlements. The period of the year is most favourable. The north-east monsoon has just set in, on the heels of a series of heavy typhoons, which have reduced the temperature of the reeking valley of the Yangtze, and blown away its fever and cholera, mosquitoes and boils, and the power of the current will diminish as the sources of the river and its affluents become frozen in the north-west by the frosts of a Manchourian winter. That diminution of the force of current will necessarily involve a less depth of water in the navigable channels; but our anxiety is far more directed to the possibility of the rush of the stream impeding the progress of our ship, than the likelihood of not finding sufficient water to float her over shoals or difficulties. This anxiety is based upon the experience of a former ascent of the stream as high as Nankin, when serving in the fleet under Admiral Sir William Parker. It was then the months of August and September; no heavy rains had fallen, no unusual inundations prevailed, yet the strength of the current off Nankin was such, in spite of a great depth of water, from 60 to 90 feet, that although, thanks to the skill of our officers and men, no ships were lost, still accidents were frequent, and the delay in ascending to that point very considerable.

But current or no current, we are now all agog to be off and dive into the heart of this strange land; the feeling of curiosity is, if possible, more intense than when we first started for Tientsin or Yedo, and is by no means confined to ourselves. How can it be otherwise? Here we are at the south-east corner, right-hand lower corner, gentle reader, of Northern China, bounded by Tartarian plains, the fastnesses of Thibet, the Yellow Sea, and the proud Yangtze, whose turbid stream flows within sight from our masts-heads. So long as we have been in Shanghai, we have listened and

sought for information of the strange country to the north of us; every bale of silk, every tea-case, leads our attention to the north-west. We hear of marts far more important than Shanghai or Canton, of great cities holding populations twice as numerous as London, of rivers so deep, so powerful, that the Chinaman prefers to navigate by canal to tempting their dangers; and we look at the Tunting and Poyang lakes, equal to those of Canada in area, and hope that we may one day sail or steam upon them. Yet, by my faith, if we seek for specific details of how to get to either one or the other—if we seek for any information as to depth of water, or any fact connected with the watery highway which is to lead us to these wonders—we find all such information ceases at the spot reached by our fleet in the year 1842. Beyond that point, Nankin, all our researches, aided by consular authorities as well as the mercantile community, amount to the assertion, that the American steam-frigate *Susquehanna* had subsequently ascended as far as the town of Woo-hoo, one hundred miles further than Nankin, but the officers of that ship did not record any topographical information, and that we must rest content with the Jesuit map of the empire as our guide. It is now two hundred years old; as an authority the Chinese copies have villanously distorted the original; and even in it the Yangtze is a mere thread of water winding tortuously through many more lakes than we can now hear of, probably inundations prevailing at the time of the survey, without a single depth along its entire length, and without the position of one rock, reef, or shoal being fixed, or even noted. The European embassies passing to and from Canton and Peking had of course navigated that portion of the river between the Poyang Lake and the entrance of the Grand Canal, but as they were conveyed in state barges, which naturally hugged the

banks of the stream, or sought for short and shallow cuts of water, the information to be found in the writings of Barrow, Staunton, Davis, and others, served but little for nautical purposes. Even the writings of the Abbé Huc, interesting as they were upon the interior of the country to the north-west, threw no light upon the Yangtze, except that, in a general sense, in the upper valley, above the falls of Kinchow, more than a thousand miles from the sea, there would still be found a stream as deep and as navigable as the lower Yangtze.

Having, thanks to the indefatigable exertions of our gallant second-lieutenant, Duncan Davidson, and the kind services of those distinguished sinologues, Mr. Wade and Mr. Lay, assured ourselves that there was no more information to be collected in Shanghai, we agreed with our worthy friend Captain Barker that there was only one thing left for us to do, and that was to start up the stream when called upon by Lord Elgin, and to do all in our power to test its navigability, and in the meantime to fill our ships with coal, and take a month's provision on board; for we hardly contemplated that the voyage to Hankow, the farthest point spoken of, could require more than that time to accomplish.

We will not waste time or space recording all our arrangements; how wiseacres wrote up from Hong-Kong, recording it as their opinion that we should infallibly come to grief; how bets were offered that we should never reach beyond the Poyang Lake; and how wiser men foretold that, even if successful, very little honour or credit should come to us; and that, if we failed, hanging would be the least of our punishments. We could laugh at all this; an enterprising Ambassador as our passenger, a single-minded, earnest officer like the worthy Barker for our chief, only left us to set our teeth, trust in Providence, and go at our work, determined to give the lie to all such false prophecies.

November came before we could start—a matter of some regret, for we calculated that between the 14th and 20th October would have been the best period for our departure, so as to return before the winter had set in with any severity. In the mean time, however, all the escorting squadron dropped out of the Shanghai river into the Yangtze, and the Cruiser, with the Lee and Dove gunboats, proceeded to feel the way for us through the great delta. The 9th of November at last saw us away, and the setting sun shone full in our faces as we steered our first cruise towards the westerly regions, up the great river. Yet it had not been our first visit in that direction. On the 6th July 1842 we had the good fortune to be one of the eighty sail of British ships, forming the fleet under Admiral Sir William Parker when he advanced upon Nankin, and drove the first wedge into the rickety civilisation of China. Amongst the many glorious feats of our navy, there is not one superior to that navigation by our large fleet of a great, swift, and unknown stream—its ascent for nigh two hundred miles without the loss of a single vessel, although they oftentimes grounded amongst its numerous shoals—the carrying out of extensive military operations from no other base than that adventurous fleet. The skill and foresight which had brought together all the elements to insure perfect success, without being dependent for anything upon the country or people we threw ourselves amongst, marked that admiral as no ordinary leader; and as we thus, sixteen years subsequently, advanced over the same ground, we could not help feeling proud of having witnessed such an achievement, and that small justice had, after all, been done in our national records to such a triumph of naval skill and audacity. Before that ascent to Nankin by huge sailing line-of-battle ships and clumsy transports, our navigation to the same point in steam-frigates becomes a mere holiday task; and we shall not be sufficiently vain to attempt to describe it, beyond stating that we found all the channels and the shoals of the delta to have changed with curious perversity, so that where, in 1842, there was deep water, we often found banks, over which the flat punts of the Chinaman could hardly sail. Petty islets, such as Bush Island, had grown to a considerable size, whilst, strangely enough, many points well known to us in those days—such as One-Tree Point and Point Harvey—were unaltered in form and outline by either the force of current or deposit of alluvial matter. In many places the diminished volume of water discharged by the Yangtze in the winter as compared with the summer season, was marked by the appearance of dry land where formerly we believed channels of water always to exist. But perhaps the most marked change in the delta was at two points, the upper end of Tsung-ming Island, and what was known as the Foo-shan Bar. The former of these is a vast alluvial tract, reclaimed some three centuries ago from the sea by enterprising Chinamen, and lies in the centre of the delta, splitting the Yangtze at its mouth into two broad channels, the southern one of which is only known to Europeans. In 1842, several islands were observed in the northern channel, and noted by Captains Kellet and Collinson in our charts; one of these, of considerable extent, between which and Tsung-ming there then existed an eighteen-foot channel of water, was now incorporated with the greater island, a warning to us of the changes we might expect elsewhere. At Foo-shan, in the old channel, we found the bar to have heaped up with gravel until it was perfectly impassable for anything but a gun-boat, and, after a long hunt, discovered a channel to have formed, cutting a deep steep-sided trough through what was formerly a mud-bank; and this channel was changing even

then so rapidly, that within a month the direction varied as much as twenty-two degrees by the compass—a pretty good proof of the changeable character of the navigation of the delta of so mighty a stream. We were a week working our way through these difficulties, and approaching the first block of mountain country, round the northern flank of which the Yangtze at last bursts its way to the sea.

Nov. 16th.—We know that we are approaching the site of that city of Ching-Keang, the key of the Great Canal, which in former days made such a respectable defence against our barbarian forces: we remember that we are approaching a piece of scenery which was so gorgeously Chinese, so rich in all the results of their industry and taste, that one peep was enough to repay the navigator or traveller for the difficulty of reaching it. The *Lee and Dove*, with their boilers out of working condition, had to be taken in tow of the *Retribution*, to allow their engineers to clear and refit; and the *Cruiser*, too slow to keep company when we wanted to make up lost time, hung on by the stern of the *Furious*, and, thus leashed together, we slashed away merrily under the bluffs of Kuen shan, recognising many a pagoda and many a spot seen long ago in the pretty little Columbine. The day was just such as to enjoy the beautiful scenery, and a pleasant arrival amongst mountain, rock, and waterfall, after an eight weeks' stay in lands as flat and streams as tame as ditch-water. The sharp bracing weather common to the season of the north-east monsoon had evidently set in; rattling breezes and clear skies were now to succeed the hot moist winds of the summer; and all we had to think of was to escape back from Han-kow before the snow and frost of winter caught us. All was exhilarating, and promised fairly for success; for even the Great River during our run of yesterday showed less signs of having departed from its old channels since it was surveyed

in 1842, and gave us, consequently, more confidence in carrying sail as well as steam up the reaches. As we neared Silver Island all hands were agog, from the Ambassador to the tiny sailor-boys; for they knew that in the next reach we were about to sight what had been reported to be one of the finest scenes in China, the great city of Ching-keang-foo, guardian of the gateway leading to Peking by way of the Great Canal. Golden Island, with its rich temples, and pagodas covered with tiles of *real* imperial yellow porcelain, and Silver Island, so picturesque, were, we all knew, behind the steep point ahead. Had not the matter-of-fact Sir John Barrow said of that reach of Ching-keang-foo, that what with the host of vessels of war, pleasure, and commerce, that were moving or floating in the neighbourhood when the Embassy passed to which he belonged, and what with the towns, hamlets, and dwellings covering the banks of the Grand Canal and the hills of Ching-keang-foo, the scene was more beautiful and cheering than any that had hitherto been met with in China? Could not we all refer to writer after writer in proof of the wonders of Chinese civilization and art which were there to be found? And were not we, who had gazed upon the picture when it was perfect, justified in assuring the eager officers and diplomatists that for once in their lives realization would not fall short of expectation? Alas! it was not to be so; for suddenly all that once-charming scene burst upon us, but how changed! There were the hills, the islands, the river, and the rich plain, it is true; but the hand of man had destroyed all the beauties which rendered this spot more interesting than any other upon the banks of the Yangtze. We could hardly credit the possibility of such a scene of havoc and destruction, or that in our day it was possible to sweep away by human agency, not only the vast population which we had once seen thronging the land

and water in this vicinity, but even to obliterate the very marks of their existence. The Taeping rebellion had extended down the valley to this point, and this was their handiwork—this the first fruits of the clash of European teaching with the doctrines of Confucius. Five hundred wretched creatures living within a vast area of ruin, round which a wall still existed, was all that remained of the city of Ching-keang-foo and its half million of inhabitants. A wretched war-vessel, called the Pao-shan, under imperial colours, and some half-dozen small junks, were now the melancholy representatives of commercial fleets which one of our embassies was two days in traversing in a barge. Golden Island was a mere wreck; its famous library has been burnt; its temples levelled; a ruin only left of the exquisite pagoda; and the river, as if anxious to wipe out even the record of its past fame and present degradation, had actually silted up with mud the channel of deep water formerly existing between Golden Island and the southern bank, for men walked dry-footed where ships formerly floated. Silver Island was equally ravaged, and the city of Kwachow, at the entrance of the canal on the northern bank of the Yangtze, was a mere assemblage of battered hovels and roofless tenements. Standing on the summit of Silver Island, the view was everywhere equally sad, and indicative of the terrible desolation occasioned by the rebellion. The country had apparently gone out of cultivation; and as far as eye could scan northward over the once rich and populous plain, through which the Grand Canal led to the Hoang-ho, hardly a farmstead was visible; and extensive inundations only truly told of the breaking-down of the embankments, and the utter misery which had fallen upon what once was the "Garden of China."

Under ordinary circumstances we should have naturally hurried through this terrible scene, and left others to extract from these ruins of an Eastern civilisation some shreds

of comfort, that such chaos was the making straight of the path for a better future; but unfortunately one of those accidents which will befall sailors navigating little known waters happened to us just as we crossed the threshold, so to speak, of this spot. Between the hills on which Ching-keang-foo stands and Silver Island, the Great River, with a perversity known only to fresh-water streams, chose to cram itself through a narrow gateway of one hundred and fifty yards in width, instead of taking what would seem a natural course, and cutting out a channel of any breadth or depth, in the fine plain to the northward—a direction in which, however, it does throw off one petty branch, as much as to say that the Yangtze knew that it might flow through there, but would not be dictated to. Through this gateway we had to go, against a current running like a mill-stream, but without any misgivings on the score of rocks, because the chart showed a deep channel, and we had not only been through it in the Columbine, but had known big two-deckers to drop through it in past times. A rock, however, there was; and with all our leadsmen crying an untold number of fathoms of water—and we had some of them out at the jib-boom end—the Furious fairly perched herself upon a pinnacle of hard limestone, just where there should have been seventy-eight feet water—a proof that dangers, over which the greater volume of the Yangtze in the summer season would float ships, and which the swiftness of the current at that season would prevent the seaman's lead discovering, would infallibly be discovered by a ship's bottom at a period of the year when the water was lowest, and the stream less rapid. This discovery strongly impressed upon us the fact, that for such a river to be properly surveyed, the work should be done in the winter-time, and that it would need a series of subsequent observations upon the rise and fall of the river throughout all the seasons of

the year, to fully assure the navigator of the depth of water to be found over the dangers at specific dates. We will not bore the general reader with technical details of how we laid out anchors and got down top-weights; how the gunboats came alongside, and how we worked all day and all night, and emptied the Furious of every movable weight down to her very keelson, except the coals; how we painted marks on the rocks, and gave a gratuity to the bonzes in the Buddhist temple, and enlisted them in our service, because they assured Mr. Lay that they had a deity in keeping whose especial mission it was to look after the interests of ships and sailors navigating this Scylla and Charybdis of the Yangtze—we will not, we say, dwell upon these proceedings, because, when all was done, we still found our stout frigate perched on the rock, and the water, which was high when we grounded, far too low to float her off again. That there was a perceptible tidal rise and fall we had ocular demonstration, but its amount was considerably dependent upon the strength and direction of the wind; and it was not to be wondered at, when we remembered that our distance from the mouth of the river was already one hundred and fifty miles.

Grateful, therefore, as we felt for the ready aid given by Captain Barker and the other commanders, and full of admiration and pride for the gallant ship's company and officers, who entered with such zeal and unwearied exertion into all the heavy labour imposed upon them, we could not but feel that, after all, our speedy escape must depend upon that Cherub who looks after the winds and waters. And he did not fail us; for on the evening of the 18th the wind came up the river, the tide rose to its proper height, and we popped off the rock just as we had popped on to its summit. The 20th of November found us at early dawn hastening onward, for Nankin was to be our next

stage. The Dove and Lee gunboats were now ahead, pilot-fish to the big sharks that followed in their wake. The early sun touched the sad ruins of Golden Island, the levelled homesteads of Kwachow, and the barely-to-be-recognised entrance of what was once the Grand Canal, amongst which, as if in mockery, flaunted here and there the gay pennons of the Imperialist forces. The sight was a sickening one, and we thought, with a shudder, whether Christendom was responsible for this scene of misery, and whether it would be the fate of our poor friends the Japanese to pass through the fire of a similar ordeal. Between the intersection of the Grand Canal and Nankin, the Great River flows in a tolerably straight course, and without any bars or reefs; the squadron, therefore, put their best legs foremost in order to get past the ancient capital of China before the night closed in; and as we dashed along past point and bluff, and the glorious scenery of the Nankin valley revealed itself, we began to forget the troubles of the Furious under the Hill of Sorrow, as the Chinese have justly named Silver Island, and to talk of the to-morrow which would see us carry our flag farther than British keels had yet gone. Personally, there was an especial interest in this strip of the Yangtze; it was a return to an old scene, replete with memories hallowed by the recollection of past events and old friendships. Here we recognised the channel where our beautiful brig was taken by the gallant Morshead through fleets of grain-junks, so closely packed that we had almost to pole our way through them; there the spot where the deceitful current so pinned us against a steep bank and a forest of bulrushes that we were fairly in irons, and had to remain until the wind shifted and blew us off again, but not before the exhalations from the reeking marshes, in the shape of a terrible malaria, had swept over the gallant crew, and afflicted us with a fever which harassed the

Columbines during all the subsequent passage to England. About here used to be the Marion Rock, on which a transport of that name bearing all the headquarters staff, including Sir Hugh (now Lord) Gough, spitted herself, and swung about helplessly for some time with her distinguished military freight—men, the majority of whom are now known to European history. But the Marion Rock is no longer in the river; it is now apparently part of the southern bank, owing to alluvial deposit having filled up the channel within Golden Island; for the Yangtze is evidently somewhat wayward in the opening and closing of its deep-water channels, yet not more so than such a lusty stream may be expected to be. By-and-by we come to Eching and Lubo, pleasant places once, where we might have purchased all sorts of pleasant things; but we care not to look at them now, for the poor creatures have been alternately squeezed and plundered by Taepings and Imperialists; and our friends the sinologues assure us that they are now undergoing the visits of a third party, who believe neither in Confucius, the Emperor, nor the visible presence of the Trinity in Nankin, and distinguish themselves as the "Fleechers," a name they no doubt well deserve. Then we come to the Sikea Hills, with the grove of trees and pretty temple. The last time we saw it, the graceful Daphne, commanded by the dashing Captain Keppel, was keeping watch and ward in this neighbourhood. Then a little farther, we opened Nankin reach, and were able to point to the hills on which our forces were encamped prior to the then contemplated assault on Nankin, where, amongst other illustrious leaders, stood Colin Campbell with his much-loved Highlanders, whilst the waters were thronged with the naval might of Great Britain. Oh! that was a goodly sight, and the recollection of it made one's blood tingle as we saw the walls of Nankin burst into view.

As that place was now the great headquarters of the Taeping movement, and formed the boundary of an extensive region almost entirely in their hands which we had to traverse, it was, of course, necessary for the Ambassador to instruct the senior officer of the escorting squadron what line of conduct the executive representatives of England were to adopt in dealing with these rebels, and we therefore stopped for a few minutes to communicate with Captain Barker. Lord Elgin's instructions were to the effect that our position was simply that of neutrals, passing peaceably up the stream, on the strength of the permission granted by the Emperor of China; that we were to give the Taepings any explanations they sought, but to resist all hostile attempts to stop our progress. As our gallant naval chief was in a precarious state of health, we went on board to assist him in framing the instructions under which the Lee gunboat was to advance ahead of the force with Mr. Wade, the Chinese Secretary of Legation. Our worthy senior had evidently cheered up with the prospect of a brush, which, so far as counting embrasures, forts, and guns went, looked formidable enough compared with our small force, and made us, if possible, love him more, to see how, in spite of a stroke of paralysis, which had occurred since leaving Shanghai, and still left him partially crippled, the chivalry of the true officer shone through sickness and disease. His instructions to the Lee were concisely these: To go ahead as far as possible, give all explanations if asked for, but not to take the initiative in opening communication with rebels in arms against the government with whom Great Britain had just signed a treaty of peace. If they fired on him, he was to display a large flag of truce, the nature of which we held proofs of their perfectly understanding, and to remain stationary or return towards us. Above all, to run any risk rather than fire in return without express permis-

sion from Captain Barker. The Lee was then despatched; and for the rest of the squadron the orders were, to be prepared to force a passage if it was disputed, the Retribution leading in such case as senior officer, and the Furious and Cruiser following in their proper places. It was an interesting sight to see the stanch little Lee approaching alone such a hornets' nest as the place looked; and nothing, we felt, justified such a risk, except the very natural anxiety of the Ambassador to give no just grounds for the Taepings to doubt our pacific intentions. The heavy-looking batteries on a place known as Theodolite Point took no notice of the gunboat, and allowed her to pass without either waving to her to stop, or even hoisting their colours—indeed, all the works appeared silent, and without any of those displays of banners so common in Chinese military posts. We began, therefore, to fancy that the Taepings had wisely determined we should go where we pleased, provided we did not meddle with them; but we were quickly undeceived. When the rascals had got the Lee fairly within the fire of all their heavy guns, and, as they doubtless fancied, at their mercy, one gun was fired, and a red flag was run up; and thereupon, in spite of a flag of truce of immense size—for it was an Admiralty table-cloth—shot after shot was fired upon her with an accuracy only foiled by the gallant Commander Jones moving his craft so as to disconcert their aim. The sun was just touching the western horizon, twilight was now short, but as the squadron was well in hand and the steam well up, Captain Barker threw out the signal to engage the enemy; and we dashed up to the works at a pace which must have astonished the “long-haired ones,” whilst the Lee and Dove gunboats went to work in a manner peculiar to those sweet little craft, and which we have never witnessed without expressing a prayer, that our good countrymen who live in

England's pleasant watering-places may never be subjected to similar courtesies. The fire of the forts of Nankin was pretty fair until the ships got into action; and the Retribution, as leading ship, was subjected to a greater amount of damage than the rest of the squadron, and had one man killed and two wounded severely. The fight was, however, soon knocked out of the Taepings, for, commencing at about eight hundred yards and closing up to four hundred and fifty yards, we soon gave them such a surfeit as none of the believers in the Heavenly King had ever contemplated. The action lasted about three-quarters of an hour, and by that time we had fairly closed the works facing Nankin, and an isolated fort on the northern bank. Night had closed in, and we had reached just above the site of the Porcelain Tower; we therefore anchored for the night, and Captain Barker decided on asking permission of the Ambassador to give our Taeping friends a still further dressing on the morrow, for the following reasons:—They might fancy that we had availed ourselves of the cover of night to force their fortifications, and it was desirable to remove any erroneous impressions upon our right of way up and down the Yangtze whilst the discussion was still an open one, for no one could tell what accidents might happen up the river to our squadron, and we had no idea of trusting again the mercy of such a set of ruffians; if they could not love us, they might at any rate be made to fear us. The penalty of firing on a flag of truce they had had once before, by a British squadron, fully explained to them; they had fired on it now in defiance of such a penalty, and it was most necessary that the recollection of the crime should be immediately connected with its punishment. Lord Elgin fully concurred with Captain Barker in these opinions, and gave him *carte blanche* as to the course to be pursued on the morrow. It was simply this, to drop down at day-

light, and knock the forts about the ears of the Taepings, if they showed any more stomach for fighting. Grey dawn saw us off the nearest forts; that abreast of the Furious came out of the midst with ghostly distinctness. The first rap of the 10-inch shells upon it, sounded chorus to the broadside of the Cruiser, when Bythesea threw out his challenge to the fort and earthen batteries on the northern shore, and the Retribution came down with her heavy 68-pounders in a hearty bellow, whilst the gunboats barked a hoarse reveillé through the morning mists. All the response we could get was a very desultory fire from a solitary battery. By way, however, of leaving our mark, and exercising our men at the best of targets—for it so happened that quarterly gunnery-returns would be soon required—we gave our men a short practice at one or two of the forts out of which the Taepings had bolted; and having placed our mark in characters sufficiently legible, the squadron went on its way up the stream. The Imperialists, encouraged by our success, evidently thought to take advantage of it by closing in on the city. We had nothing to do with them and their siege of Troy, and left them busily burning powder, with little damage apparently to either side.

As Nankin sank on the horizon astern, we could not but think how sad had been its fate since we last saw it. It was then full of interesting relics of ancient greatness, as the capital of the Ming dynasty. There was an air of respectable decay which then recommended itself to our sympathies; and there were such wonders as its Porcelain Tower, and the iron pagoda at Pingshan, to astonish us with the ingenuity and grotesqueness of Chinese taste. Now, beyond the walls, whose solidity mocked even our cannonballs, it looked merely what it was, the stronghold of banditti. Every house and temple of the suburbs had been swept away, and the wonderful pagoda, as high as St. Paul's,

faced from crown to basement with bricks of fine porcelain, and adorned with rich ornaments of the same valuable material, was utterly uprooted; indeed, if we mistake not, the forts were composed of much of the ruins of that unique work of art.

However, there was one consolation in all this desolation—what man could undo, other men might reconstruct; and the records of Chinese history told us that they had often been subjected to such visitations as this at present being inflicted upon them by Taepingism. Indeed, Nankin only became the capital of the Chinese rulers as recently as 1368, when, after a rebellion extending over ninety years, they succeeded in ousting their Mongol conquerors, and its greatness and fame were almost the creation of one remarkable monarch, the Ming emperor, Hung-wu, for his successors foolishly established their capital at Pekin, and fell, as they deserved, beneath the swords and influence of the Manchu—the master of to-day—and against whom the Taepings are to-day avowedly at war. We will not at present be tempted to go off on this theme, but hasten on through the 150 miles of river between Nankin and Ngan-king, the once flourishing capital of the province of Ngan-king.

Ten miles above Nankin we passed beyond the limits of the excellent survey of 1842, and two hills which mark that boundary ought to bear the names of those twin brothers of Science, Captains Henry Kellet and Collinson; and then another forty miles of water brought us to Woo-hoo, where the *Susquehannah* American frigate reached some years previously. One Chinese town is so wretchedly like another, that we will not say more than that we passed several important cities in these forty miles, and many villages, all of them in Taeping hands, and all in a greater or less degree of dilapidation. Twenty miles above Woo-hoo, the

Retribution was obliged to part company at a town called Kew-shien, and anchor until our return down the stream. Her draught of water was nearly three feet more than that of the Furious: she was a remarkably unhandy vessel, and it was not without the exercise of more than ordinary skill that Captain Barker and his officers had already navigated her in safety to a point 250 miles from the sea, at a season of the year when the water was so low. Kew-shien happened, moreover, to be in the hands of the Imperialists, and Lord Elgin was not sorry, as we were obliged to leave the Retribution behind, that she should stay where her presence could not give offence to the authorities, or give rise to a suspicion that we were treating with men in arms against the Government.

The worthy senior officer gave us as much provisions as he could spare (for it was evident we had under-estimated the delays incident to the ascent of such a stream), and caused the gunboats to be coaled to their full complement. The afternoon of November 24th saw the Furious, Cruiser, Dove, and Lee again under weigh, and we parted with hearty cheers, and as hearty wishes for mutual success. On this and the following day our progress was as rapid as an economical expenditure of coal would admit of, and we anchored near a dangerous reef on the night of the 26th, in order that we might have daylight to clear it, and pass the great city of Ngan-king. This reef is called the Hen Reef by our native pilot, and if not much of an authority upon the depth of the water, he is a perfect oracle at legends connected with its dangers. He vows that some Hen famed in story was busy filling up the big river with stones, when Dame Partlet was charmed away from her wicked work by an ingenious priest imitating the crowing of her much-loved Chanticleer—a proof of the use of the bonzes, and the necessity for contributing to the little temple

and its oily occupants, as the pilot slyly added. Anyhow, the Hen and Chickens made a very ugly pass for our sea-going craft to navigate through; and so formidable is the barrier to native junks that a cutting has actually been made through a hill on the southern bank, to enable them to avoid its dangers. This spot is just fifteen miles from Ngan-king, and about three hundred and forty miles up the river, and may be said to be the first serious obstruction to the navigation,—not from barring it entirely across, but because no ship under sail could with safety attempt the channel in consequence of the peculiar manner in which the tide is dammed up into a race at one part, and sweeps at other points fiercely on to the danger. Steam-power or tugs will always here be necessary, unless the artificial cutting be found, on further examination, to be practicable for our craft; but it is worthy of note that up to this point there are no difficulties which sailing-ships may not master, in the hands of good sailors. Leaving the Hen and Chickens behind us, with the indefatigable gunboats ahead, so as to give us warning of any rocks or shoals, we reached Ngan-king early on the 26th. Here the Taepings on a smaller scale repeated exactly the same line of conduct as their *confrères* at Nankin, and fired on the advancing squadron without the slightest provocation or reason. Of course they were regaled with exactly the same treatment as their Heavenly King farther eastward, and with an equally favourable result; for they were so rapidly brought to their senses in Ngan-king as subsequently to allow us to pass, at half musket-shot, close under their works, without the slightest attempt to provoke a further controversy; and the impression was sufficiently lasting, as Lord Elgin discovered on his way down a month afterwards. Nothing could be finer than the sight of this city of Ngan-king: the river flows close under its walls, and they again

rise up a gentle slope, enclosing an area quite as large as the city of Canton, and apparently as well filled with dwellings. The suburbs and country-houses which had once existed were now levelled, or roofless ruins, and the beautiful pagoda was the only building perfect outside the walls of the city. A fine range of hills sweeps gracefully round the back of Ngan-king, and there was every promise that, with peace and order restored, this important capital of a province containing more souls than Great Britain and Ireland together, would be a charming place of residence for our commercial community in China.

Ngan-king appeared to be the western limit of the Taeping territory, for we now came on Imperial fleets and armies in overpowering profusion, judging by the number of flags and amount of display. They were evidently besieging Ngan-king in a Chinese fashion; and "rebellion-quelling generals" were crowing on the heights and eminences around the northern side of the city, at the long-range distance of about three and a half statute miles. The country, however, on the south bank was quite open to the Taepings; and on our return downwards we had occasion to visit and communicate with the farmers in that direction. We found that although they disclaimed being Taepings, they acknowledged having paid taxes, under compulsion, for four years to the authorities then in Ngan-king. They had not much to complain of, they said. Mandarin and Taeping "squeezed" about equally. It was the people in the large towns and cities, not the petty farmers, that suffered by the Taepings. When asked why they wore long hair—that is, allowed all their hair to grow without shaving any part of the head—if they were not Taepings? they exhibited all the true cunning of the Chinaman, by pointing to the huge tail into which it was plaited, and with a twinkle of

their eyes, explaining that the arrangement enabled them to please both parties. With the hair all over their heads they could prove themselves true rebels to the Taepings, and when the Imperialists did come back they would only have to shave as of old, and the tail of the Chinaman, *pur sang*, would still be there, and testify to their loyalty. These worthies added that there was only one drawback, in their individual opinion, to the present state of things, and that was the unpleasant way in which the Taepings swept off the good-looking women from the farms; this touched them, and they did warm a little on that point; but as to the slaughter of the citizens and children in the cities, the plunder of the trader and merchant, that was other men's business, not theirs.

A charming instance of cold-blooded fish-like selfishness is the Chinaman, and one almost feels as if it needed the scourge and the sword of the Taeping ruffian to rouse from his hideous lethargy; but we must rattle onward, for the next great event will be our arrival at the junction of the Poyang Lake with our Ta-keang, or Great River. For Yangtze it has ceased to be called since we passed the Great Canal. Hitherto, from Nankin to Ngan-king, we had been steaming through a magnificently rich valley of some two hundred miles in length, and varying from twenty-five to ten miles in width, the hills on either side of no remarkable altitude, but still picturesque, and affording glimpses of scenery as rich and varied as any in China. Farmsteads and cultivation abounded throughout the major portion of this rich region, and it was only the towns and cities which had been wrecked and plundered. There was, it is true, a total absence of all activity and life upon the magnificent river which formed its great highway, that told its own tale, and very significantly too; but still that river formed a noble object, and gave all its importance to this valley.

Ascending our mast-heads at any point we might happen to be when traversing the above-named distance, it was a panorama unequalled in all its grandeur to look down on the Great River, flowing in fine reaches of ten or fifteen miles in length, and sometimes a mile in width, with a mean depth of forty feet of water; here and there twisting and recurving as if in wantonness, yet still striking against the high lands on the southern shore, and chafing at their feet as it rolled its golden tide to the bosom of the Pacific; then again splitting in the plain, and enclosing within its arms some great island rich with all the fatness of China, and covered with farms, herds, and cultivation, all of which you would be sorry to insure against being swept away some day in one of those frightful inundations, marked high up the rocks, or here and there in sand-covered plains.

But now, soon after passing Ngan-king, we find ourselves steering a more southerly course, and enter upon quite a different scene. We leave the province of Ngan-king, and enter that of Kiang-si, at least just skirt its north-east corner. Mountains of vast altitude are seen on the southern hand, some of which must have been at least 15,000 feet high, but they are far off, whilst near the banks of the river they vary from 2000 to 600 feet in height. Northward, or on our right hand, looking up the stream, a vast plain is seen, which looks sadly subject to inundation, whilst the mountains which we left behind us as Ngan-king may be seen glimmering in the far distance, as if stretching in a more direct line from that city towards our destination at Hankow. The navigation of the stream still continued very easy; to be sure, we put our keel occasionally in the mud, but then we were in a hurry, and feeling our way up a totally unknown stream, and were much harassed by fogs, especially during the 27th, after passing a picturesque town called Tung-loo. This must,

and other indications, warned our sagacious pilot that we were about to have a storm, for it appeared this neighbourhood was famous for strong winds; and on the morning of Sunday the 28th he deemed it a deliberate temptation of Providence for us to weigh our anchor. He told us how many junks were wrecked in such storms as that impending; how the water of the river got blown anywhere, and that the proper thing to do was to get up a creek and lay out as many anchors as possible. We were too ill, with a low fever caught in the night air of Silver Island, to quite enjoy the raciness of the pilot's expostulation; but finding the anchors were coming up in spite of the rules laid down by his experience, he proceeded to light his cigar and abuse the region through which we were passing. "Summer or winter, it was always alike," he said; "now hot enough to make you wish your skin was off, then so cold that all the sheepskins in Ngan-king could not keep you warm; and as to the river and the winds, he did not know which was the worst." Having given vent to his opinion, our pilot left us to our own devices, and descended into the stoke-hole to enjoy the society of the stokers, their tobacco being much more powerful than the Manillas with which we conciliated our *Palinurus*. He was no false prophet, for down came an easterly gale upon us, loaded with red brick-dust, which gave the whole atmosphere a dense fiery appearance, as singular as it was unpleasant for those who had to find their way in such a tornado. However, the "dear little gunboats" were chirruping along; the gallant *Bythesea*, under double-reefed topsails, looked as if he and his pretty Cruiser were about to run for the Derby, and the *Furious* was not going to stop for any fresh-water gale; so away we went before the storm like so many seagulls. There was decidedly no use in stopping so long as the wind was fair and the water deep; and Dame Fortune

smiled upon us, although there was some anxiety lest, if the leading vessel got aground, all the rest would tumble upon her before they were able to stop their way. However, we kept a fine depth of water, and made splendid progress from 8 A.M. until 2 P.M., when a difficulty obliged us to anchor a short stage from the Poyang Lake. At one moment during the day things did look a little ugly, and that was at about eleven o'clock of the forenoon, when, after staggering down a reach where nothing could be seen but the bulrushes on either hand, and the raging surface of the Great River, we appeared to be steering suddenly against some vertical cliffs, three hundred feet high. There was, however, no time to do more than wonder; for whilst the leadman was calling no soundings at fifteen fathoms of line, we were dashed through a sort of portal which the river had chosen to cut for itself through a projecting point in the mountains of Kiangsi, instead of going off sensibly into the flat country of Hu-pe, and making a channel of any width it pleased. The piece of the mountain thus detached was called the Little Orphan, and a very appropriate name too, considering how ruthlessly it had been torn from its parent in Kiangsi.

The next day (Nov. 29) brought a change of weather of a most decisive character; the frost was so intense at five o'clock that the water froze when we tried to wash decks, and the mountain-tops had sheets of snow on them. The gale had ceased, and the air was pure and bracing, with some of the most beautiful scenery in the world slowly revealing itself as we neared the entrance of the Poyang Lake. By noon we were there. It seemed as if some gigantic hand had cleft a portal through the mountains of Kiangsi to allow the union of the river and the lake, and that the portion removed had been placed a little in advance of the opening to mark the achievement. We had seen some fine scenery in our time,

but seldom anything finer than this. The Ta-keang, coming down from its birthplace in the north-west, rushes down to meet an almost equally great discharge from an inland sea, which drains an area of country greater than all France. Their confluence is marked by islands and shoals, great holes of deep water, and whirlpools of current, which twisted our big frigate about as if she was a cockboat, though drawing fifteen feet six inches, and going at full speed. Leaving on our left the well-marked and promising entrance to the Poyang, as well as the prettily-situated town and fortifications of Hokow, we advanced up an 18-foot channel to Kew-Keang, or town of "six streams," an important walled city of the first class, situated on the southern bank of the Great River, just above the junction with the Poyang Lake. In every respect this was a most important position to have reached with vessels of the size of the *Furious*, and of the small steam-power of the *Cruiser*; and as our subsequent detention here gave us good opportunities of making ourselves acquainted with the neighbourhood, we were able to form a pretty good idea of its importance.

The town, though little else than the walls now remain, stands on the southern bank, but on the northern slope of a range of hills of a 200-foot elevation. The area represents a quadrangle varying from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to $3\frac{1}{4}$ miles in length and breadth. Seventenths of the town was an utter ruin, the very bricks of which the buildings had been built having been taken to raise and repair the walls, and they were, comparatively speaking, in excellent order. Kew-keang had only been recaptured by the Imperialists during the last six months, having been stormed by the Taepings as far back as the year 1853. It was then a place remarkable for its wealth and population; and the entire area within the walls was covered, people assured us, with houses. Our pilot declared that,

prior to the rebel occupation, the fleets of junks, and the traffic at this point, would have astonished us; and that, if anything was wanted, be it what it may, Kew-keang could always produce it. "But now," said he, pointing at 700 lb. of rice which we with difficulty procured for our crew, "see, you can hardly get enough to eat."

A reference to any good map will show at once the importance of Kew-keang as an emporium. It stands at the portal leading from the north to the south. Past it must float every product of the north-west either going to Shanghai or Canton; and every bale of merchandise from the latter troublesome city going towards Hankow or Peking comes across the Poyang Lake, and by the threshold of Kew-keang. On the other hand, after the charts are completed, there will be nothing to prevent our sea-going merchant ships, especially auxiliary screw vessels, carrying their cargoes direct to and from this important entrepôt—in proof of which we may state that, in January, 1859, her Majesty's ships *Furious* and *Cruiser* made the passage down from the entrance of the Poyang Lake to Shanghai at the rate of ten miles

per hour, sufficient local knowledge having then been acquired to enable us to do so. It is not likely that sea-going craft will be able to navigate profitably above or even within a few miles of Kew-keang; but in the delta of the confluence of the Great River and the Lake, under the shadow of the magnificent Lew-shan, there will before long be formed a second Whampoa, which will give the death-blow to the arrogant native monopolists of Canton, and be a great centre upon which will pivot a commerce far greater than even China or India have yet seen. In proof of the correctness of these opinions, officially recorded two years ago, we now find that that distinguished admiral, Sir James Hope, has already, with his squadron, safely reached this city, and, as the last telegrams from India tell us, established the first British consul in that city of Kew-keang, five hundred miles within the charmed frontier of China. We have at last, indeed, opened the Flowery Land, and the late expedition to Peking is already producing results quite equal to what the most sanguine could have contemplated possible.

(To be continued.)

S E V E R E D .

WEARY is the life I lead,
 Beating air with vain endeavour ;
 Love is left to weep, to bleed ;
 Those dear eyes are closed for ever !
 Closed for ever and for ever !
 Not again shall I behold thee,
 Not again these arms enfold thee !
 Thou art gone for ever !

Nothing now is left for mirth ;
 All my dreams were false and hollow ;
 Thou, alas ! hast left the earth ;
 May it soon be mine to follow !
 Mine to pass the veil and follow !
 Eyes of olden hours shall meet me,
 Lips of olden love shall greet me,
 In the day I follow.

H A D E S .

COWPER ! thy lines of tenderness so deep
 Pierce home, and many times have made me weep.
 In heart those darling lineaments I see,
 And feel that I am like yet unlike thee ;
 Like in my loss ; unlike, because in vain
 I seek an outward charm to soften pain,
 And in the wide world never more can find
 Fit semblance of the form which haunts my mind,
 Nor aught presenting visibly and well
 The consecrated Past wherein I dwell.
 Deluding fancies, even while they gleam,
 Melt like the faery frostwork of a dream.
 Hark ! the familiar footsteps round me fall !
 See, a still shadow moves along the wall !
 Low murmurs in the air, more felt than heard,
 Linger prophetic of some wished-for word.
 'Tis a vain instinct both of eye and ear.
 Fond dreamer, cease—thou hast no mother here.

My father, I remember to this day,
 And shall remember till I pass away,
 How, on an evening, in a happier time—
 And, I half think, in some more blessed clime—
 In the dim silence thou didst turn to me,
 Not worthy of my mother nor of thee,
 And, with a manly tear upon thy cheek,
 Of this sweet strain in moving accents speak—
 Ah me ! thy closing words, how deep they dwell—
 " Such is thine own dear mother—guard her well."
 And did I guard her, I, thy careless son ?
 O Heaven, the world of duties left undone !
 The chill dark grave that closes over men
 Hath taught me many things I knew not then.
 Scarcely remains a memory within,
 But, weighed and sifted, it reveals a sin.

Better by far it seemed to me, when first
 I knew hope darkened and my life reversed,
 And, rudely snatched from wondering unbelief,
 Saw, front to front, that ghastliness of grief,—
 Better by far it seemed, a thing worth choice,
 A God-sent gift, a reason to rejoice,
 If I had lost thee in my tender years,
 When grief, though keen, is charmed to rest by tears,
 And through the world, thenceforth, our souls retain
 Enough to soften, not enough to pain ;
 Since no remorse for hard things done or said
 Mays the remembrance of a parent dead.
 For, later on, dark records graven deep
 Add their own anguish to the loss we weep ;
 And a misused or ineffectual Past
 Claims a severe repentance to the last.
 Follies we held in no account before,
 Seen in their meaning pierce us to the core.
 Neglected sympathies of mutual prayer,
 Words left unsaid that might have soothed a care,
 The light acceptance, in some heedless hour,
 Of tokens heavy with affection's power,
 And all the coldnesses that mar our youth,
 Rise in the stern investiture of truth,
 And haunt us with a load of vain regret—
 God may forgive, we never can forget.
 Surely, I thought, too late, or far too soon,
 Heaven hath reclaimed the unutterable boon.
 Just when I seemed to feel, to comprehend,
 And in life's mysteries to discern an end ;
 Just when my long-reluctant heart began
 Some faint yet genuine recompense to plan ;
 Just when I learned to understand thy worth,
 Thou, my one care, wast taken from the earth.
 So, 'mid the wreck of visions overthrown,
 Robbed of my former self, I stand alone.
 Inly I gaze upon the saddening scene
 Of that which is, and that which might have been,
 And in my spirit hoard a life-long grief,
 To all unenviable—of mourners chief ;
 Doomed to grow old, and fall beneath the sun,
 In dire deliberation self-undone.

Better by far it seemeth to me now
 In meek submission unreserved to bow,
 Thanking the love that left thee here so long,
 Nor joined thee earlier to that purer throng.
 I would not change my wretchedness to-day
 For all that earth can give or take away.
 No cold philosophy can unteach this—
 More pain is more capacity for bliss.
 Never had any labour, any art,
 Fathomed the meaning of a mother's heart,
 Had not my life, through many a troubled scene,
 Felt what the absence of that heart can mean.
 Scarce could a gentler loss my spirit bring
 To trace love-yearnings in a little thing.

And how affection moveth as she may
 In each sweet office of a common day,
 How through weak tasks heroic actions shine,
 And one brief clause makes drudgery divine.*
 All this, and more, that once seemed idle breath,
 Came with conviction from the couch of death.
 So, amid all the complex web of chains
 Earth round me weaves, thy influence yet remains ;
 So have I learned to love thee more and more ;
 So have I known thee closer than before ;
 So can I half rejoice thy race is run,
 Since every moment makes thee more my son ;
 So may I meet thee, in the home on high,
 Ten thousand-fold a mother when I die !

And if of absence I could speak, forgive—
 The phrase not lower than the lips doth live.
 Not now the courses of my mind afar
 Roam in uneasy doubt from star to star,
 And wildly question earth and wandering wave
 If all indeed be ended in the grave.
 In calm, in pain, in waking, and in sleep,
 All day, all night, I feel thy presence deep.
 More than the life I breathe art thou to me,
 Though unbelied by gross mortality.
 For all the fetters of his iciest charm,
 Only the tangible might Death disarm.
 That spirit which, even in terrestrial flight,
 Was strange and admirable and infinite,
 Is it not now the same, yet mightier still,
 Free to go out and to return at will ?
 Is freedom blind of memory above ?
 Or shall the free remember, and not love,
 Or, loving, smile in absence evermore,
 Coldly debarred from all they felt before ?
 For me, I doubt not, though no human eye
 Pierces that interval of mystery,
 Lying in cloud, with dark conjectures rife,
 Beyond the gates of that which we call life,
 That still the dead behold me night and day,
 Still hear my words, and, watching in my way,
 Smile, if my deeds have worth and single scope,
 Full of high sympathy and God-like hope,
 True hope, not now akin to doubt and fear—
 While daily I draw nearer and more near.

Limned upon the heart in lines more true,
 More moving-sweet than ever pencil drew,
 Still will I cherish thee from youth to age,
 Dearest companion of my pilgrimage.
 Pleasant it is to trace each well-known scene,
 Musing in silence where thy feet have been,
 And to be able, when my soul is drear,
 To feel " A mother's lips have spoken here ;
 Here the flower withers, and the leaf falls dead,
 But that dear speech can never be unsaid."
 Nor only thus—but every room hath grown
 Impregnate with a memory of its own.

* Herbert.

Here, kneeling with clasped hands about her chair,
 We murmured lispingly our childish prayer;
 Here anger died before her accents mild,
 And brother was to brother reconciled;
 Or kind rebuke, urged lovingly apart,
 Drew generous tears, and changed the weeper's heart;
 Here, worn with watchings, anxious and alone,
 She calmed her sick one's suffering with her own,
 Soother of pain, wherever pain might be,
 Not for me only, but the most for me.

Often, a subtil anguish to assuage,
 I turn for thought, to some poetic page;
 Rut from the first blank leaf before me rise
 These words, "A mother's gift," and dim my eyes;
 Three little words, yet meaning vast they bear,
 Owned by my heart the sweetest poem there.
 Writ with a tale whose sameness cannot pall,
 That one blank leaf is more divine than all;
 Yet all in their degree the charm partake,
 And lofty verse grows lofty for her sake.
 So, while I feed upon each hidden theme,
 And link each spot with its peculiar dream,
 From my rapt being falls off the crust defiled,
 And once again I am a little child.
 Henceforth, though good desires in frailty melt,
 I cannot wholly lose what I have felt.
 There lives, though planted in a barren place,
 A love which is the hate of all things base.
 Deeds foully done, my mother, which should be
 A barrier built between my soul and thee,
 Come laden with such agonies intense,
 And fettered with so dire a consequence,
 That still I cannot do them, if I would—
 One hope preserves me negatively good.
 O may I more and more that hope enfold,
 Who the true substance lightly held of old!
 Though in my breast there beats a wavering will,
 I feel that I have power to please thee still;
 And Christ, in mercy to my soul, with thine
 Hath made His own pure service to combine.
 I do for Him whate'er is done for thee—
 How vast a boon to frail humanity!

Hence, by a road not wholly without flowers,
 Cometh unnameable the hour of hours,
 Rich with all wealth to which our hopes aspire,
 'Acme of all experience, all desire,
 When faithful eyes that hunger for the light
 Feel all the wonders of God's world in sight.
 Eye hath not seen, ear heard, nor spirit known,
 What there the Lord will offer to His own.
 Yet certain is it that no doubts or fears
 Thither ascend, no partings and no tears.
 Then may I see the Highest face to face!
 Then may I know thee in thine own true place!
 There with changed lips may I thy kindness bless!
 And thine no longer shall be answerless.

FROM THE FATHERLAND.

A LETTER TO IRENÆUS.

"Apud quos plurimum hiems occupat."—TAC., *De Mor. Ger.*

MY DEAR IRENÆUS,—I think you will agree with me that that useful luminary the sun ought to be always of the masculine gender. I happen to inhabit at present a country where the sun is feminine. The Germans gallantly say, that because the sun is more beautiful than the moon, their chivalrous forefathers inverted the classical notion of their genders, and made him a lady and her a gentleman. But I suspect that, in spite of them and Tacitus and his highflown tribute to the woman-worship of the old Teutons, the sun was made a goddess instead of a god, in the first instance to express comparative weakness. And we can bear abundant witness to the bashfulness of the German sun, which has veiled his or her face, since we have been in the country, nearly as constantly as a Turkish odalisque when she walks abroad. On April 15th last year there was snow on the roofs; and since the 1st of May this year we have seen the same thing more than once. We had a short summer in March, and the north-east wind has brought us a new winter from the ice-packed shores of the Baltic. The climate of Great Britain, it appears to me, has been made the subject of much unmerited abuse, although Charles II., who never said a foolish thing, said that there were more days on which one could go out in the year in England than on the Continent. It is fair to compare places of the same latitude. We are about in that of Southampton, and we have had winter from the end of October to the beginning of May; nor have we, probably, seen the last of it yet. Our sole advantage is probably that we have no muggy weather. The wind is bleak and brisk, and catches at delicate throats with the grip of

a tiger. We must be thankful for the Gulf-Stream, that Inverness cape of the British Islands, and take a little sea-fog with the warmth, for without the Gulf-Stream Great Britain would be as Labrador. And at least no foreigner can deny that we ascribe the masculine gender to our sun, when in our language it is a favour to bestow any gender but the neuter on inanimate objects. We make the moon feminine because the sun must have a wife, and we make a ship feminine because that is one of the things which is nearest to the heart of an islander. Beyond this, we observe the strictest neutrality.

If national character be formed, as Mr. Buckle and others have observed, in a great measure by climate, it would be curious to investigate how far the national character of the Germans is formed, or at all events affected, by their having a feminine sun. The question arises at starting, what people I mean by the Germans. Do I mean all people speaking the tongue which was formerly called High Dutch, and therefore to be comprehended under the nationality; or do I only mean the Germans who inhabit the remainder of Germany after the deduction of Austria and Prussia? Without refining too much, I will suppose that Germany is most German at its centre, somewhere between the Hartz and Thuringian forests; while at its circumference it is modified to a certain extent by the people surrounding it, and with whom it has most intercourse. For instance, the northern towns assimilate to the English, including Berlin, whose inhabitants are named by other Germans, not very flatteringly to our noble selves, the *tame English*; while the lively people of Vienna

and Munich are like the Italians and southern French.

Those ancient Germans, to whom Tacitus ascribes all the cardinal virtues except temperance, must have lived under conditions very different from the present children of the Fatherland. In the first place, it is as well to remark that they were probably not the ancestors of the present race, except to a limited extent. For those ancient Germans were of the Low German stock,—at least those to whom belonged the national hero Arminius the Cheruscan, and thus were more nearly related to those Angles, Jutes, and Saxons who pushed across into Britain. So that, in fact, the English have quite as much right to claim Arminius or Hermann as the modern High Germans have,—a right similar to that by which the Welsh may claim King Arthur. The habits of Tacitus's friends were in many respects thoroughly English. They used to affect separate houses, in preference to flats, which the modern Germans prefer; and on the whole they liked the country better than the town. Does he not say—"It is well known that no tribes of the Germans dwell in cities—that they cannot, indeed, bear houses joined to one another; they live separate and apart, according as some spring, or field, or grove suits their taste"? Again: "They are contented with one wife a-piece, except a very few"—which was true of us before the days of Sir Cresswell Cresswell, but not so exactly of the modern High Germans in the Protestant countries, whom the facility of the law of divorce enables to shuffle their wives, if they please, like a pack of cards. *We*, however, can no longer throw a stone at them in this matter.

It must be remembered that in the earliest times a vast proportion of Germany was covered with forest, and that the Hartz, the Thuringian, and the Black forests only are remnants of what was then one vast continuous Hercynian Wood; and most of that which was not wood was

swamp and salt-marsh. As one descends from the hilly country about Warburg, in Hesse-Cassel, to the plains of Westphalia, on arriving at the limit of the hills they seem to wear the aspect of the shores of an enormous sea, which has in process of time become land; and the same may be said of the descent from the Hartz into the great northern plain. Holland, in early times, must have been neither land nor water, but sometimes one and sometimes the other; yet it bred the Batavi, one of the most warlike of the low German races. The whole country, except that about the Rhine, must have worn a singularly grim and ghostly look in the Roman times; and it seems hard to think what motive the warriors from the sunny Welsh-land (as the Germans called Italy) could have had to wish to penetrate it, except the sheer love of giving and taking hard knocks. But, in some respects, those ancient Germans, spectral and squalid as the look of their country must have been, were better off than the modern occupiers of their holdings. They had unlimited wood to light their fires with. No one who can keep up, in season and out of season, a good roaring wood-fire, cares much about climate. Wood has now become so scarce and expensive in central Germany that Berlin stoves have been invented for the express purpose of economising it; and a German fire of the present day is the reverse of what children are told to be—seen and not heard. The railroads are bringing coal and civilisation everywhere, but coal is but an unclean substitute for an unlimited wood-fire. This paucity of fuel has no doubt a pernicious effect on the habits of the people of a cold country. A room is once for all heated; then all apertures by which the air can enter are carefully stopped, and then it is supposed to be in a fit condition for any dozen human beings to eat, drink, and sleep in, with the addition to its own atmosphere of as much tobacco-smoke as you please. This accounts for the

sodden pallid looks of a large part of the population, and for the general torpidity of their dispositions. Even in a higher class there is a very general indisposition to take exercise except when obliged. A walk of half an hour out to a well-known "kneipe," two hours of "beer, billiards, and tobacco," and half an hour back, constitute a handsome batch of exercise, and enough to last half a week. Now, the old Germans, although, like the Red Indians, they passed half their time in violent exercise and the other half in doing nothing, were probably healthy enough; for they had fresh air in their houses, and roaring open fires, except when intense cold drove them into those unsavoury hot-beds described by Tacitus, in which they occasionally hid under ground. Then they bathed every day, and allowed themselves plenty of hot and cold water. Now, to us present inhabitants of Germany, hot water is always a difficulty, and cold water a cruelty. To avoid Tacitean condensation of sentences, I must explain that hot water is a difficulty to ourselves, as the domestics seem astonished at a request for it; and cold water is a cruelty to others—namely, to the domestics themselves. Often and often in running about the Continent, have I admired the picturesque fountains, and wished we had them in all the towns of Great Britain; but it never struck me that they were intended entirely to supersede pumps. Here all the water is brought from the fountains on the backs of woman in a long deep tub—a piece of hard labour for which an hour's gossip at the fountain about their "Herrschaft" can scarcely indemnify them. And far less is the great luxury known of water laid on and coming through pipes. The only pipes our worthy burghers are aware of are those they carry in their mouths. Thus, knowing that every drop of water one uses has been borne on the back of a woman, a feeling man will naturally, in the first place, cease to drink the element; in the second,

be tempted to use it very sparingly for washing. The first is easier for an Englishman than the second; for light wholesome beer is indigenous everywhere here, which is more than can be said of the water, impregnated as it is with carbonate of lime and other chemicals.

If you ever go to Eisenach and the Wartburg, Irenæus, to lionise Luther's relics, you may as well just inquire at the railroad refreshment-room if that tap of superb beer from Hof, in Bavaria, is exhausted yet. The beauty of our beer is, that it seems impossible for any one to get drunk upon it. The utmost harm that a ploughboy can do himself with it is to increase a little his natural specific gravity. The drunkards here have universally recourse to "schnaps;" for there are drunkards here, and drunkenness is quite as common as in Britain, but it is not so noisy. An English peasant, when he sings, is generally drunk; a German is generally sober. Drunken men are best known here by a silent gravity of deportment, joined to a general tendency to hold on by the walls.

I cannot help thinking that the universal and constant use of tobacco tends to produce in cold countries a kind of Oriental apathy, such as the climate produces elsewhere. Tobacco is notoriously a sedative; and the possession of it strikes me as a decided boon to the fiery Frank or Italian. But in Germany it may have tended, with the causes I have mentioned before, to damp the energy of the national character. England is not a cold country, except by fits and starts. When we are cold in England we feel it in our persons and houses; but we put on an overcoat and defy it, or sit by the fire with the air in the same room down to freezing point. The Germans object to the sensation altogether: in very cold weather they walk and drive (for they do not ride as a people) in heavy fur coats, which preclude exercise, and sit in their clothing in close rooms, warm to

suffocation, afraid to open doors or windows for fear of wasting the fuel. Thus their feminine sun appears to have done them more mischief than would appear at first sight; its weakness having induced a kind of lethargic effeminacy of temperament in the masses of the people. Summer revolutionises for a short time only the habits of the people; for, as Tacitus observes, "Winter engrosses the greatest share with them." Is it not snowing now on the 7th of May, and was it not snowing last year about the 15th of October? We certainly wear such white favours in Britain, but not quite so often. We ought to be indeed thankful for the Gulf-Stream, which warms our atmosphere, on the hot-water-pipe system on a large scale, just as her Britannic Majesty's castle of Windsor is pleasantly warmed on a small.

The indisposition of nearly a whole people—one of the most highly civilised and highly cultivated on the face of the globe—to rapid and energetic action, is a singular fact in physiology and psychology; the evils which it produces appear at once on the face of things. The deepest and most original thinkers in the world are the slowest and least capable of doers. The most prolific of theorists are the greatest laggards in execution in all matters of practical life. For instance, the country which enunciated in early times the principles of civil and religious liberty, with a grasp and acumen second only to that of the old Greeks, which gave birth to a Luther, failed woefully when put to the test in its revolution of 1848, of which the sole result appears to be the abridgment of some inconsiderable privileges of some of the minor princes. The country which has studied the depths of sanitary science in all its bearings, which produced Homœopathy and Hydropathy, Hahnemann and Preissnitz, and every imaginable theory, orthodox and heretical, on the art of healing

sickness and preserving health, still rejoices in draining arrangements of medieval simplicity, and towns whose unsavoury miasmata are a perpetual invitation to typhus and cholera. With the most eminent writers on social science, Germany still tolerates monopolies; and in spite of a complete railway system, and every facility for intercommunion, delights in separate coinages and currencies, and even separate weights and measures, in its several states. If we compare this people with the ancient Greeks, we find Athenian shrewdness and originality, Athenian philosophic subtlety and love of argument, joined to Spartan unreadiness, dilatoriness, and social conservatism. The French and Germans, in fact, divide the Athenian character between them—the French having it in matters practical, the Germans in matters theoretical; while the British character has more of the Roman type, being naturally aggressive, world-conquering, and less artistic than massive and magnificent in the works of its hands.

In one particular, the typical Germans, those of the centre and north, have realised their theories, and this is owing to the peculiar circumstances of the pacification, which followed the Thirty Years' War. Protestant Germany is probably the only country in the world which enjoys unbounded liberty of thought and speech in matters of religion. Whether this be, on the whole, a good or an evil, I am not prepared to discuss at present, but the fact is patent. In England, and still less in America, can the same be said. As long as a man does not offend against the laws, he may print and publish, and even preach, in Protestant Germany, without detriment to his social position, the most extreme views of any kind on theological matters. A volume has appeared lately in England called *Essays and Reviews*, which has drawn upon it the denunciation of nearly the whole bench of bishops, and set the hair of British orthodoxy gene-

rally on end. The Germans simply remark concerning it, that its statements are as old as the hills with them, and regard the official opinion of the bishops much as they would the opinion of as many old generals on a question of military reform. It is impossible to deny that this extreme liberty of opinion not only fosters indifference to dogma, but neglect of the externals of religion. The churches in Protestant Germany, with all the national love of painting, music, and architecture, are nearly all of them the greatest æsthetic solecisms. The outside shell is often of a noble Gothic of the very best period, while the internal fittings are of the worst days of the *Renaissance*, or of the period which produced what is called in England the churchwarden style: heavy galleries, for instance, cross the finest arches, while the organ-loft blocks up the nave, and the people hear the Gospel in glazed rooms, wrapped in furs and cuddling into muffs. I have an interior in my eye now. There are four galleries, all white-washed, the three upper tiers being appropriated to men, the lower, with the body of the church, to women. Ugliness and inconvenience is the most marked feature of the whole. At the end where the altar stands in an Anglican church is a pulpit and screen in debased Roman style, the whole being surmounted with a gilded cast of Thorwaldsen's Christ, larger than life. The preacher appears dwarfed by this figure in the centre of the screen, or rather so much of him as can be seen; for, his gown being black, as well as the drapery at the back of the screen, little more appears of him than a face and a pair of hands, giving the head of the reverend gentleman the appearance of an elderly cherub. It would be difficult to excite for the restoration, or simply for the cleaning and warming, of the churches, a hundredth part of that zeal which, originating in the so-called Puseyite movement, but by no means confined to a party, in the Establishment or out of it, has sown South

Britain broadcast with new and beautiful religious edifices, while it has restored and chastely decorated old ones, and which has even begun to have considerable influence in the severer atmosphere north of the Tweed. That the Rongé movement of some years ago towards a German Catholic Church, taken up at first with so much fervour, should have ended in smoke, is a consistent illustration of national character. I recollect some years ago, after the *table-d'hôte* of the Holländischer Hof at Heidelberg, being almost forcibly carried off by some Rongé neophytes to hear their service. Such enthusiasm I have never seen in a crowded church before. The service was a mixture of Roman Catholic chants and Protestant hymns; the doctrine of the officiating priest was liberal, and his dress expensive in the extreme. But the movement has evaporated. Protestant Germany has relapsed into its normal latitudinarianism, and Catholic Germany into its normal superstition. Here, in this nineteenth century, in a country speaking the language of Luther, Goethe, Schiller, and Herder, I witnessed last summer, in the beautiful valley of Ammergan, in Alpine Bavaria, the decennial Passion-Play—the history of the most touching events in the New Testament acted by the peasants of those parts, who are trained from childhood to take a part in it. Impious as the whole affair appears to Protestant eyes, there was no impiety in the actors or the spectators. It was universally looked upon as a grand and solemn service, to which all within a certain distance were bound to go at any sacrifice; and the collection of different orders of religious persons, priests, friars, and sisters of charity, all countenancing the spectacle by their presence, proved how far that part of Germany is in the rear of the kind of intelligence which the rest of Northern Europe possesses.

The operation of commercial restrictions, which have long ago become obsolete in theory, is practically

felt in all the smaller matters of life in the town where we reside. The *nonchalance* with which the shopkeepers attend to their business is something incredible. They have often to be rung for to come into their shops, often to be sought for in the floor above; and the execution of all orders is so very dilatory, that it is a matter of wonder how they manage to exist. But it is undeniable that this practical procrastination, which is the vice of the nation, may have its advantages. Improvements which have been adopted in the first instance by others are carried to the greatest perfection by those who avail themselves of them the latest. In England the railway battle, the question as to whether railroads were to be allowed to exist, was settled at a price which will carry its consequences in superior fares and inferior accommodations through many years; while the countries which have been latest in following the lead are able to avail themselves of all the newest improvements. The German railways pay, I believe, handsome dividends to the shareholders, and yet the accommodation is superb: the third-class carriages being equal to the English second-class generally; the second-class better than the English first; and the comforts of the first-class attaining the maximum of vehicular luxury. That accidents to passengers are comparatively unknown is owing, less to any superior device for their prevention, than to the fact that a people to whom time is not the first object in life are content with an average speed of twenty miles an hour; so that, should any train be accidentally retarded, the delay is easily atoned for by increased speed in proportion to it.

What is, however, most interesting to foreign nations, is the manner in which the constitution of a people affects international relations. German contemporary politics are a subject most involved and intricate, and on the bearings of which it is most difficult for an external observer to form a correct

opinion. It has been ever so throughout the whole history of the Fatherland. Have you ever had the misfortune, Irenæus, when out fly-fishing, to get your cast of flies entangled in a bough? There is no Roman road out of your difficulty: if you poke at the tangle with the end of your rod, you will only make it worse; you must keep your temper, cut a forked stick from the hedge, and pull the bough within your reach; and unravel the mischief at your leisure. Time and patience alone will do your business. And time and patience alone will furnish a clue to the entanglements of the most complicated political history in the world. You may try to draw the line out, but it will snap if you do, as it did in the hands of the sublime theorists of 1848. Austrian, and Prussian, and small German interests, stick their barbed hooks into the bough, and refuse to let matters be made straight and easy. There is, undoubtedly, in the present day a strong feeling abroad in favour of the unity of Germany, expressing itself in a society which is called the *National Verein*, whose proceedings are allowed to be published in the more liberal states. If this body would content itself with the advocacy of two or three practical reforms, such as the amelioration of the postage, the establishment of a common coinage, and the adoption of the *Zoll Verein*, or common tariff, in those states which have not yet adopted it, some real ground would be gained. But the national heart seems still set on putting the cart before the horse, and on making such humble measures the consequences of, instead of the first preliminary steps to, a great general unification. While, as yet, Germany as a whole does not exist, the Germans are demanding of Denmark the cession of Holstein, if not of Schleswig, and most illogically adducing Venetia as a parallel case, which province a German state clings to, in the teeth of an Italy which now may be confessed to

have a realized existence.* The notorious complications of that Schleswig-Holstein question alone are sufficient to make any ordinary person despair of getting to the bottom of German politics. This fact is at least certain, that many persons of good family and substance have emigrated from Holstein into Central Germany as a means of escape from real or fancied Danish persecution. But England and France will be acting very foolishly if they suffer the peace of the world to be broken, till the case is made somewhat more clear by the interested parties. Certainly, Prussia has no right to claim Holstein for herself; and if Germany as a totality claims it as part of itself, Germany as a totality ought to drop, not only Venetia, but Hungary and Galicia, and perhaps Bohemia and Posen. Germany can only act as a political whole, or have legitimate aspirations as such, by reducing the Emperor of Austria to a German duke, and limiting the King of Prussia, as a German prince, to his strictly German dominions. The financial and other embarrassments of the Austrian Empire seem to render it not improbable that some such state of things may occur with respect to Austria before long; but the time is not yet come; and Prussia will probably, for a long time to come, be able to hold her own. It is certainly a great inconvenience for the small German states to be crushed and paralysed from political action between these two great monarchies. Their citizens often complain, with reason, that a mere German has no political status out of his own country; that they have no consuls or ambassadors abroad to whom to complain in any difficulty; and a large proportion of them are inclined, as a *pis aller*, to throw themselves heartily into the arms of Prussia, and give that

state the political and military leadership of the whole confederation. In the event of a break-up in the Austrian Empire, and at the same time of the preponderance of the constitutional party in Prussia, the assimilation and absorption of the rest of Germany by Prussia would come naturally to pass, much as Sardinia has assimilated or absorbed the rest of the states of Italy, excepting Venetia and Rome. But in Prussia itself there is a strong party which presents every possible obstacle to such an arrangement, the party known by the name of the *Junker-Partei*, or the party of the *Kreuz-Zeitung*. This party, whose headquarters are at Berlin, has its ramifications in all the small German states, and is the most determined opponent of the German unity movement. It is easy to account for this opposition. The party is composed of the senior and junior members of the feudal noblesse, and is by no means to be despised for its numbers, from this same cause, that many of its members are without wealth or individual influence—that is, that every son of a nobleman inherits equally the title and pretensions, and in many cases equally divides the possessions, of his father. This party are excluded by their traditional feelings from trade, and most of them compelled to live in a gentlemanly poverty. They would naturally, thus, be opposed to any general increase in the commercial prosperity of their country, or exaltation of the trading classes in the social scale. And were Germany to become united according to the schemes of her theorists, their social and political influence would become *nil*. We may suppose such an arrangement adopted as the following: It is found impossible to reconcile the conflicting claims of the great and small monarchs in any other way

* The Horatian aspiration—

"O si angulus iste
Proximus accidat, qui nunc deformat agellum"—

must weigh for the existence of the "agellus," or little ring-fenced estate, before it can find its legitimate expression.

than that devised by the University of Oxford for settling the rival claims of the colleges to appoint the vice-chancellorship and protectorships—namely, a cycle, by which the sovereign prince of each state should reign supreme as emperor or protector, for a certain time in turn, giving the larger states more turns than the smaller ones. The executive of the United Government, somewhat similar in constitution to that of the lately United, but now disunited, States, would be concentrated in the hands of this chief, whatever his title might be. Then the present independent sovereigns, still retaining their independent sovereignty in their separate states, would become a splendid aristocracy, the peers of the empire; while the popular element would be represented, in all probability, by delegates from the parliaments of the several states. No place would be left in such a scheme for the small fry of the German aristocracy, and their occupation would be manifestly gone. In the present divided state of Germany, they are able to hold their heads above their neighbours, and arrogate to themselves the social position and privileges of a patrician caste, although it is hard to see what solid advantages are gained by the retention of such a position, in comparison with those which they would gain, in common with all their fellow-countrymen, by an increase of national dignity and strength. I imagine that there are few Englishmen or Frenchmen who would not prefer being simple citizens of their own countries to being airy noblemen of a country which is not even sure of its own existence. That this party has still so much influence seems astonishing; but its position of privilege of admission to the courts of the princes tends to give it a factitious importance. Princes are men, and men do not like to be disliked by those who surround their persons; and from this cause it doubtless happened that the late weak and good-natured King of

Prussia was so much in the hands of a *camarilla* of the "Junker" party.

From this party, doubtless, emanates all that petty hostility to England and the English which is so unaccountably prevalent in Germany, and which showed itself in so marked a manner in connection with the affair of Captain Macdonald and the officials of the Rhine Railway. Not that the anti-English spite confines its expression to one class. We constantly hear England spoken against from those who have every interest the other way; but this is easily explicable on the ground that the majority of mankind do not think for themselves, but only repeat, like parrots, the sentiments of others, and that this habit is most chiefly indulged in by vulgar minds in international cases. The envy that a people, not a nation, feels for a people that has long since become one, seems to me insufficient for the mass of ill-natured remarks that one constantly hears of us; and I cannot thus help thinking, that they have arisen from artificial instigation. The German aristocracy—in which I by no means wish to include the sovereigns—is naturally aware, that were Germany in any respect centralised, its own importance must diminish in proportion; and were Germany ever centralised as France is, it would lapse into the merely nominal condition of the aristocracy of France. The law of primogeniture has been found by experience to furnish the only means by which an old nobility can preserve its continued life, and adapt itself to the changing circumstances of the times; and the absence of this law will cause, in case of political amalgamation, the nobles of Germany to die a natural death; while its existence, in the case of the princes, will preserve the princely houses, and constitute their leading members into peers of the empire, somewhat more splendid in position than peers of the realm are with us, each being still a sovereign in his own state; it being always sup-

posed that all the princes are not so pig-headed as the Elector of Hesse-Cassel, and that there are a sufficient number of sensible men among them to avert any second violent political convulsion. For ourselves it is doubtless desirable, provided such a consummation could take place by fair means, that Germany should be able to consolidate herself into one great nation. Germany united would constitute a military power able to laugh to scorn that of France. The present state of things in southern Europe seems to render such a change every day more desirable. Only a stone or two is now wanting to complete the edifice of Italian unity. Napoleon has it in his power, by a stroke of his pen, to give the Italians their much-longed-for capital. He may give or withhold; but if he gives it, will he give for nothing? There is a natural affinity between the Italian and French peoples. The French, notwithstanding the double-dealings of their government, have undoubtedly laid Italy under an obligation by giving the first blow to the power of Austria. Italy will have an army, and, what is more to our purpose, a fleet, and that fleet might possibly be united to that of France for French purposes. Again, because Spain has fallen from the Spain of Charles V. to what she is now, we must not imagine that a nation is not capable of even partial resuscitation. Lately she has been giving signs of life in the war with Morocco, and the recovery of St. Domingo. Her sympathies of race and religion lie with France rather than with England. She is under great obligations to England, but obligations do not always produce good feeling, and she has still the thorn of Gibraltar sticking in her side. There has been talk of a union with Portugal, more probable if Spain, as England has done with respect to Scotland, accepts a monarch from the smaller state. A great alliance of the Latin nations of the south to monopolise the Mediterranean, and shut up our pas-

sage to India, would not be a pleasant prospect for our statesmen to contemplate. Our French alliance hangs on the life, and still more on the circumstances, of Napoleon III. His personal policy is apparently one of friendship with England, but he would not sacrifice his dynasty to our alliance; and unless he succeeds in making himself enduringly popular, which he has not done yet with the intelligent classes of the French nation, he must be, to a certain extent, in the power of the army and the caprices of the unintelligent classes. Contingencies might arise which would lead us to look forth anxiously for foreign alliances; and no alliances seem more natural than those which might be formed with people and races of the same kith and kin with ourselves. Such are the Germans and Scandinavians. It ought to be, in the first instance, a main object of our policy to prevent these two races from quarrelling, and to do everything in our power for a peaceable adjustment of their differences. Were Germany united as one nation, we might have a military power closely connected with us, capable of counterbalancing France; and were Denmark, Sweden, and Norway united and in alliance with us, we might be able to count upon a navy, manned with some of the best seamen in the world, as a supplement to our own. The Holstein question is a peculiarly delicate one. Until Germany is united, the King of Denmark cannot fairly be asked to give up Holstein; and it would appear that the present differences of the Danish Government with that province would admit of an easier solution. At any price, France must be prevented from interfering, and least of all most opportunities of action be given to a Franco-Russian alliance. As long as German unity remains a theory only, it behoves us to watch most carefully how we suffer the power of Austria to be further weakened. At present Austria presents a barrier, however imperfect, to the ag-

grandisement of Russia on the Danube, and France, through Italy, on the Adriatic. It is possible that the Emperor of Austria, listening to his better angel, may yet throw over the Pope and Jesuits, who have already ruined the King of Naples, conciliate the Hungarians, and consolidate his position by giving back their old constitutions to his several provinces; but, as a German prince, he must be content to be no more than a secondary member of the confederation, in consideration of the comparatively small number of German subjects over whom he rules. As it is, all the most intelligent and liberal minded men in Germany see the importance of keeping well with England; and it is right that the ill feeling which prevails in Germany against England should be traced to its true source, which I believe to be the "Junker" or Kreuz-Zeitung party. I verily believe that this party would rather throw themselves into the arms of Russia, and acquiesce in becoming slave-magnates of the Czar, than lose that feudal position of privilege which they now retain by so feeble a thread. There is no doubt that the influence of this party has been already much shaken in Prussia by that alliance with the English royal family which seemed a guarantee for constitutional sympathies on the part of the highest personages in Prussia; and the intended marriage of the Princess Alice with the Prince Louis of Darmstadt will be an additional tie, not without its political value, with the smaller states of Germany.

In spite of my observations on the slowness of the Germans, and my gibes at their feminine sun, which are consistent with the accidental definition of them given by the author of the *Life of Goethe*, "as the highly intelligent people who never sleep in a bed,"—they are a people who make sure of every step they take in advance, and may possibly realise in the end, as compared with some of their neighbours, the fable of the hare and the

tortoise. Practical people are far too apt to despise theorists, as if all practice had not its first origin in theory. For a long time past, Germany has thought for the world. If it be true that Providence gave the land to France, the sea to England, and the air to Germany, it must be recollected that the land and sea would not be of much practical value without the air. A man has to breathe before he can walk or sail. Again, the area of the air, though less palpable, is less limited than that of the sea or land, and the frenzy of the elements display themselves in it to their fullest extent. No less true than noble is Schiller's boast—

"Mein unermesslich Reich ist der Gedanke,"

for thought, after all, is supreme over all the actions and inventions of man. It must never be forgotten, that though the people of England were often recalcitrant under the tyranny of Rome, the first great shock was given to the system by a German priest, and that the press, without which modern civilisation would never have existed except in a Chinese shape, was a German invention. It is impossible to read our popular literature at the present day, without seeing how much it owes to the original thinkers of Germany, whose very originality is perhaps owing to the fact, that the circumstances of their country have precluded them from much talking or acting, and obliged them to confine themselves to thinking. It is probable that the faster national civilisation goes ahead, the more does the action of thought suffer, for there is nothing so fatal to thought as business, bustle, hurry, worry, and precipitation. There is no doubt that Germany is a country containing material resources second to none in the world: each of its little capitals is a centre of civilisation in its own way, each is a nucleus of provincial wealth; and it is fair not to compare Berlin or Vienna separately with London or Paris, but the aggregate of the Ger-

man capital cities, small and great, with the monster metropolis of either France or England. What Germany can do when roused to action was shown in the Liberation War of 1813; and should the stimulus be sufficient, she will be able to do much more with her present strength. With respect to the value of Germany as a great military ally to England, it must be considered how little remains to be done to make her military organisation perfect. In no German state has the liability of any able-bodied man to military service been lost sight of as it has in England. At present the regular soldiers are generally, perhaps, inferior to those of France or England, because they are, in the strictest sense, to be considered as militia rather than as regular soldiers; they are not, in fact, professional soldiers, except the officers; nor is it desirable that they should become so, as Germany has no foreign empire to defend. A very little more training would make them everything that could be desired, and capable of coping with any battalions in the world. Even at present they are used to act in large masses, and no exception can be taken, by a military eye, to the drill or discipline of the troops; only it would appear desirable, as a guarantee of their steadiness in action, that there should be more old soldiers among them.

With respect to ourselves, the question must soon arise how to make the volunteer rifle corps a permanent institution of the country, and permanent they ought to be, in some shape, as long as we wish to have national security. Their suc-

cess hitherto has been almost miraculous, and only accountable for by the intense spirit of loyalty and patriotism which silently and unobtrusively pervades the whole being of the British nation. But if loyalty and patriotism feel no longer cause for special alarm, will the love of playing at soldiers keep up the movement? We shall have sooner or later to revert to the old constitutional militia chosen by ballot, while the volunteer corps may still exist as self-supporting *corps d'élite*. It has been lately discussed in Germany, whether some such corps might not be advantageously formed, and whether the time and trouble now given to rifle shooting, and even cross-bow shooting at popinjays, might not be expended on the same kind of occupation or pastime in a shape more available for national purposes. None of the more liberal governments of Germany need fear the creation of such a force, as, in contradistinction to a mere national guard, its strength would lie in those classes who have some stake in the maintenance of political quiet. The spirit of the German people, on the whole, is quiet, sober, and conservative; they are, as a nation, the most imaginative people in the world. They have never fought, as yet, except on the side of England, with their own consent, and would be the safest allies we could possibly have; whereas the friendship of France, though doubtless very pleasant and desirable, inevitably suggests the kind of uncertainty which attends intimate domestic relations with a tame tiger.—Ever yours,

TELEPOLEMUS.

NORMAN SINCLAIR.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

PART XVI.

CHAPTER LI.—MR. POCOCK IS INTRODUCED TO REBECCA.

If, gentle reader, you ever chanced to witness a steeplechase over a well-watered and somewhat difficult country, you may have seen, emerging from the brook into which he has been pitched head foremost, some unfortunate rider whose once gay attire, now bedaubed with mud and slime, suggests the ludicrous comparison of a garden-wasp crawling out of a bottle of the stalest beer. In no less sorry a plight was Mr. Pocock, who looked as if he had been attempting to capture a Will-o-the-wisp, and been led by the nimble fugitive through pool, morass, and fen. From head to foot he was thoroughly bemired; and his usually rubicund countenance had assumed a ghastly hue, which hardly could be the result of mere bodily fatigue. Before uttering a word, he seized a glass, mixed for himself a large allowance of brandy-and-water, which he swallowed without drawing breath, and then sank into a chair with a dolorous groan, like the last sigh of an expiring walrus.

The surveyor was the first to break the silence.

"Gudesake, Mr. Pocock!" he said, "what's this o't? What kind o' wark hae ye been after this day? I's wager, now, ye had a tulzie wi' a wheen vagabonds, and brocht them to jail as cannily as a Hielander drives a herd o' nowt to the market. O man, but ye're ower bauld and venturesome! Ye should consider that a precious life like yours is no to be thrown away like a stoup o' dirty water."

"What's duty, is duty," answered Pocock. "I never was known to shirk it. I allers do what I can do; but there is such a thing as odds,

and that no man can strive against. Worn't there a place that was called Fountain blue?"

"You mean, perhaps, Fontainebleau?" said I.

"In course I do," replied Pocock. "That's what I said—Fountain blue. It was there that Buonaparte kissed the eagle, which was a graceful way of saying that he had to give in, because he could show fight no longer. He know'd he was done for then, and he didn't scruple to say it. Tad-caster's my Fountain blue. I've been done for! It's a painful thing for a man at the head of his profession to allow it, but I've been regularly done for! 'What's the use o' pride?' as I once heard the Newgate ordinary say to a crackman that was boastful of his doings—'what's the use o' pride? It makes a man hold his head so high that he doesn't see the ditch before him.' That's gospel truth; but I didn't think the day would come when I would have to take them observations as applicable to a gentleman of my calling, let alone experience. But," continued Mr. Pocock, again replenishing his glass, "the very sharpest may be taken in; and so I kiss the eagle. As for ditches, I've had enough of them this blessed night to serve me to my dying day."

It cost me some trouble to extort from Mr. Pocock the particulars of his adventure; for his recent discomfiture had rendered him somewhat morose, and he continued to harp with distressing monotony on the parallel between his case and that of the Emperor of the French, evidently suggested by some previous contemplation of an engraving after Horace Vernet, which was then popular in the printshops. At length,

however, I succeeded in getting out the story, which I shall take the liberty of recounting, partly in my own language, so as to curtail the Pocockian circumlocutions.

It appeared that our excellent detective, shortly after leaving the railway station, became aware that he was followed by the imp whose gambols Osett had remarked. Although conceited, Mr. Pocock really was a sharp and quicksighted man, accustomed, like all of his craft, to draw conclusions from circumstances which would have appeared trivial to others; and he instantly conceived the idea that the urchin had been sent after him as a spy. His first impulse was to accost the boy—his second to take no notice of him until he should fall in with one of the Tadcaster police, to whose custody he might consign this modern Flibbertigibbet; but his perplexity was soon ended, for the boy, after throwing a few additional somersets, gradually drew near, and, peering curiously into his face, inquired if he wasn't Mr. Pea from London; for if he was, Jem Anderton wanted to speak with him.

Now this Jem Anderton was, according to Pocock, a character of considerable renown among the fraternity of the police. He had once been on the detective force, but had been dismissed under strong suspicion of having taken a large bribe from a brace of swindlers whom the authorities were most anxious to secure. No direct proof could indeed be brought against him; but he was sacrificed for the same reason that Cæsar assigned when he divorced his wife, for it is a wholesome rule of the force that its members must be above suspicion. He had shifted his abode from London to the north of England, where, being an enterprising man, he had opened several public-houses in different localities; and, moreover, he still maintained a correspondence, though strictly private, with a few of his old comrades, to whom he was occasionally able to give some valuable information.

All this was well known to Pocock, who had in fact suggested to one of his subordinates the propriety of writing to Anderton to inquire about Speedwell, in the event of their obtaining no trace of him in the metropolis; so that the message delivered by the boy did not take him altogether by surprise. It did certainly strike him as curious how Anderton should have divined that he was to be in Tadcaster that morning; but those connected with the police have strange modes of ascertaining the movements of the brotherhood, and it was, on the whole, more probable that Jem Anderton might be expecting him, than that Speedwell should have taken the alarm. Pocock, therefore, without any misgiving, accepted the guidance of the lad, from whom he could extract nothing more than the message previously conveyed.

The boy did not enter the town, but followed a path leading to the remoter part of the race-course, where he said Anderton was to be in waiting. No Anderton appeared; but in lieu of him a respectable-looking man, who had been lying on the turf, rose up, and, touching his hat, inquired—

"Be you Mr. Pocock, sir?"

On receiving an answer in the affirmative, he stated that Anderton had been compelled, for special reasons, to go that morning a short distance into the country, but that he had desired him to be in waiting at that place, with a horse and gig, in case Mr. Pocock should appear, as he was wanted particularly on a matter of the utmost moment.

"I wasn't quite sure about the man," said Pocock, "for he was one of that oily-speaking sort that I consider to be somewhat slippery. Whenever I see a chap with a face as broad as the moon, who shows his teeth, and makes on as if he liked you, I allers suspects roguery—if he puts out both his hands to you, sure for certain he intends to take you in. Of course, this here cove dursn't take that liberty with me; but I didn't like his eye—it was a

thought too jerky. So I asked him if Jem Anderton had not given him a token, which I may tell you, Master, is a way we have in the force. 'Why,' says he, 'I doesn't know about tokens, but Measter Anderton told to me to ask, if you asked any questions about him, whether you would fetch or carry.' 'All right!' said I; 'so, my good man, let's be off without further delay.'

"Really, Mr. Pocock," I said, "you excite my curiosity. May I inquire what mystic meaning those few words conveyed?"

"Well; it's an old story now, though by no means a bad un. When I was a young hand, just beginning business, I was sent down in plain clothes to the Epsom races, where we know'd that the light-fingered gentry would be at work; and our superintendent—the same old gentleman I told you about, who was a second father to me—gave me no end of directions. In them days men wore either Hessian boots or pumps and stockings; and when I came into the ring, where I thought most of my birds would be busy, I sets the queer-looking chaps—for I didn't know them then by head-mark—mostly in pumps. But what took my fancy especially was this—that I observed, just under the pump-tie of the right foot, in more than a dozen of them, a clover leaf, which, says I to myself, can't be there by accident, but must have a meaning, which meaning it's my business to find out. So, as I was in pumps myself, I gets a clover leaf, and sticks it in. Presently, in the middle of a race, I feels a pinch on the arm, and I hears a whisper—'Fetch or carry?' 'Carry,' says I; and something slid into my pocket. Next minute I heard the same—'Carry,' says I again, and I bagged another weight. Before that race was done I had five jolly pocket-books, containing no end of notes, to deliver at the station-house; and the detection of that 'ere dodge by a young hand was allowed to be as clever a thing as was known in the records of the profession. Of course

no song was made about it; but as a token from Jem Anderton, who was by no means the worst officer I ever know'd, it was convincing; so I concluded that all was right, and got into the gig."

Pocock then narrated how he had been driven for a distance of at least three miles, over side-ways and rough unfrequented roads, to a solitary old house, which might at one time have served for a store, situated on the bank of a canal. There he was received by a buxom wench, with arms as muscular as a prize-fighter's, who informed him that a friend was waiting for him in an upper chamber; so, after climbing several flights of crazy wooden stairs, he was ushered into a room, tenanted only by a corpulent elderly female in green spectacles. This wise woman, who might have passed for the Witch of Endor, was immersed in the study of a book that might have been either a copy of Hervey's *Meditations* or a volume of the *Newgate Calendar*; and so intent was she on her literary toil that she did not even look up to greet the detective officer.

"I ask your pardon, ma'am," said Pocock, "but I suspect there's some mistake here. I was sent for to see Jem Anderton."

"No mistake by no manner of means," replied the old lady, laying down the book, and favouring her visitor with a gracious nod—"that is, if you are Mr. Pocock; for I'm Jem Anderton's mamma, and commonly does business for him when he happens to be out of the way, which, I'm sorry to say, he is just at present. So sit you down, Mr. Pocock, and let's have a cosy chat together. Dear-a-me, it's a long time surely since you've been down in these parts! And how is Mrs. Pocock, and all the little Pococks?"

"I didn't come here to chatter, ma'am," said Pocock, somewhat incensed. "I've lost too much precious time already. Where's Jem Anderton? and what does he want with me?"

"Well, you see, it ain't so easy a thing to answer that," replied the old lady, with provoking calmness. "My son Jem has queer ways o' his own, and doesn't always leave word even with his blessed mamma where he is to be found. I dessay now he's gone down to Leeds, or somewhere near that, on his own affairs; but he'll be back in the course of a day or two, never fear you that. And in the mean time we'll try to make you as comfortable as we can. I'm always glad to see a friend of Jem's in *this* house, specially when he comes alone!"

"Zounds!" shouted Pocock; "Is this a plant, or is the woman in her dotage? I give you warning that I am not to be trifled with."

"I scorn your words, sir!" said the old lady, rising up and displaying Amazonian proportions. "I never takes liberties with no man, least of all would I do so with a mouldy officer. Oh! you're for trying the door, are you? Shake away, Mr. Pocock, or kick, if you likes that better! It's good stout timber, double-bolted on the outside. Did you ever see a rat in a trap, Mr. Pocock? What! that won't do, won't it? Then I'm afeard you must just stay where you are; for the window is rather narrow for a man o' your size, and I rather think the same objection will apply to the chimney."

"You infernal old hag!—"

"Hoity-toity, Mr. Pocock! Is that your perliteness to a lady? But keep to your own side of the table, I advise you, my man, for I've got a tidy little bit of a revolver here, that can both bark and bite, if need be. And it'll be better for you to keep quiet, old un; for there's three of my boys in the next room—wery fond o' their mother, they are, though somewhat rough with their hands—and if I whistle them in, you may chance to get a kick on the stomach that won't improve your digestion!"

The circumstances, it must be allowed, were such as would have tried the nerves of the bravest.

What could Pocock do? Evidently he had been decoyed into a place from which escape seemed perfectly hopeless; for not only was the episcene individual before him in possession of firearms, but there were sinewy ruffians at hand, of whose proximity he was made aware by sundry tremendous oaths, doubtless growled out for his especial edification, as a mastiff gives challenge from its kennel. To negotiate, therefore, seemed the wisest course; so laying aside his staff, as a discomfited knight of the olden time would have thrown down his sword, Pocock craved a parley.

"I knew," said he, "that I had a deep scoundrel to deal with; but for the life o' me I could not make out what sort of fellow he was. For you see, Master, the woman's clothes was all gammon and spinach; but it *was* a good get-up, and took me in for a minute or so. I'll say that, if it was my last word—a wery good get-up, as ever I saw at the playhouse."

"Now, then," says the fellow, "I sees you're coming round, Mr. Pocock, and are going to be conformable, which is the best thing you can do; and as I doesn't intend any harm by you, but the reverse, unless you brings it on your own head, s'pose I offer you a glass of spirits and a mouthful o' bread and bacon by way o' doing the honours of the house?"

"Thank you, ma'am," says I; "it would not be amiss, for I haven't made much of a breakfast."

"That's wot I thought," says he, sniggering, as he took a bottle and some victuals out of a cupboard; "and it's a good sign that you can pick a bit, for I've known some that would not have felt much appetite sitting where you does. Here's your very good health, Mr. Pocock, and thanks to you for this friendly visit, which is rather more than I ventured to expect, for gentlemen of your kidney are rather shy of accepting strange invitations."

"Your good health, Mrs. Anderson," says I, putting the best face

on it I could ; for it's best to be free and easy with characters of that kind, if you happen to find yourself in a fix.

" 'Anderton be blowed !' says he. 'Don't you know who I be ? Well, I'll tell you—I'm Rebecca !'

" 'What !' said I, 'her with the daughters, as used to smash the turnpike gates ?'

" 'Just so, Mr. Pocock,' says he ; 'but I've given up them larks for a good while, and taken to another line of business. And now, as I have told you who I be, may I make so bold as to inquire what is your errand down here ; for it isn't for nothing that the great Mr. Pocock shows himself on circuit. You'll understand that, for more reasons than one, it will be best for you to speak the truth.'

" 'Well, I don't think,' says I, 'if you are Rebecca, that it's any o' your brood I am seeking. Least ways, I'm not down here to look after anything that's been done on the crack, but purely on a London matter.' For you see, sir, I know'd by this time, well enough, what sort o' company I was in ; and that my life mightn't be worth an hour's purchase if they thought I was trying to cram them.

" 'Tell that to the horse-marines !' says he ; 'I knows better : you've come down on the information of a rogue that has peached to Jem Anderton, and your blood be on your own head if you persist in denying it !'

" 'It's a fact though,' says I, 'upon my sacred word of honour ; and that's what no man of character in the profession would say if it wasn't true. You need not believe it unless you like ; but I'm sworn to do my duty, and I'll do it, where I can, according to my warrant, but no further. I repeat that I've no provincial job on hand ; and its not my line to take observations in this district of country, unless I am specially retained.'

" 'Then who is it you are after, Mr. Pocock ?' says he. 'For I must have that out of you before you

leave this house ; and *how* you leave it, depends upon your answer. D—n all Rebeccas and nonsense ! Come, now, I'll be plain with you. I'm a cracksmen, sir ; and there are four of us here, all armed to the teeth. You're in our power ; and I needn't tell you what *that* means, if you put us up to make mischief. I never was a bloody man, but I'd shoot you down as readily as I would a mad dog, if I thought you were trying to sell us. Speak out, man—it's the safest thing you can do—who is it you are after ?'

" 'He's a Jew,' says I—'one Speedwell, charged with a forgery in London. If he's a pal of yours, I've nothing further to say. You've got me into the trap, I admit, but I shan't die without biting.'

" 'Speedwell ? He's not one of my pals,' says he. 'If it be so, show us your warrant. This is a reckoning, remember, for life or for death.'

" 'I took it from my pocketbook, and handed it to him without any hesitation. He read it attentively.

" 'And you swear this is your whole business ?' says he ; 'and that you received no other instructions to bring you here.'

" 'I came down solely to make an arrest in the forgery case,' says I. 'And if you don't believe my word, I'm ready to take the cutter's oath.'

" 'Then, may the devil fly away with the idiot who set us on the wrong scent ! Look you, Mr. Pocock, this may be an ugly job for all of us. We've been—no matter what we've been doing—but I thought you had come down about that, and so we trained you here ; and I don't deny that we had a plan for putting you out of the way—nay, you needn't start, or look so white in the gills—for a week or so, till the coast was clear. I see now that we were clean out of our reckoning, and I wish with all my heart we had never meddled with you. I'd be willing, for my part, to swear you upon blade and barker, and let you go, but the other chaps here will

never agree to that; so you must just take what comes: for if you make any row or resistance, as sure as you are a living man, you sleep this night at the bottom of the canal, with a stone round your neck, by way of comforter!

"I'd been in one or two bad scrapes before," continued Pocock, "but never in such a one as this. An ordinary thief is commonly a poor hen-hearted creature; and you may walk into a flash-house where there are two dozen on 'em, and take out your man without much risk of the others venturing on a rush. But burglars and old convicts are a clean different set. They are, for the most part, desperate bloody-minded villains, that will rather commit murder than give in; and if they get a chance at an officer—especially if they bear him a grudge—it's likely he'll go down to his grave a maimed man, if they doesn't finish him on the spot. I wasn't much afraid of the fellow who called himself Rebecca, for he was of a better sort,—one of those clever chaps with some kind of education, who have, mayhap, been in an honest line, and they are seldom cruel; but it was probable that the others might think as little of throttling an officer, as a butcher would of knocking down an ox in the shambles; and a tempting shambles it was, to be sure,—a lonely deserted house, where no cries could be heard, and a deep muddy canal at the door, just convenient!

"It's true I had my pistols about me, and that was something; for I reflected that the chap in woman's clothes, if he really intended foul play, would have tried to bully me into giving them up,—he know'd well enough that we never go without barkers. And it's my opinion that he left them with me on purpose to keep his pals from attempting mischief,—for nothing frightens a bloodthirsty coward more than the sight of a pistol. So there was nothing for it but just to sit still, and take what Providence would send—Providence being mostly, as

I've hear'd it observed, upon the side of the police.

"The partition wall was but a thin one, and though I couldn't hear all that the men said, I hear'd enough to convince me that they weren't all agreeable to something that was proposed. It was not cheerful by no means to hear such bits o' speech as, 'Slit his weazand!'—'Knock the spy on the head!'—'Barkers has he?'—'D—him! slip the bull-bitch at him—she'll tear out his throat in less than no time!' but by-and-by it seemed as if Rebecca got them pacified, and they began to talk about carrying off the swag. Then some o' them went out; and a while after there was a tramping on the stairs, and I hear'd a cart come up to the door; by which I knew that they were removing their booty, and that made me feel more comfortable and cheery-like, for I thought, now there was a fair chance of escape.

"Well, Master, the day went by, and nobody came near me. The light grew fainter and fainter, for a thick mist had risen, and with the darkness ugly thoughts came back; for there's a cant saying that 'a misty night is the devil's delight'; and sure enough it holds out a positive temptation to murder. The cart had rolled off about an hour before, and there was no further sound of voices: but I heard somebody moving, and at last there came a heavy tramp up stairs. I saw a light glimmer beneath the door—the bolts were drawn, and a dark figure entered, wrapt in a greatcoat, with a crape over his face.

"'Now for it!' thinks I, keeping my pistol ready.

"'Sit still, sir,' said the man, whose voice I recognised to be that of Rebecca, but he spoke quite differently from the way he did in the morning,—more slow and solemn-like.

"'Sit still, sir, and put away that toy. You have nothing further to fear, and in a few minutes you shall be free. I have saved your life, Mr. Pocock,—nay, more, I had to buy

it, for there were those with me whom you have been hard on before now, and they were sworn to take revenge, if they could find the opportunity.'

"Well," says I—for here he made a kind of pause—"I'm bound to acknowledge that, though this has been altogether an irregular kind o' transaction, you've behaved handsomely; so let's come to terms at once."

"Terms?" says he, with a kind o' wild laugh; "do you think I'd have bought your life to make money of it? You do not know your man, Mr. Pocock,—but I know you; and you may bless God for having put it into your heart to do a deed of charity years ago, else this would have been the last of your days. Do you remember the jewelry crack at Islington in 1839?"

"Don't I?" says I, for I felt quite pleasant-like, now we began to talk of professional business. 'That was the cleanest job that ever came under my notice. I worked a fortnight at it, but was no wiser at the end than a baby.'

"But you made diligent search; and at one house where you suspected the swag might be, you found, in a wretched garret, a poor lone woman with a sickly child, starving and abandoned. You saw that she was no common tramp or beggar—you gave her help, without which she must have died of want; and you did more—you brought her case before the public notice, and she was saved from misery and shame. Do you remember that?"

"Yes, I do. I was sorry for the poor thing, who had been led astray; and it's allers been my notion that a man who know'd the value of a good mother should be kind to a woman in distress."

"And, in doing that, you saved my wife and child! There's my hand, sir, if you don't object to take that of an outlaw; and however bad I may have been, there is no blood on it as yet. Nor shall there ever be; for rather than continue to herd with the human brutes I am

leagued with, I would cross the sea and begin an honourable life elsewhere.'

"If that's your view," says I, 'I think I could make it quite easy for you. It would cost no more than a simple surrender for some small job, not very deadly, and I'd answer for a free ticket, and more than that, as soon as you landed in a penal colony.'

"Ha, ha!" says he, 'you mistake me quite. There's work yet to be done in old Europe. Another shaking of the thrones is near, and, even now, a strong arm has its price. But I have no time to lose. All I require from you is that you do not stir from this for the next twenty minutes. After that you are free, and may do precisely as you please. I return you your staff—I know that you have your pistols ready: do we part friends or enemies?'

"I couldn't help it, Master—though it wasn't perhaps what a man of my official standing should have said; but I said he was a brick, and God bless him! and so he left me."

"I allers keep my word; but it was no easy matter to sit out the twenty minutes in a lone house like that, and in a room that was as dark as a dungeon. I could only guess how time went, for I couldn't see the face of my watch; but at last I groped my way to the door, walked gingerly down stairs, and got out into the mist that was driving past so thick that you could almost have cut it with a knife. Just then I hears a low growl behind me, and I know'd it was the bull-bitch! So I made a bolt right forward, and went splash head foremost into the canal. How I got out of it I can't explain, but I did reach the bank somehow, and then I took across the country as hard as my legs would carry me, without knowing in the least where I was. You'll never know what ditches and hedgerows are, Master, until you have tried a blind run in the fog. At last I found myself on the highway; and presently a re-

turn post-chaise came up, which I hailed, and so I got back to Tadcaster."

Such was the sum total of Mr. Pocock's confessions, the uttering of which seemed to operate upon him as a sensible relief; for there is no man who does not find a certain pleasure in recounting a personal adventure, even though it may not redound to his glory, or materially enhance his fame. It was our turn next to relate the events of the day, including the capture of Speedwell, which feat Mr. Pocock, after some unimportant criticism, admitted to have been very creditably performed, considering that it was the work of novices.

"It's a satisfactory thing," said he, "that he has been caught at the poisoning; for that will be nuts to the insurance offices, and mayhap will put something into my pocket; but I can't allow him to remain here on that charge. I've the first warrant, and off he goes with me to London to-morrow by a forenoon train. But this other business won't be allowed to sleep, you may depend on that. Trafficking in lives has become rather common of late, and this here is as nice a sample as one would wish to set before a jury."

And so we parted, all of us well pleased to retire to rest after a day of such fatigue and excitement.

CHAPTER LII.—EXPLANATIONS OF VARIOUS KINDS.

How my friend, the detective, contrived to arrange matters with the magisterial authorities I do not know; but he was as good as his word, for early on the ensuing morning he departed with the captive Speedwell. And so, like one of the phantom forms that glide across the stage behind the seething witch-caldron in Macbeth, vanisheth from my story the portly apparition of the Pocock.

Dr. Menelaws reported favourably of Littlewoo, adding, however, that he was yet too weak to be removed, and suggesting that he should be left at Tadcaster for a few days longer in order to recover strength—an arrangement of which I cordially approved, as his presence in London was not required, and might have been an embarrassment. The poor fellow was still nervous, though greatly relieved by the knowledge that he had got rid at last of his arch enemy; and he expressed himself not only as grateful for what had been done, but willing for the future to be ruled by the advice and submit to the guidance of Mr. Shearaway. Nor could I doubt the sincerity, though I might question the durability, of his penitence; for vice and dissipation had not obliterated

the home affections, and while these remain there is always some chance of amendment.

I spent the greater part of the day with Menelaws, renewing the recollections of our youth; but the remorseless hours went swiftly by, and the time came when I had to return to London. Davie Osett, however, declined to bear me company.

"The fact is, Mr. Norman," said he, "that being sae far north already, I think I shall e'en stretch a point, and gang down, for a day or two, to the Birkenshaws. I dinna ken how it is, but it feels to me as if the air here were twice as callier as it is about London; and I'm ower near the Border no to hae a hankering after the wimpling burns, and the ferny braes, and the braid loch that you and I used to dander about when we were little mair than weans. Then I want to see how the auld man is, for he'll be yammering about me as Jacob did about Benjamin; and I fancy I can hear Aunty Eppie skirlin' wi' delight when I tell her how you and I grippit the Jew. Ye'll no persuade her that the scoundrel isna as strong as Samson, or at least as Joab, the captain of King David's host. I'll

no bide lang, but I maun see the Birk-
enbaws before the sun has twice gane
down."

There was no resisting so reason-
able a proposal, so we parted; my
foster-brother turning his face to
the north, and I whirling back to
London behind the panting locomotive.

My first visit was paid to Mr.
Poins, who was labouring under a fit
of excitement quite extraordinary in
an elderly London solicitor, who did
not abandon the use of hair-powder
until he found himself in a minority of
one as regarded the application of the
dredging-box.

"I congratulate you, Mr. Sin-
clair," he said, "on the result of
your expedition. It is a great tri-
umph, sir. Pocock has explained
to me the peculiar circumstances of
the case, and there can be no doubt
that your promptitude and precau-
tion were of most essential service.
Sir, you may be proud of what you
have done—quite as proud as I should
be in gaining a reversal in the Upper
House of a decision that had been
come to by a committee of the House
of Commons."

"I am obliged to you, Mr. Poins,"
I said, "for the compliment; but
the result is not more than we anti-
cipated when we last met in this very
room."

"Pardon me, Mr. Sinclair, the re-
sult is of greater importance than
any of us supposed. The appre-
hension of that man Speedwell
might not in itself have been suffi-
cient to clear up the mystery of
the forgeries, but a providential cir-
cumstance has occurred which will
make the whole transaction as clear
as day, and remove every shadow of
suspicion from the character of Mr.
Beaton. I have extreme satisfaction
in informing you that the missing sec-
retary, Dobbiging, is now in the hands
of the police."

"That is great news indeed!" said
I. "How did that happen?"

"The vessel in which he had em-
barked for America was wrecked
on the Irish coast. Few lives were
lost; but the Liverpool authorities,

who had been warned to look out
for Dobbiging (though the warning
did not reach them until the vessel
had put to sea), were on the alert;
and, hearing of the disaster, they
despatched a smart emissary, who
had no difficulty in discovering his
man. Both rogues being in custody,
there will probably be a competi-
tion between them for the honour-
able post of Queen's evidence; and
as the secretary is the party whom
the shareholders will be most anx-
ious to convict, I think the chances
are that your friend Mr. Speedwell
will be selected to make the dis-
closure."

"And be hanged afterwards for
having attempted murder?"

"Why, no—I should imagine
that transportation is the utmost
penalty that will be inflicted; though
many a one, far less guilty than he
is, has ere now been sent to the
gallows."

"And Mr. Beaton—how did he
receive the intelligence?"

"Much more quietly than I ex-
pected; indeed, I am puzzled to ac-
count for the marked change in his
demeanour. You have seen enough
of him to be aware how impetuous
and self-willed he was—now, there
is hardly any trace of that defiant
spirit. Yet nothing I have observed
leads me to think that his misfor-
tunes have broken him down, or at
all impaired his intellect. He be-
trays no lack of acuteness in dis-
course, and his apprehension is as
vivid as before, but I cannot per-
suade him to make any effort to-
wards retrieving his affairs. No
later than yesterday he said, 'Why
would you have me rack my brain
for that which can avail me nothing?
Don't you see, Poins, that I have
lost the game, and with it every
shilling I possessed? Would you
have me pick up the cards, and
play them out again, in order to
discover how it was that I chanced
to lose? No, no! Save but my
honour, and let the rest perish, and
its memory too. Sell everything—
make no struggle for a reversion.
May my hand wither if I withhold

one penny from those who have a legal claim against me! Once free of these encumbrances, the world shall know that Richard Beaton is no pitiful hound to grovel and howl under the lash of misfortune."

"That would seem to indicate that he has already formed some plan for the future," I said. "Undismayed by overthrow, he is again preparing for the contest. I cannot but admire his gallantry. He shows the spirit of a hero!"

"Yes," replied Poina, dryly; "but we don't make heroes of our merchants, especially when they happen to be unfortunate. But you are right so far. There is no rest for Beaton. Other men, when they have attained wealth, settle down to enjoy it. Beaton never could have done that. He must work at something, else he would sink into hopeless idiocy; and it is quite possible, if he can find a proper field for his energies, that he may yet lay the foundation of a second fortune."

"Can you form any conjecture as to the nature of his scheme?" I inquired.

"Not from any hint thrown out by himself," said Mr. Poina. "Beaton never was communicative as to his projects; and of course, under present circumstances, he can have arrived at no fixed determination. However, I can see well enough that some notion or other has taken possession of his mind. Whatever it may be, I think it highly improbable that he will remain in this country. He is much too proud for that; nor will he submit to be a subordinate. I think he will look out for some foreign connection, and go abroad."

"Taking his family with him?" said I, almost involuntarily.

"Nay!" replied Poina, with something like a smile; "that must depend a good deal upon circumstances. I hardly think that Mrs. Walton is so necessary to his comfort that she will be invited to share his exile; and if I may judge from appearances, his daughter

need not expatriate herself in order to find a home. But I shan't say any thing more upon that subject, Mr. Sinclair, the rather as I have no reason to suppose that you are any way interested therein."

For shame, Mr. Poina. That was an unfair thrust; but I could not parry it, or even look the old gentleman steadily in the face, so I let him enjoy his advantage. The fact is, that the shrewd lawyer had penetrated to my secret, arguing that the zeal I had manifested in the cause of Mr. Beaton must arise from some other motive than mere general philanthropy.

"I ought, however, to mention," continued Poina, "that Beaton is evidently much impressed by your exertions in his behalf. He is, I think, conscious that he has done you wrong; and I will say this for him, that he is far above the common meanness of hating more bitterly upon that account. So take that to your comfort, my young friend, in case you doubt his feelings in regard to yourself. But do not ask to see him for a few days. I shall let you know when an interview will be acceptable."

I next repaired to the Stanhopes, where I was fortunate enough to find George Carlton in dutiful attendance upon Amy.

"Welcome, thou modern Titus!" cried Carlton; "welcome from thy victory over the Jew! Say, Amy, what reward does the conqueror deserve, who returns from the field of battle, with the captive at his chariot-wheels?"

"I suspect," said Amy, "the sole reward which Mr. Sinclair covets is thanks from a certain fair lady, which, I can promise him, will not be withheld."

"But where is she, Miss Stanhope? Have you seen her lately?"

"Very lately; and you shall see her too when your conversation with George is ended; for I cannot flatter myself that you came here solely out of compliment to me. In short, dearest Mary is now residing here. With which announce-

ment I shall leave you gentlemen to your talk."

Carlton then informed me that there had been a regular explosion in Mr. Beaton's establishment, Mrs. Walton having become so violent as to drive even the patient Barker into rebellion, and having insisted on forcing her way, spite of all opposition, into her brother's study. Mr. Beaton had by this time somewhat recovered from his lethargy, though still confused from the effects of a strong opiate; yet for a few minutes he endured with apparent passiveness the storm of ob-jurgation and reproach which Mrs. Walton launched at his head. Solomon has said that a soft answer turneth away wrath; but absolute silence has not always the like effect. The irritated woman probably thought that he was tongue-tied by the consciousness that he had injured her cruelly; and, gaining additional courage from his presumed meekness, she raved like another Xantippe. No medicine that the science of the physicians could have suggested, could have been so effectual for the recovery of Mr. Beaton. He rose, not a debilitated and dispirited man, but with as commanding a mien and imperious a will as when his word was the law to many, and the frantic woman instantly quailed before him. She fled from his presence; and then, according to Barker's account, he began deliberately to set his house in order, exhibiting as much precision, or even more, than was his wont. Mary he saw only for a few moments; but in spite of her earnest entreaties he would not suffer her to remain with him. The Windermers as well as the Stanhopes had pressed her to come to them, but Mary preferred the society of her early friend. Mrs. Walton had decamped bag and baggage, carrying with her, it was alleged, many more articles of jewellery and *vertu* than she had brought to the house; and such was her haste that she did not even pause to bestow a parting benediction on her niece.

The house was cleared, with the sole exception of the study; and of all the servants Barker alone remained, the faithful fellow absolutely refusing to quit his master in the day of desolation and distress.

"Amy tells me," said Carlton, "that but for this forced separation from her father, Mary would be perfectly cheerful. But the old man was peremptory, and to have persisted would have given him annoyance; besides, as you are well aware, he is by no means of a domestic turn. For the rest, she is well pleased to escape from the endless whirl of gaiety, which she never liked, and the attentions of various disinterested gentlemen, which had become positively disagreeable. One thing I can tell you—Pentland is out of the field. He is off in a yacht to the Mediterranean, in order that a decent interval may elapse before he pays his addresses to Miss Ingotson, the banking heiress, who, I understand, has the priority on his list. But you have had another rival, Sinclair, and a very formidable one too. Lumley has been here."

"Lumley!" I cried; "impossible!"

"Nay, hear me out," said Carlton. "I know perfectly well to what you allude. Lumley, knowing my intimacy with you, came here; but it was to confer with me. What he said I must not reveal; beyond this, that had lack of fortune been an obstacle to your union with Miss Beaton, that would certainly have been removed. Norman, I do not believe that there ever was a nobler fellow than Lumley!"

"True—most true," said I. "He is a noble fellow; but—but—I wish to heaven he had not been so unnecessarily communicative!"

"Ah, there's your pride again!" said Carlton. "Really there is no knowing how to deal with you Caledonians. Lumley, I daresay, likes you well enough—indeed I know that he has a high regard for you—but his object was not your advancement, but a chivalrous and

honourable wish to promote the happiness of a most estimable lady, whom he respects, admires, and —”

“Loves, you would say? Out with it, Carlton; nay, man, don't boggle at the phrase! Since there must be an episode of knight-errantry, let me at least have the benefit of the whole details.”

“Well, supposing that I did say he loved her, what right have you to object? O Norman!—my dear friend—is it possible that you can be so blinded, even by temporary jealousy, as not to see and appreciate the singular generosity of this man? Can you set no value on his forbearance, on his delicacy, on his self-abnegation? Has he ever crossed your path? or rather, has he not made way for you, sacrificing what all men must account a most reasonable hope, rather than sever affections which he believes to be already engaged? If you cannot see that, then I say that Lumley is more worthy to win her than you are!”

Carlton spoke, as was his way, with so much earnestness and deep sincerity, that I could not help feeling that he had the best of the argument, and that I was wilfully placing myself in a false position. But I need not tell lovers, past or present—from which category few persons beyond the age of eighteen are excluded—that the honeyed cup of expectation is never free from a certain touch of the gall of jealousy; and that, though the sweet immensely preponderates over the bitter, the flavour of the latter is so strong that it still lingers on the lips. I was not absolutely jealous of Lumley—that is, I did not suppose him capable of harbouring a desire to supplant me in the affections of Miss Beaton—but I felt disposed to resent what appeared to me almost an unwarrantable interference. Generosity, though it is a quality much to be commended, does not always beget gratitude; and I could not help thinking that, since Lumley had thought proper to divulge his very munificent in-

tentions to Carlton, the latter might have had the discretion to abstain from making me aware of the circumstance. Few men of spirit like to be patronised; and the nearer you stand in your own estimate to another person, the less are you disposed to accept from him a gratuitous benefit which must imply a great and lasting obligation. Now, though Lumley had the advantage of me, both as regarded wealth and position in society, still I was a gentleman, and so far entitled to look upon him as an equal; and it was exceedingly irksome to me to hear him thus lauded for magnanimity in a matter essentially personal to myself.

“Carlton,” said I, “you were pleased just now to make reference to my pride; and if I recollect aright, it is not the first time that you have done so. Let me tell you, my good fellow, that in that respect we are pretty much on a par; for I know no man more ready than you are to resent a slight, or to writhe under the weight of an obligation. If you were in my position, and were to be informed that a gentleman who had once seriously thought of paying his addresses to Miss Stanhope, but who had courteously waived his pretensions in deference to your prior claims, was making inquiries as to your pecuniary circumstances, with the avowed intention of providing you with a handsome annuity in case you were otherwise not rich enough to marry—would you be disposed to feel very grateful? There is no man of all my acquaintance who would receive such a proposition with a worse grace—if, indeed, you did not make it a positive ground for quarrel! And do you blame me for having simply expressed a wish that Lumley had not been quite so ready with his offers of assistance? Generous he is, beyond all manner of doubt; but I cannot admit that he has shown much delicacy in this matter.”

“No, Sinclair!” replied Carlton, with some emotion. “Therein, at

least, you are wrong. Lumley's conduct throughout has been perfect—I am the party to blame. Norman! I could bite through my tongue for having been so inexpressibly stupid as to blurt out this—the more so as I have broken faith with Lumley, who conjured me not to whisper a word as to his intentions. Now have I, through my foolish indiscretion, made you perhaps detest the man whom you ought most especially to esteem!"

"Nay, George—now you are flying off at a tangent in the other direction! Lumley must ever command my esteem, and my gratitude too—though on other grounds than this last token of his goodwill. Think no more of it, and let us drop the subject for ever."

"Well, this shall be a lesson to me for the future. I'll purvey me a statue of Harpocrates, and study how to rule my tongue. By the way, you will regret to hear that another of your rivals has disappeared."

"Indeed! who may that be?"

"No less a personage than the Honourable Sholto Linklater. He has been trying his luck at the rails with dismal success, buying, with unerring instinct, the most suspicious kind of shares; which, whenever he purchased them, were sure to go down; so in order to avoid the Philistines, Sholto has transferred himself to Boulogne, where he is trying to earn a precarious subsistence at the billiard-table."

"Poor fellow! I hope that something may turn up for him yet."

"There is always hope for the man whose father is a peer and a Whig. Rarely does one of that class fail to extract a balsam from the box of Pandora. But come—I see by the expression of your eye that you are thinking of other matters. Notwithstanding your sneer at knight-errantry, you who have been out on an adventure, shall have the privilege of telling it to the lady you adore."

What followed, however interesting to ourselves, is of no conse-

quence to the reader; so I shall omit love-passages, which, when narrated in the first person, are always odious and impertinent. Many of you, my beloved hearers of both sexes, have been wooers or wooed; and that being the case, you require no enlightenment on the sort of conversation which is practised on such occasions. You know perfectly well that in those delicious interviews coherency is entirely sacrificed, sentiment discarded as a hypocritical contrivance, and eloquence about the last thing in the world which any one would attempt to introduce. Elderly spinsters who have never known the luxury of a lover, and maidens in their teens who long for the possession of a slave, have a firm and undeviating faith in the veracity of the speeches which adroit novelists assign to their characters in every stage of the mysterious process of love-making, and accept the language of the melodrama for that of overwhelming passion. Shakespeare true to nature? Never was there a more preposterous delusion! Can you, sir or madam, imagine two young persons—let us call them Romeo and Juliet—conversing in a moonlit garden in beautiful blank-verse, culling out the choicest rhetorical figures, and uttering them in language so perfect, and tones so pathetic, that the nightingale in the pomegranate tree ceases her amorous descant to listen to music more sweet and witching than her own? Never, by any child of the houses of Montague or Capulet, were such harmonies as those conceived; for the language of true love is scarcely more intelligible than the babbles of a child, who feels a new joy in his heart, but lacks the power to give it adequate expression. Therefore say I—

"Procul, O, procul este profani!"

Let love speak for itself in its own hieroglyphic mode, with its strange contractions, elisions, and pantomime which is not resolvable into any known form of speech; but do

not, as you would avoid the scourge of Rhadamanthus and the heavy vengeance of insulted Cupid, parade before us your enamoured pairs, talking sublime platitudes in periods of the most perfect exactitude, and ransacking creation for metaphors and similes so outrageously extravagant, that even a poet would hesitate to set them down, lest he should be suspected of midsummer madness. Think you that the silver-tongued Ulysses made a touching oration when he asked the adored Penelope to become his bride? Not he! He looked very much like a booby, and his speech was no better than a stammer.

CHAPTER LIII.—SHEARAWAY TAKES HIS DEPARTURE.

My excellent friend Shearaway was no sooner made aware of the position of the unfortunate Littlewoo, then he commenced his preparations for departing homeward, intending to touch at Tadcaster on the way, for the purpose of taking that misguided youth along with him.

"What we are to make of him when we do get him home, Norman," said he, "passes my judgment. It would never do to let him rake about Edinburgh; and I doubt whether he would like being boarded out. It's perhaps not a right thing to say, but I sometimes think that mitigated slavery, under due restrictions, would be an important adjunct to civilisation. The Romans, who were shrewd old carles, saw that clear enough; for I mind the Professor of Civil Law telling us in his lectures, that a father might scourge his grown-up bairns, send them to work in the country, or even put them to death if they deserved it. That was sharp practice, no doubt, but it kept the ne'er-do-weels in grand order; and something of the kind, in my humble opinion, is very much wanted in this country."

"Heyday, Mr. Shearaway! Do you advocate a direct interference with the liberty of the subject?"

"Liberty of a fiddlestick!" replied Shearaway. "When the subject, as you call him, becomes fatuous or demented, you take the liberty, and the law enforces it, of clapping him into limbo. And what for? Just that he may be restrained from doing an injury either to himself or others. But if

a fellow becomes a habitual drunkard, sotting away his brains, squandering his means, disgracing his family, beating his wife, and making himself a general nuisance, the law, forsooth, declines to interfere! Is that sense? There's a human soul going openly to perdition for want of restraint—a soul that might be saved, and a body that might be made useful, if reasonable coercion were employed—but that's clean contrary to the principles of the British constitution! *Civis Romanus sum!* My faith, if any young Roman lad had behaved like Jamie Littlewoo, the Prætor would soon have disposed of that pleal! The deboshed *civis* would either have been drafted into the nearest recruiting legion, or been sent to work at the mines. Life is but a pilgrimage, Norman, for the strongest as well as the weakest; and if a man cannot guide himself, he should be put into a gang, and be forced to march onwards whether he will or no."

"Nevertheless, Mr. Shearaway, we must take the law as we find it. I hope you will be able to devise something for the poor fellow, who has already suffered a great deal, and seems thoroughly repentant of his folly. There are good points in him which really give me hope for the future."

Shearaway shook his head.

"There are two kinds of men," said he, "that I defy you to keep from going to the mischief. The one is the obstinate, arrogant idiot, who will listen to no advice, but thinks himself far wiser than the rest of

mankind. I've two or three such among my clients — lairds they are, who think to better themselves by speculation—and it's as much as I can do to prevent them from ruining themselves, stoup and roup, by interposing delays; for which service, you will readily understand, they are quite the reverse of grateful. The other is the pure, natural bauldy, soft as wax, that takes the impression of every seal, no matter what has been stamped on it before. Now, to apply the doctrine: Jamie Littlewoo is the lad of wax — have a care, Norman, my man, that you don't make me think you belong to the other division."

"You amaze me, Mr. Shearaway! Pray, what have I done to bring me within the scope of your censure?"

"Let me first ask you a question. What is the cause of the extraordinary interest you take in the affairs of that man Beaton? It is but reasonable to suppose that you have some motive; and I can think of none, but that you have somehow committed yourself, and perhaps become his security. That's a rock upon which even the most prudent are apt to split; for it's difficult to say 'no' to an old man who is beseeching you to save him from ruin at the mere cost of a scrape of your pen, though in fact a loaded pistol would be a far less dangerous plaything. I cannot get it out of my head, but that you are some way compromised."

"If it were so, Mr. Shearaway, I am sure you would not advise me to repudiate a solemn engagement. But cheer up, my old friend, and don't look so doleful, at least upon my account. In brief, be it known to you that Mr. Beaton has a daughter——"

"Oho!" cried Shearaway. "Sits the wind in that quarter? Beshrew me for a doited auld bachelor in not having thought of that before! Ay! I might have minded the old saying, 'It's never sae dark but that you may see the flaucht of a peacock!' But is it arranged,

Norman? Is it a settled affair, or only a kind of fancy of your own? In a word, are ye committed?"

"I am, my friend; as fully as honourable vows and honest love can bind a gentleman."

"Then I give you joy, Norman," said Shearaway, "with all my heart! The best thing a man can do is to settle himself before he becomes old and crotchety; it's likely to be best for his happiness both here and hereafter. Ay me, Norman! It gives me a sore heart to think, now that my hairs are grey, what a cosy hearth might have been mine if I had but been wise in time. But I was overly cautious, and could not make up my mind; so I went on from year to year, never marking how time slipped by, till I found myself an elderly man in the midst of a new generation! And now, when I come home on a cold winter's night, wearied and jaded, there are no kind voices to welcome me — no smiles to cheer me up. I have nothing to speak to but the puseecat, and she, poor beast, is often more taken up about her kittens — for she's an awful breeder — than about her master! You're right to marry, Norman, though you will get no fortune with your bride. But what of that? You are well enough provided already, and it would be sinful to wish for more."

"You must understand, however, Mr. Shearaway, that the matter is by no means arranged, for I have not yet asked Mr. Beaton's consent, and it is quite possible that he may object to such a marriage."

"I think you need have little apprehension on that score," replied Shearaway. "When the settlements are all on one side there can be no reasonable objection; and unless he is an absolute heathen, the man cannot help feeling bound to you for the zeal you have shown in his behalf. No, no! you'll get Beaton's consent, sure enough; but I advise you, after you are married, to keep as far away from him as you can. Give him a wide berth, Norman!

You are not the kind of lad to submit patiently to domineering, and Beaton is as peremptory as a Turk, or a half-pay captain of the navy."

"Certainly you are right there," I replied, "and that consideration confirms the intention I had already formed of leaving London, and residing for the future in Scotland."

"I'm blythe to hear you say so!" cried Shearaway. "I'll be on the look-out for a purchase of an improvable estate that will give you both amusement and occupation, as I take it for granted you would not care about qualifying yourself for the bar. It is an honourable profession, doubtless; but the gowns are so plenty already that there's more dust than guineas to be swept from the floor of the Parliament House; and I often marvel how

some of the poor lads yonder contrive to get salt to their porridge. But they are a fine light-hearted race; and it does one good to hear them cracking their jokes at the fireplace, as merrily as though their pockets were crammed with bank-notes."

"If I were forced to choose a profession," said I, "unquestionably I would select the bar. But I really feel no ambition that way; nor are my circumstances such as to render it necessary that I should again submit myself to the rule of Themis. So by all means look out for an estate."

"Enough said! and now farewell, Norman, and may God bless you! When we next forgather, may it be under the shadow of Arthur's Seat."

CHAPTER LIV.—HOAXING, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

It will readily be conceived that my active participation in the events which I have already detailed, interfered grievously with my duties as a journalist; and I now resolved, without waiting for the *denouement*, at once to relinquish my engagement. And here let me remark, for the satisfaction of young men who may be tempted or compelled to cultivate letters as a profession, that there is no sillier prejudice than that which certain narrow-minded persons entertain against a connection with the daily press. My own experience justifies me in saying that I consider such an occupation as more wholesome, bracing, and conducive to the development of mental power, than any other kind of literary training. Dexterity, clear perception, skilful arrangement, and nervous expression, are the qualities most valued in a journalist; and these, I venture to assert, cannot be attained by brooding over sentimental verses, or enditing metaphysical discourses, or, indeed, in any other way than by constant and assiduous practice. It has been alleged that this kind of

writing is apt to deteriorate style, and to induce slovenly habits of composition. I reply, that the work, from its very nature, demands a rigid abstinence from verbosity, obscurity, and tinsel ornament; that the style must be so perspicuous as at once to convey the distinct idea to the reader, without subjecting him to the pain of a re-perusal; whilst, on the other hand, it must be so pointed and terse as to attract and rivet his attention. I do not know where, at the present day, you can find better specimens of pure English composition than those which appear in the columns of the newspaper press; and though these may be called in one sense ephemeral, since their interest passes away with the memory of the events to which they refer, they nevertheless exercise a deep and lasting influence on the thought and culture of the age. Those who remember what country papers were some five-and-twenty years ago, cannot fail to be struck with the immensity of the improvement which has been made. The prevailing tone of modern journalism is very different

from what it was in the days of our fathers; when the flatness of general imbecility was only relieved by bursts of scurrilous vituperation, and when no higher mental accomplishment, and no wider range of knowledge, were deemed necessary for the qualification of an editor, than would now be expected from a candidate for a subordinate post in the department of Customs or Excise. Only in a few remote nooks of the country, where literature has as yet taken but a feeble root, do we occasionally light upon a newspaper of the antiquated kind; but it needs little more than a glance at their vile typography and beggarly aspect—setting aside altogether the stale scraps and broken meat that constitute their literary banquet—to be aware that they are doomed to a speedy and most salutary extermination.

Those who confine themselves to journalism only, cannot expect to survive in libraries; and their names will unquestionably be forgotten so soon as they shall have entered into the famous nations of the dead. But the roll of fame is but a brief one, if in it we include those only whose works will be familiar to the coming generations; and as for mere mention in a catalogue, why, that is a kind of immortality in which strumpets, scoundrels, and malefactors have an exorbitant share. The journalist who performs his duty in a conscientious and honourable manner, is, I fearlessly maintain, as useful a member of the body politic as either the physician or the highest educational teacher; and at least as much so as the lawyer, though men of that class are apt to set forth pretensions to peculiar dignity. That conviction, I know, is dawning upon the minds, not only of the slothful and supercilious, who were wont to consider it a degrading thing for a gentleman to stain his fingers with daily or hebdomadal ink, but also of the corpulent academical levitans who are reluctant to pass through their whalebone strainers

any species of nutrition that is not of the Attic flavour. Considering the amount of maceration that Attie literature has undergone, and the innumerable instances in which it has been swallowed and disgorged, freshness at least is not the quality to which it can lay any sort of claim; and amidst the countless varieties of diet which quacks have recommended to our notice since the days of Avicenna or Dioscorides, no one, so far as I am aware, has ventured to suggest a perpetual course of ambergris.

I have been guilty, in the course of the foregoing narrative, of so many digressions, with far less reason to plead as my excuse than in this, that I make no apology to the general reader for bearing testimony in the cause of journalism. Rather let me apologise to my brethren for a weak and sorry protest, which many of them, were they so minded, could have stated with much more vigour and effect.

It was incumbent upon me to make known to Mr. Osborne without delay the resolution which I had formed; and I was just on the point of sitting down to write to him when little Attie Faunce made his appearance.

Master Attie, like other gentlemen of a mercurial temperament, was occasionally afflicted by fits of ennui, arising from lack of occupation; being precisely the kind of malady to which the familiar imp who served Michael Scott was liable, and which he could not shake off until his master ordered him to twist the sea-sand into adhesive cables. It is not so easy to kill time as some men imagine; for although a considerable portion of our hours may be disposed of in sleeping, eating, drinking, billiard-playing, and other amusements, there is, I verily believe, a certain craving for work which even the most idle experience—a divine monition mercifully devised to warn and stimulate the sluggard. In no other way can I account for the singular tasks which men of fortune

often undertake, for the sake, I suppose, of persuading themselves that they are really doing something. One gentleman, with no strong scientific promptings, shall commence the formation of a private museum of butterflies, beetles, or birds' eggs — another, without even the remotest glimpse of the doctrines or tendencies of geology, walks abroad with a hammer vehemently splitting stones, and decorates his study with a cartload of the most absolute rubbish—a third drives the neighbourhood mad by practising on the French horn, from which instrument he extracts sounds more hideous than the vociferations of a deserted donkey—a fourth, with as much taste for the fine arts as a chimpanzee, takes to photography, producing figures fit only to be used as illustrations for a work on the natural history of abortions—a fifth purveys him a turning-lathe, and slices off his finger-ends in the vain attempt to fabricate a set of pieces as the furniture of a back-gammon board! What kind of casual work gave Attie Faunce occupation I never exactly ascertained; but he read a good deal, in a miscellaneous and discursive way, and had a neat turn for tossing off an epigram or a squib, with which effusions he occasionally enlivened the pages of a weekly print.

Now, however, Attie appeared to be in a most dolorous condition exceedingly down in the mouth, (to borrow a vulgar but expressive phrase)—and covetous of sympathy; which, by the way, is an emollient not always readily accorded. Merry fellows pay a severe penalty for their habitual exuberance of spirits. They can hardly persuade their friends that they are serious, even when they are writhing with distress; and had Momus shown himself in the Olympian hall when labouring under the agonies of toothache, doubtless his sore torture would have been regarded by the other deities as an exquisite jest, and the narrative of his pangs been

received with a roar of unextinguishable laughter.

Not being an Olympian, however, I had some spare sympathy to bestow on my lively friend, who incontinently threw himself down on the sofa, and protested that he was the most miserable of men.

"What has gone wrong with you, Attie?" said I. "Nothing very serious, I venture to predict, else you would not be quite so demonstrative."

"O Sinclair, I am utterly wretched! You won't perhaps believe me, but I feel at times so melancholy, and so savage with myself, that I could almost take a flying leap from the parapets of Westminster Bridge! Indeed, rather than continue to endure this state of uncertainty, and have every action of mine misconstrued in the cruelest way, I think I shall pack up a few traps and be off to the Rocky Mountains!"

"To get your scalp taken off by some beastly savage, or to provide a breakfast for a grizzly bear? Well—there is no accounting for tastes! But do, pray, be less enigmatical, and tell me what is your immediate disquieting cause?"

"Well then—since you must needs know it—life is worthless to me unless I can marry my cousin, Janey Osborne."

"Life is never worthless, Attie; but lovers have the privilege of hyperbole. I recollect you hinted to me as much once before. Pardon me for putting so direct a question, but have you received any discouragement?"

"Not from her, Sinclair! She is as fine an open-hearted girl as ever lived, and I am sure would take me with all my faults. Indeed, she has confessed as much; for, you know, young people cannot be often together without giving some indication of their feelings; so one day, about a month ago, finding myself alone with Janey, I began to talk more seriously than is my wont—faith, after all, very little talk passed between us!—but we came to an

understanding; and it was agreed that I should break the matter to my uncle."

"Which you did, Faunce, I trust, without undue delay?"

"In the course of that very afternoon I had an interview with my respected relative. I never felt any difficulty in speaking to uncle Osborne about an ordinary matter, but on this occasion I was as nervous as any criminal when brought into the presence of his judge. The old gentleman heard me out quite quietly, though I could see by the twitching of his mouth that he also was a good deal agitated; and then put the usual question—for I concealed nothing—why I had not applied to him in the first instance, before making a declaration to my cousin? I answered—what was the truth—that I really could not help it; and asked him if his own juvenile recollections could not suggest an excuse for deviating from the recognised diplomatic method. That passed muster well enough; but then came a lecture upon my habits, ways, and mode of living, which made it apparent, to my horror, that uncle Osborne was quite as cognisant of my doings as Fouché could have been of those of a Royalist conspirator, when he was at the head of the French police! Hang me, if I don't think the old gentleman maintains at his own cost a special establishment of spies!"

"Inconvenient, certainly! and what was your line of defence?"

"I attempted none, but laid the blame on youth, thoughtlessness, inexperience, and so forth, which was all very well in its way—but you see, Sinclair, I could not contrive to disassociate them from myself. I was somewhat tempted to let fly at him a shaft that would have galled him sorely, in the shape of a reflection upon the little control which he thought proper to exercise towards me during the years of my minority; but fortunately I had sense enough to abstain from such a blunder. Then he became pathetic—and very pathetic he was

too, I can assure you—about the happiness of his only child; which part of the discourse—don't laugh now—affected me so much that I fairly began to whimper. According to dramatic rules, that should have concluded the negotiation; but no! There are some questionable examples in the Old Testament which Christians will persist in following: and uncle Osborne, it would appear, has a high regard for the authority of Laban. So the colloquy ended by my being put upon my good behaviour for six months; during which time I was to be absolutely debarred from the slightest exhibition of eccentricity, and my visits to the villa were interdicted."

"And do you complain of that?" said I. "Could you possibly have expected a lighter penance for scores of former absurdities?"

"Yes!" replied Faunce. "And I have good reason to complain. Why keep a poor fellow like myself, who has no regular occupation, from seeing the girl that he loves? Why drive him, since he must be in a state of excitement, to discover some mode of getting rid of his superfluous energy? Is it your opinion, Sinclair, that a man in such a position would be inclined to devote himself to the elucidation of one of Aristotle's confounded treatises; or to make extracts from blue-books, according to the method suggested to you by Sir George Smoothly, that paragon of crimps? I am rather too hot-blooded an animal to submit to such a process."

"Then what was your resolve?" said I.

"Why, I thought at first of going to the Continent for some little time, by way of improving myself, you know—Paris affords most capital opportunities for that. But then it occurred to me that the old gentleman might take it into his head that I was trying to escape from his surveillance; and, faith, I had found him so suspicious already, that it would have been

highly dangerous to have run any further risk. It would have been absurd to have boarded myself with a clergyman; and if I had gone to the Westmoreland lakes, as a friend suggested, I am sure I should have expired of ennui. So I made up my mind to remain in London, and keep as quiet as possible."

"I suppose you found no great difficulty in carrying that resolution into effect."

"Did not I, though! I have heard people talk of being alone in London—solitude in a city, as some absurd jackass of a poet has termed it—but I never could realise the situation. Why, the very streets are burning with life; and I defy you to remain shut up all day, like a starling in a cage, without making an effort to get out. You may get through a few hours in the morning passably well, with the aid of a book and a cigar; but you must stroll down to your club of an afternoon just to hear the news of the day; and once there, you are sure to fall in with some rattling fellows who are making up a pleasure-party, or devising some enjoyable lark. I never could resist that sort of temptation, Sinclair; and the consequence is that I am now in disgrace for having assisted in as capital a hoax as was ever perpetrated."

"I can well believe it, Attie, for you have always shown a decided turn for practical jokes. I hope you have not been so imprudent as to get into a serious scrape."

"Trust me for that!" replied Faunce. "I know as well as most men how to keep within the limits that wit and humour prescribe. But you shall hear. I think you know Sam Morley?"

"Do you mean the queer clever fellow who can imitate to the life every actor on the stage, and who boasts that he brought out a tragedy before he was sixteen?"

"The same. Well, it so happened that I fell in with Sam one morning lately, and the day being very fine, we thought it would be

a good plan to make up an aquatic party, and dine afterwards at Thames Ditton. I think you will allow there could be no great harm in that. We had no difficulty in finding recruits; so some eight of us embarked on the river, and we had excellent fun, landing occasionally near some modest public-house to satisfy ourselves of the excellence of Hanbury & Co.'s Entire. Then we had a stroll through the grounds of Hampton Court, and finally dropped down to Thames Ditton, where we had ordered dinner to be ready at six. Every room in the hotel having been bespoken, there was not much accommodation for chance visitors, and two men, who were acquainted with some of our party, proposed to join us. This we did not relish, for the addition of a stranger to a social set, in the midst of their merriment, is utterly destructive of sport; but in order to avoid the appearance of rudeness, the gentlemen were informed that we should have been most happy to have accommodated them, but for the fact that one of our party was an illustrious stranger of so exalted a rank that we durst not take such a liberty."

"An ingenious device! and pray to what existing potentate was the hint intended to refer?"

"Why, I believe the original idea was to start a Prince of Hohenzollern Sigmaringen. But by the time dinner was over, and we had taken a few glasses of claret, a more sublime conception dawned upon our minds, and Sam Morley was by universal acclamation, recognised as the Conde de Montemolino! You can conceive no richer scene than Sam's assumption of the dignity! He is swarthy enough to pass any day for a Spaniard; but he contrived somehow to make himself look ten years older than he is, moved as if the gout were lodged in every joint of his limbs, and put on an air of supreme but most imbecile condescension. And then, his broken English!—ye gods, it would have done credit to Hounda-ditch!"

"And for whose benefit, pray, was this dramatic performance intended?"

"At first it was a mere joke among ourselves; but Sam comported himself so inimitably that we really thought it a pity to let the fun rest there; so we had in the strangers, merely cautioning them against making any political allusions, or using any title of courtesy, as the distinguished personage upon whom we were attending desired to remain incognito. They fell into the trap—indeed it was impossible it could be otherwise, for Sam's Royal Exile was the most splendid piece of acting I ever beheld. You should have heard his pent-up sigh when mention was made of the Escorial!"

"The waiters, observing the extraordinary homage that we paid to our august companion, set the rumour flying through the house; and presently the hotel-keeper made his appearance, most correctly fagged out, and with an obeisance that would have done credit to a court chamberlain, ventured to express a hope that we had found everything to our liking. It was now time for us to start in order to catch the train at the station, so we inquired whether a fly could be procured, as one of our party was too infirm to walk so far. The master of the house smiled significantly, and replied that he had already made due provision; and, sure enough, in a minute or two, a handsome barouche drove up to the door, and the carriage of his Excellency was announced. Leaning on my arm, the Royal invalid tottered down stairs, and passed into his equipage through a double line of bare-headed attendants, who bent before him with as much veneration as if he had been the Great Mogul!"

"If that was all that took place," said I, "the freak was a very harmless one."

"Ay, but it did not terminate there," replied Attie. "You see, by this time, Sam Morley had got a good deal of claret on board—in fact was so drunk that, do what we

might, it was impossible to persuade him that he was not actually Don Carlos! Christopher Sly was not more convinced of the reality of his metamorphosis. To do him justice, he was remarkably generous, for he bestowed upon most of us large estates—veritable *Châteaux en Espagne*—as the reward of our fidelity; and me he elevated to the rank of a grandee, under the title of Marquis de los Cabanos. Just as we arrived at the station, the train came up. It was an excursion one, and very crowded; so, as we could not obtain a carriage for ourselves, we were forced to get into a huge vehicle of many compartments, wherein were some dozen of citizens, male and female, returning from the country, bearing with them sylvan spoils in the shape of branches of flowering lilac and laburnum, and all manner of abominable nosegays.

"The Don got wedged with difficulty between two boxom damsels, upon whom, to their infinite amazement, he commenced to lavish a series of polyglot compliments; whereupon a young fellow, who evidently was an adorer of one of the Dulcineas, thought it incumbent on him to wax jealous, and muttered something about punching the head of the ugly foreign rascal. With the view, I suppose, of preventing a row, one of our party whispered to the irate Cockney that the person whom he threatened to chastise was no other than the rightful monarch of Spain! In one instant the secret went buzzing through the car. As you must have remarked, English tradespeople, though they affect to be very independent, are in reality abject worshippers of title; and the intimation that they were actually sitting in the same railway carriage with a Royal Highness who had pretensions to be an absolute king, filled the hearts of the company with awe. It was beautiful to mark the suavity with which the Don received their silent homage, no whit relaxing from his attentions to the blushing maidens of Cheapside, who

at length, fairly captured by his fascinations, proffered him flowers, which the gallant Spaniard pressed significantly to his heart!

"That was the signal for a floral ovation that even Grisi might have envied; for every woman in the car insisted on presenting her nose-gay to the Don, who might next morning have rigged out a bower from the multitude of the votive offerings. Fortunately we soon reached the station at Waterloo Bridge, but even there we had to pay the penalty of our greatness; for the news that a prince was in the train spread like wild-fire through the crowd that swarmed on the platform, and so intense was the curiosity to behold the distinguished stranger, that we had the utmost difficulty in forcing our way to a cab. Let no one henceforward tax Royal personages with ingratitude! Montemolino, before entering the humble conveyance, raised his hat and made a most graceful bow to the multitude; whereat they cheered so vociferously that he obviously meditated addressing them, for the purpose of explaining in a few sentences the nature of his rights to the crown of Spain—an intention which we ruthlessly cut short by bundling him into the cab, where he uttered a prayer to San Iago, and presently fell fast asleep. That's what I call a first-rate hoax, successful from the beginning to the end."

"Certainly," said I, "it is quite as good as any of those recorded by Gilbert Gurney. But in all this I can see nothing to rouse the anger of Mr. Osborne."

"Ah, the most foolish part of the story is yet to come," replied Faunce. "Our first business was to get Sam Morley home; and then, the night being still young, two or three of us went to get a bit of supper. You may be sure we were in high glee, for the jest had tickled us extremely, and we amused ourselves by speculating on the rumours which were sure to be spread abroad in the course of the next morning.

Suddenly it occurred to me—I suppose through the diabolical suggestion of some champagne-begotten imp of darkness—that there was yet time enough to get an account of Montemolino's visit to Hampton Court and Thames Ditton, as also of his enthusiastic reception by the populace, inserted in the morning papers; so we called for pen and ink, and I drew up a screaming account of the expedition, interlarded with sundry dark political hints, which I intended for the special reflection of the lads in the Foreign office."

"I recollect reading the paragraph," said I, "which struck me as very singular; the French papers having just announced that Don Carlos was in the south of France."

"Therein lay the cream of the after-jest!" cried Attie. "I was perfectly well aware of that fact; and I chuckled over the notion of bamboozling the whole diplomatic body, and setting them to work out the discovery of a mare's nest. For aught I could tell, the announcement might have created a sensation only inferior to the news of the escape from Elba!"

"Attie—you are incorrigible! Even now I can see that you feel no real contrition for having promulgated a mischievous and most unjustifiable deception."

"Perhaps, Sinclair, in that respect I am not worse than some of my neighbours. Galvanism is coming into fashion; and if a touch of it can do good to individuals in a state of chronic torpidity, it must likewise have a wholesome stimulating effect on the sluggish body politic. I warrant now that the paragraph in question gave occupation to some dozens of pens that otherwise would have been perfectly idle."

"An ingenious defence; I must admit, for the propagation of *canards*! But tell your story in your own way."

"Well; the paragraph being concocted, and highly approved of by my jovial friends, the next consi-

deration was how we were to get it inserted. There it was that my real blundering commenced. I happened to know personally the sub-editor of *our* paper—I need not mention his name—whose duty it was to take in late communications; and I was stupid enough to go personally to the office, and put the manuscript into his hands. He, as a matter of course, suspected no trick, and sent it to press. On the following morning, the Montemolino movement was ringing through the town; and the evening papers, alluding to the circumstance, were pleased to express grave doubts as to the authenticity of the statement, though they were compelled to admit that there was a general rumour to the effect that Don Carlos had been seen in London and its environs. My error lay in making the account too authoritative and special; whereas, had I merely rested it upon rumour, I would have been safe enough. Uncle Osborne, who is watchful as a dragon for the interests of his paper, saw that obnoxious paragraph, and immediately instituted inquiry. Of course, the authorship was traced to me. If I had been a thief arraigned at the Old Bailey, the procedure could not have been more formal. Having admitted my responsibility, I was asked to give up my authority; which question, as you must see, left me no alternative, as a man of honour. I therefore confessed to the hoax, and threw myself upon the mercy of the court. My uncle, as you know, is by no means devoid of humour, but I could not persuade him to regard this little escapade of mine as an irresistible impulse of genius, and I received such a wiggling as sorely tried my temper. The upshot was, that, in spite of my most abject apologies, he fell back upon the precedent established by his favourite Laban, and sentenced me to six months' additional celibacy. I was fain to acquiesce in his terms, for at first he manifested a strong inclination to have done with me altogether."

"There can be no doubt," said I, "that you acted very foolishly, Attie, in pushing the joke so far; still I think the punishment is too heavy for the offence, and I feel quite convinced that Mr. Osborne will adopt that view on a more calm consideration of the circumstances."

"Ah! but you don't know my uncle so well as I do. He can be as stiff as a poker when he pleases; and he is one of the old city school who pique themselves on keeping their word, though that word may have been rashly spoken. My best hope is, that he may discover, as he is pretty sure to do, that in punishing me he is inflicting unmerited pain on Janey; for I know that the dear girl loves me too well to be as blythe and merry as is her wont, so long as her good-for-nothing cousin is in disgrace. And it's very hard that my sins should be visited with so much severity! If uncle Osborne could be brought to consider the matter dispassionately, he must see that no good purpose can be served by these provoking delays and arbitrary restrictions. If I had been allowed to go to the villa as before, I never should have been landed in this scrape; and, after all, there was no great harm in it. Do, Sinclair, I beseech you, see my uncle, and if possible persuade him to have done with this nonsense, and let the marriage take place as soon as may be. I know that he has a high regard for you; and I really think you are bound to do me this service, for you have been so often exhibited to me as a model of propriety, that I had, according to the usage of the world, a fair right to detest you!"

"I thank you for your abstinence!" said I. "But you never could have done anything to make me cease from liking you, Attie. Well, you coaxing young scapegrace, I'll do for you what I can; but you must give me power potential to promise anything in the way of reformation in your name, and you must pledge me your word to perform it."

"Signior Bassanio," began Attie, pressed with more terseness and propriety! Tell him, I beseech you, that his penitent nephew, Arthur Faunce, having seriously

meditated on his former backslidings, and more particularly upon the late atrocious hoax into participation in which he was betrayed—a hoax so serious that, if successful, it might have awakened war in Europe, and caused a frightful fall in the Three per cents—now approaches him, overwhelmed by a feeling of the most profound remorse——"

"Get away," said I. "I shall simply tell him that, in my opinion the only conceivable plan for keeping you out of mischief is to get you married as soon as possible."

"O wise young judge, how I do honour thee!" cried Attie. "My own sentiments exactly—only ex-

I'M VERY FOND OF WATER.

A NEW TEMPERANCE SONG.

*(Adapted from the Platt Deutsch.)**Ἀριστον μὲν ὕδωρ.*

I'm very fond of water,
 I drink it noon and night :
 Not Rechab's son or daughter
 Had therein more delight.

I breakfast on it daily ;
 And nectar it doth seem,
 When once I've mixed it gaily
 With sugar and with cream.
 But I forgot to mention
 That in it first I see,
 Infused with some attention,
 Good Mocha or Bohea.

Chorus—I'm very fond of water,
 I drink it noon and night :
 No mother's son or daughter
 Hath therein more delight.

At luncheon too I drink it,
 And strength it seems to bring :
 When really good, I think it
 A liquor for a king.
 But I forgot to mention—
 'Tis best to be sincere—
 I use an old invention
 That makes it into Beer.
Chorus—I'm very fond of water, &c.

I drink it, too, at dinner ;
 I quaff it full and free,
 And find, as I'm a sinner,
 It does not disagree.
 But I forgot to mention—
 As thus I drink and dine,
 To save all apprehension,
 I join some Sherry wine.
Chorus—I'm very fond of water, &c.

And then when dinner's over,
 And business far away,
 I feel myself in clover,
 And sip my *eau sucrée*
 But I forgot to mention—
 I love to add a smack,
 To obviate distension,
 Of Whisky or Cognac.
Chorus—I'm very fond of water, &c.

At last when evening closes,
 With something nice to eat,
 The best of sleeping doses
 In water still I meet.
 But I forgot to mention—
 I think it not a sin
 To cheer the day's declension,
 By pouring in the Gin.

Chorus—I'm very fond of water ;
 It ever must delight
 Each mother's son or daughter—
 When qualified aright.

MEMOIRS OF A TORY GENTLEWOMAN.

MANY of our readers who are now entering, or who have already entered, upon the grand-paternal state, or its coeval period of bachelor-life, may remember that in the days of their early youth, when George III. was king, they possessed a little volume, the gift, perhaps, of a venerable god-mother, or the prize of successful industry, or reward of moral conduct at school, on the back of which were inscribed the words *RASSELAS AND DINARBAS*. That these two worthies had, somehow or other, been associated together in life, was long our profound conviction. We classed them, in our boyish imagination, with Damon and Pythias, Pylades and Orestes, and other similar exemplars of antique friendship. But there was such a classical flavour about the names—they were altogether so redolent of Lemprière's Dictionary, that it was long before we ventured to make acquaintance with any part of the volume beyond the binding and the frontispiece, which latter, we remember well, was rather of the Oriental than of the classical type ; but this might have been the taste of the artist. Driven, however, at last, to closer investigation by a long continuance of wet weather, we discovered that *Rasselas* and *Dinarbas* were not of common parentage, united on a single title-page ; but that their connection was principally such as an enterprising publisher had been pleased to assign to them ; that they were, in fact, two works by two different writers. It is no secret even to the present generation that *Rasselas* is a moral tale, written by the great Dr. Samuel Johnson ; but it is not equally well known that *Dinarbas* was written by Miss Ellis Cornelia Knight, whose Memoirs are now before us.*

Whether any one of those young people, for whose especial benefit it was considered in my younger days that these moral tales were written, ever made his way through the whole of *Rasselas*, so as to come upon *Dinarbas* at all, or to what extent, having accomplished that first victory, he may have succeeded in overcoming the second difficulty, is more than, after a confession of our own stumblings at the first stage, we can venture to determine. And we may be well content to leave the inquiry alone. People do read *Rasselas* nowadays in mature age, we believe ; some as a pleasure, more as a duty. But *Dinarbas* has slipped out of its honourable companionship, and,

* *The Autobiography of Miss Cornelia Knight, Lady-Companion to the Princess Charlotte; with Extracts from her Journals and Anecdote-Books.* 2 vols. W. H. Allen & Co. 1861.

except in old worn copies, is not to be found supplementing the Johnsonian classic. Miss Knight outlived her reputation as an authoress. But she did not outlive the esteem in which she was held by a very large circle of friends, including kings and princes, and the honourable of the earth of all ranks and degrees. Few people have had so extensive an acquaintance as Miss Knight; and when we say that her reminiscences extend over a line of European worthies, beginning with Oliver Goldsmith and ending with Benjamin Disraeli, no one will question that the most attractive book which such a person can write, is a plain record of her personal experiences.

And such a record we have now before us, in the shape of an unfinished autobiography, supplemented by the writer's journals from which the memoir was compiled. It is a trite remark, that any person of ordinary intelligence, with average social opportunities, writing down his experiences from day to day, can hardly fail to make, without meaning it, an interesting book. But Miss Knight's intelligence was not of an ordinary character, and her opportunities were unquestionably great. It may be briefly stated what they were. In her early youth she was noticed by Johnson, Goldsmith, Burke, Reynolds, and other members of the same literary circle. When she was about eighteen, she went abroad with her mother, and resided principally at Naples and Rome, mixing on terms of intimacy with the chief people of those cities. In 1798 she made the acquaintance of Nelson at Naples, and in the following year accompanied him and the Hamiltons to England. In 1806 she became a member of Queen Charlotte's family, and resided at Windsor, attached to the Court, for six or seven years. She then, at the request of the Prince Regent, transferred herself to the establishment which he had formed for his daughter at Warwick House, and thus be-

came "Lady-Companion" to the Princess Charlotte. When the Princess ran away to her mother's house, Miss Knight was involved in the common disgrace which overtook all the household, and was dismissed. From that time she flitted about from place to place, taking up her residence first in one European capital, then in another; paying visits to her friends, and always being in intimate relations with the first people of the cities she frequented. And so she went on up to the close of the year 1837, seeing a great number of distinguished persons, and jotting down in her journals and anecdote-books something or other that she had learnt about them, until she passed her eightieth year, when, with very little warning, she gently passed away from the scene, leaving behind her a boxful of papers, from which the volumes before us are compiled.

If such opportunities as these had been turned to good literary account, one of the most attractive works ever published might have been the result. But Miss Knight had more of the delicacy of the gentlewoman than the tact of the *litterateur*. Though it would appear that her autobiography had been written for publication, it is not seasoned as Madame d'Arblay or Lady Charlotte Campbell would have seasoned it. It is a plain recital of fact, modestly and unambitiously written, with a view rather to the information than the excitement of the reader. It is interesting principally by reason of its simplicity and directness of purpose; and, above all, by the unmistakable fidelity of the narrative. It is impossible to doubt, much more to disbelieve, the writer. If the lady's character were not an ample guarantee for the truth of her book, its style would be a sufficient voucher.

Cornelia Knight was but a child when her intercourse with celebrated persons commenced; but, verging close upon octogenarianism,

she still vividly remembered her first experiences of literary society. "I recollect," she says in 1835, "being delighted with the conversation of Mr. Burke, amused by the buffoonery of Goldsmith, and disgusted with the satirical madness of manner of Baretti." "Of all these personages," she says a little farther on, "the one whom I liked best was Mr. Burke, perhaps because he condescended to notice me." Goldsmith, she says, was very good-natured; his behaviour easy and natural, removed from vulgarity no less than from affectation. "His buffoonery was a sort of childish playfulness." Of the mixture of vanity and simplicity, which was one of his most peculiar characteristics, Miss Knight gives an amusing proof, which we believe has escaped the biographers. On a certain occasion, being told that he must wear a silk coat, he purchased one secondhand, which had belonged to a nobleman, and wore it in public, not perceiving that there was clearly marked on the breast the place where the late owner's decoration had been worn. The mark of the star told plainly enough the history of the purchase, and Noll's vanity was sorely vexed.

There is a better story than this, one of Samuel Johnson, and which, as we may say with tolerable confidence, has not been told before. We give it in Miss Knight's own words:—

"He was very curious to see the manner of living and the discipline on board a ship of war, and when my father was appointed to the command of the *Ramilles*, of seventy-four guns, and to sail with the command of a squadron for Gibraltar, at the time when a war with Spain was expected, Johnson went to Portsmouth, and passed a week on board with my father. He inquired into everything, made himself very agreeable to the officers, and was much pleased with his visit.

"When he was conveyed on shore, the young officer whom my father had sent to accompany him, asked if he had any further commands. 'Sir,' said Johnson, 'have the goodness to thank the commodore and all the officers for their

kindness to me, and tell Mr. — (the first-lieutenant) that I beg he will leave off the practice of swearing.'

"The young man, willing, if possible, to justify, or at least excuse, his superior, replied that, unfortunately, there was no making the sailors do their duty without using strong language, and that his Majesty's service required it. 'Then, pray, sir,' answered Johnson, 'tell Mr. — that I beseech him not to use one oath more than is absolutely required for the service of his Majesty.'

The late Mr. Croker would have given a good deal for this story, coming from so authentic a source. That very diligent editor appears to have had a notion that Johnson visited a man-of-war off Plymouth, and that he was much disgusted by the bad language he heard. But here we have the story in proper shape, from the daughter of the man whose ship the great moralist visited, and very characteristic it is. It may be added, that when Miss Knight first went abroad, Dr. Johnson gave her his blessing, and exhorted her not to become a Roman Catholic, adding that, if she extended her belief, she might in time become a Turk.

We may pass over the earlier years of Miss Knight's residence. But in the autobiography, and in the extracts from the journals and anecdote-books, there is a good deal of interesting information illustrative of the state of society in Rome towards the close of the last century, with many portraits of the most celebrated personages of the times. As far as possible, we shall confine our notice to those who are distinguished in the annals of our own country; and we may fitly begin the catalogue with Horatio Nelson. Miss Knight was at Naples when news arrived of the victory of the Nile. Their situation at that place had long been one of extreme danger, and, week after week, month after month, had the eyes of the residents been turned towards the sea, in the hope of catching sight of a white spot on the horizon that might prove to them that succour

was at hand. They knew that an engagement between the two fleets was imminent, but they looked in vain for tidings of the result. At last, one morning, Miss Knight discerned through her glass a sloop-of-war in the offing, with a blue ensign hoisted, and presently a boat put off from the beach and pulled alongside of the vessel; and two British officers dropped down her side, and were rowed to shore. "We clearly distinguished," she writes, "a gold epaulet on the shoulder, and this was quite sufficient to convince us that one was the commander of the sloop, and the other a captain going home with despatches. News of a victory, no doubt." The two officers were Hoche and Capel — afterwards admirals and K. C. B.'s — and the news they brought was that of the victory of the Nile. Never was any news more welcome since the world began. All classes were roused to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, and the excitement everywhere was boundless. One scene in which Miss Knight herself had a part, may be given here as an illustration of the general joy with which these glad tidings were received:—

"Old General di Pietra, one of the few survivors of the gallant band who had assisted in the conquest of Naples during the war between Spain and Austria, lived in a house adjoining our hotel, and there was a door of communication between them. He had been very attentive to us, and we met excellent society at his table, for he delighted in giving dinner-parties. We knew his anxiety to receive the earliest accounts of the meeting of the two fleets, and my mother desired me to give him the first intelligence. I ran to the door, and the servant who opened it, and to whom I delivered my message, uttered exclamations of joy, which were heard in the dining-room, where the General was entertaining a large party of officers. The secretary was instantly sent to me, and I was obliged to go in and tell my story. Never shall I forget the shouts, the bursts of applause, the toasts drank, the glasses broken one after another by the secretary in token of exultation, till the General, laughing heartily, stopped him by saying that he should not have

a glass left to drink Nelson's health in on his arrival."

"The joy," says Miss Knight, "was universal, and the impatience for the arrival of the victors daily increased in intensity. Two ships of the line at length appeared in sight." These were the Culloden and the Alexander, commanded by Troubridge and Ball. The royalty of Naples went out to meet them. The English minister, Sir William Hamilton, and his beautiful wife, went out also, in another barge, taking Miss Knight with them. "The shore was lined with spectators, who rent the air with joyous acclamations, while the bands played 'God Save the King' and 'Rule Britannia.'" The King of Naples did not go on board, but saluted the British officers from his barge; and when Sir William Hamilton pointed him out to the seamen, saying, "There, lads, is the King whom you have saved, with his family and his kingdom," Jack characteristically answered, "Very glad of it, sir—very glad of it!" not, perhaps, without some mental reservation engendered of a belief as to his being a "Mounseer."

A few days afterwards — that is on the 22d September 1798 — Nelson himself appeared. We give the account of his reception in Miss Knight's own words. It is interesting for more reasons than one:—

"Two or three days later (September 22), the Vanguard, with the flag of Sir Horatio Nelson, came in sight; and this time the concourse of barges, boats, and spectators, was greater than before. The Vanguard was followed by two or three ships of the line which had been in the engagement. It would be impossible to imagine a more beautiful and animated scene than the Bay of Naples then presented. Bands of music played our national airs. With 'God save the King' they had long been familiar, but for the present occasion they had learned 'Rule Britannia' and 'See the conquering hero comes.' No Englishman or Englishwoman can hear those airs without emotion in a foreign land, however trifling may be the effect they produce in our own country; but under such

circumstances as these they create a powerful excitement.

"We rowed out to a considerable distance, following the king, who was anxious to greet his deliverers, as he did not scruple to call them. Sir Horatio Nelson received his majesty with respect, but without embarrassment, and conducted him over every part of the vessel, with which he seemed much pleased, and particularly so with the kindness and attention shown to the wounded seamen, of whom there were several on board. The king afterwards sat down with us to a handsome breakfast, at which I remarked a little bird hopping about on the table. This bird had come on board the Vanguard the evening before the action, and had remained in her ever since. The admiral's cabin was its chief residence, but it was fed and petted by all who came near it; for sailors regard the arrival of a bird as the promise of victory, or at least as an excellent omen. It flew away, I believe, soon after the ship reached Naples.

"Just before we sat down to breakfast the Bailli Caraccioli made his appearance, and congratulated Sir Horatio on his victory with seemingly genuine sincerity. That unfortunate man, however, had before this conceived a jealous resentment against the hero of the Nile. We had been in the habit of meeting him at General di Pietra's, and some days before the arrival of the Vanguard he told me that in the engagement off Corsica, in which he, as commander of a Neapolitan frigate, had joined the squadron under Admiral Hotham, Nelson had passed before him, contrary to the directions previously issued. This he thought very unfair, because British officers had frequent opportunities of distinguishing themselves, which was not the case with his own service. He was a man of noble family, about fifty years of age, a Bailli of the Order of Malta, and a great favourite at Court, being charged with the nautical education of Prince Leopold, the king's second son, then nearly nine years old. After the king had taken his leave, Sir William Hamilton asked the Admiral to make his house his headquarters, and accordingly Sir Horatio accompanied us ashore."

Our readers will not fail to note what is here said about Caraccioli. A second time it was Nelson's lot to take the wind out of the Prince's sails; and Miss Knight appears to have been convinced that jealousy of Nelson was the real cause of the

Prince's desertion. The Royal family were not safe at Naples, and it was necessary, therefore, to convey them to Palermo. This was an honour which Caraccioli coveted for himself, but it was conferred on the English Admiral. There are some graphic touches in the concluding lines of this brief extract:—

"Like a dark cloud announcing a tremendous storm, the enemy kept gradually approaching. A very indifferent understanding existed between the Austrians and Russians in those parts of Italy where they were acting in assumed co-operation. The populace of Naples, and many of the higher orders, indeed, stoutly affirmed that they would never suffer their king and his family to fall into the hands of the enemy; but still it was thought more prudent to make preparations for departure. Unfortunately, there was no English ship of war then in the bay, except that which bore the flag of Lord Nelson, and a frigate with a Turkish ambassador on board, attended by a numerous suite. A Portuguese squadron, however, was lying there, and also a fine Neapolitan man-of-war, commanded by Prince Caraccioli, and likewise another ship of the line; but it was the opinion of the Court that although the Bailli himself was trustworthy, the same reliance could not be placed in his crew. It was therefore resolved that the royal family should go with Lord Nelson. How far these suspicions were well founded I cannot say, but I have no doubt that this step hastened the desertion of Prince Caraccioli. We met him about this time at a dinner-party at General di Pietra's, and I never saw any man look so utterly miserable. He scarcely uttered a word, ate nothing, and did not even unfold his napkin. However, he took the ships safe to Messina, where they were laid up in ordinary."

Miss Knight and her mother followed the royal family and the British minister to Palermo, and remained there when the king, Nelson, and the Hamiltons returned to Naples, to re-establish the authority of the first. During their absence from Palermo, Lady Knight died; and Cornelia took up her abode in Sir William Hamilton's house.

"When Sir William Hamilton and Lord Nelson came to take leave of her

before their departure for Naples, she had particularly commended me to their care, and, previous to their embarkation, Sir William and Lady Hamilton had left directions with Mrs. Cadogan that, in case I should lose my mother before their return, she was to take me to their house. That lady came for me, and I went with her to our minister's, knowing that it was my mother's wish that I should be under his protection; and I must say that there was certainly at that time no impropriety in living under Lady Hamilton's roof. Her house was the resort of the best company of all nations, and the attentions paid to Lord Nelson appeared perfectly natural. He himself always spoke of his wife with the greatest affection and respect; and I remember that, shortly after the battle of the Nile, when my mother said to him that no doubt he considered the day of that victory as the happiest in his life, he answered, 'No; the happiest was that on which I married Lady Nelson.'

It is only right to infer from this that Lady Hamilton's conduct, during the period of her residence at Naples was altogether blameless, and that she was regarded as a person with whom the most scrupulous might live upon terms of intimate relationship. A few pages further on, Miss Knight says of her, that "she made herself very useful in public affairs during the distressing circumstances which took place in consequence of the French Revolution. Altogether she was a singular mixture of right and wrong."

In April 1800, Miss Knight embarked, with the Hamiltons, on board Nelson's ship, the *Foudroyant*, bound for Malta, touching at Syracuse. They returned to Palermo, and thence sailed to Leghorn. From that place they proceeded by land to England. The account of this homeward journey is interesting, as an episode in Nelson's life whereof his biographers have not taken much account. One passage, at least, is worthy of quotation:—

"At Vienna, whenever Lord Nelson appeared in public, a crowd was collected, and his portrait was hung up as a sign over many shops—even the milliners giving his name to particular dresses;

but it did not appear to me that the English nation was at all popular. The people generally were opposed to the war with France, which had proved so unfavourable to them; for although the troops were brave and loyal, they were not well commanded. We had often music, as the best composers and performers were happy to be introduced to Sir William and Lady Hamilton. I was much pleased with Haydn. He dined with us, and his conversation was modest and sensible. He set to music some English verses, and, amongst others, part of an ode I had composed after the battle of the Nile, and which was descriptive of the blowing up of *L'Orient*:—

'Britannia's leader gives the dread command;
Obedient to his summons flames arise:
The fierce explosion rends the skies,
And high in air the pond'rous mass is thrown.
The dire concussion shakes the land:
Earth, air, and sea, united groan;
The solid pyramids confess the shock,
And their firm bases to their centre rock.'

"Haydn accompanied Lady Hamilton on the piano when she sang this piece, and the effect was grand. He was staying at that time with Prince Esterhazy, and presided over the famous concerts given by that nobleman at his magnificent palace in Hungary. At one time the prince had an intention of giving up these concerts, and told Haydn that the next one would be the last. It was a very fine one. Towards the conclusion, Haydn composed a finale so melancholy—so touching, that it drew tears from many of the audience; and he had given orders that while it was playing the lights should be gradually extinguished; all of which made such an impression upon the mind of the prince, that he abandoned his intention of discontinuing these concerts."

That the intimacy between Nelson and Lady Hamilton greatly increased during the time spent on board the *Foudroyant*, and on the journey to England, is well known. Miss Knight was no unconcerned spectator of their growing affection; and when she reached home she felt herself in a distressing position, and hardly knew what to do. It is right, however, to observe, that it appears to have been this lady's opinion, that they neither of them foresaw the height to which their imprudence was fated to reach, but almost unconsciously drifted into the sea of danger, which at last en-

gulfed them. Such commonly is the downward course of evil. And then, too, Miss Knight says that matters were aggravated by the evil tongues of English society, and that Nelson, when he found Lady Hamilton's character assailed, clung to her all the more openly, for the purpose of supporting her. We may as well give the explanation in Miss Knight's own words:—

"I dined one day with Sir William and Lady Hamilton in Grosvenor Square. Lord and Lady Nelson were of the party, and the Duke of Sussex and Lady Augusta Murray came in the evening. Lord Nelson was to make his appearance at the theatre next day, but I declined to go with the party. I afterwards heard that Lady Nelson fainted in the box. Most of my friends were very urgent with me to drop the acquaintance, but, circumstanced as I had been, I feared the charge of ingratitude, though greatly embarrassed as to what to do, for things became very unpleasant. So much was said about the attachment of Lord Nelson to Lady Hamilton, that it made the matter still worse. He felt irritated, and took it up in an unfortunate manner, by devoting himself more and more to her, for the purpose of what he called supporting her. Mischief was made on all sides, till at last, when he was appointed to the command of the squadron in the Downs, which was to sail for Copenhagen—his brother and sister-in-law, with Sir William and Lady Hamilton, being with him at Deal—he wrote to Lady Nelson, giving her credit for perfectly moral conduct, but announcing his intention of not living with her any more. This was certainly not in his thoughts before he returned to England, for I remember his saying, while we were at Leghorn, that he hoped Lady Nelson and himself would be much with Sir William and Lady Hamilton, and that they would all very often dine together, and that, when the latter couple went to their musical parties, he and Lady Nelson would go to bed. Even at Hamburg, just before we embarked, he purchased a magnificent lace trimming for a court dress for Lady Nelson, and a black lace cloak for another lady, who, he said, had been very attentive to his wife during his absence."

We hear no more of Lord Nelson and the Hamiltons after this. Indeed, the record of the next four or five

years is extremely slight. Miss Knight remained in England, mixed largely in society, and attracted the attention, among others, of Mr. Pitt, who had a high opinion of her understanding, and desired to see her appointed to superintend the education of the young Princess Charlotte. Her intimate acquaintance with ancient and modern languages, her varied accomplishments, her rectitude of conduct, and her agreeable manners, seemed especially to qualify her for such a task. But instead of being attached to the person of a young princess, she was attached to that of an old queen. In 1805 Queen Charlotte gave her a situation at Court; but it does not very clearly appear from these volumes what that situation was. Whatever may have been its precise designation, it brought her into constant proximity to the Queen, to whom she read such works as Thomson's *Seasons*, Cowper's *Task*, Cicero's *Epistles*, and others, generally of a somewhat fatiguing kind. The journals kept by Miss Knight at this time, except when they record the progress of the poor old king's malady, are not of a very interesting character, and the extracts given are but few. It was probably the dreariest period of Miss Knight's life. And yet she subsequently declared her belief that she had acted unwisely in quitting her situation at the Queen's court for another, which, if it had greater charms, had greater dangers attendant upon it too. It is not only in money matters that high interest is bad security: in the respectable Three-per-cents of Queen Charlotte's Court Miss Knight had a safe investment, and it was not prudent to sell out and speculate in such a hazardous lottery as that of the Court of the Prince of Wales. But the temptation was very great. The good old Queen was certainly a less interesting personage than her granddaughter; and we are not surprised that Miss Knight deserted the former to become Lady-Companion to the Princess Charlotte.

The Queen was much hurt, and

very angry; and she never looked with complacency upon the deserter again. But this was hard upon Miss Knight, who appears to have acted in a manner distinguished by loyalty and gratitude towards the Queen. She admits that she had grown very weary of the tedium and monotony of her life at Windsor. "I could not find it in my heart," she said, "to devote myself till death to the Queen's service, sacrificing the pleasing idea of rendering happy the life of a persecuted young creature, whose talents and dispositions appeared to me to be worthy of a better lot than had as yet fallen to her share. Perhaps, also, my pride had been somewhat hurt by the Queen not always, as I thought, feeling properly my situation; and I will not say that I had not some wish for a more active and more important employment than that which I held at Windsor—dull, uninteresting, and monotonous—every year more and more confined, and even, from the kindness of the royal family, condemned to listen to all their complaints and private quarrels. I certainly hoped to get honourably out of it, but I did feel attachment for the Queen." And as a proof of this, when the formal invitation came to her to enter the Princess's service, she had declined it; but the Prince Regent had renewed his request, and had at last persuaded her to consent, on the plea that her Majesty had withdrawn all her objections, and was in reality desirous of the arrangement. The fact is, that the Queen was afraid of her son. She very much wished Miss Knight to remain in her service, but she did not like to take upon herself the responsibility of thwarting the Prince's plans. She hoped that Miss Knight would take that responsibility upon herself, so as to relieve her Majesty of all odium in the transaction. But Miss Knight was disposed to do anything but this, and hence the Queen's undying resentment. "The last thing I did before I left my old lodging," says Miss Knight,

"to enter on my new duties, was to write a respectful letter to the Queen, expressive of the deepest regret and of the sincerest attachment. This letter was never answered."

For better or for worse, Miss Knight had now taken her line. She was the servant of the Prince Regent. The prince called her his "dear chevalier," and for a time everything went well. The Princess Charlotte was domiciled at Warwick House, which was a sort of supplement or appendix to Carlton House, the Prince's residence, and which, Miss Knight says, was then "miserably out of repair, and almost falling into ruins." Nothing of it now remains. It was a dreary sort of place, "perfectly resembling a convent;" but such as it was, it was "a seat of happiness to Princess Charlotte, compared with the Lower Lodge at Windsor," where she had before resided, and which was, indeed, still to be considered the *chef-lieu*; the idea of the Princess having an establishment of her own being one which it was not, at that time, the policy of the Court to encourage.

It was impossible, however, to treat the Princess, who was already a woman in years, and still more so in character, any longer as a child. She was at the most critical period of her life—the very turning-point, for good or evil, of her career—and she required most judicious treatment. Miss Knight describes her as a "a noble young creature," "capable of becoming a blessing to her country, or the reverse." She was "in understanding, penetration, and stature, a woman, desirous to acquire more knowledge of public affairs and general society, alive to everything, and capable of forming a judgment for herself." Miss Knight gives an account of a conversation which she had with Lord Moira on the subject of the Princess's education. "Talents and genius must be encouraged," urged the lady, "to become useful. If endeavours are made to lower or extinguish them, what must be the

result?" "I saw the tears," adds the narrator, "roll down the cheeks of Lord Moira, and he said, 'This is what I felt for her father; he *was* everything that was amiable, and still I cannot help loving him.' " The editor adds to this in a note, on the authority of Mr. Raikes, a tribute paid to the Regent by the Duke of Wellington, who said that the Prince was the most extraordinary medley of opposite qualities, "with a great preponderance of good," that he had ever seen in his life.

Nothing could have more surely saved a young Princess, surrounded by so many adverse influences, than a good marriage; and, once recognised as a woman, the consideration of this important question could not be much longer deferred. The hereditary Prince of Orange was the first person fixed upon as the future husband of the presumptive heir to the throne of England. Of the Orange match and of its rupture a full account is given in these volumes, which will doubtless be accepted as legitimate history in supercession of all others. If the Princess Charlotte had followed her own inclinations, she would have married the Duke of Gloucester. But the Regent set his face steadfastly against this match. But he said, at the same time, that he would never force the inclinations of his daughter. Miss Knight's account of his conduct in this matter is very creditable to the Prince:—

"The Prince came, and to the Lower Lodge; Princess Charlotte was desirous that I should see him first, and I met him on the stairs. He at first looked displeased, but I entered into an explanation with him on the former grievances, and cleared up the falsehoods. I heard what he chose to say on the present subject with proper respect, and he became very good-humoured towards me; but when Princess Charlotte came in, although he did not raise his voice, and said he would be very calm and very affectionate, he was certainly as bitter as possible on the Duke of Gloucester, and not a little so to Princess Charlotte. He positively refused giving his consent to this union, but

added, what I thought most important, that so far from ever wishing to control her inclinations, he would not even urge her to comply with any proposals by commendatory means. He said he was himself too severe a sufferer to wish any other person, and especially a child of his own, to know the misery of an ill-assorted marriage; that he would invite over many of the princes of the Continent (for that a subject of England she could not marry), and she might then have her choice; that with respect to the hereditary Prince of Orange, whom she seemed to apprehend being forced on her, he would not bring him to Frogmore on the Duke of York's birthday, that she might not think he meant to recommend him (he took occasion, however, to praise him several times during this visit); and he ended by saying that her happiness and her honour were the wishes nearest to his heart."

Soon afterwards the young Prince of Orange and the Princess Charlotte were brought together, and the strong prejudices which she had conceived against him seemed in a fair way to be overcome, when the unlucky subject of the residence in Holland came upon the tapis. We give Miss Knight's simple narrative of the affair, premising only that the Princess had been desired to dine at Carlton House, in order that she might meet the Prince. In the afternoon she had gone out for a drive with her "lady-companion"—

"When we came home, Princess Charlotte, contrary to custom, shut herself up in her own room, and only came out of it dressed for dinner. Her toilet was by no means *recherchée*. She was dressed in violet satin trimmed with black lace, and looked pale and agitated. I sat up for her return, which was about one in the morning, and she told me in confidence she was engaged to the Prince of Orange. I could only remark that she had gained a great victory over herself. She answered, 'No, you would not say so if you were to see him; he is by no means as disagreeable as I expected.' She mentioned his having spoken very handsomely at dinner of the old liberties of Holland, and said that in the evening the Regent took them both into a room, where they walked up and down together for some time; after which he took her apart, and said, 'Well, it will not do, I suppose?' That she answered, 'I do not say that. I like

his manner very well, as much as I have seen of it.' Upon which the Prince was overcome with joy, and joined their hands immediately. She told me the Prince of Orange had praised the Fitzroys very much at dinner, as also Colonel Hervey, Mrs. Fremantle's son, and had said that he had promised to ask for his being made aide-de-camp to the Regent.

"Next day the Prince of Orange came to make his visit with Lord Bathurst, the Regent being busy. He shook hands with me very good-humouredly when I was introduced by Princess Charlotte. I thought him particularly plain and sickly in his look, his figure very slender, his manner rather hearty and boyish, but not unpleasant in a young soldier. The day after, the 7th, he came with the Regent, who left them together, and sat down with me by the fire in the adjoining room (with only a passage, at least, between us). He told me *in confidence* that the Princess Charlotte was engaged to the young Prince of Orange, but that he would not have her inform anybody—not Miss Mercer, nor her uncles—till he should give her leave; that he should acquaint the Queen and Princesses with it; that the marriage would not take place till spring, as the young Prince was now going to join his father for the settlement of the Dutch affairs; and that, as I remained now the friend of Princess Charlotte, no new arrangements being to be made until the marriage, he desired I would give her good advice, particularly against flirtation. He said she should go to Windsor for a week towards Christmas, to be confirmed, and afterwards to take the sacrament with the family, and he should meet her there; but that he could not give her any dance on her approaching birthday, as no one would be in town, and he himself was going to the christening of the young Marquess of Granby at Belvoir Castle. I asked if it was his pleasure that I should go to Windsor with her Royal Highness, and he said, '*Most certainly.*'

"While we were talking, we heard Princess Charlotte break forth into a violent fit of sobs and hysterical tears. The Prince started up, and I followed him to the door of the other room, where we found the Prince of Orange looking half-frightened, and Princess Charlotte in great distress. The Prince Regent said, 'What! is he taking his leave?' She answered, 'Not yet,' and was going to her own room; but the Prince took

him away, said it was time for him to go to the great City dinner for which he had stayed, and they parted."

When the Prince had gone, the Princess Charlotte unburdened her griefs to Miss Knight. She could not bear the idea of spending a few months of every year in Holland. She admitted that the Prince had spoken very kindly on the subject, and had told her that she should always have as many English friends with her as she liked; but still she felt an aversion to the project which she could not overcome. The Regent did all he could to persuade her, but the Princess was resolute, and the result was that the Prince of Orange himself consented to the insertion of an article in the marriage-contract guaranteeing that she should not be taken out of England against her consent. "Nothing was now required but the formal assent of the Prince of the Netherlands;" and it was supposed that the marriage would certainly take place. The Regent, however, still endeavoured to persuade his daughter to concede the point—even after the formal consent of the Prince of the Netherlands had been obtained.

"The Regent came one morning," says Miss Knight, "with the Bishop of Salisbury; seemed greatly out of humour, and wished Princess Charlotte to relinquish, as a mark of civility to the House of Orange, the insertion of the article. This she respectfully declined. The Queen bought her wedding clothes, and told her she need have only one court dress, as hoop petticoats were not worn in Holland. This, and a letter which she received from Princess Mary just before the sovereigns were about to leave England, saying that as soon as they should be gone it was the intention of the Prince to send for the Orange family, and to have the wedding immediately, threw her into great alarm, and induced her to resolve on having an explanation with the Prince of Orange. He amused himself very well all this time, danced at all the balls, went to Oxford, and everywhere. At his return from Oxford the explanation took place, and it finished by a rupture of the marriage."

This is not very explicit; indeed, the reader will perhaps think it rather disappointing. But as he proceeds further into the work, he will find that

there is a supplementary narrative of these transactions, written by Miss Knight in the third person, from which he may gather, that although formally the point of residence in Holland had been given up, no preparations had been made to provide the Princess with a residence in England. When the young Prince returned from Oxford, then the explanation adverted to above took place in the presence of Miss Knight, who thought that both of them were of opinion that the marriage could not go on; "that the duties of the Prince of Orange called him to Holland, and the Princess Charlotte's to remain in England, and that neither of them chose to give way; that in that respect the affair stood nearly as at the setting out in December, and that no preparations were made for a residence in England." They agreed, however, to think over the matter; and having thought over it, a correspondence took place, by which the marriage was broken off;* but still efforts were made to renew the engagement. The Emperor of Russia (Alexander), who was then in England, tried hard. He even took the Prince to Warwick House, and endeavoured to persuade the Princess Charlotte to see him. "A newspaper," says Miss Knight, "lay on the table. He went up to it, and, pointing to the name of Mr. Whitbread, he said she was giving up an excellent marriage, one essential to the interests of her country, and all to be praised by 'a Mr. Whitbread.'" Miss Knight repudi-

ated this idea; the Emperor said, "Really," and then besought her to use all her influence with the Princess to induce her to renew the engagement. Miss Knight declined to interfere, and the Emperor, finding that he could make no impression, took his departure.

But other efforts were now to be made—other influences were to be set at work. All, however, to no purpose. In the following passage from Miss Knight's autobiography Prince Leopold makes his first appearance. But it is distinctly stated that the rupture of the Orange match was in no degree occasioned by any dawning partiality for the Prince of Saxe-Coburg:—

"About this time the Bishop (of Salisbury), who often saw the Chancellor and Lord Liverpool, and was also, I believe, employed by the Regent, who formerly disliked and despised him, hinted to Princess Charlotte in a private conversation, and to me *on paper*, as I wrote to him on the subject, that unless Princess Charlotte would write a submissive letter to her father, and hold out a hope that in a few months she might be induced to give her hand to the Prince of Orange, arrangements would be made by no means agreeable to her inclinations. Her Royal Highness wrote to the Regent a most submissive and affectionate letter, but held out no hope of renewing the treaty of marriage.

"This letter was sent on Saturday, the 9th of July. We heard various reports of the intentions of the Regent: it was said that I and the servants were to be dismissed, and that an apartment was being fitted up for Princess Charlotte at Carlton House. Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, a handsome young man, a general in the Russian service, a brother-in-

* In a memorandum written some years later, Miss Knight says: "I forgot to mention in my journal of 1814, when I perceived that the marriage treaty must be broken off, if some assurance were not given of an establishment in England, I requested to see Lord Liverpool, that I might tell him my apprehensions, and beg that something might be done to prevent the mischief. He came, and asked only for Princess Charlotte; but when I heard he was in the library, I asked her permission to go down and speak to him first, which she granted. I went and told him what I thought it my duty to say; but he made no decisive answer, and seemed anxious to go up stairs. When Princess Charlotte entered upon the subject, all she could get from him was that some arrangement might be made; . . . and he at last said that he would try and obtain permission from the Regent that she might retain Warwick House for some time after her marriage." This offended the Prince of Orange even more than the Princess Charlotte. "Did Lord Liverpool think," he asked, "that he would live in such an ugly place?"

law to the Grand-Duke Constantine, and a great favourite with the Emperor of Russia, told Miss Mercer Elphinstone many of these particulars. He had been once at Warwick House, the Duchess of Leeds and myself being present. Miss Mercer Elphinstone, who was intimately acquainted with him, came in while he was there. He paid many compliments to Princess Charlotte, who was by no means partial to him, and only received him with civility. However, Miss Mercer evidently wished to recommend him, and when we drove in the Park, he would ride near the carriage, and endeavour to be noticed. There were reasons why this matter was by no means agreeable to Princess Charlotte. However, he certainly made proposals to the Regent, and, though rejected, found means to get into his favour. In the meanwhile, it was reported that he was frequently at Warwick House, and had even taken tea with us, which not one of the princes had done, except Prince Radzivil, whom we invited to sing and accompany himself on the guitar. We heard that Lady Ilchester and Lady Rosslyn were talked of as being about Princess Charlotte, and I had hints from some of my friends, particularly from Lady Rolle, that a change was about to take place.

"However, the letter of the 9th remained unanswered till the 11th, on which day the Bishop was detained almost the whole morning at Carlton House, and at five Princess Charlotte and I were ordered to go over. Her Royal Highness was too ill to obey; but I went; and found the Regent very cold, very bitter, and very silent. I, however, took the opportunity of contradicting any false reports he might have heard relative to the Prince of Saxe-Coburg, and he answered that this Prince was a most honourable young man, and had written him a letter which perfectly justified himself, and said that he was invited by Princess Charlotte; but that it was Prince Augustus of Prussia, and not he, who was in the habit of going to Warwick House."

This alleged reception of Prince Augustus of Prussia was altogether a fable, and the Princess indignantly repelled the accusation. But matters had obviously now worked themselves into an exceedingly bad state. The Princess was deeply hurt, and her father was vehemently angry. His belief was that the Princess Charlotte

had been wrought upon by evil advisers, and that Miss Knight was the chief culprit. He came, therefore, to the resolution of dismissing her entire household. The Duchess of Leeds had already resigned, so that she was out of the scrape. The chief victim was the "dear Chevalier," as she was to be dismissed on the spot. The announcement of this intention filled the Princess with grief and dismay. The afflicting intelligence was communicated to her by the Prince himself. The interview was a long one. "At the end of it," says Miss Knight, "she came out in the greatest agony, saying that she had but one instant to speak to me, for that the Prince asked for me. I followed her into her dressing-room, where she told me the new ladies were in possession of the house; that I and all the servants were to be dismissed; that she was to be confined at Carlton House for five days, after which she was to be taken to Cranbourne Lodge, in the midst of Windsor Forest, where she was to see no one but the Queen once a-week, and that, if she did not go immediately, the Prince would sleep at Warwick House, as well as all the ladies. I begged her to be calm, and advised her to go over as soon as possible, assuring her that her friends would not forget her. She fell on her knees in the greatest agitation, exclaiming, 'God Almighty grant me patience!' I wished to stay and comfort her, but she urged me to go to the Prince for fear of greater displeasure." Miss Knight then went to the Prince, who apologised with frigid politeness for putting a lady to inconvenience, but said that he required her room in Warwick House for one of the ladies who were to supplant her. Miss Knight replied with true dignity, that she was the daughter of an officer, who had served his King and country for fifty years, and sacrificed health and fortune to the public service, and that it was hard, indeed, if she could not put up with a little temporary inconvenience; but that really in her case there would be little or none, as her friends, Lord and

Lady Rolle, "who seemed to know much more of the business than she did," had with prophetic care offered her the use of their house for a fortnight. She then made a low curtsy and left the room. What was her astonishment, on returning to Princess Charlotte's apartments, to find that the young lady had run away.

The Princess had gone to her mother. The story of her flight has been told by more than one writer, and there is no need that we should tell it again. Miss Knight's connection with the Court (saving the fact of a pension which was settled upon her) was now at an end; but the Princess Charlotte clung to her with affectionate tenacity to the very end of her short life. It was the opinion of the autobiographer that affairs would have turned out much less unpropitiously if the Princess had lived under her father's roof, in Carlton House. "It would have been a great blessing," she wrote to a friend, "if we had been living at Carlton House for the last year and a half. I wished nothing so much as that the Regent and his daughter should be much together, which, alas! was not the case, for his health or business prevented his coming to Warwick House, where he was only four times since the 10th of December 1813" (this was written in August 1814), "and Princess Charlotte was only sent for when the Queen and Princesses were in town; besides, nothing was communicated to her until it was settled. In that it was not like *one* family. I know she would have been most happy to have been on more intimate terms with her father; and he always assured me of his affection for her. It seemed as if some malignant power kept them asunder, when their real happiness and interest demanded their having confidence in each other." All this is very sensible, and we have no doubt of its truth. Miss Knight adds that she does not blame the Regent. No one, we suspect, will blame *her*.

If any one has, up to this time, entertained any doubt with respect to Miss Knight's conduct, it will, we are sure, be removed by the perusal of the admirable letter which, after her dismissal, she addressed to the Prince.

The historical interest of Miss Knight's Memoirs necessarily diminishes after the account of her dismissal from Court. Of what followed, so far as related to the subsequent history of the Princess Charlotte, her principal information was derived from hearsay, or from an occasional letter from the Princess herself. When the marriage with Prince Leopold took place, Miss Knight went abroad; but returning afterwards to England, she saw the young couple once or twice together, but there appears to have been little or no renewal of intimacy. Some years after the Princess's death, which occurred when the autobiographer was at Rome in 1817, Miss Knight was invited by Prince Leopold to Claremont, and there she met the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria, our present beloved sovereign. The journal entrance is brief, but interesting:—"The little Princess Victoria is very like our royal family, and very handsome. I was much overpowered at coming to this place, the poor old servants so glad to see me. I walked in the park with the Baroness de Spinette, the Duchess of Kent's lady, and wished to see the cottage begun by Princess Charlotte, and which has been converted into a monument to her memory; but the good lady thought it would afflict me." This was in 1825. At the end of the year, Miss Knight went again to Paris, and renewed her acquaintance with the royal family of France. She was always a staunch adherent of the Bourbons, and "Monsieur," afterwards Charles X., had much respect and esteem for her.

The Revolution of 1830 was a heavy blow to her. She was in Switzerland at the time, but passed through France in August, briefly

recording her impression that there was no sort of enthusiasm in favour of the Orleans family. "Certain it is," she adds, "that the prosperity of France was great and yearly increasing, and now all has become precarious, thanks to designing ambition and infamous journals. I am sick of the subject, and what I did not write while in the country from prudence, I now avoid writing from disgust." At the end of the year she writes, "This miserable year is almost at its close. On the 26th of June died Geo. IV. On the 29th of July Charles X. lost his throne—the Dauphin as well as himself renouncing all right to it. The Duke of Orleans was crowned by four marshals in a very small assembly of the representatives of the nation, and no religious ceremony, no etiquette, no distinctions allowed. Popular tumults in France and England. The king and Queen of England deterred from dining in the city. . . . The Duke of Wellington obliged to resign. The revolt of Belgium; disturbances in many parts of Germany," &c. &c.—to the end of the catalogue of disasters, which distinguished that memorable year. It made her very sad, in her declining years, to think of these things, and she was full of apprehensions of greater evils.

In this tribulation Miss Knight consoled herself by recording in her journal anecdotes and reflections illustrative of the character and career of the heads of the Bourbon and Orleans families. It need not be said that these are greatly to the advantage of the former. If all that the lady sets down in her diaries be true, Louis Philippe was dragged through a good deal of mud on his way to the throne. Here are some specimens of Miss Knight's *ana*.—

"The Duke of Orleans was always making unjust complaints of Louis XVIII., and one day went so far as to say to M. de B. that it was very unwise to treat him in that manner, for, added he, 'Je compte pour beaucoup en France.' M. de B. answered: 'Cela n'est pas possible, monseigneur, car vous

n'êtes ni brave, ni généreux;' and, turning his back on him, left the room. The Duke from that time overwhelmed M. de B. with civilities and flatteries.

"A stranger happening to be in Paris soon after the Revolution of July 1830, was stopped by a young chimney-sweeper, who asked him if he had seen the King of the French. The other replied in the negative. 'Would you like to see him?' continued the chimney-sweeper. 'Only give me a piece of five francs and you shall see him.' The stranger agreed to do so, and they went away together to the Palais Royal. As soon as they were in sight of the balcony the boy began to call out, 'Louis Philippe! Louis Philippe!' in which cry he was joined by the rabble near him. The King of the French came out to make his obeisance, and the gentleman gave a five-franc piece to the sweeper. 'Now,' said the boy, 'if you have a mind to hear him sing, only promise me five more, and you shall be satisfied.' The stranger assented, and his majesty, at the command of the mob, joined in the Marseillaise Hymn, with all the appropriate grimaces.

"At the time when Louis Philippe was shaking hands with everybody in the street, he held out his hand to a man, who said, 'Stop a little.' Thrusting both hands in the mud, he offered them to the King, saying 'Now they are fit for you.'

"Thirty years ago, Louis Philippe remarked, 'Je n'aurai de paix que quand je serai Roi de France.'

"Since the shameful business of the lawsuit respecting the late Duke of Bourbon's will, they call Louis Philippe 'Louis Filou.'

Le peuple! c'est le peuple qu'on loue et qu'on blâme:

Hélas! le bon peuple n'a ni raison ni tort: Corps sain et vigoureux, dont un héros est l'âme. Ou machine du traitre agissant à ressort.

"The young Duke de Bordeaux, while playing at ball, was accosted by a Frenchman with many compliments, who told him he would certainly be king. 'La place est prise,' answered the boy. The man kept teasing him, and at last said, 'Mais j'ai envie d'assassiner celui qui a pris cette place.' 'Et moi,' replied the young Duke, 'je le défendrai.' This was said with an air of noble contempt, and he would not listen to anything more the man had to say."

Miss Knight survived her favourite royalty, Charles X., and had the

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